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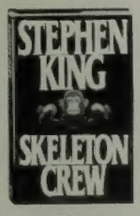
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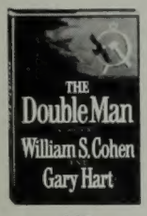
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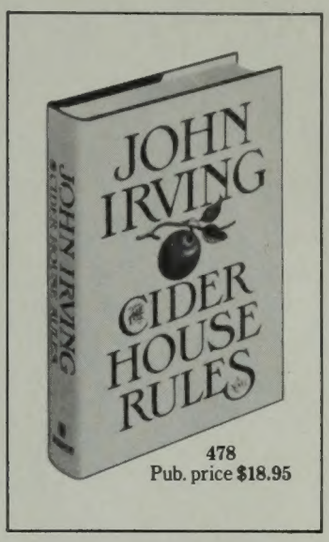
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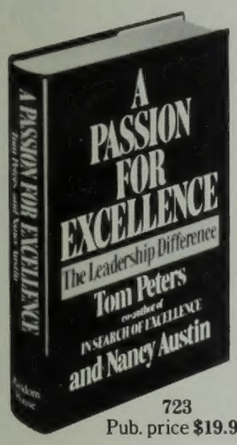
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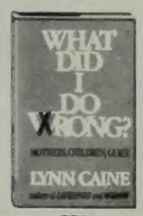
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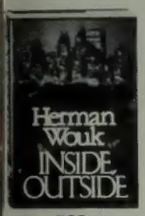
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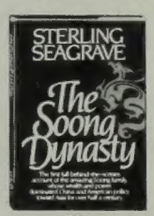
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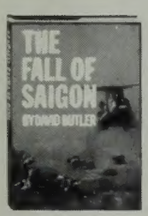
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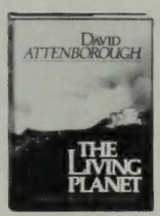
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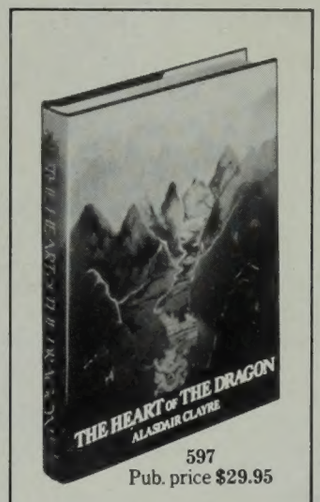
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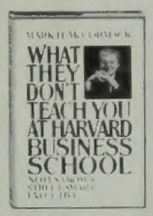
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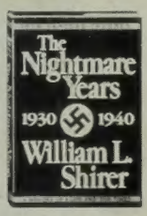
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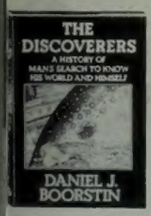
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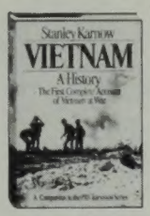
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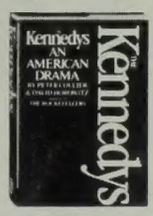
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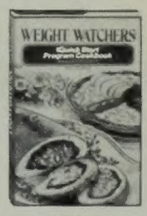
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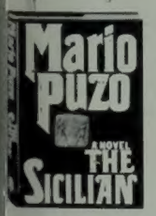
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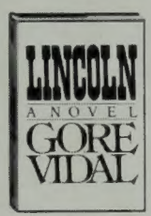
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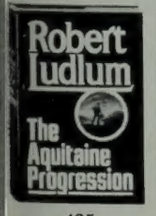
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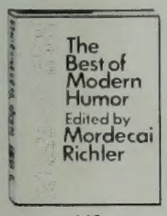
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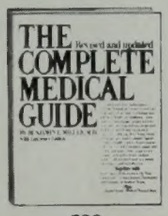
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San Francisco Chronicle

Harvey Ferdschneider, 1984

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COVER: **THE FROCK PRINCESS**

Her Serene Highness Princess Stephanie of Monaco wears Karl Lagerfeld's silk-crêpe halter-top gown with gold hand-beading, $7,000 from Lou Lattimore, Dallas, and Torie Steele Boutiques, Beverly Hills. Hair by Emeric for Jean Louis David. Makeup by Giana for Helena Rubinstein. Photograph by Bill King.

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THE DUSE ENCHANTMENT

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When they met, she was at the height of her powers, an actress adored, even worshiped, by all Italy. He, rising poet, novelist, journalist, was the pampered son of a wealthy landowner. Together, Eleonora Duse and Gabriele D'Annunzio were a memorable conflagration.

Both, it is said, were habitués of a certain Roman cafe. There D'Annunzio was introduced to the potent seduction of Sambuca Romana, Rome's remarkable liqueur distilled from berries of the wild elderbush. Its suavity and elegance appealed to his poet's sense of form; his ardent nature responded to the fire at its center.

It was on a warm evening in June that Duse and her coterie arrived at the cafe just as D'Annunzio's liqueur had been served. One of his friends insisted that he meet the great actress, taking him to her table. The full force of her beauty was overwhelming. Impetuously, he drew up a chair and fell deep into conversation.

As they talked, he toyed with his glass, dropping roasted coffee beans into it one by one until three floated there. Pausing to light a cigarette, he held the match for a moment close to the liqueur. A blue flame danced over its surface, matching the flame born at that instant in the hearts of poet and actress.

Thus began a relationship that for six years inspired them both: him to write plays for her to perform; her to performances of incandescent radiance.

As for Sambuca Romana Con Mosca, the drink the poet created, the taste is history.

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CONTRIBUTORS



James Atlas is a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair*. The author of *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet*, he has completed a novel, *Chicago Highbrow*, set in Chicago, at Harvard, and at Oxford in the 1960s.



Marie Brenner, *Vanity Fair*'s special correspondent, writes about American society and politics. She is the author of two collections, *Intimate Distance* and *Going Hollywood*, and a novel, *Tell Me Everything*.



Marcelle Clements, a freelance journalist living in Manhattan, was previously a contributing editor of *The Paris Metro*. *The Dog Is Us*, a collection of her essays and articles, will be published by Viking in October.



John Duka was for several years a New York *Times* fashion columnist. His articles have been published in *Vogue*, *Interview*, and *The New York Times Magazine*.



Deborah Eisenberg's book of short stories, *Transactions in a Foreign Currency*, will be published next spring by Knopf. Her play, *Pastorale*, has been performed at the Second Stage in New York.



David Halberstam, a Pulitzer Prize winner for his Vietnam reporting, is the author of *The Best and the Brightest*. His book *The Amateurs*, from which his piece in this issue derives, is due this month from William Morrow.



George Melly sings professionally with John Chilton's Feetwarmers, a London-based jazz band. Previously he has been a pop-music critic, television critic, and film critic for the London *Observer*.



Susan Sontag's *On Photography* won a National Book Critics Circle Award in 1978. This issue's essay will be the preface to Robert Mapplethorpe's *Certain People: A Book of Portraits*, due this month from Twelvetrees Press.



Michel Tournier won France's Prix Goncourt for his second novel, *The Ogre*. His book of short stories, *The Fetishist*, is published by Doubleday. He is at work on a novel about an Algerian immigrant in Paris.


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JAMES WOLCOTT



Is That a Gun in Your Pocket?

Clint Eastwood is a tall, chiseled piece of lumber—a totem pole with feet. He has been lionized for his lethal calm (Eastwood "is living proof of the maxim that the best way to get through life is cool," wrote Norman Mailer in *Parade*), but in his Dirty Harry movies he's anything *but* cool; he's tense and clenched, anally vigilant. Slitting his eyes as criminal scum floods the gutters, Eastwood scowls and masticates—he seems to be chewing on bullet casings. With his long-barreled .44 magnum, Harry ought to be a phallic joke, an angry erection seeking discharge, and only a few years ago he was treated as exactly that. I recall a parody of *Dirty Harry* on *SCTV* in which John Candy lugged around a gun as big as a Civil War cannon. When the chief of police told him that the pope was coming to town, Candy replied, "Want me to off him?" No, explained the chief irritably, you're supposed to *protect* him. Candy's Dirty Harry character just couldn't wait to use his big bopper, even on the pope.

The media elite no longer treat Clint Eastwood as a trigger-happy figure of fun, however, America's one-man posse. He's now thought of as presidential timber, the last pillar of honor in a world choked with weeds. His bearded face has even been called Lincolnesque. And it isn't only get-tough conservatives who look upon Eastwood as the Great Emancipator. Liberals, too, are climbing on his shoulders and asking him to be their daddy. Everyone wants to ride horsey on Clint Eastwood's fame.

Why are they all saddling up now? It can't be because Eastwood's movies have been such auroras of delight. *Bronco Billy* was an awkward, bowlegged bit of Americana, with Eastwood's girlfriend, Sondra Locke, giving her usual shrill, nostrily performance; *Honkytonk Man* was a sleepy countrified *Camille*, with Eastwood coughing up phlegm and regret from the stage of the Grand Ole Opry; *City Heat* was a jokey flop for which co-star Burt Reynolds took the critical rap; *Sudden Impact*, the most recent Dirty Harry terminator, had cops spitting out half-chewed hot dogs at the sight of bloodied groins (more bad acting from Sondra Locke also made it hard to keep down food); *Every Which Way But Loose* and *Any Which Way You Can* were beer-slob belches in which Ruth Gordon and an orangutan tried to tell each other apart.

But *Tightrope*, with its bondage kinkiness and psychological murk, really had the critics popping their buttons. In *Tightrope*, Eastwood plays a detective who indulges in the very sadey-mazzy behavior that he's supposed to curb; he coats himself in a body oil, handcuffs a teenybopper to the bedpost, accepts head from a mulatto beauty—the man is *such* a slut. (The movie also has the most unfortunate line of dialogue in any Eastwood film—"Daddy, what's a hard-on?" asks one of his darling daughters.) What makes *Tightrope* almost camp is that, regardless of the wild services rendered, Eastwood remains a passive hunk of granite, showing not the faintest flicker of desire or releas Even after sex, he looks hostile-rete tive. (The second-most-unfortunate lir of dialogue comes when Eastwood tel Geneviève Bujold, "I want to lick th sweat off your body." Beer foam is th only thing his characters might convin ingly lick.) And as a study in polic procedure, *Tightrope* is hilarious lax—a mad killer is strangling wome all over New Orleans and the on badge asking questions is Eastwoo drifting robotically into massage parlo to get himself oiled. Paul Newma might have given this role some compl cated passion; Eastwood made eve bed his coffin.

Yet this is the film that finally naile down *auteur* status for Eastwood amor the few remaining holdouts. Almost e ery article on Eastwood claims that un recently he's been unfairly victimiz by critics ("Until a couple of years ag Eastwood, actor or director, had be consistently reviled as a cinematic cav man, a lowbrow and lunkhead," wro John Vinocur in *The New York Tim Magazine*), but in fact Eastwood h long had an enthusiastic chorus in t press. When Eastwood's admire grumble about "the critics," they real mean Pauline Kael, who's been the on critical soul not to cower before Ea wood's shadow as if it were a sol eclipse. I realized how far the scales h tipped in Eastwood's favor when in attack on the theater in *The Atlantic* D vid Denby, the movie critic for *Ne York* magazine, declared, "[A] cynic violent Clint Eastwood movie is hip i way that a pessimistic and 'challengin Broadway play cannot be." Hip? Su ly what's made Eastwood a hit is th he's so heavily, dependably unhip. H villains come in two varieties—psych pathic droolers (straight) and blo dried, uppity Aryans (bent)—while h film technique resembles a drill t menting a molar. And, understan Denby is no right-wing-a-dingy, li *Commentary*'s Richard Grenier (anot Eastwood booster); he's the kind morally irate lefty who wants Irvi Howe to replace Judge Wapner on *Pe ple's Court*. Yet when it comes to be ing out Eastwood's praises, he a Grenier are as coupled in song as t Righteous Brothers, completely go gone. "*He makes movies,*" announc

enby in *New York,* and it's undeniable at big Clint *makes movies.* The problem is that he makes *lousy movies.*

The profiles of Eastwood by Mailer d Vinocur inadvertently turn up clues to why this is so. Inadvertently, because both writers are determined to ad a noble grain of truth and integrity Eastwood's most banal trails of va-r. A mention of Abraham Lincoln, r example, leads Eastwood to muse, You know, I'd like to know what the onomics of that were. I mean freeing e slaves. I'd like to know what was hind it''—a doodling speculation that nocur treats as an example of East-ood's tell-it-like-it-is candor (''East-ood is condemned to saying what he nks''). To devotees, Eastwood's un-amatic pauses and wary responses nfirm that he's an ''instinctive'' star th silent depths. His bare-bones film-aking style is also clothed in robes of planation. Vinocur notes that East-ood's films, usually made by his own oduction company, ''are expedited as there were Oscars for the fastest oots and most first takes to reach a al print,'' yet doesn't pick up the hint t this may explain why Eastwood's ns are so choppy and cruddy-looking.

Taking the fruitcake, however, is ailer's remark that he broke off argu-g with Eastwood about violence be-use ''he was making a film, and I did t know that I had the right to argue th a fellow artist when he was at rk.'' The movie Eastwood was mak-g was *Sudden Impact,* and the day ailer visited the set he watched a ene in which an English bulldog peed cue. ''At each right moment, the ast would raise one mournful leg and ke water on a fallen villain. The crew ved the idea. That was cutting the stard.'' No, God forbid such artistry ould be interrupted. Perhaps the rea-n Eastwood's crews are so jolly is that y're not asked to do anything more venturous than help make tinkle. (By the best Dirty Harry movie is still first, directed by Don Siegel with ving, son-of-a-bitch flair.) Mailer is to something when he suggests that stwood is ''a timid artist,'' but to be imid artist is fundamentally to be no ist at all. A timid artist belongs at the allow end of the pool, next to Neil non and the other rubber duckies.

Then how does one account for Eastwood's chic ascendancy? It is, in part, evidence of a political tilt. Liberal fans of Eastwood can go on all they like about his iconic features and lean rectitude, but I think his right-wing fans are being more honest when they cheer Dirty Harry's ability to kick butt. ''There is a link between the extraordinary reluctance of many on the Left to use U.S. military power anywhere in the world, even in self-defense, and the efforts of many liberals at home to inhibit the application of harsh penalties against even confessed criminals,'' wrote Richard Grenier woozily in *Commentary.* But now liberals also want to be seen as take-charge guys at home and abroad. Nearly every week on Washington talk shows a supposed liberal like Charles Krauthammer or Mort Kondracke wipes the grit from his flight goggles and offers to lead an air strike into Nicaragua. Eastwood embodies muscle, and muscle is what a lot of liberals covet. Unfortunately, Eastwood also embodies the unreflective use of muscle, about which they ought to be a little more cautious. A .44 magnum is not a precise instrument. It blasts *big* holes.

If Clint Eastwood has a saving grace, it's indicated in the line from *Magnum Force:* ''A man's got to know his limitations.'' Clint Eastwood does know his limitations. Unlike John Wayne, who embarrassed himself when he put on olive fatigues and tried to win the Vietnam War in *The Green Berets,* Eastwood hasn't expressed any hawkish impulse to make movies in which Nicaragua is forced to eat American steel. Instead, he's reverting to his Rowdy Yates days on *Rawhide* and making a new Western, *Pale Rider.* He's—shrewdly—refusing to tickle himself with the champagne bubbles of the glitterati. No need to. For the truth is not that Clint Eastwood's films have gotten ''hip,'' but that movie critics have gotten so square. That's why they went for *Witness* too. They want blood on their pieties. □





The newlyweds were off to live in America. She had put off saying good-bye until the very last moment.

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he Mind's Eye

RISTAN VOX

n Praise f the Chairman f the Board, Middle Period


ANTHONY RUSSO

he social world reaches deeply. My "natural" impulses are often only the common practices of those around me; in my innermost self I am influenced. I am instructed daily, for instance, by almost all I see and hear, in an al of intensity. The commotion of lture at all levels—the most refined nifestations of sensibility and the st vulgar productions of the profit tive—teaches that the true emotions extreme emotions. Happiness is a ak form (perhaps a philistine form) ecstasy; sadness, a weak form of ny. The significant feelings are the l and the final ones. The city itself is argument for an apocalyptic bias of nd. Its noise alone is reason for a am of release.

But I am not really a hungerer for dings. I merely need a little protection, d I have not found much. One cara- e, however, one of my most reliable fenders against the general distur- nce, has been Frank Sinatra. His mid- period. To be precise, those melan- ly Capitol records of the fifties.

Why Sinatra? He is so...plain, so lgar. The critics who portentously en- l him in the bel canto tradition miss music and miss the man. Sinatra gs as conversationally as you can g a song and still be singing. (Hence le Porter complained.) But that is cisely why these records have been yl's great gift to solitude. To praise atra's middle period is to praise the middle range of human feelings, which modernity generally despises.

Sinatra sings about inner sufferings exactly to scale. "In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning," "Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry": these are the ballads of a man in pain who will certainly not perish. In "One More for My Baby," the apotheosis of the saloon song, there is that resigned refrain "and one more for the road"; it is the second drink that stands for continuation and resistance, for the sad man's intactness, for all the precincts of his person that the loss of love failed to make founder. The most fortifying of all the songs, however, is a modest little ballad by Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers called "Glad to Be Unhappy." As Sinatra renders it, it is the very anthem of the average sorrow, of the absence of the apocalyptic attitude from the sphere of private life. It is sung by somebody still sufficiently possessed of himself to find some pleasure in his own desolation, to see his desolation as merely a stage in an undaunted search for pleasure. Perhaps the calmness of his spirit is owed to the unsensational character of what he seeks; but rarely does one seek a pleasure for which one pays with his life.

In the iconography of modern American solitude—in the history of the pictures that have propped up the souls of all the men and the women living after families, before families, between

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Antigua

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families—the covers of Frank Sinatra records of the 1950s deserve a canonic status. Two in particular. *In the W Small Hours,* his masterpiece fro 1955, showed a painted image of t singer, his brow furrowed, his tie loo ened, his hat pushed back, gazi blankly from a doorway across a des late street lit only by its lamps and t glum glow of the cigarette between h fingers. Three years later *Only t Lonely* appeared, which for a few do lars provided the official portrait of pi able popular man: the singer's ov face, blank again, emerging in thre quarter profile from the darkness, g ishly painted with the tears of a clow seven diamonds in seven colors strangely in the black void opposite h staring baby-blue eye. Search the de and the salons and the basements America. You will not find these re ords unscratched or their jackets u frayed.

There are times when a song is a c liverance. Anybody who has be healed for a few hours by a jukebo who has faced the prospect of the end the night more bravely because of t rhyme or the rhythm vouchsafed by radio, knows this. There is no high form of the kindness of strangers. A there is no kinder stranger than Fra Sinatra. That is because he is (or w he is unrecognizable and ugly now) t bard of misery's bounds. The son Sinatra sings are called "standards" b cause of their frequency in the reperto of American popular music. But th are "standards" more profoundly. Th are measures of the emotional mea expressions of the manageable ser ments, statements of the spirit's co monest usages. For this reason th place in the affective history of reco playing people is secure. But their s nificance is not merely statistical, sociological. It is not that they repres a style of feeling that is typical, but t they represent a style of feeling that c help to correct the agitation that is important part of the prevailing ideal private experience. This is music which to move away from the edge. I seems, therefore, a little ordinary o little philistine, well, it is. I daresay t Emma Bovary would have liked Fra Sinatra a lot. But I daresay, too, t Emma Bovary was exemplary, a gr heroine of the limited life. Banality frequently the quarry of beauty. □

intage Point

)EL L. FLEISHMAN



ANTHONY RUSSO

Vhere Not) Get Soaked by ıe Wine List

Most people who set their hearts on fine cuisine have learned to steel themselves in advance for the lamentable wines at laughable prices that are nearly inevitable in restaurants. We must rejoice, then, that re are in this country an increasing mber of dining establishments in ich we will not be robbed by the ıe list. These restaurants have begun offer a modest selection of excellent, sonably priced wines, usually Amern. They have wine lists which inde a range of wines for drinking w, a good balance of reds and whites, le breadth of grape varieties and ıntries of origin, sometimes great)th in wines from a particular country region, often multiple vintages of the ıe wine so that one can compare two more different years, and occasional- older vintages so that one can taste at a genuinely ripe wine is like.

Such restaurants can be found in most jor metropolitan areas. In New York, ndows on the World has probably the t overall list of American wines, and best prices anywhere, while the ır Seasons has a comprehensive ar- of both American and French wines. tings offers a broad sampling of ıerican wines, but has a limited ıu. Jams has superb food and an exlent wine list, but is expensive. rks Steak House is a mecca for Calia-wine lovers, but the quality of its sine seems to me not comparable to of most of the better New York k houses. My New York favorite is Lavin's, which combines a broad list emphasizing California wines, some of which can be tasted by the glass, with high-quality California/American cuisine, both at reasonable prices. If one is especially interested in older vintages of American reds, Windows on the World has the broadest selection, along with excellent cuisine.

Those seeking good wine lists at affordable prices in other American cities would do well to try the following: Bern's Steak House in Tampa, Florida, whose wine list is a bound and printed two-inch-thick volume with perhaps the largest selection of wines in the country; the Prime Rib in Washington, D.C., which offers an excellent California selection, especially of Cabernets and Chardonnays; in Santa Monica, Valentino, with perhaps the best multi-vintage selection of fine California wines anywhere; in Los Angeles, Peppone, which offers a list almost as deep as Valentino's; in New Orleans, Commander's Palace, with a broad selection of recent California reds and whites; Tony's, in the West Loop area of Houston, which has an excellent selection of recent California wines and some multi-vintage Bordeaux, although the prices are higher than in the other restaurants mentioned here; in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, La Résidence, which combines a smaller, but expertly chosen, list of American, French, and German wines with superb cuisine.

The penalty for choosing an expensive restaurant, if one is drawn to wine, can be severe. On an early-spring evening in New York at La Côte Basque, a restaurant whose kitchen I greatly admire, I was shocked by what I discovered on the wine list: nothing under twenty dollars, and only twenty-eight wines at thirty dollars or below. What was available was terribly overpriced, as revealed by a comparison of La Côte Basque's prices with those for the same wines at Windows on the World. Even allowing for higher rent and much-higher-quality cuisine, La Côte Basque's prices seem to me inexcusable. All the more so when the 1976 Duhart-Milon, which is listed there at $85, can be purchased about six blocks up Madison Avenue at Sherry-Lehmann for $17, the 1976 Latour for $54.50 rather than $200, and the 1978 Ducru-Beaucaillou for $35.95 rather than $85. While no one interested primarily in tasting wine would choose La Côte Basque for an evening, there are also price differentials among the restaurants which specialize in wine, as can be seen by a comparison between the prices at Jams and those at Windows on the World. (See accompanying box.)

Even if Jams has what is probably the highest-quality cuisine among the restaurants with excellent wine lists, wining can be, as these prices suggest, more than a little painful there. Compared with a similar evening at La Côte Basque, however, it's sheer pleasure. □

A Comparison of Wine Prices at Three New York Restaurants

	La Côte Basque	*Windows on the World*
1976 Chateau Duhart-Milon	$ 85	$ 30
1976 Chateau Latour	200	65
1970 Chateau Lafite	375	180
1978 Chateau Ducru-Beaucaillou	85	42
1975 Chateau Beychevelle	90	45
1978 Chateau La Lagune	85	31
1966 Chateau Brane Cantenac	190	70
	Jams	*Windows on the World*
1980 Jordan Cabernet Sauvignon	$36	$27
1979 Jordan Cabernet Sauvignon	45	26
1978 Jordan Cabernet Sauvignon	55	26
1974 Simi Reserve Cabernet Sauvignon	55	32
1979 Beaulieu Vineyards Private Reserve Cabernet Sauvignon	42	35
1975 Chappellet Cabernet Sauvignon	60	35
1977 Stag's Leap Wine Cellars Cabernet Sauvignon, Cask 23	80	50



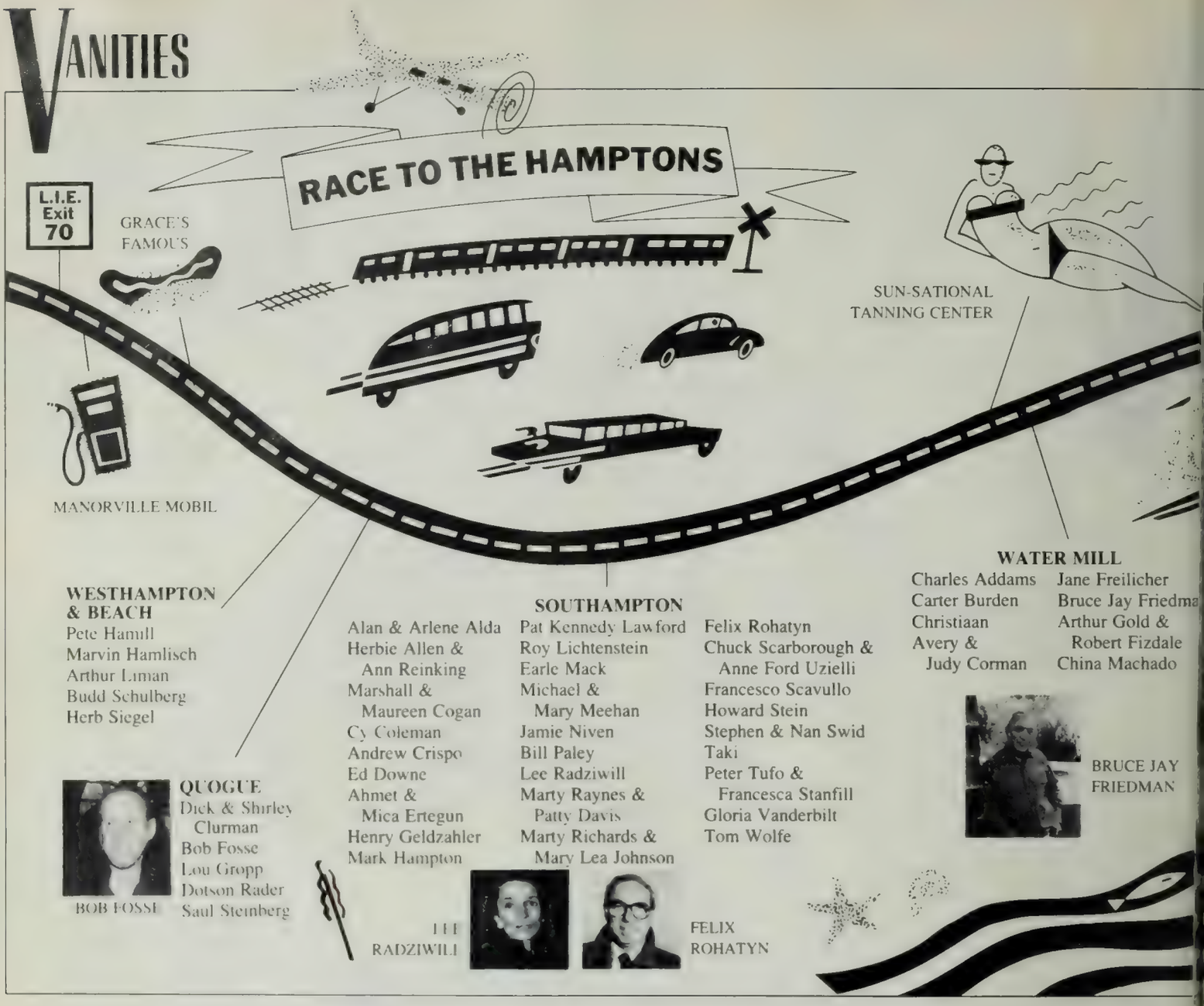
GEORGES MARCIANO
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VANITIES



July on the beach: Beach balls, beach blankets. Beached whales, beached blondes. Beaches and cream. Son of a beach. All is Vanities. Nothing is fair.

Illustrations by KEN MARYANSKI



The Hamp-tan

"They come in right off the jitney," says Sara Flinn, owner of the Sun-Sational Tanning Center at the Southampton Omni. "We offer a special weekend package—three half-hour sessions for thirty dollars."

She did it herself last summer: "You can party late Friday night, come in [to Sun-Sational] for a half-hour Saturday afternoon, and still make it to the beach by late Saturday afternoon, with the tan everyone else has worked hard on all day." Sunday, same thing.

"We get a lot of models," says Flinn. "Last year we even had the Bain de Soleil–ad model, because they were shooting out here." So *that's* where she got that Saint-Tropez tan.

They're Off!

How they get there

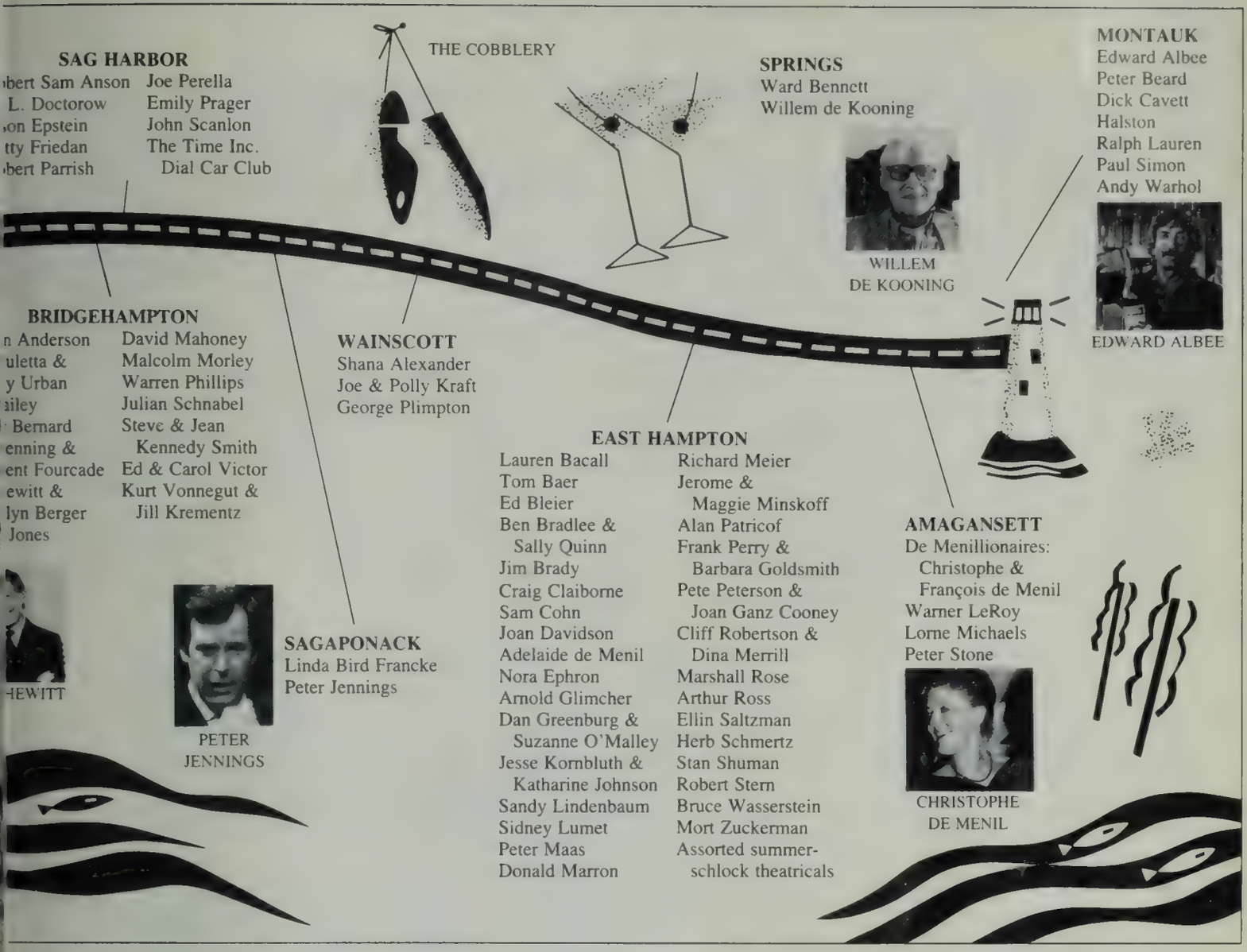
AH, those weekends in the Hamptons. You spend Friday getting there, Saturday worrying about the return trip, and most of Sunday getting back.

Those who can, fly. East Hampton Aire transports high-powered executives like Mort Zuckerman and Pete Peterson. The plane usually takes forty minutes and costs sixty dollars each way. Even higher rollers are ferried aboard a private plane (entertainment lawyer Tom Baer), seaplane (David Mahoney), or corporate helicopter (Warner Communications CEO Steve Ross and Bill Paley of CBS). Producer Marty Bregman chose *Sweet Liberty*, with Alan Alda and Michael Caine, shoots in and around the Hamptons this summer, pilots his own twin-engine Aztec.

There are those who trust themselves to a two-hour ride (about twenty dollars) in the Long Island Rail Road's bar-equipped Parlor Car—Darren and Kathie McGavin are regulars. Others swear by the Hampton Jitney, twenty dollars one way, which includes a complimentary glass of Saratoga water. J. M. Kaplan Fund president Joan Davidson is a veteran jitney-ite. "One tries to avoid the lemmings," she says, adding, "It gets harder and harder and less and less pleasant each year." According to Hampton Jitney owner Jim Davidson (no relation), "the quickest, least crowded time from East Hampton to New York is ten A.M. seven days a week. From New York the two o'clock every day is the best." Hoping to fend off competition from private-limo companies, Hampton Jitney recently inaugurated its own "super stretch" service, starting at $125.

Marshall Cogan, co-owner of "21," doesn't need a limo; he's one of the busy biz men who are chauffeur-driven in their own cars. Publicist John Sharlon says he either flies or "I let Peter Jennings drive me out after he does the news on Friday night."

But most Hamptons commuters find *themselves* behind the wheel. Architects go sporty: Richard Meier zips out in a two-seat silver Mercedes: Robert Stern keeps the top down on his burgundy Chrysler LeBaron convertible. Novelist Joe Heller is attached to his "1970 four-door compact Buick that's totally lusterless. It's an embar-



it to my friends." Mobil s Herb Schmertz bets on his guzzling 1981 Olds 98 Re-cy—"You need the most l and weight you can possi-get for the drive on the Long nd Expressway." Pete ill cranks up his silver Dat-280 ZX and plays the music l loud—one of various car s that I make. After you pass 50 you can't get many of the York City stations very rly." ("WNCN fades at t 60," offers Herb nertz.)

ach driver has a theory about best time to leave and the clogged route, but, as di-or Bob Fosse sighs, "every I go, I find a new traffic " Most of the commuters urveyed stick to the L.I.E. pooh-pooh the Queens ser--road detours. Not that 're happy about it. Artist Jane Freilicher groans, "Everyone *hates* the L.I.E."

The Hamptons-bound leave the L.I.E. at Exit 70—"which is where the wives say, 'Can we stop, honey?' " according to screenwriter David Newman. On weekends, it does seem like customers at the Manorville Mobil do more business in the rest rooms than at the pump. Just down the road is the most popular nosh point: 7-Eleven, the Gateway Diner, and the fabled Grace's Famous hot-dog stand (*right*).

What do Manhattanites import for a summer weekend? Bob Fosse brings his cat; Nora Ephron stocks up on Zabar's "specials"—large kosher knockwursts. John Scanlon? "Actually, I bring my shoes to be repaired. At Vinnie's [the Cobblery], on Main Street in Sag Harbor."—**Cyndi Stivers**

Best Little Hot Dog on L.I.

To prepare for his Friday pilgrimage, Herb Schmertz goes to the Grand Central Deli at 10:30 A.M. and gets "two turkey sandwiches on rye with tomato, no mayo, and an apple." He leaves two hours later, stopping just before the Midtown Tunnel for a cherry Italian ice, and then again at Howard Johnson's, Exit 64 on the L.I.E., for an orange sherbet. It's no wonder that he sometimes has to pull over for "a fifteen-minute nap."

Most people wait till they get to Grace's Famous hot-dog stand, just off Exit 70 on County Road 111. Her all-beef Boar's Head franks are the Hampton celebrity's hot dog of choice. "I wouldn't *go* if it weren't for Gracie's," declares Bruce Jay Friedman. "They're about the best hot dogs I've ever had," says food critic Craig Claiborne. Grace Amond figures she sells about five hundred ninety-five-cent hot dogs on summer Sundays, versus about two hundred on weekdays. This is the fifteenth year Grace has fed hungry commuters from her roadside trailer. The secret of her success? "Being friendly and carrying a decent product."

The lone dissent comes from writer Nora Ephron. "Grace's is all right in a pinch," she says, "but it's nothing compared to the little lady in the yellow truck at Exit 57 off the L.I.E." Ephron insists on kosher hot dogs, and the ones at Exit 57—"Honestly, we almost died when we tasted them"—have "hot red-pepper flakes in them."

Murder Most Swank

Dominick Dunne's new *roman à clef* is a tale of high-society murder

IN 1955 Edith Baker, the society matron, threw open her Long Island country estate for a party in honor of the Duchess of Windsor. All fifty-eight guests behaved in the manner expected of this very rich, very Wasp circle—except for Mr. and Mrs. William Woodward, Jr., who allegedly had a row and left the party early. A few hours later Ann Woodward blasted Bill with a shotgun. She claimed she mistook him for a prowler.

The Woodwards had been the darlings of the society pages, but people in society knew that their marriage had been full of lies and adultery. They regarded Ann as a gold digger who had trapped her man and married into a family that could never accept her. And now she had murdered their golden boy.

Yet this same set closed its ranks around her and, guided by the formidable Woodward matriarch, Elsie, set out to protect the family name by exerting powerful inside pressure. A few weeks later, after enormous publicity, a grand jury cleared Ann of any wrongdoing.

Then, however, polite society turned its back on the woman it privately acknowledged as a murderess. Her story lay dormant for twenty years—until Truman Capote told it in *La Côte Basque, 1965*. Just as that extract of *Answered Prayers* was about to be published in *Esquire*, Ann Woodward died from an overdose of pills.

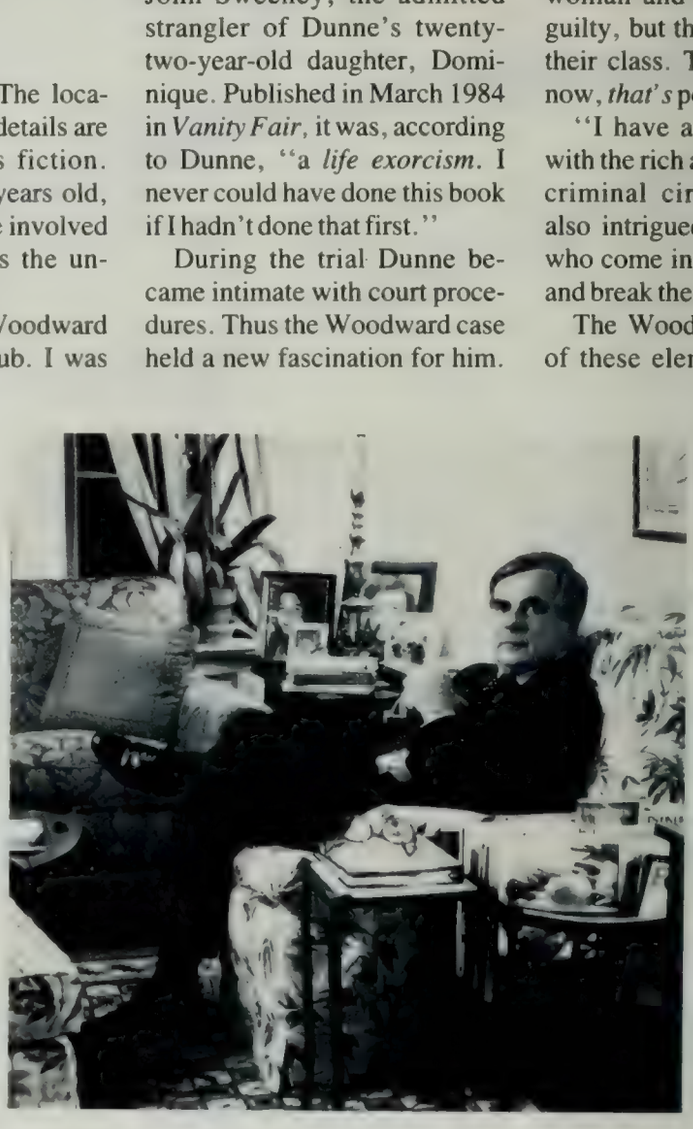
This month Crown is publishing Dominick Dunne's novel *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles*, the "true and full story"—according to the acid-tongued Capoteish narrator, Basil Plant—of an ambitious show girl who propels herself to society's top rung, only to have the ladder pulled out from beneath her when she shoots her husband. The locations and many of the details are identical, but this is fiction. "This story is thirty years old, and most of the people involved are long gone," says the unacidic, affable Dunne.

"I only saw Ann Woodward once, at the Stork Club. I was just out of college, and there was this woman across the room, the most striking woman I ever saw. She was wearing a light blue strapless gown, and just before she got up to dance, she tugged at the top of the dress to pull it up and out—very sexy. I don't know if it was her husband she was dancing with, but I do know that she was singing lyrics into his ear and he was roaring with laughter, and I assumed they were risqué lyrics. I can still see her.

"Two years later the killing was all over the news. I devoured it, couldn't get enough of it. But when I set out to write a book about it, I chose not to do it as nonfiction, because then you never know what went on behind closed doors. With a murder, only two people know what happened, and one of them happens to be dead. This is a novel loosely based on an actual event that occurred in a rich New York family in the 1950s. That's the legal phrasing, and I'm going to stick to it."

Dunne, a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair*, is known for his pithy insights into society, but the article that brought him to journalism was quite different. "Justice" was Dunne's harrowing retelling of the 1983 trial of John Sweeney, the admitted strangler of Dunne's twenty-two-year-old daughter, Dominique. Published in March 1984 in *Vanity Fair*, it was, according to Dunne, "a *life exorcism*. I never could have done this book if I hadn't done that first."

During the trial Dunne became intimate with court procedures. Thus the Woodward case held a new fascination for him.



JONATHAN BECKER

Dominick Du at home in New York Ci "With a murder, only two people k what happen and one of them happen to be dead."

"I talked to over sixty people, and a lot of them still hate her with a passion. Those were the ones willing to talk.

"The police in Mineola opened up their locked files for me, and they even had the seating plan of Edith Baker's party. I noticed that thirty of the guests had used exactly the same phrase about the Woodwards: 'They were an ideally suited couple.' That means they had all got together to protect their own. I actually knew some of the people at that party, and I wrote to one of them to ask if I could interview him about it. He wrote back, 'I hardly knew them and I can't remember anything about that night.'

"Thirty years after these p ple made their pact, they w still sticking to it. They hated woman and believed she guilty, but they couldn't bet their class. To bury a crim now, *that's* power.

"I have a great fascinat with the rich and the powerfu criminal circumstances. also intrigued by the outsi who come into a closed soci and break the rules."

The Woodward case had of these elements. So did murder of Vicki Morgan, A Bloomingdale's mistr which Dunne reported o *Vanity Fair* last September. so does the trial of Claus von low, which Dunne is cove for the magazine.

"In the von Bülow cas heard the same thing over over: 'The bad taste of Sun mother to drag it all out i open. She should have t a lesson from Elsie W ward.' "

Next month Dominick D begins his special coverag the inside world of Claus Bülow, but for now we hav summer's required reading *Two Mrs. Grenvilles*.

—Peter Buc

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Interesting Developments

Mr. Hines goes to Washington

THE two big middle-aged men in dinner jackets walked slowly from one old master to the next, discussing currency exchange rates and Washington real estate. In front of *Two Peasant Boys and a Negro Boy*, after the art-appreciation pause, the one without the southwestern drawl turned to his companion and said, "I did see their hole on F Street the other week." The Southwesterner nodded: "They tell me that we're gonna get a few more holes around town before Hines gets finished." As the pair shuffled toward the next painting, the first man whispered, "Incidentally, which one *is* Hines?"

Gerald Douglas Hines was the extremely trim, spick-and-span man with the algebra-teacher crew cut and glasses. Almost none of the two-hundred-odd people at the National Gallery party knew their host, because Hines, a Houston real-estate developer, has neglected to build any of his 360 skyscrapers and shopping malls and hotels in Washington. Until now. Hines will spend the next year or so filling the hole in the ground at Thirteenth and F streets with a $150 million pink-and-gray granite office project. The reception and dinner at the National Gallery amounted to a bit of private-sector civic seduction: Hines has underwritten the current exhibition of old masters, on loan from a London gallery, to help convince the natives that his intentions are honorable.



JACK BUXBAUM

Gerry Hines and Mrs. J. Carter Brown

"We're going to be here, here in *Warsh*ington," the Indiana-born developer told the crowd, "for a long time." That his newest building is three blocks from the White House seems of no special interest to Hines, who has given only teeny bits of his $300 million fortune to political candidates. "Texas is different," explained one of Hines's dinner guests, Washington banker and North Carolina Democrat Luther Hodges. "Texas is the only place where you can be successful and not have to be involved with politics."

Gerry Hines, an engineer's son, started out as a refrigeration engineer. Even though his wealth has doubled every few years since 1957, and even though he has recently taken a very pretty young second wife—Barbara, a German raised in Australia—Hines still has more of the earnest, straight-arrow manner of a refrigeration engineer than of a go-go Texas real-estate tycoon.

Since when does a Texas tycoon casually toss off the phrase "Miesian archetype" or brag about the "wonderful whimsy" of his "neo-nineteenth-century" mountain cottage? Since lashing up with Philip Johnson in the early 1970s, Hines has discovered the heady satisfactions of high-profile architectural patronage. He is serious, r merely eager for chic. Archit tural distinction, he recko costs his company as much as million extra per skyscrap Remarkably for a big develop those buildings are often w ahead of mainstream taste. T new ovoid tower arising on Th Avenue in Manhattan, he sa "is unconventional, so it will t a little getting used to by the r estate establishment."

Probably the two finest bu ings by Johnson and his part John Burgee—Pennzoil Pl and the Republic Bank Cente Houston—were among th nine Hines commissio Charles Moore, Robert A. Stern, Michael Graves, Pritzker Architecture Prize w ner Kevin Roche—each, s Hines, "on the cutting edg new directions"—have signed buildings for Hines also like the work of—wh his name? the Spaniard . . . Bofill, Ricardo Bofill."

In conservative Washing however, Hines is playin safe. The well-behaved new fice tower on F Street, desig by I. M. Pei and Partners, sh not cause talk. In fact, to Washingtonians, their ante preternaturally sensitive to styles of personal power, C Hines is a lot more intriguing any buildings he might build.

—Kurt Ande

Son of Uncle Sam

O say can you see how quintessentially *American* boys named Sam invariably grow up to be. From Yosemite Sam to Sam Spade, their heartland is always in the right place.



Uncle Sam Shepard



Uncle Sam Waterston



Uncle Sam Donaldson



Uncle Sammy Davis, Jr.



AMY ARBUS

Conspicuous Coffee Tables 3
Philip Johnson

) there among Manhattan's office towers, on the thirty-seventh floor the Seagram Building, sits a very special man atop a very special ble. "The whole world knows my coffee table," exclaims Philip hnson, architect, art historian, critic, and collector. "It's the best-own coffee table in the world," Johnson emphatically reiterates, ding proudly, "I have four of them."

The table and its four complementary Barcelona chairs were de-;ned by Mies van der Rohe—the architect Johnson championed as the ading exponent of the International Style, and the man with whom he signed the Seagram Building. No other table has garnered so much ention, nor received so much acclaim. Judy Garland danced on a :xiglas version of it in *A Star Is Born*. Only a copy, it was recently up auction at Christie's. Johnson, a star born nearly eighty years ago, is t about to part with his Mieses.

A *bon vivant* quick with a bon mot, the chairman of the drawing ard, the prime minister of postmodernism, Philip Johnson put the oken pediment on the AT&T Building, transforming the drab tower o a Chippendale pun. He's made a career out of toying with people's :conceptions, adapting modern architecture to his own impeccable te.

Johnson gets excited talking about coffee tables. He views them as useful centering device, like a fireplace—a leftover of the English fluence," in which rooms were "overstuffed with furniture." But, he ds, "if you design your home in the style of Louis XIV, you still have have a glass-topped coffee table, because in the great periods of :hitecture people didn't use them. They were too well dressed." The ffee table evolved from the change in women's fashions. Hemlines nt up and tabletops came down. "The coffee table functions in the ne way as a modesty panel on a secretary's desk"—a board across front of a desk to protect women from stray or deliberate glances up ir skirts. "Without it your knees would be bare."

Always with an eye for propriety, Philip Johnson is reappraising his ffee-table collection. Once again, it's time for a change. "I started t by rote, thinking only of my coffee table as something to rest my dka glass on. Now that's been altered." The new coffee table he's t ordered from Paris is a functional sculpture by Giacometti.

—Brooks Peters

Cancer
Crabby



EAT a box of donuts. Lock all the doors and windows, pull down the shades, and turn on the answering machine. Then get into bed and pull the covers up over your head. That little ritual should give you a fair idea of what Cancers have to do to find relief in this world.

Why do the gentle souls born between June 21 and July 22 see life as an oncoming locomotive? Perhaps in an earlier life (Cancers often tell you they're old souls) they were clams luxuriating in a calm tidal pool that got destroyed by a volcano. Or maybe it's not so cosmic—maybe they just never got over leaving Mommy's womb. Whatever the reason, they live in constant fear of being evicted. Separation is a terrifying issue for them: if you tell your Cancer you're going out for a quart of milk and will be back by eight, you'd better *be* back, because at a quarter to nine Cancer will be on the phone to the police.

Many Cancers keep a suitcase packed by the door, but in general the Cancerian home radiates a desire for permanence—herb teas, lots of green plants, and a needlepoint sign that says: LEAVE GUN AT DOOR. I AM PEACEFUL. ALSO REMOVE SHOES. I JUST DID MY FLOORS.

Don't cross the castle moat without knocking, though. Cancers hate surprise visits. They are spooked at the mere thought of submarines lurking off the coast. And no matter how hospitable they are, inside every Cancer is a little gray-haired lady on a porch aiming a shotgun at the varmint who has dared to trespass on her property.

Cancers are as old-fashioned as lilacs and lace. They love to sift through memories and look back wistfully on magnolia mornings and silent snowy evenings, even though they never experienced them. They find life in the present as jarring as Ashley Wilkes found Reconstruction Georgia.

Their strongest trump is their psychic power. They have grand conversations with dead Aunt Harriet, and they can always tell when a pineapple is ripe or a house is haunted. This power has a grim side, however; when they call you up to ask you how you are, they often give you the feeling that you should go for a liver scan as soon as possible.

Cancers are into fats and starches and D-cup bras. The women, when they're not anorexic, are as voluptuous as Jane Russell, and the men often look six months pregnant. Rubens was a Cancer. Their arms are sometimes too thin for their bodies, their feet splay, and many of them resemble Poppin' Fresh, the Pillsbury Doughboy.

Cancers compete fiercely with their offspring for the role of the child, but they usually make good parents, mainly because they can take a lot of pain. They also have a talent for making others feel comfortable, safe, well fed, and loved—when they choose to use it.

There are as many types of Cancers as nuts in a pound of almonds. They're the fairy godmothers and the Captain Kangaroos of the world, as well as the Rockefellers, the Ronstadts, and the Rembrandts. But they all have one trait in common: They'll hoard every nickel and every crust of bread to avoid facing their two greatest fears in life—being hungry and being out in the cold.

The Cancer dance is an agile exercise of defensive postures, as graceful as T'ai Chi, as effective as black-belt karate. If you want to make it with a Cancer, just let her—or him—live in your fur, like a tick.

Advice for 1985: Go have kids. **—Michael Lutin**

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN VAUGHAN

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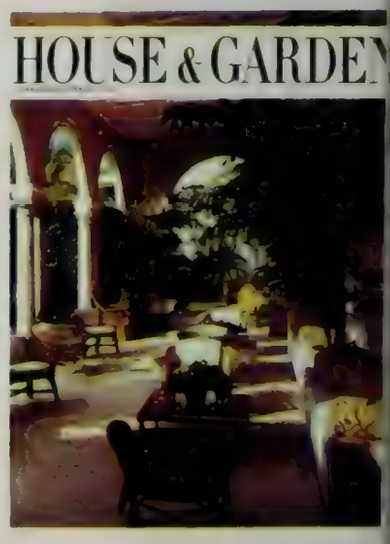
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Table Talk



ius von Bülow's stepchildren are **furious** that heby's lent *Interview* Sunny's mother's jewels be photographed on the Mayflower Madam. dy Taubman—wife of Mr. Sotheby's—will be aring most of them from now on.)

ver-up: On the set of Lionel Richie's Pepsi mmercial a particular Sky-Cam aerial shot of ecstatic crowd caused Richie's staff much con-nation; it revealed **a well-kept secret**—Lio-'s bald spot.

s scrutable even than Cabbage Patchers, Rice ldy Babies, $39.95, come complete with Hong Kong British sports reading, "We want to emigrate."

Since the New York *Times*'s Sunday supplement "The World of New York" included the paper itself in its list of the 101 best things in N.Y.C., *Times* reporters have taken to calling the section "**The World of Arthur Gelb**" (editor in chief of Section C–for–Culture Gulch).

Investment-banker talk overheard at Amsterdam's, an Upper West Side rotisserie for the upwardly turning: "But what are your goals **beyond** making money?" Answer: "I don't discuss my goals."

Moanin' Low: At Mort Janklow's, statuesque Arianna Stassinopoulos swooped down to embrace Norman Mailer, who **immediately** burst into song: "This towering tree doth harbor me."



John Turturro



David Thornton



Robb Curtis-Brown



Mitchell Lichtenstein

RAUL VEGA

To Be or Not to Be

Four Yalies' princely ambitions

Hamlet were alive today, u'd find him at the Yale ol of Drama, the breeding id for many of America's t actors (Paul Newman, l Streep, Henry Winkler, Si-ney Weaver). Among the ates of that ivy-covered ivo-ver are the fab four above, in his own way a candidate e next great Prince of Den-

n Turturro, a recent Yale ol of Drama graduate, says ple laugh when I say I went le." After getting excep- notices for his Off Broad- erformance in *Danny and eep Blue Sea,* John played lagic Club M.C. in *Des-ely Seeking Susan.* He will e coming soon in Woody 's *Hannah and Her Sisters* and Billy Friedkin's *To Live and Die in L.A.* The first time he played Hamlet, in high school, his mother had to write his lines on his arm—"from the tip of my fingers to my elbow," John recalls. One line in *Hamlet,* foreshadowing Stanislavsky, is "Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't." John agrees: "Hamlet walks the line between sanity and making believe he's insane. I'm on the fine line. I burn myself out." He ponders . . . "Epic heroes are always doubting themselves." Yet, he admits, "part of me, when I excel, is not surprised."

David Thornton was one of John's classmates. They work out regularly at Manhattan's Yale Club and recently co-starred together on *Miami Vice.* At Yale's Studio theater, David portrayed Hamlet as a jock. Right now, his biggest problem is being typecast as a heavy. He'd like to do more comedy—"I'm a tormented leading man whose nose is too big."

Robb Curtis-Brown went to Yale College before drama school. "Others played football, I acted." Nevertheless; Robb has played to win, appearing in *Trading Places* and doing eleven months in *Search for Tomorrow.* He's also been Hamlet. "I see Hamlet as a college boy going through rites of passage. . . . My parents separated and divorced. There are always jealous feelings between a stepfather and son."

Mitchell Lichtenstein, son of Roy, acted major roles in *The Lords of Discipline* and Bob Altman's *Streamers.* At the drama school, he was in a tropical, topical production—sort of Hamlet-goes-Hawaiian. "It was edited to have Claudius the hero. Hamlet was the troublemaker, harping on the death of his father. The point was, let a sane ruler do his job." Mitchell doesn't see much comparison between himself and Hamlet: "It's just a good part. The words are great to spit out." **—Brooks Peters**

He likes Bach.



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FLASHBACK: *Vanity Fair,* 1931



Amelia Earhart

Thoroughly modern Amelia: America's golden aviatrix—looking as bright-eyed and breezy as a Perry Ellis model—photographed by Steichen soon after her marriage to publisher George P. Putnam and just before her solo flight across the Atlantic. In *Amelia Earhart: The Final Story*, published this month by Random House, Vincent Loomis provides exhaustive evidence, partly the testimony of native witnesses, that Earhart and her navigator were captured by Japanese troops in the Marshall Islands and died as P.O.W.'s.

Photograph by EDWARD STEICHEN



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Four grueling, exhilarating years have utterly transformed Jeane Kirkpatrick. The straw-dry academic has been transmuted into the golden girl of realpolitik. Just back from swanning down the Nile with Betsy Bloomingdale and Lord Weidenfeld, she talks frankly to MARIE BRENNER about her personal, professional, and political changes

The Blooming of Jeane Kirkpatrick

There were so many farewell dinners for Jeane Kirkpatrick this spring, when she resigned as permanent U.S. representative to the U.N., that after a while all the ceremonial toasts and eulogies took on a kind of black humor, seeming almost like some form of unemployment compensation. "This is really the long good-bye," said the retiring ambassador, her windshield-wiper brows moving with the proper absurd emphasis. And then, in case her point had somehow slipped by, she added, "A *partick-u-larly* long good-bye," dragging out her favorite word, *particularly*, to the Third World and back, as if she expected you to underline it in your notes.

Far from being shredded in the complex machinery of the U.N. blocs and the stealthy operations of the State Department, Kirkpatrick had flourished over the past four years. "Just the knowledge that I was able to hack it," she said in summing up her job, "that alone makes me feel on top of the world."

Although Kirkpatrick left her post without a combat medal or a new job in the administration, she emerged at the top of the pantheon of favorite potentials for senator, vice president, secretary of state, or even president in 1988. Ann Getty invited her on a cruise down the Nile, Swifty Lazar became her literary agent, and magazine cover stories appeared all over the country indicating that she was in her prime and on her way. A blizzard of newsprint, a torrent of words: her every thought on Nicaragua, Namibia, the Falklands dispute, and abortion was repeated and treated as national news. Publishers were dogging her to write books and newspaper columns, and she was being offered $20,000 an appearance on the pundit path—$5,000 more than her former enemy Al Haig first received. She had a new political party, a new curly blond hairdo, and a new sense of self-assurance that made her as festive as a deb in high season. In four years this shy, pale-lashed, slightly hippy, middle-aged, Democratic college professor had become the pre-eminence of the En nence Club, the Janis Joplin of the Republican right, t outsider who had moved in.

The grandest party in her honor was held in Washingto The host was Charles Wick, the bungling former bandlead turned head of the U.S.I.A. and also the president's b friend, who had rounded up a guest list of seventy politi stellars, including Vernon Walters, Kirkpatrick's succes at the U.N., William Casey, head of the C.I.A., Cl Boothe Luce, and a whole gaggle of Cabinet secretari with the notable exception of George Shultz, the number-c man in the State Department and Kirkpatrick's perennial versary.

After dinner Wick got up, tapped on a mike for attenti and recounted the "Kirkpatrick legacy," while Kirkpatri glittering in black sequins and pink lipstick, looked a annoyed, as if she would have preferred to go on schmooz with her dinner partner, Pat Buchanan, the new White Ho power broker. Wick said all the usual things; he said that United States was now respected at the U.N., and he quo Kirkpatrick's famous phrase about "confronting the bloc His tone carried the mysterious suggestion that Jeane Ki patrick had happened along at a time when the country ready for a brand-new kind of politician: a Tory who wo dress. "Every once in a while someone is touched with magic of destiny," Wick said, "and then, all of a sudd that person seems twenty-five feet high."

In reality, Jeane Kirkpatrick, who is fifty-eight, has a w some, even innocent quality, and an air of genuine surp at the strong effect she has on people. She seems to be most without vanity, so much so that at times she has t reminded to powder her nose and apply color to her when photographers are around. She does both awkward

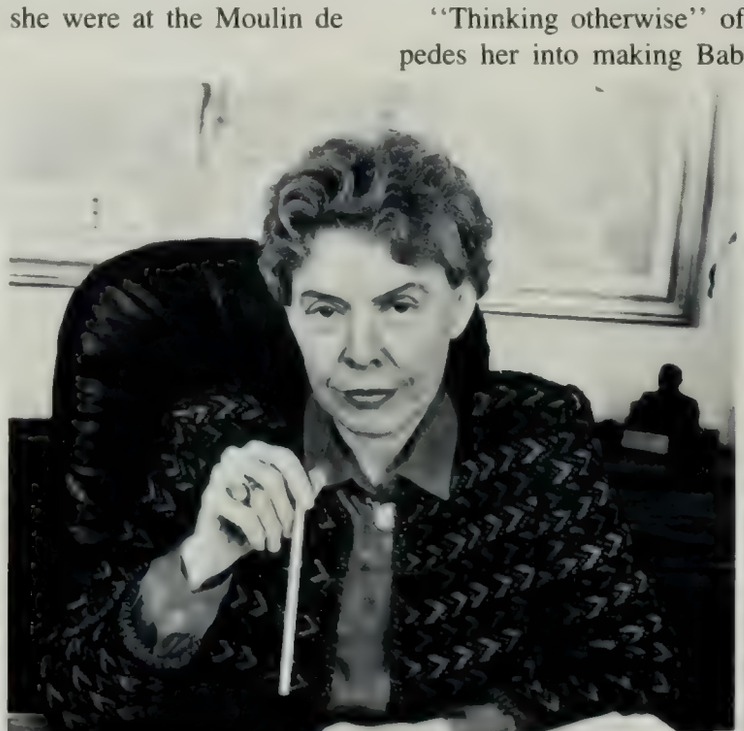
Illustration by ROBERT RISKO



Kirkpatrick has a new curly blond hairdo and a new sense of self-assurance that makes her as festive as a deb in high season.

swiping at her face aggressively as if she weren't exactly sure of the location of her features, slashing a tube of lipstick across her mouth without a mirror, often tinting her teeth. She wears decently cut Chanel-style suits, silk shirts, stockings as dark as a mother superior's—like convent standard issue—and sometimes a pair of symbols from her two different lives: a delicate gold cartouche from her Nile trip and a medallion she was awarded which she likes simply because it's decorative. She can be as clumsy as a schoolgirl, and even when she was surrounded by aides she would struggle with her coat as if she had never considered that a man might be nearby to help her. Often she seems slightly muddled, like a medieval scholar let out of a monastery. Once she asked a flight attendant who came to take her drink order, "Do you have a good red wine?"—as if she were at the Moulin de Mougins.

Jeane Kirkpatrick is in fashion. Even her critics and opponents realize it. The irony! Politically, she started off with Hubert Humphrey as a guide. Her husband, Evron Kirkpatrick, who for twenty-seven years was the executive director of the American Political Science Association, had been Humphrey's poly-sci professor at the University of Minnesota, and in Washington, all through the fifties and sixties, Humphrey remained a good friend of the Kirkpatricks'. Jeane Kirkpatrick listened to him earnestly and took in his pro-labor, anti-Communist, pro-Israel politics. Later, she worked for Henry "Scoop" Jackson and came under the influence of his more conservative views. By the time she herself was called to public life, her politics had become a pollster's dream of the prosperous eighties. The *patriotards* are attracted to her no-more-Mr.-Nice-Guy nationalism, and the young fogies at the universities revere her because she comes from academia and radiates earnestness. Supporters of Israel are astonished by her very real Jewish partisanship—"I've always identified with Jews," she says—and the alienated New York media intelligentsia are impressed by her access to power and the fact that she is not just a cartoon Reaganaut.



"I have helped to restore respect."

Although there are those who fault Kirkpatrick for a certain flabbiness regarding human rights, particularly in her dealings with what she calls "authoritarian" regimes—Chile and Galtieri's Argentina, for example—there is no doubt that she represents a new coalition in American politics. She is a conservative with a subtle mind, highly educated but from a modest family that believed in hard work and small-town life. As a woman she is traditional enough to have "felt that it was important that I be a mother first," before moving into professional life, but as an intellectual she is not averse to debate.

She is often compared to Geraldine Ferraro, but in background and demeanor she is far closer to Margaret Thatcher. Thatcher's success in England probably paved the way for Kirkpatrick here, and it would make perfect sense that the first palatable female candidate for top national office would be, as Kirkpatrick calls herself, "a person who thinks otherwise," one who could break down the sexual stereotyping that says a woman has to be a liberal. Such a woman would be as irresistible as a black running on a law-and-order ticket. Kirkpatrick moves easily among men, without coyness or too many defenses; her sex is beside the point. "I grew up in a macho culture, surrounded by boys," she says. "Boys were always my best friends."

"Thinking otherwise" often gets her into trouble, stampedes her into making Babbitt-like pronouncements which are picked up in the press, leads her philosophically to say, as she did recently, "I am not sure that evolution is provable," and then, after frettiring about that, to say, "I am not sure about any so-called scientistic thinking." Such reasoning is fine for a university classroom, where it is destined to spark debate, but it can be incendiary in corporate Washington, as Kirkpatrick learned from her experience at the U.N.

The last four years have been a period of extreme personal and professional transition for Jeane Kirkpatrick. Professionally, she moved from the vicarious to the actual, from teaching and writing scholarly books and monographs about policies and public figures to being one of those statesmen she used to analyze, issuing vetoes at the U.N., being whisked about in limos, conferring with the president. In her personal life there were tremendous changes as well; her best friend died, and her sons, she says, "seemed to grow away from me, moving closer to my husband, and if I hadn't had the problems of the U.N. to preoccupy me, I would have been terribly disturbed." She often spent weeks away from her husband, who is fifteen years older and not in the best of health. "We both are and are not close," Kirkpatrick says about "Kirk," as he is known, "but we have had a share life." Her move from the maternal background position into the national fray might have been predictable to anyone who had read her book *Political Woman*, published in 1974.

When Rutgers organized a conference of fifty women state senators and representatives in May 1972, Kirkpatrick was commissioned to interview the conferees. She remembers that they "all spoke of their fulfilling of traditional values before going into politics." In her preface she wrote:

Photograph by HARRY BENSON

ne to admire these women legislators—as women who
l made their way through a complicated, often discourag-
obstacle course."

As if she were preparing herself for her own future, she
ote: "To campaign it is necessary to 'blow one's own
n,' to somehow demonstrate one's superiority and domi-
nce. What can conventionally well-behaved ladies do in
h an arena?" Recently Kirkpatrick took another look at
book and said, "I was struck by what I had done. And I
lized something: I was actually writing about me."

a young woman she had wanted to write fiction, she says.
ut I didn't feel comfortable thinking in the subjective
ner than the objective. I think I was afraid of confronting
feelings about people." So at age twenty she retreated
the safer emotional landscape of theories and ideas and
k an M.A. at Columbia in political science. "I felt more
nfortable with facts," she says. Almost immediately,
kpatrick, who speaks almost per-
t French and excellent Spanish, was
ed as a researcher at the State De-
tment. She interviewed scores of
stern European refugees for her
s, Evron Kirkpatrick, and she once
l an interviewer that the experience
l made her an anti-Communist of
highest order. Kirkpatrick left the
te Department to study at the Insti-
de Science Politique in Paris. "I
ays knew she was a smart girl,"
s Evron Kirkpatrick, who pursued
former assistant to France and mar-
l her. While raising their three
s, she took part-time research jobs,
as soon as the boys went to school
began to teach at Trinity College
Washington and later at Georgetown University. In the
antime she wrote her doctoral thesis for Columbia on the
onista movement in Argentina, and ever since she has
n accused of being overly concerned with that country,
instance during the Falklands dispute and during Jacobo
nerman's visit to the United States in 1981.

academic bell jar is a fertile breeding ground for naïveté
well as arrogance, and when Jeane Kirkpatrick was ap-
nted U.N. ambassador by President Reagan in 1981, her
of worldliness both helped and hurt her. It helped her
ause she could look at situations with a fresh eye; it hurt
because she could not gauge enemies. She fought con-
tly with her first boss, Al Haig, and beat him; but she
ld not triumph over his successor. "I will never be able to
erstand what went wrong with George Shultz and me,"
said shortly before leaving the U.N. in April. Kirkpatrick
sitting in her office at the U.S. Mission talking about the
owing week she had had. The day before, she had issued
to against Lebanon, "bringing my leaving full circle,"
said, since she had entered the job with another veto in
el's defense. "A woman from the gallery, at the Security
ncil, let out a bloodcurdling shriek," Kirkpatrick said.
"I was terrified."

As Kirkpatrick talked about this world of fanatics and hysterics which she was voluntarily "and joyously" leaving, she felt compelled to drop her diplomatic guard and discuss her relationship with the State Department, and especially George Shultz, who had let it be known last winter that he would resign if Kirkpatrick were appointed national-security adviser to succeed William Clark. She stared at her fingertips, as if she were hoping to find in her cuticles clues to explain the situation with Shultz. "I don't think we have anything much in common," she said. "I think I have a great deal in common with the president, but although it would seem that superficially Shultz and I would have a lot to talk about, I never felt that he was interested in talking to me."

She spoke very softly and slowly, and in her plain tweed jacket and beige silk shirt and sturdy shoes she seemed like the spinster teacher she thought she was going to be when she was growing up in Oklahoma, "feeling very much like an oppressed person, an outsider," as she says. "I think Shultz treated me very badly," she continued. "And I never said that to another person except for my husband. I think he treated me very badly at the United Nations. I shouldn't say it, but I feel it. For some reason, he was never interested in talking with me about foreign policy. And I probably know more about many aspects of foreign policy than he does."

"This job exacerbated Jeanie's worst tendencies," said her husband, Evron Kirkpatrick. "Boy, does Jeanie love to talk."

Perhaps her knowledge of "facts" got in the way of her understanding of larger, subjective truths about people. George Shultz, coming as he did from the corporate world, was an ambitious infighter, and he knew how to handle a somewhat insecure university professor who thought otherwise. Undersecretaries at the State Department would tell reporters that the U.N. ambassador was not "a team player." The charge was picked up and repeated at the White House by her three adversaries, Michael Deaver, Jim Baker, and Richard Darman. Kirkpatrick, according to her friends, "then became a person to be shut out, set up, dealt with."

George Shultz, when he entered the State Department, let his colleagues know that he was not going to wind up like William Rogers—out to pasture. "He was determined to keep the power lines open," says an acquaintance of Shultz's. "Whenever Jeane's name came up, Shultz would say, 'I am keeping her in her place.' " Their differences all had to do with power, not policy. "I had heard he said these things," Kirkpatrick said, "but somehow I could never believe it was true."

Had Kirkpatrick been a veteran of the political wars, she might have been able to see the signs. There were subtle struggles concerning lines of communication to the White House, and squabbles over which meetings the U.N. ambassador should be allowed to attend. Kirkpatrick responded by shutting out Shultz's undersecretaries, treating them at times

like her former students at Georgetown, creating a sour atmosphere which led to complaints about her at State Department meetings, where the undersecretaries would trade "Jeane stories." "The first time I met her," said one, "we were going to talk about how to deal with the Soviets on some issue, and she began to lecture me about the Soviet Threat, almost like a Poly Sci 101 course, as though I had never heard of the Soviets before. It was extraordinary to think that she could assume that anyone in the State Department would need that lecture."

"It is hard to exaggerate how insecure she was," said a senior State Department official.

"When the attack started on me, I thought I would just die," Kirkpatrick said. "Now I *feel* like dying, but I don't die." She added, "It was difficult not to be dominated by rage," and she described heart-to-hearts she had had with her allies Caspar Weinberger and William Clark. "They advised me, 'Do nothing. Don't let it get to you. Keep your eye on the task.' " Although Kirkpatrick tried to follow that Washington wisdom, it was hard. "Certainly my thoughts that Shultz had fought often and with success to freeze me out of conversations, processes, and occasions did not enhance my enjoyment of the work. . . . But the cause of my decision to leave was in the U.N. itself, and the fact that it is a difficult job, and a difficult environment, at best. The proof is found on the board downstairs at the U.S. Mission, which lists all the permanent representatives. You can see that nobody lasts too long."

> "My husband is somewhat detached emotionally, and I had to learn to live without a great deal of intimacy."

The potential trap of the U.N. job is built right into the title, which is grandiose: Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. Just that word *plenipotentiary* sets the arena for a power grab, since it means "to be granted all powers" and implies the brinkmanship of a Talleyrand. Kirkpatrick's style, which was to bow to no one in her plenipotentiary role, fueled the old debate over whether permanent representatives should have Cabinet rank or whether they should, as Shultz argued, report directly to the secretary of state. It is a mark of Kirkpatrick's success at the U.N. that just as Vernon Walters was preparing to move into her office, George Shultz stripped the U.N. ambassador of his ranking on the National Security Council. Shultz also issued a testy statement during Kirkpatrick's last days to the effect that Kirkpatrick had only ever had ad hoc Security Council status, a fact which Kirkpatrick disputed at her final press conference at the mission.

When you are marooned in New York on the East River, away from the who's-up-who's-down of Washington life, and dealing with feuding nations in what Kirkpatrick calls a "quasi-foreign-policy situation," *folie des grandeurs* can set in. "It is so easy for those U.N. people, issuing vetoes in the Security Council, to delude themselves and to think they have clout in Washington," says one State Department official. "But in fact Kirkpatrick was not involved with 90 p cent of the meetings here."

Kirkpatrick is not given to self-delusion. She knows would be a hard Trivial Pursuit question to have to name last five, or even three, U.N. ambassadors. Her predeces was Donald McHenry, who had been on the staff of Andr Young, who was ousted from the U.N. under Carter. (question constantly preoccupied her in her official capac "Why is it that the United States, which is the most powe country in the world, has less influence at the U.N. than Third World country? How can it be that the United State reviled at the U.N. by the very countries that often are most dependent on us for aid?"

Kirkpatrick knew that the U.N. was an ersatz arena, "u ful for certain things like human rights and refugees" but for real action, which is carried out, in this age of ins communications, Kirkpatrick says, "through public di macy," through speaking out and making headlines, as K patrick did. She says that "the S Department had an aversion to thi preferring their quiet tactics—w Kirkpatrick calls "image over p cy." Kirkpatrick could never set p cy at the U.N., and she had trem dous problems putting up with ima

"I don't know what was worse hear the outright lies, the anti-Se tism, and the abuse from the Arab and the Soviet bloc," she says, "c hear the silence of those who ac esce. I have gotten insights into Nazi process by listening to that lence of acquiescence, and it is ubi tous. For those who say, 'If the U didn't exist we would have to in it,' I say, 'Not me!' "

A few years ago, at a dinner in the American Embass Vienna, Kirkpatrick was attacked by a "very hostile" gr according to her friend Lord Weidenfeld, who was th During the question-and-answer session, the interroga turned, as it inevitably does with Kirkpatrick, to the p about which she has been most quoted, misquoted, and understood: her feelings about dictatorships and left-w regimes, her notion of "good dictators and bad dictato The source of the controversy is a long essay Kirkpa published in 1979 called "Dictatorships and Double S dards," a treatise about the failure of American foreign cy under Carter and our historical lack of perspicacit dealing with other nations.

"Dictatorships and Double Standards" changed Kirk rick's life. She wrote it, she says, "because I was ir South of France reading *Le Monde* and trying to figure why Iran was falling and Nicaragua in danger." When p dential candidate Ronald Reagan read it and asked to the Georgetown professor who had written it, the essay came the certificate to Kirkpatrick's future, her curse an blessing.

Lord Weidenfeld recalls that the questioner in Vi

od up and yelled, "Ambassador Kirkpatrick, we are sur-
sed at your moral relativism and double standards. How
ı you or anybody distinguish between tyrants?" Almost as
he welcomed the hostility, Weidenfeld says, "Jeane Kirk-
rick asked the man his age. 'Forty-eight,' the man an-
ered. 'Aha!' she said, and then she began to rattle off the
t five leaders of Austria in the 1930s before Hitler, and she
cussed the notion of both habeas corpus and the press
/s, differentiating between each of these obscure leaders,
w both concepts had changed under their rules, until she
de them see calibrations between tyrants, and what it dis-
egrated to under Hitler."

'Dictatorships and Double Standards" is required reading
anyone interested in foreign policy. In it Kirkpatrick ana-
es how modern American sensibilities are deeply of-
ded by right-wing regimes, which tolerate extremes of
alth and poverty, but not, ironically, by left-wing re-
ıes, which are often far more repressive than conventional
tatorships. "When confronted
with extremes of wealth and pov-
y our vaunted cultural relativism
porates and we become as censori-
as Cotton Mather confronting sin
New England," Kirkpatrick wrote.
added that revolutions which cam-
lage themselves as being socialistic
ntent are more tolerable to Ameri-
s because "socialism. . .is an ide-
gy rooted. . .in the same values as
nocracy."

Kirkpatrick was trying to explain
y in Iran and Nicaragua "the Carter
ninistration not only failed to pre-
t the undesired outcome, it actively
laborated in the replacement of
derate autocrats friendly to Ameri-
interests with less friendly autocrats of extremist persua-
n." She wrote: "Instead of viewing international
elopments in terms of American national interest. . .the
nitects of [Carter] administration policy have viewed them
erms of a contemporary version of the same idea of prog-
that has traumatized Western imaginations since the En-
ıtenment." After filling three legal pads with her
ughts, Kirkpatrick read the piece to her husband and their
e friend Charles Lichenstein, who would later become a
nber of her U.N. staff. "They thought it was interest-
," Kirkpatrick says. "I put it in a drawer and forgot about
ut Kirk kept telling me that it should be published. He
l, 'At least let Norman read it!' " And so, off it went to
Kirkpatricks' good friend Norman Podhoretz, who pub-
ed it in *Commentary* in November 1979.

)n the campaign trail, before the convention, Richard Al-
then Reagan's campaign adviser, chanced upon the mag-
ıe and showed it to the governor. When Kirkpatrick
rned to Georgetown from the Christmas holidays, she
ıd a letter asking her to meet with Mr. Reagan the next
e he was in Washington. "That happened to me on April
ls' Day," she says. "No commitments?" she asked
ıard Allen, who said no, and so she agreed to meet with
Reagan at his hotel. "He was different, so different from Scoop Jackson, who had been the other political personality I had been associated with." That night George Will had a dinner in Reagan's honor, and Kirkpatrick was seated next to the governor. "Later I learned it was at his request," she said. She was absolutely smitten, and signed on to advise Reagan on foreign policy during the campaign. The outsider from Oklahoma who had always been behind the scenes was suddenly being sought after by the strapping, handsome, affable Reagan. "I was totally taken with him," she said. "I knew that in some way my life would be forever different, that in fact I had crossed the Rubicon."

She was born Jeane Jordon, the daughter of a small-time oil driller who had moved from boomtown to boomtown before settling down with his bride in Duncan, Oklahoma. "This is a wild scenario!" Kirkpatrick said. "My mother had almost been a Fort Worth flapper. She was a Texan who had grown up on a farm, and when she got out of high school she moved to Fort Worth and went to business school, which was a very independent thing for her to have done. She graduated and went to work, and then she met my father, who was in Fort Worth doing business. My grandparents had been Oklahomans and Texans; they had homesteaded! I am that close to the frontier, and the frontier mentality is close to me." Their house in Duncan was "very small, made out of wood, just two and a half bedrooms. The room that looms the largest in my memory was the back porch, because it was where the refrigerator was." On Sundays the Jordons, who were Baptists, went to church, and sermons about hard work crashed down from the pulpit on the little girl. "All those hymns we used to sing! 'Work, for the Night Is Coming'!"

> "Certainly my thoughts that Shultz had fought often and with success to freeze me out did not enhance my enjoyment of the work."

"We were inculcated with those values," she said. "My father was a very difficult man. He used to work twelve hours a day. It has to be particularly significant that my brother, who is eight years younger than I am, is, like me, a classic workaholic. . . .I don't think my parents' marriage was good. Well, yes and no. There was so much conflict, but there was a lot of love. I think I became such a worker as a reaction to my father's twelve-hour days and my mother's very specific injunction, 'Make sure you are doing your best!' "

Kirkpatrick said that even now, forty years later, the primal lessons still burn. Both parents were long dead, yet she flared: "How do you know you are doing your best?"

Kirkpatrick can still remember how she enraged her second-grade teacher. She was a tiny, eight-year-old, intellectual terror, and her only friends were boys, Jewish boys, for the most part, with whom she walked to school. "People who go around with their noses stuck in books all the time are not going to be successful in life," the teacher told her. That was all it took to make the *(Continued on page 90)*



ART & EXHIBITIONISM

When photographer HELMUT NEWTON ran into Mr. and Mrs. Julian Schnabel in Los Angeles, painting's *enfant terrible* went Hollywood. PEPE KARMEL glimpses the man behind the playacting

You know you've seen the movie—something by Rossellini or Visconti or De Sica, from just after the war. The hefty guy in the undershirt, with his hair slicked back: he's a butcher or a baker, working twelve hours a day, with a nagging wife and six squalling kids. The *femme fatale* with the great legs: she's a marchesa descended from a Renaissance pope, languishing in a mansion behind ivy-covered walls. One afternoon she drops a parcel. He picks it up. A glance exchanged and they're both hooked. He scales the wall, finds her alone in the garden. Her shoulder strap slips down, she can't resist...But wait. He's no faded idol of the screen—he's Julian Schnabel, the hottest painter on seven continents. And the marchesa is his wife, Jacqueline.

Schnabel's life story is decidedly more Richard Gere than Mark Rothko. No decades of toiling in the shadows *here*. True, back in 1977, Schnabel was a cook in a Greenwich Village restaurant. By 1979, however, he was showing at Mary Boone, and by 1981, at Leo Castelli. Today, Julian Schnabel, not yet thirty-five, lives and paints in a glamorous duplex on East Twentieth Street in New York City, decorated in postmodern eclectic—a Max Beckmann in the living room, a forties Knoll table in the dining room, marble walls in the bathroom. And that's not his only home. In Bridgehampton there's a second one, with an open-air studio.

Like many a film star, Schnabel has succeeded by pleasing his public rather than his critics, whose responses range from lukewarm to downright hostile. *Time* critic Robert Hughes says Schnabel's work is "tailor-made to look important. It is all about capital letters—Life, Death, the *Zeitgeist*, and above all the tragic though profitable condition of being a Great Artist." Hughes sees Schnabel's exaggerated, Neo-Expressionist style as a cover-up for simple ineptitude. Ask around the art world and you'll find that this low opinion is widely shared. Few American museums have bought Schnabel's work.

But the collectors love him. Since 1979, his shows have been sold out even before they opened, and there is a waiting list of buyers eager for whatever he produces next. In 1981, when Schnabel showed simultaneously at Leo Castelli and Mary Boone, the galleries took the unprecedented step of not only giving the titles of the paintings but also identifying the collectors who had already bought them. The art world clucked its tongue, but the breach of manners just reinforced Schnabel's image as a brilliant bad boy—the John McEnroe of contemporary painting.

What makes Julian run? To hear Schnabel tell it, it's his angst. In a 1984 issue of *Artforum* he wrote: "One need not talk of agony but it is the reason why I began to work. It is the reason why I continue to work....Each work is a witness; the conscious recognition of the simultaneous state of a moment filled with longing, anxiety, curiosity, fear, death, the remembrance of...the way your stomach felt, bloated, anticipating cancer."

For Schnabel, art is a kind of religion. He told an interviewer from *ARTnews* that the painters who most interested him were Duccio, Giotto, van Gogh, and Picasso. "Duccio and Giotto," he said, "were painting in a society in which there was actually belief in God. People had religious experiences in front of paintings." Schnabel wants people to have religious experiences in front of his paintings, too. That's why he paints the things he does: crucified fashion models, voodoo dolls, sexually abused children, disembodied cherubim. But angst-ridden painters are a dime a dozen in today's art world. What sets Schnabel apart is a truly spectacular confidence in his own genius.

What makes Julian *sell* is precisely his grandiose conceit. He answers the need for a certain kind of





hero. As Robert Hughes puts it, "In Schnabel, collectors nourished on the legend of Abstract Expressionism have found a temporary surrogate for the [Jackson] Pollocks they cannot buy." Rene Ricard, one of his rare critical champions, greeted his 1979 show at Mary Boone with a dizzy rehash of ab-ex clichés. "There comes a point in a painter's life," Ricard wrote in *Art in America*, "where civilization abandons him; he looks at his brushes like a gorilla looking at a knife and fork, digs in with his hands, smashes the plate, and makes a big mess." (Waiter, get this man a bib.) And not only is Ricard Schnabel's court critic, he's also court couturier, helping Schnabel's wife design what *Vogue* describes as "her own waist-cinching, Ava Gardner-style short evening dresses."

Last year he dumped his original dealers, Mary Boone and Leo Castelli, and went over to the Pace Gallery. The art world was shocked—but impressed. (*Nobody* leaves Castelli.) In the catalogue for Schnabel's first Pace show, last November, alongside the full-color reproductions of twenty-one paintings (only half of which were in the show) appeared a series of big black-and-white photographs depicting a day in the life of the artist—at his Bridgehampton estate. There was Julian alone in a lounge chair, and Julian with his wife and their three-year-old daughter, Lola. There was Lola playing on the patio, and Lola in the swimming pool with her sister, Stella. It added up to a portrait of the perfect artist for Reagan's America: the Horatio Alger success story of a good family man, a regular guy.

But that was last year's model. With these Helmut Newton photographs we get a new edition of the artist's image. Photographer met painter last January, at Mr. Chow, on North Camden Drive in Beverly Hills. They ate beneath a giant portrait of Michael Chow painted by Schnabel on a panel adorned with his trademark broken plates. Before the dinner was over, Newton had asked Schnabel if he would sit for a portrait. Julian, Jacqueline, and their two children were leaving for Tahiti the next day, but Schnabel agreed—surprise—to set aside a few minutes for photographs.

When Newton arrived at the Beverly Hills Hotel the next day, Jacqueline was still packing their bags. He began photographing Julian alone, sitting pensively in the shrubbery outside their bungalow, hat and jacket thrown aside in the bushes. Then Jacqueline came out of the bungalow. Newton suggested that Julian and his wife pose as if they were making love on the back stairs. They responded immediately, with Julian making it perfectly clear how he felt about his wife.

Ironically, Newton's pictures capture just that emotional—and sexual—intensity which Schnabel strives for in his paintings but never quite achieves. When Julian rests his head on Jacqueline's shoulder, a new side of him comes into view. Behind the overblown ego demanding attention, the big-shot artist, the macho undershirt, we glimpse the little boy who needs a mother's love. Strange but true, these pictures finally make Julian Schnabel, yes, likable. □

The Night They Stared

"You've spent the last three hours nursing your hangover and regretting the things you said at dinner last night."
A satirical comment on modern manners by MARCELLE CLEMENTS

"Oh, no," said Nick when he came into the living room and saw me and my club soda.

"Hi," I said grudgingly.

"How long have you been up?" he asked.

"Since six," I said.

"Oh, no," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"I just woke up and I'm still in direct contact with my unconscious."

"So?"

"I'm not ready for a discussion of American culture," he announced firmly.

"Who said anything about American culture?" I asked.

"You will," he said, "within half an hour."

"Certainly not," I said.

"You always do when you have a hangover," he said.

"I certainly don't have a hangover," I said.

"Aside from the undeniable evidence of the club soda at nine A.M.," he said, "I can tell by your expression, the unopened newspaper, and the filled ashtray that you've spent the last three hours nursing your hangover and regretting the things you said at dinner last night."

"Nonsense," I said, picking up the *Times* and pretending to study the headlines.

"Do you want some oatmeal?"

"Certainly not."

Nick stalked off to the kitchen with a tread so heavy it seemed to be broadcast live in my skull cavity. (I happened to have been nursing a terrible hangover.) And then I heard him in the kitchen removing every pot from the cupboard to find the one he prefers to prepare oatmeal in.

Why did I have to say those things last night? I asked myself for the two-hundredth time that morning.

I had assumed there would only be editors and writers and their spouses or spouse equivalents at this dinner—not an unreasonable assumption, considering how much effort one must expend ever to meet anyone socially who's not an editor or a writer or an editor/writer's spouse or spouse equivalent. Though every once in a while one might run into a photographer or an art director. Anyone not in journalism or publishing seems positively exotic. Imagine my amazement, then, when I arrived to discover that one of the guests was not only a lawyer but *black*.

Carl Carlton, his name was. For once I even remembered a name when I was introduced. After all, I hadn't had dinner in the company of a black man in ages.

"I hadn't had dinner in the company of a black man in ages," I said to Nick when he came back in with his bowl of oatmeal.

"Perhaps it was unwise to mention that at dinner," he said.

"But that's what everyone else was thinking about. None of them had had dinner with a black man in ages either."

"But you were the one who talked about it. You broke the code."

"And please take your bowl back to the kitchen when you're through with the oatmeal. You always forget," I said dryly. By now I was very irritated. I knew which code had been broken, and felt I didn't need to be reminded.

"You broke the code of polite white people never to bring up race when there's a black person around," said Nick mercilessly.

"Not directly," I pointed out. "All I said was that I was bored to death with living in the ghetto of the white upwardly mobile print-oriented."

"Which was bad enough. But then you had to bring up sex too."

"Not directly," I pointed out. "I said I missed having black women friends."

"But you added that one of the things you missed the most was black women's frankness about sexuality."

"But it's true," I said, somewhat belligerently.

Nick reached for the C section.

"I don't think we should discuss this now," he said.

"I happen to have been thinking lately about black people and sex," I said.

"Mm-hmm," he said, taking his turn at pretending to be reading the paper, which was an absurd sham since one of the things Nick has often indicated in the early morning is that he can't read while I talk.

"Because of the Bobby 'Blue' Bland concert," I continued. I knew he wanted to read the book review, but I can be merciless too.

"What Bobby 'Blue' Bland concert?"

"I went to the midnight blues show at the Beacon Theater the other night, to hear Bobby 'Blue' Bland. And there were almost no white people there."

"Mm-hmm," he said.

"And there were a lot of black girls there who were calling out the most incredible things."

"Like what?" he couldn't resist asking.

"Like yelling, 'Do it slow, Bobby. Take your time.'"

"That's not so incredible," said Nick.

"Not at a black concert, but that's the point," I said. "It was just so frank."

nto the Gazpacho

"Mm-hmm," said Nick.

"And about the blues . . ." I began.

"Don't you think it's a little early in the day for generaliz-
?" pleaded Nick.

"Generalizing!"

'Believe me, I can see your argument about black music
old in all its splendor, but that's why everyone started
ring at their gazpacho when you piped up
t night. You were feeding the stereo-
e that white people think about black
ple in stereotype."

'Well, it's no wonder," I opined.
he white people I know don't
r get to meet any black people.
ere are barely any black people
journalism, for that matter,
ich may be one reason why
re's almost nothing
the general press
ut black culture."

'That's why your
rnalism pals were
et last night. Be-
ise they went to
ool with black kids,
l they grew up with
le Richard and the
rch on Selma, and
y rooted for Black
ver, but now it's an
sual event to have din-
with a black person."

'But, so, why not talk
ut it?"

'For one thing because the
t message they want to send a
ck person is 'Hey, I'm cool. I've
no problem here.' "

'Yeah, it's really convincing too," I muttered in my most
donic delivery, considering it was so early in the morning
dn't revved up yet.

'But also because there's a modus vivendi that depends
people not talking about it publicly, except with the ut-
st caution."

'Well, I think the modus vivendi stinks," I declared.

'Would you like some of my oatmeal?" asked Nick.

'No," I said.

'You'd feel better."

o I went back to pretending to read my part of the paper

n the alto section of my high-school chorus, I used to sit next to a black girl whose name was Misha. We shared a score. I was a better sight reader, but she had a truly beautiful voice. She was really great-looking, had the best cheekbones and surprising blue eyes; she was tall and slim-hipped and had breasts which, now that I think of it more than twenty years later, I still envy. When we were both fifteen, the comparison was calamitous for me.

The alto section always needed the least rehearsal, so while the conductor worked with the more neurotic sopranos, or the somewhat wispy tenor section, Misha and I talked. We talked about a lot of things, but since we were both fifteen, we talked mostly about sex. I was at a bit of a disadvantage because, at the time, I was still seriously pondering the subject of my troublesome virginity. Misha's uptown experience was, from my pale downtown perspective, endlessly fascinating. There was nothing unusual about this disparity: black kids were one or two years ahead of white kids on everything that really mattered, like sex or drugs or music, until sometime later in the sixties, when many of the white kids wised up some.

At any rate, too generous to be contemptuous of my inexperience, once we'd become friends Misha would recount in the most absorbing detail the events of the preceding night.

"It was bad," she once told me, about sex with a boy she particularly loved. It was the first time I'd heard the word *bad* used for *good*, and it opened vistas in my consciousness applicable to a good deal more than sex.

"He was huge," she said.

"He was?" I queried noncommittally. Since I was personally rather terrified at the idea of huge, I wasn't sure whether this was good or bad.

"We did it real slow," Misha told me. "It was sweet, it was really sweet."

Sweetness wasn't something I *(Continued on page 94)*

Illustration by TIM SHEAFFER

DESPERATELY SEEKING STEPHANIE



Once upon a time Monaco's problem princess decided to become a model in New York City and *le tout* Fashion Avenue went wild. But after she posed for *Vanity Fair* in Paris, the clock struck twelve and the princess didn't even come to the ball.
JOHN DUKA reports.
Photographs by
BILL KING



FROG PRINCESS

In a fairy tale the frog ring would touch the beautiful princess's lips and turn into a handsome bejeweled prince. *Left:* Rhinestone frog ring with *faux*-ruby eyes, $92 from the Karl Lagerfeld boutique, 28 Hazelton Avenue, Toronto, and Beau Monde Village, Denver; and Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Felt cowboy hat, $300 from Colitti, 255 Millburn Avenue, Millburn, New Jersey; the Karl Lagerfeld boutique, Denver; and Lou Lattimore. *Right:* Hand-beaded velvet dress, $7,300 from Bergdorf Goodman, New York City, and the Karl Lagerfeld boutique, Denver. Dress and accessories by Karl Lagerfeld; available in August.

Being a princess is not an easy thing. A recent study revealed that the number of sleep-inducing needles on which to prick one's finger has greatly diminished. More and more wicked stepmothers are in therapy. The ponds of the frog princes are said to be drying up.

The only sport left today's princesses is to get their names in the paper. In England, Margaret Rose and Anne still manage a line or two of self-generated newspaper copy despite the merciless hegemony of Diana, the Princess of Wales. In France, journalists regularly record the whereabouts of the Princesse de Polignac, who is often found skulking somewhere behind a menu, her mouth stained with sorbet. As for the princesses of Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Belgium, Greece, Spain, and Romania, they are, according to several recent press reports, all named Fabiola, have thick ankles, and never do anything special.

All of these princesses, however disparate their personalities and appearances, are said to have one thing in common. They are good. Even Princess Margaret, who drinks and smokes too much, is good. She has, according to a usually reliable palace source, paid her dues. She, and all the others, will go to heaven.



Wading room: the Princess, *sans famille*, on Mauritius.

One must look to Monaco, 370 sunny acres of shady char ters (to paraphrase Maugham), to find the bad girl of Europe royalty, Princess Stephanie. Her sister, Caroline, held that t until she divorced a boulevardier (as Philippe Junot is n described), remarried, gave birth, and discovered the bene of presiding over Red Cross benefits. Oh, those Grimaldis!

Yes, Stephanie Marie Elisabeth Grimaldi is bad. Not, course, really bad. Just bad enough to dump Paul Belmon the blow-dried son of Jean-Paul Belmondo, for Anthony I lon, the curly-haired, muscular son of the French cinem eternal bad boy. How could Stephanie have gotten rid of t nice young man who stood by her after The Accident? Tha what the French press wanted to know. Especially since *P ple* magazine had said it looked like happily-ever-after tir

How bad, exactly, is Stephanie? Bad enough to w leather jackets. Bad enough to chew gum in the second r of fashion shows, while in the front row her sister basks the light of camera flash. Bad enough to go to clubs shamelessly table-hop. Bad enough to go to parties unesc ed. Bad enough to dance. Bad enough, in short, to becom model. Oh, horrible! Oh, hard, hard being a princess.

The Princess's career as a model has been a scandal si it was first announced by a Paris model agency named Fi six months ago. Eileen Ford, the great-aunt of Ameri model agencies, does not think it is bad for a princess to b model. "I think it's wonderful to have a career," says Fo

Stephanie's father does not think so. He did not want twenty-year-old daughter (born February 1, 1965; Aquar to become a model. Isabella Rossellini, a top model and daughter of Ingrid Bergman, says the only problem she fo sees with a modeling career for Stephanie is that "if you well known, you probably have a strong personality, and difficult to mold a strong personality. I can only speak fr my own experience."

"Stephanie's family turned down all requests they from model agencies here," says Frances Grill, owner of Click agency in New York. "But Stephanie made friends w someone at First in Paris, and First suggested she go to Wil mina. It was a rebellious act against the family's wishes."

The person Stephanie befriended at First was Paul H nauer, the former general manager of the company. W still in charge, he booked her extensively, some would overextensively. There, for example, was Stephanie, look plump and slightly hydrocephalic, on the front and back c ers of a magazine called *Company*. And there she was bathing suit on the cover of *Elle*. By the standards of Am can fashion, the *Company* cover did little to help the Fr cess. The *Elle* cover could have launched a career.

Then came the New York bookings. Wilhelmina, w hadn't had a hot model under contract in years, went overdrive. It put its top agent, Karen Hilton, on the ass ment. It was a publicist's dream. In April, Stephanie supposed to come to New York for two and a half we Well before she was expected, everyone in town trie reach her. Hilton stiff-armed all but the *crème* in the Studio 54–doorman fashion. "I don't know how many ple I said no to," she says.

Stephanie was written about in *(Continued on page*


How bad,
exactly,
is Stephanie
?

The Connecticut Axis

There were twelve people sitting around the large table in the dining room of William Styron's Connecticut house one evening this spring: Styron and his wife, Rose; Arthur Miller and his wife, the photographer Inge Morath; the poet Galway Kinnell; the Reverend William Sloane Coffin; and various children and houseguests. Miller was describing a recent visit to the White House, where he received an award for service in the performing arts. "The first thing Reagan said when he came in was 'Do you know how many people's hands I shook today? Four hundred and seventy. Old ladies are the worst: they won't let go.' " Miller demonstrated Reagan's technique for eluding their tenacious grip: " 'You grab them up here, above the wrist.' "

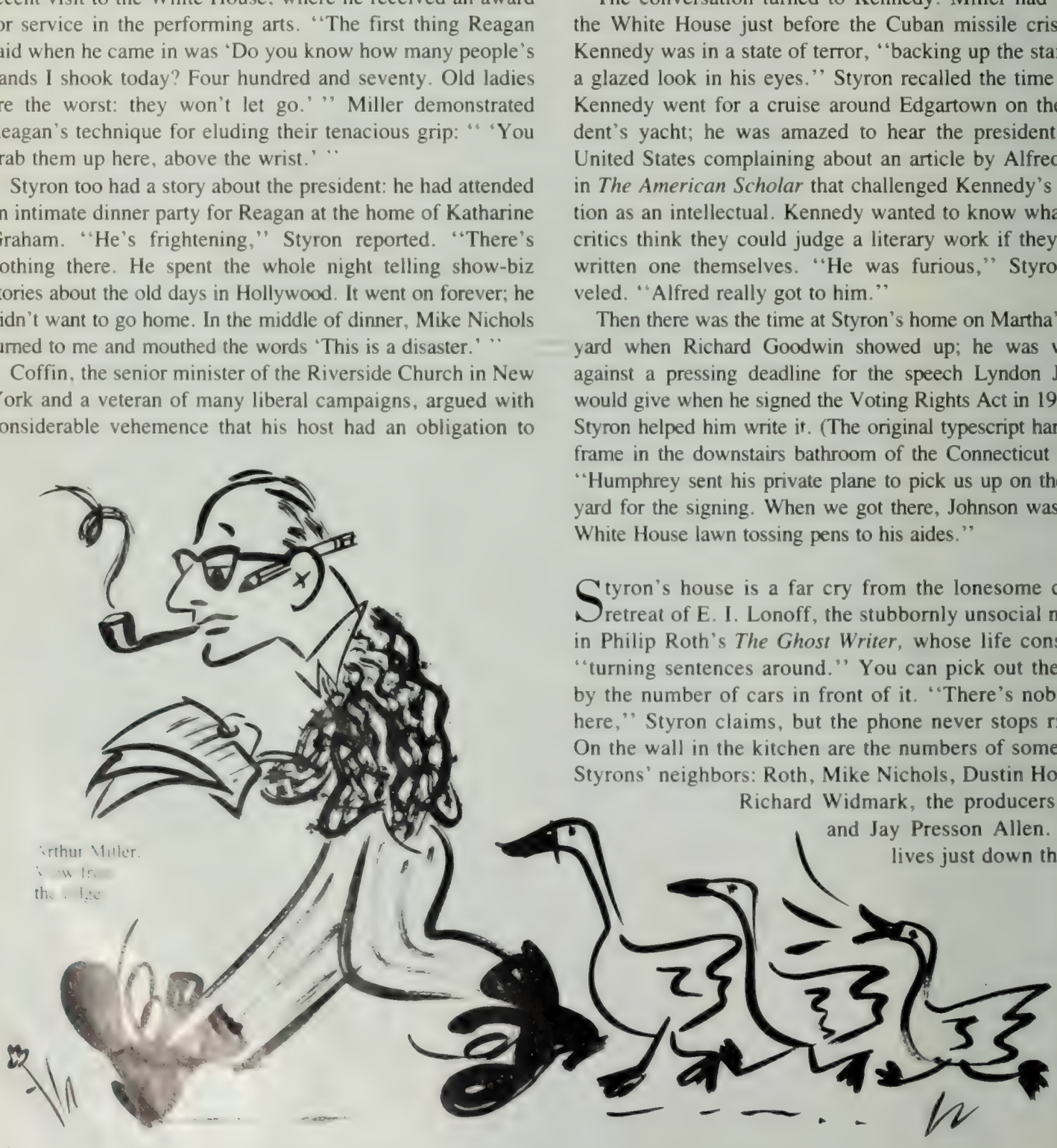
Styron too had a story about the president: he had attended an intimate dinner party for Reagan at the home of Katharine Graham. "He's frightening," Styron reported. "There's nothing there. He spent the whole night telling show-biz stories about the old days in Hollywood. It went on forever; he didn't want to go home. In the middle of dinner, Mike Nichols turned to me and mouthed the words 'This is a disaster.' "

Coffin, the senior minister of the Riverside Church in New York and a veteran of many liberal campaigns, argued with considerable vehemence that his host had an obligation to challenge Reagan. "No one ever touches the guy," he exposi lated. "When you have the opportunity, you have to seize it Miller and Styron demurred; it was impossible. Reagan w oblivious, sealed off from any serious discussion by his ov unctuous affability. "You can't get near him," Miller insiste "He wouldn't know what you were talking about."

The conversation turned to Kennedy. Miller had been the White House just before the Cuban missile crisis, a Kennedy was in a state of terror, "backing up the stairs w a glazed look in his eyes." Styron recalled the time he a Kennedy went for a cruise around Edgartown on the pre dent's yacht; he was amazed to hear the president of United States complaining about an article by Alfred Ka in *The American Scholar* that challenged Kennedy's repu tion as an intellectual. Kennedy wanted to know what ma critics think they could judge a literary work if they had written one themselves. "He was furious," Styron m veled. "Alfred really got to him."

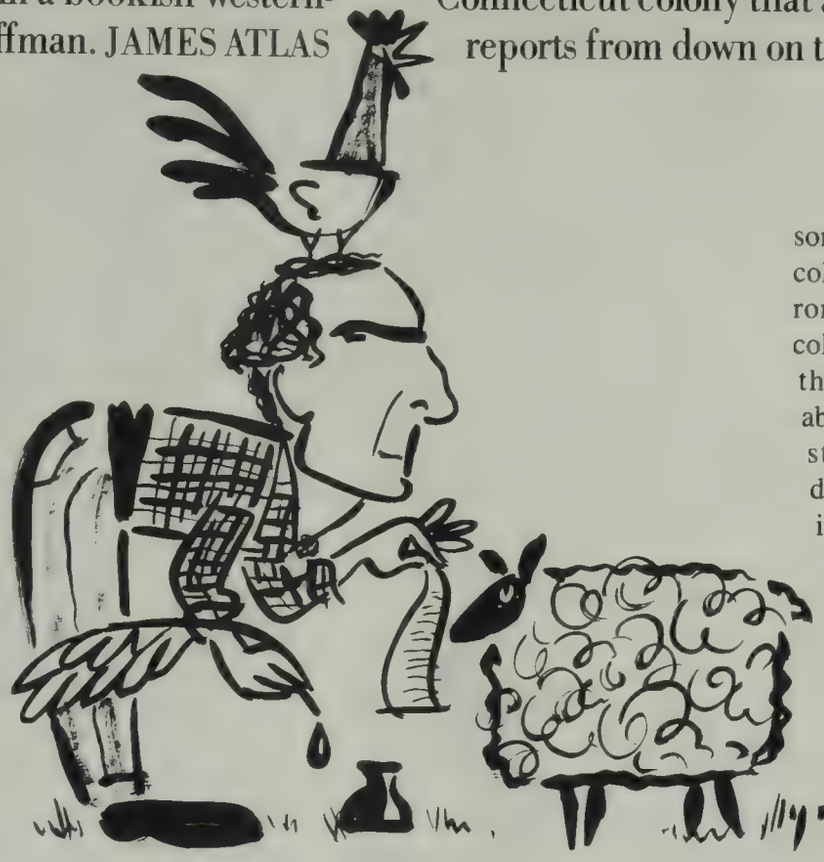
Then there was the time at Styron's home on Martha's Vi yard when Richard Goodwin showed up; he was work against a pressing deadline for the speech Lyndon John would give when he signed the Voting Rights Act in 1965, Styron helped him write it. (The original typescript hangs i frame in the downstairs bathroom of the Connecticut hou "Humphrey sent his private plane to pick us up on the Vi yard for the signing. When we got there, Johnson was on White House lawn tossing pens to his aides."

Styron's house is a far cry from the lonesome cour retreat of E. I. Lonoff, the stubbornly unsocial nove in Philip Roth's *The Ghost Writer*, whose life consist "turning sentences around." You can pick out the ho by the number of cars in front of it. "There's nobody here," Styron claims, but the phone never stops ringi On the wall in the kitchen are the numbers of some of Styrons' neighbors: Roth, Mike Nichols, Dustin Hoffm Richard Widmark, the producers Le and Jay Presson Allen. Mi lives just down the r



Arthur Miller. [illegible] the Edge

Connecticut is the state of the art of writing: Styron, Miller, Roth are among the ıtellectual homesteaders" in a bookish western- Connecticut colony that also includes Mike Nichols and Dustin Hoffman. JAMES ATLAS reports from down on the farm



Philip Roth: Portnoy's compost.

onnecticut has long attracted ers eager to get away from New k—but not too far away. Mal- ı Cowley settled in Sherman e than half a century ago; the isher James Laughlin has lived Norfolk for nearly as long. A ch of *New Yorker* writers ong them John Lardner, the son ing) discovered New Milford ıe thirties; Agnes Bolton, the nd wife of Eugene O'Neill, l in Cornwall Bridge. Van k Brooks was in Bridgewater, k Van Doren in Falls Village. novelist Josephine Herbst was oneer—in the twenties she rent- house outside New Preston for dollars a month—and so was ıerine Anne Porter. The literary raphy of the period, Cowley ob- d in *Exile's Return*, was "New York, , Connecticut"—the axis of the international tête set. ıe years of World War II witnessed still another migra- European artists and intellectuals in flight from Hitler ed. Yves Tanguy and Naum Gabo settled in the area. ıile Gorky lived in Sherman and died there, a suicide. Styrons, who've been in Roxbury since 1954, bought house from a virtual collective: Aleksandr Kerensky his government-in-exile.

Writers follow writers. Cowley moved to Sherman in 1926 because Hart Crane was there; Styron heard about ırea from Cowley; Roth came because of Styron. "We me close friends in Rome in 1960, during my Guggen- ı year there," he recalls. "A couple of years later, the ons kindly loaned me their guesthouse, and I went up summer to write and be alone." (Norman Mailer was ıer of Styron's recruits; he lived in nearby Washington ıg the late 1950s, when he was obsessed with Wilhelm h, and kept an orgone box in the barn.) By the early ıties, Roth was a year-round resident. Nowadays there ıore writers in western Connecticut than there are on the r West Side. "The woods are thick with them," says . Francine du Plessix Gray and her husband, Cleve, the er, live in Cornwall Bridge; Harrison Salisbury is in nic; Theodore White is in Bridgewater.

ıis random aggregate scarcely constitutes a literary d. "There used to be a mistaken notion that we had some kind of writers' colony up here," Styron says. There's no colony, just writers. But there is something about the area that constitutes a powerful draw. For one thing, it is—or was, until a few years ago—relatively cheap. When Arthur Miller moved to Roxbury in 1947, he paid $21,000 for the little white farmhouse he would live in with Marilyn Monroe. ("We never got to meet her," says Rose Styron. "Whenever we invited them for dinner, she'd change her dress fifty times and then Arthur would call up and say they couldn't come. She was terrified of intellectuals.") A year later, Cleve Gray's father paid $60,000 for a substantial country estate with 350 acres. "In those days this was a completely agricultural area," Miller stresses. "There was no one up here then. The roads were bad. It was three or four hours from New York." Now it's less than two.

Writers—or the more fortunate among them—have always had country retreats. For the French novelists of the nineteenth century, Paris was a city to visit for occasional dinners before retiring to the provinces. English writers have been warning against the seductions of London for centuries. New York's reputation is even worse. Basil March, the literary editor in William Dean Howells's *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, fretted about having to move there from the staid confines of Boston. Henry James, returning from Europe in 1904, found it a "terrible town," a vulgar metropolis devoted to "the present, pure and simple." For Wallace Stevens, it was "a Black Hole" inhabited by "Polacks that pass in their motor cars."

"The New York that meant so much to me in the sixties is gone," declares Roth. "What's there now doesn't interest me. There are three or four old New York friends whose thinking I like to be in touch with, but there's still the phone, there's the mail, and there's a bus that only takes two and a half hours to get up here. We can get more said during one long day's visit to the country than in 60,000 dinners at

Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER

Elio's. What's more, we can even hear what we're saying." Roth has given up the *pied-à-terre* he used to keep on the Upper East Side. The Millers have an apartment in the city, and Styron rents a studio, but it's small, and reminds him of the squalid room inhabited by Stingo in *Sophie's Choice*—"a cramped cubicle, eight by fifteen feet," with a "single grime-encrusted window." "Whenever I go into the city," he says, "I start to feel anxious within a day, like I'm wasting my time. You know: 'Time's wingèd chariot,' and all that." For Styron, Connecticut is a refuge from the barbarity of New York, a city that scarcely resembles the more innocent metropolis he knew when he lived there briefly after World War II and worked for McGraw-Hill. "On hot summer nights we'd go sleep in Central Park," he says. "You thought nothing of falling asleep in the subway at two o'clock in the morning. There was no such thing as crime."



Francine du Plessix Gray: Lovers and turnips.

Miller doesn't miss New York much, either. "I was just as isolated there as I am out here," he claims. "When I lived in Brooklyn Heights I didn't come out of my house for weeks at a time." Does he ever feel the need to replenish his imagination, which is so rooted in the New York of his youth? "Most writers find their matrix of experience early on. It's all there from the start. You don't need stimulation. You just need peace and quiet." One of his favorite stories concerns the playwright Paddy Chayefsky, a very urban character, who asked him once how he could stand living in the country: "What do you do when you want to go for a walk?"

The city people that Malcolm Cowley encountered in the Connecticut countryside in the thirties lived in their homes "as they might live in a summer hotel," he noted in *Exile's Return*. "The ownership of an old house full of Boston rockers and Hitchcock chairs did n endow them with a past. T land for which they were over sessed was not really theirs; it d not stain their hands or color th thoughts. They had no functio relation to it: they did not cl new fields, plant crops, depe on its seasons or live by its fru in a Connecticut valley, as in M hattan, there remained the probl 'of whether or not I belong here. But those who stayed—and those w came later—eventually found that th did belong. "It's not like the Hampt or Provincetown," Roth explains. "P ple have actually struck roots here." these urban-intellectual homesteade Connecticut isn't exactly the wilderne but it's a haven in a hectic world— place," says Francine Gray, "for nerv temperaments who can't take the pace of New York." not social in the Hamptons sense; there's no "scene," insists. What western Connecticut offers is a way "to k the world at bay and yet supply the energy to feed us."

"I'm not here for a community," says Roth. "I'm here t left alone to do my work in a place where silence and seclu are a natural phenomenon and not something you have to st gle for. Of course, I have friends I enjoy seeing—a local d tor, a local builder, a couple of sculptors, a painter, a writers, and, when she isn't working and can be with m have an actress too [Claire Bloom]. But mostly I talk t typewriter and listen to a book. When I want something ne usually visit Europe to listen to what's going on there."



William Styron: Sophie's cheese.

Nathan Zuckerman, the breathless young writer who p a call on E. I. Lonoff in *The Ghost Writer*, is awe the elder novelist's monastic way of life: "Purity. Seren Simplicity. Seclusion. All one's concentration and flam ance and originality reserved for the grueling, exalted, t scendent calling." Noting the simple furnishings, the popping in the grate, the snowy fields beyond the wind Zuckerman resolves: "This is how I will live." Roth n the same resolve. "I'd first come to appreciate that kin farming country as a college student in the Susquehanna ley of Pennsylvania in the early fifties," he recalls. "I then I'd thought I would someday like to make my home place where I could take my thoughts on a six- or seven- hike, and have the four vivid seasons of the American N east as the backdrop to my reading and writing."

One of the chief attractions of western Connecticut notes, is that it's "remote from New York, but still England." Most of the houses in the area date from eighteenth century. Miller's Colonial house was bui 1740. Surrounded by fifty acres of land, it sits on a hill a view of the mountains, and open fields all around. Mil study, a simple shack behind the main house, has a c desk, a stove, and a linoleum floor. He seems utterly at h in the country; he chops wood, gardens, does woodwo

carpentry in the barn—what he calls "intensive hob-." He built his study himself, and a darkroom for Inge rath. On the wall are photographs of Picasso, Nadezhda ndelstam, Mary McCarthy—and an impromptu portrait of ler done by his neighbor Alexander Calder "one night n he was sort of drunk at a party." Walking around his perty in a windbreaker and a peaked cap, the Harlem- n Miller could pass for a local farmer—"a Hamsun and vaag of the soil," as Norman Mailer enviously described in *Marilyn*. "I have a lot of land, and I go for hikes. It sures me to be around imperial nature; the turning of the ons reminds me how petty our troubles are."

tyron is equally rhapsodic about rural life. A tall, sham- g figure with the suggestion of a Jamesian *embonpoint*, not quite as countrified as Miller; he prefers to warm self, glass in hand, before the fireplace in the high-ceil- d den, a silver-haired suburban baron in a baggy pull- r. But he has an abiding love of the area, a profound e of place more characteristic of British writers' attach- it to where they live. "Ever since I left the South I've n looking for a home," says Styron. "This is where my s are now. I like the rhythm of my days, working after- ns, walking my dogs out on the road."

ill, winters in Connecticut can be hard and lonely, even with the new shopping malls that have sprung up over the decade. One secret of living here is leaving often. Philip n spends winters in London. The Grays go to Rome. ler travels a good deal; last year he was in China, and this ng he was off to Istanbul, on a mission with Harold er "to get some Turkish writers out of jail." Styron was is way to Poland and Czechoslovakia to visit dissident ers with Rose, who chairs the National Advisors Council Amnesty International U.S.A. and is a member of the utive board of PEN. They used to spend part of each ter on a private island in the Bahamas that had been overed by J. P. Marquand, Jr. "There was no electric- and just a few rustic shacks," Styron recalls. "I got an edible amount of writing done there." But the Styrons er in Roxbury now. Summers are spent on Martha's Vine- , in a large white clapboard house on the water in Vineyard en. "I've become as attached to the Vineyard as I have to necticut," says Styron. "I feel like a bigamist."

here are no struggling writers in Connecticut. The popu- y of Miller's plays, which are produced all over the ld, has made him a rich man—so rich that he seems fferent to the $500,000 advance Harper & Row paid for nwritten autobiography: "I didn't sign with them for the ey. I have enough." Rose Styron is from the wealthy gunder family of Baltimore, once owners of a department e in Washington, and Styron has been making money as velist ever since he published *Lie Down in Darkness*, n he was twenty-six. *The Confessions of Nat Turner* was st-seller, and *Sophie's Choice* was a tremendous com- cial success. In the bathroom (the same one where Rich- Goodwin's historic speech is on display) is a plaque oducing the New York *Times* best-seller list, with Sty- s novel at the top. Their yellow clapboard house has a al but affluent air about it. The shutters are freshly paint- ed, the lawns cropped, the flower beds well kept. Across the road is a new tennis court. Even the old stone walls have a Sturbridge Village look.

Strolling around their property, Miller and Styron remind one of the landed gentry in Turgenev, those progressive, moneyed landowners who sit by the hearth on a cold night drinking brandy and denouncing the government. They're serious liberals; they contribute to good causes and work hard in their behalf. Miller is active on PEN's Helsinki Watch Committee, monitoring the persecution of writers all over the world. Styron has given readings in support of North Carolinians Against the Death Penalty, signed protest letters, and sponsored the obligatory prisoner. Rose is virtually a full-time human-rights activist.

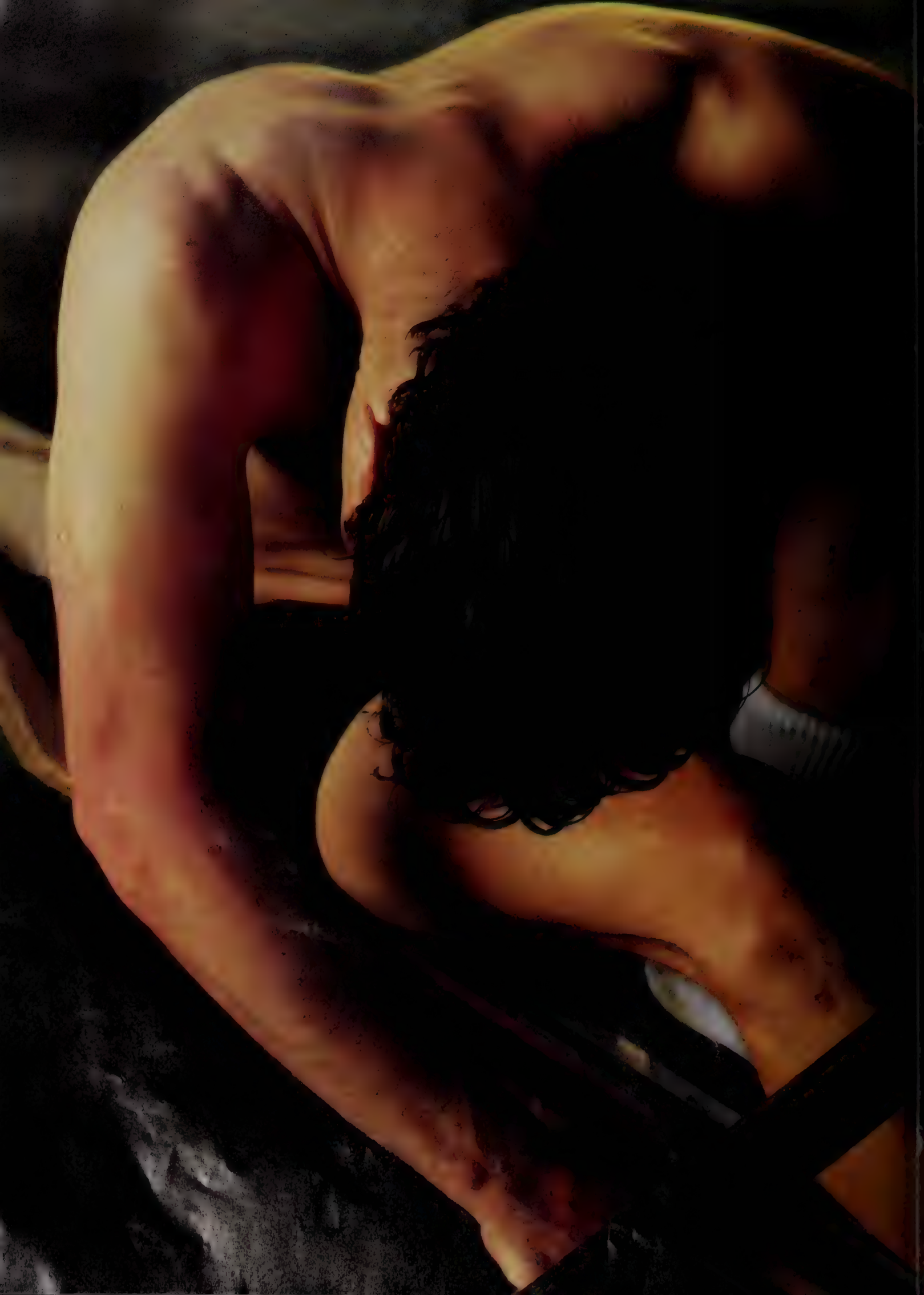
Far from having fled the world, the Connecticut literati are in danger of attracting it. What one writer in the area calls the "sexual-industrial complex" has started buying in: Bill Blass, Oscar de la Renta, Diane Von Furstenberg, and Henry Kissin-



Malcolm Cowley: Exile's retirement.

ger own homes in the area. Calvin Klein bought a house, then put it on the market. The two groups rarely mingle. "We're considered Reds," says Francine Gray. But just as the fashionable world discovered the Hamptons after Pollock and de Kooning, it's discovering Connecticut. Fashion follows art.

Late at night, after the plates had been cleared and many bottles of wine had been consumed, the conversation at the Styrons' table turned to burial sites. Galway Kinnell and the Reverend Coffin had already chosen their plots, in Vermont. Miller was fascinated by the phenomenon of above-ground burial in mausoleums; he told a gruesome story about someone who left her father's ashes in a bar. Styron didn't warm to the subject; he didn't want to think about it. And somehow, in that cozy dining room with the bottles on the table and the candles flickering and everyone talking at once, the whole idea did seem pretty hard to grasp. □



John Biglow was one of the strongest oarsmen in Yale's history, obsessed with the solitary, punishing sport of amateur rowing. DAVID HALBERSTAM followed his quest for an Olympic medal

STRIVER'S ROW



He rowed against himself and his own standards, drawing on some desperate source of energy to push himself harder.

John Biglow of Seattle, Washington, athletically obsessed child of the American middle class, former stroke, but never captain, of the Yale crew, arrived in Cambridge just before Easter last year to test himself in races scheduled by Harry Parker, the Olympic sculling coach. He had spent the winter rowing in a double scull with his friend Paul Enquist, and while he was working well and it was possible and even likely that he and Enquist would form the American double in the upcoming Olympics, Biglow was disappointed. His heart belonged to the single scull. In the hermetically sealed world of rowing, the single-scull championship is a showcase event. Biglow had been the best sculler in America in 1981 and 1982, and he had captured a bronze in the world championships in both those years, but a bad back had kept him from rowing well the previous season, and now he was probably not going to have a chance at the single, the spot taken by the best American oarsman.

Biglow showed up in Cambridge without his own scull. In the past he had used one belonging to Harvard, but this time Harry Parker, who was also the Harvard crew coach, had given it to another rower. That struck Biglow as an ominous sign. It was as if his place had already been taken. He asked Parker if there was an extra shell around, and was pointed toward a terrible fat old boat, a loser's boat for sure. That diminished Biglow's confidence even more, but then he remembered a sculler named Andy Sudduth, who had ordered a new top-of-the-line shell before deciding to compete as a sweep oarsman instead of a sculler. Biglow asked if he could use Sudduth's boat for a week, and Sudduth said yes.

With Biglow thought to be out of the running, it was generally assumed that either Tiff Wood or Joe Bouscaren would be the Olympic sculler. The tension between Wood and Bouscaren was palpable, and Biglow, who was close to both men, as they were not close to each other, picked up on it immediately. His relationship with Enquist seemed almost forgotten. It was as if he *smelled* the competition between Wood and Bouscaren, and wanted to get in on it. Harry Parker sensed this, as did Paul Enquist. "There it goes," he said to Parker as they watched Biglow trailing Wood and Bouscaren around the boathouse.

At the Saturday races Biglow and Enquist manned the winning double shell. On Sunday, Parker decided that everyone would race in singles, over a two-thousand-meter course, roughly a mile and a quarter, the standard distance. It was a rainy, windy day, hardly ideal for rowing, but both Bouscaren and Wood got very good starts and went out quickly on Biglow. In the second five hundred meters they didn't gain any distance, however, and in the third five

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



He was thought of as the model oarsman—powerful, relentless, and indestructible.

ındred Biglow began to move. He was ill wary of pushing his bad back too ırd, and he did not go all out, but in e fourth five hundred he passed both 'ood and Bouscaren. It was Easter ınday, and Biglow thought of his vic- ry as a kind of religious experience. or the first time in a year he had been ble to row at a high level without his ack betraying him and his legs going ımb. And he had beaten his two prin- pal competitors.

When the scullers returned to Newell oathouse, Enquist caught Parker's eye ıd made a downward circular motion ith his thumb. The meaning was un- ıistakable. Their double had just gone own the drain. Biglow was going to try ıce more for the event he cherished, ngle-scull rowing.

n John Biglow's senior year the *Yale Daily News* printed a picture that his iends thought revealed a great deal out him. The photo showed Biglow wing alone in a single scull, not in a ace, simply rowing against himself and is own standards, drawing on some ast desperate source of energy to push imself a little harder. His face was ntorted in pain. Rowing seemed to uch something deep and terrifying in im, a dark place filled with rage. (Big- w's high-school coach, Frank Cun- ingham, had a slightly different view f the face. "It's like..."—Cunning- am paused to find the right metaphor— ...like a predatory animal about to ounce on some smaller animal.")

Biglow was a fascinating athlete, a ind of man-child, sensitive and inno- ent and yet cold-blooded and relent- ss. He studied his competitors shrewd- , was a great gamesman, and had the est finishing drive of any sculler in merica. Biglow himself thought that e rowed with such intensity because here were parts of his emotional life hich were unresolved and rowing pro- ided an outlet for them. He had once sked Brad Lewis, a top sculler from alifornia, why he rowed. "It's the one ositive outlet I have for my aggression nd hostility," Lewis answered. 'You're that same way, John. You ave a lot of hostility, too. But you just itualize it better and hide it better hrough rowing." Biglow thought about hat for a while and decided that Lewis vas probably right.

Biglow had grown up privileged in Seattle, the son of caring and demanding parents who had moved from the East to escape old-fashioned Wasp family pressure. Grandfather Biglow, Lucius Horatio Biglow, had been both an oarsman and a football player at Yale, captain of the '07 team. Grandmother Biglow, still alive and formidable in her nineties, monitored not just the progress of her own family but the progress of all Yale athletics. She listened to Yale football games with a program spread out in front of her so she could keep track of who went in and who was out.

John Biglow had gone to Lakeside, the best country day school in Seattle. His father sent him out every morning with a small rhyme he himself had learned as a boy. "Happy day / All A's." Predictably, John did very well. "What can you tell me about John?" a fourth-grade teacher once asked his mother. "He wants to excel," she had answered. But excelling, it turned out, took more of a toll than anyone knew. In the seventh grade his teacher discovered that he had a serious reading disability. "You cannot believe how hard reading is for him," she told his parents. He did well in school, but it was never easy; indeed, the idea of reading for pleasure was inconceivable. This affected his manner; he was provocative, pushing other people, asking questions of them lest they ask questions of him. But there was one activity that came to him naturally: rowing. He rowed in his freshman year and liked it, although he thought that Frank Cunningham pushed the oarsmen too hard to do things that did not matter, such as taking care of the boathouse. Cunningham, for his part, thought Biglow was a little spoiled and something of a gamesman. Biglow was an exceptionally gifted athlete, but Cunningham tired of his endless questions.

This all came to a head one day at the end of a workout in his senior year. Biglow asked Cunningham a question about technique. Cunningham brushed him aside. Biglow persisted. Again Cunningham brushed him aside.

"But, Mr. Cunningham, I need to know in order to improve."

It was one time too many. "John, I just don't care," Cunningham said.

"But, Mr. Cunningham," Biglow pleaded, "don't you want me to improve?"

"John," said Cunningham, "your mother wants to see you improve. Your father wants to see you improve. But me, I just don't give a good goddamn."

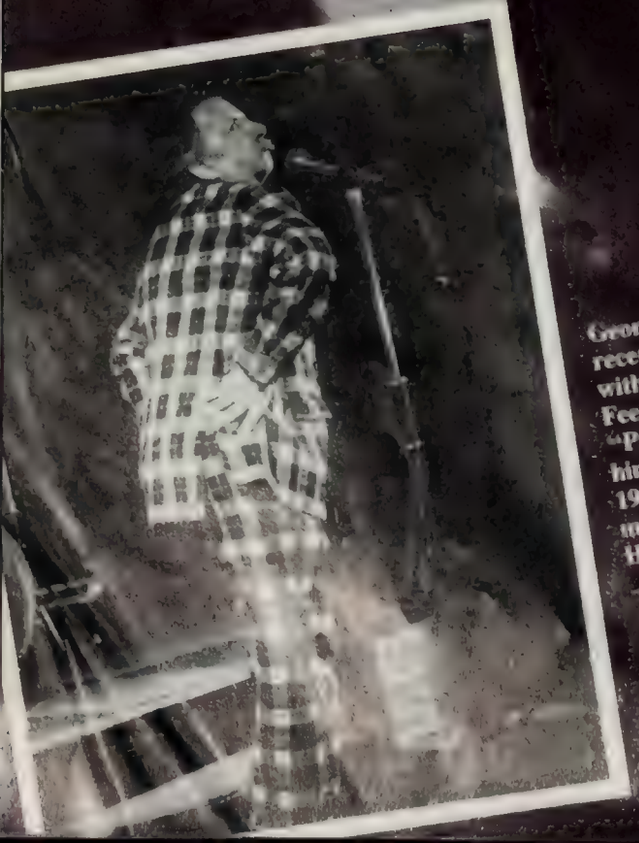
Biglow went from Lakeside to Yale, where his grandfather and father had gone. It seemed to him that his father's affection was available only to the degree that he succeeded, and Yale was a symbol of success. But he was never entirely comfortable at Yale, where everyone else seemed more facile, more verbal, and more social. When he returned to Seattle, a friend asked him what he thought of school. "I liked the athletics there a lot," he replied. What about the school itself, the friend inquired. "I didn't like it at all," he said. "It was very hard for me." What saved him at Yale was rowing. It became the dominant part of his undergraduate life.

Yale is one of the handful of schools in America that take rowing seriously, but its program had slipped badly by the time Biglow arrived. It is traditional in rowing that the losers give their crew shirts to the winners. Yale had lost so often that its elegant team shirts—blue with white trim and a satin sash—had been replaced by simple blue T-shirts. Harvard had beaten Yale in their annual four-mile race every year since 1963. The turnaround in Yale rowing began the year before Biglow arrived, but he played a central part in the renaissance, and there were many of his contemporaries who thought of him as the model oarsman—powerful, relentless, and indestructible. Biglow was strong, and they would meet his standards and they too would be strong. Yet many of them had a certain ambivalence about Biglow as a person. He lacked social graces, he was aggressive, and he seemed to take a perverse delight in making others feel uncomfortable. Was he a hick pretending to be a sophisticate, or was he a sophisticate pretending to be a hick? Was he an idiot or a genius?

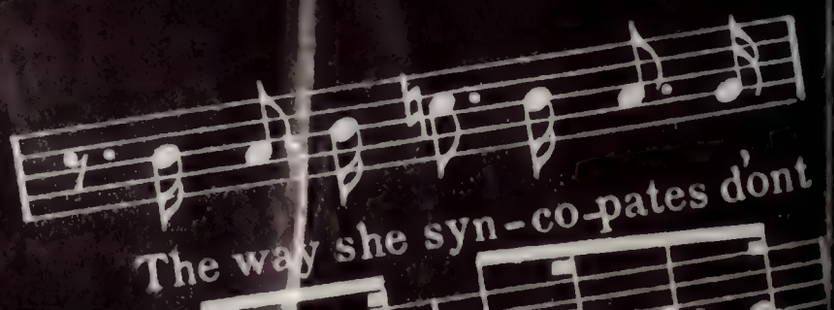
At Yale the dominant style among rowers was a kind of eastern, Ivy League cool. There were certain clothes you wore and certain clothes you never wore, certain things you said and certain things you never said. Biglow seemed almost willfully a hick. He wore the wrong clothes, and he said the wrong things. He asked too many questions. He was always telling the other oarsmen what to do. Those who had rowed at eastern *(Continued on page 95)*

Jelly Rolling

Jelly Roll Morton crossed black and Creole rhythms in the stews of New Orleans, creating a brand of jazz that's still rolling: Gregory Hines is currently at work on the musical *Mr. Jelly Lord.* Forty-four years ago—when Morton was dying—the rhythms were rolling over an English public-school boy named GEORGE MELLY



George Melly in a recent performance with John Chilton's Feetwarmers (*left*), and "Professor" Jelly Roll himself (*right*, seated) in 1926 with the original members of his Red Hot Peppers.




E - li - za Green
the shim-mie queen
you should hear this ba - by shout
eave noth - ing out







On April 26, 1941, on a blank money-order form, Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton scrawled "will write soon still sick" and dispatched it to his wife, Mabel, in New York. He was in L.A. at the time and ailing fast. His godmother had died, leaving his blind godfather helpless, so he'd driven himself out to the Coast the previous November, despite a heart condition and in all weathers. By early July, Morton himself was dead of "heart trouble and asthma," aged approximately fifty-six. His exact date of birth has never been established. Inside his coffin Morton's body had been robbed of a small but significant item, the loss of which would have caused him much pain. Someone had prized out the diamond he sported set into a front tooth. Diamonds had always been of great symbolic significance to Jelly Roll Morton.

That same summer, in the study of an English public school, I was listening over and over again to a recording Morton had made in 1926. It was among the first six jazz records I conscious of hearing.

"Oh, hello Central, give me Doc Jazz," shouted Jelly from the groo of an H.M.V. ten-inch record revolv at 78 r.p.m. on a battered windup gra ophone. My close school friends an all of us recent converts to the mus listened in grave ecstasy. We were co pletely *d'accord* with Jelly's ser ments. Between playings, while wound the handle, we could hear summer noises of the Buckinghamsh countryside through the open wind of the study: the drone of insects, bi song, a distant ripple of applause fr the spectators at a cricket match. London, sixty miles away, they w still fighting the fires from the previo night's air raids. In Europe the Na were in almost complete control, news on the wireless uniformly gloom But none of it mattered to us at that m ment. In our heads we were lolling the parlor of a luxurious sporting hou in New Orleans, surrounded by beau ful quadroons, and listening to "Profe sor" Morton seated at the ornate pian "When I'm trouble bound and mixed He's the guy that gets me fixed, / H lo, Central, give me Doctor Jazz."

Of course, to Morton it would ha seemed no more than his due that fo privileged adolescents should be payi such close attention to his work, or th throughout wartime Britain young pe ple of all classes should have fallen u der his spell. He had always known h own worth and never failed to declai it, especially after his fame and prospe ity had spun into decline.

Nevertheless, odd it was. The popul music of the day was either schmaltz swing—love songs of extreme sentime tality, "novelty" numbers of cretino frivolity, or the well-drilled section wo of the big bands of Glenn Miller, Art Shaw, and Benny Goodman. Young pe ple have always needed their own musi but it is usually in advance of publ taste. What was it in the grim atmospher of those days which made us look back i time and construct a pantheon of hero that included the young Louis Armstrong King Oliver, Sidney Bechet, Bessi Smith, and Morton himself?

With very little information avail able, we were equally obsessed wit constructing a highly simplified myth, suitable landscape for our gods and god desses. It went like this:

Morton lived the most extraordinary footloose, dodgy, incident-packed life, and however down on his luck, he never betrayed his musical standards.

Jelly Roll stomping it out across the U.S.: in Los Angeles, 1918 (*top*, Morton on the right); at the Jungle Inn in Washington, D.C., 1938 (*left, above*); and with his Red Hot Peppers in Chicago, 1926 (*left*).

Jazz was born in New Orleans toard the end of the nineteenth century Storyville, the licensed red-light strict, but was also played in pades, at picnics, and at funerals. Alough it was the fusion of many kinds music, it was basically the invenon of ex-slaves or their children. hen Storyville was closed down by der of the U.S. Navy in 1917, the usicians moved en masse to Chica, where the speakeasies offered a w platform, from which it spread orldwide. Jazz died during the Dession and was now a lost art. All of in the true sense, had been entirely provised. Jazz musicians had alays stayed up all night, drunk a great al, gambled, and slept with whores ee.

Although this did bear some relation the truth, our ears alone should have ade us question at least some aspects this thesis. While allowing space for promptu breaks, the elaborate struc-re, complex dynamics, and intricate idge passages of Morton's Red Hot ppers would have been impossible to provise, but then, of course, we were tening in blind—or, rather, deaf—ith. Nevertheless, a lot of New Orans jazz was composed both in its rthplace and, later on, in Chicago and sewhere. Morton's genius was to have ken its essence, its spirit, and as a mposer to use it creatively. It is sigficant that whenever possible he emoyed New Orleans musicians steeped the original, but insisted they "stick the black dots."

That Morton should have been in the ght place at the right time to effect this iracle was the result of a historic acci-nt. He was of Creole origin, and the calation of segregation in the South id forced the Creole bourgeoisie, uch against their will, down into the ack ghettos. This provided the oppornity to fuse the sophisticated Creole usical heritage with the instincts of the ack proletariat's African roots. By asping this potential, Morton was one the true fathers of jazz, however uch others, irritated by his incessant basting and self-isolation, might deny his name." Of course he romanized, upgrading his background—rent research by Lawrence Gushee has ggested that his real name may have en Ferman Mouton, a less swaggerg appellation than Ferdinand Morton—and transforming the modest house of his grandparents into a porticoed southern mansion. But little we subsequently learned about him contradicted our early view. He did live the most extraordinary footloose, dodgy, courageous, incident-packed life, and however down on his luck, he never betrayed his musical standards.

He was a "sport" ("diamonds pinned to my underwear"), a former pool shark, a dude, and at times a pimp. What a thrill it gave us adolescent punters to discover that his nickname meant either the male sexual organ or the sexual act itself. He had played in the sporting houses, grown up with jazz, and helped it to evolve. We soon had every record of his still issued, including those he'd made at what looked like the beginning of his comeback in 1939, and although comparatively little of his work available in the forties included vocals, I'd already fallen in love with his voice: the opening yell on "Doctor Jazz," which sounded as if he had just broken loose from a strangler's grip; the admiring narcissistic cry "Oh, Mr. Jelly," on "Smoke House Blues"; and the precious choruses on "Winin' Boy Blues" and "Buddy Bolden's Blues."

I'd have been even more thrilled (being a dirty-minded lad for whom the alleged lubricity of the jazz life was one of its attractions) if Morton had sung the original words to these last two instead of the bowdlerized versions dictated by the times. On "Bolden's Blues," Buddy, the fabulous early New Orleans cornet player, simply asks for a window to be opened to "let that bad air out" and an unidentified figure to be removed because he or she is "dirty" and "nasty." Unbeknownst to us, Jelly had already recorded his original version (among the Alan Lomax tapes in the Library of Congress, in Washington, D.C.), in which "King" Bolden was much more explicit about what was offending his olfactory sense: "I thought I heard Buddy Bolden say, / 'Dirty, nasty stinking butt, take it away.' " And as for "Winin' Boy," even when the Library tapes were issued, several verses were omitted: "Nickel's worth of beefsteak and a dime's worth of lard, / I'm gonna salivate your pussy till my peter gets hard. / I'm the winin' boy and I don't deny my name."

Apparently even Morton was reluctant to record this material, drawn from his tenderloin days. Persuaded by Lomax and unlimited whiskey, he felt obliged to justify himself: "Of course, when a man played piano [in New Orleans in the 1900s], the stamp was on him for life—the femininity stamp. And I didn't want that, so of course when I did start playing, the songs were kind of smutty a bit, not so smutty, but something like this." One can't help wondering what the songs would have been like if they'd been really smutty by Jelly's lights.

When I was drafted into the navy in 1944, I found that the love of early jazz was not, as I'd imagined, confined to a few of my school friends. It was a wide and growing interest. In every training camp and on every ship there was a group of "jazz fiends." We struggled along the quays with our portable gramophones and our precious record collections, along with our hammocks and duffel bags.

After demobilization I moved to London and discovered something truly exciting—the jazz revival. Jazz was far from being a "lost" music. All over the place there were bands trying, however approximately, to re-create it. Naturally, Jelly's compositions were featured heavily.

Humphrey Lyttelton's band ruled the roost. One night he was stomping out "Doctor Jazz," and I was overwhelmed by Morton's vocal. I'd already begun to sing a bit in the smaller semi-pro outfits, and despite Lyttelton's supremacy, I leapt up from the dance floor onto the stage, too fast for Humph to prevent it, and let rip. It went over well, and the following week Lyttelton asked me to oblige. Not long after, I left my job at an art gallery, became a professional jazz singer, and went on the road.

All over Britain in the early fifties there were piano players trying to sound like Morton, hoping to emulate that taut, delicate, yet stomping ragtime-inflected jazz, to play it "sweet, hot, plenty rhythm." The most extreme case was a schoolteacher from near Newcastle upon Tyne. He actually believed he was a reincarnation of Morton, and called himself "Jelly Roll Millward." "How's it going, Jelly?" we'd ask him, not without concealed irony.

"Plenty women, plenty money, plenty diamonds!" *(Continued on page 98)*



Pierside seen from the beach: "Houseguests," says Dagny, "are the entertainment."

dagny's vineyard



Dagny, center, shares an alfresco lunch with Andrew Flake, Kib Bramhall, Elizabeth Brown, and Preston Grandin.

Dagny Corcoran must be about the only Los Angeleno allowed on Martha's Vineyard. The décor of her summer hideaway—a shingled house on West Chop beach—has been left severely alone: delicately faded in a way no decorator could duplicate

Every August, Dagny Corcoran, the president and ov er of Art Catalogues in Los Angeles, migrates with son, her houseboy, and her Labrador from a Bel hilltop to a West Chop beach. West Chop is a tiny p vate community on the north shore of Martha's Vineyard, populated almost exclusively by Wasps from Boston. There, in a turn-of-the-century shingled house facing the water and the Massachusetts mainland beyond, Dagny entertains hordes of houseguests, the likes of which West Chop has rarely seen: David Hockney, Brooke Hayward and Peter Duchin, Samantha Eggar, Dorothy and R Lichtenstein, Bianca Jagger (who was reprimanded by local *grande dame* for sunning topless on the town pier



West Chop is the sort of place where "desig jeans" means hot-pink and lime-green Lilly Pulitze and the dinner menu at the members-only tennis cl offers a choice of lamb chops or roast beef, both Angl Saxonly overcooked. The little old lady at the one-roo

Photographs by DUANE MICHALS



The living room, and an upstairs view of the pier, *inset, left:* "a feeling of timeless seaside relaxation."





The entry foyer, with its tiled fountain, lit by the morning sun.

post office and candy store asks where you're staying before she'll sell you a stamp, and the American flag waves proudly from every weathered gray Cape Cod except Dagny's.

Still, somehow, Dagny belongs in West Chop. Its archaic sense of propriety suits her understated style. Though she collects contemporary art and hosts *haute* Bohemia, she has an almost puritanical dislike (inherited from her very rich but very down-to-earth father, developer Ed Janss) of the chic and trendy. Should her guests get into a discussion of diets, vitamins, macrobiotics, and carcinogens, as they did once last summer, she'll cut them off with "I don't care what you eat, so long as you brush your teeth after you eat it."



The furniture is mostly vintage wicker, faded over time to an unmatchable shade of soft aqua.

Dagny and her ultra-proper friends Sam and Eleanor Dunn (Old Virginia and Old Pasadena, respectively) bought Pierside, as the house is called, five years ago, and have left it exactly as they found it. The interior was last painted in the forties, and the walls have faded to a pale, cool sea green no decorator could duplicate today. The furniture, which came with the place, is mostly vintage wicker, also faded over time to an unmatchable shade of soft aqua. The old stone fireplaces and worn leather couches, the simple pine bureaus and blue ceramic vases, the salt-shredded lace curtains, all encourage a feeling of timeless seaside relaxation. Most relaxing indeed is the big porch overlooking Vineyard Sound, the scene of long, lazy lunches featuring basic all-American food—barbecued chicken, corn on the cob, beefsteak-tomato salad, and Eleanor Dunn's home-baked pecan pies with vanilla ice cream. Only the Cuisinart chopping away in the linoleum-floored kitchen reminds one that the summer of '42 is long gone. That and Dagny's ten-year-old son, Timmy, back from his third viewing of *Red Dawn*, asking if he can have an Uzi for his birthday. *—Bob Colacello*





The master bedroom, *top*, looks out over Vineyard Sound. *Bottom*, Dagny soaks in the guest bathroom—"the best room in the house."

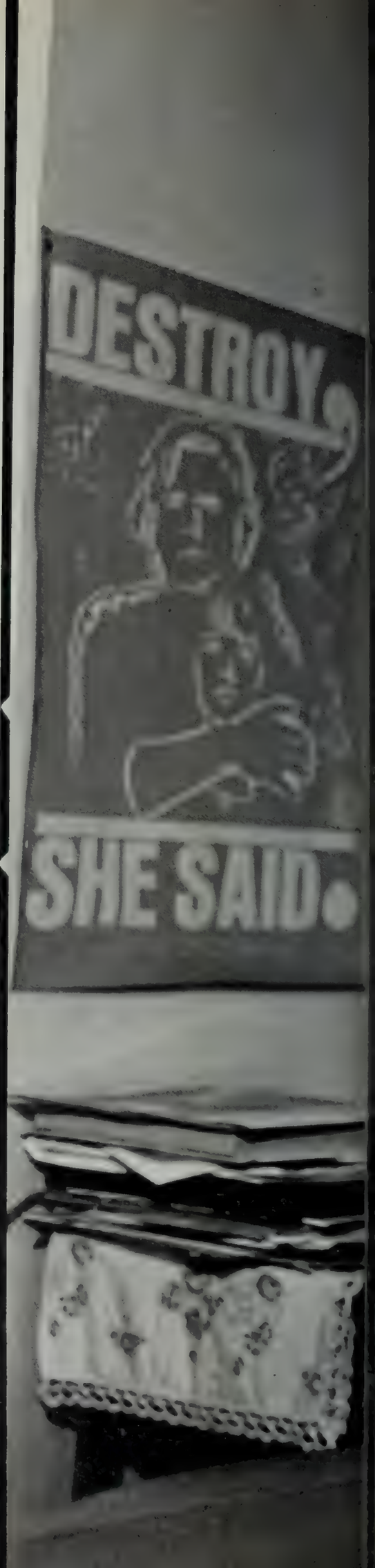


French novelist Marguerite Duras, seventy-one, came out of a detox clinic and wrote her chef d'oeuvre. *The Lover*, which immediately won last year's Prix Goncourt, is now out in America. Here that other French literary star, MICHEL TOURNIER, puts forward a theory about the new book, an old book, and the writer herself

Faces of Marguerite Duras

Of the two or three things we know about Marguerite Duras, the most remarkable is her face. She speaks of it herself in the opening of *The Lover* (*L'Amant*): "Between eighteen and twenty-five my face took off in a new direction. . . . It's scored with deep, dry wrinkles, the skin is cracked. But my face hasn't collapsed, as some with fine features have done. It's kept the same contours, but its substance has been laid waste. I have a face laid waste." This is actually very unjust. Looking at that face, you think more of a fruit. An exotic Asian fruit that has ripened normally, has swollen with delectable juices, and over the years has grown better, full of benevolence, intelligent benevolence. We shall come back to it.

We also know that she was born on April 4, 1914, in Gia Dinh, in what was then called the Cochin China region of French Indochina but is now in Vietnam. Her parents, both schoolteachers in the austere north of France, tempted by the exotic life promised in the propaganda for the colonies, had entered into a contract to teach in native schools in Vietnam. Once there, the father very soon died, leaving the mother alone with her



"I have a face laid waste." Marguerite Duras, novelist, screenwriter, and film director, in her Paris apartment.

Photograph by BETTINA RHEIMS





The Duras face, circa 1928.

From *The Lover*

I already know a thing or two. I know it's not clothes that make women beautiful or otherwise, nor beauty care, nor expensive creams, nor the distinction or costliness of their finery. I know the problem lies elsewhere. I don't know where. I only know it isn't where women think. I look at the women in the streets of Saigon, and upcountry. Some of them are very beautiful, very white, they take enormous care of their beauty here, especially upcountry. They don't do anything, just save themselves up, save themselves up for Europe, for lovers, holidays in Italy, the long six-month leaves every three years, when at last they'll be able to talk about what it's like here, this peculiar colonial existence, the marvelous domestic service provided by the houseboys, the vegetation, the dances, the white villas, big enough to get lost in, occupied by officials in distant outposts. They wait, these women. They dress just for the sake of dressing. They look at themselves. In the shade of their villas, they look at themselves for later on, they dream of romance, they already have huge wardrobes full of more dresses than they know what to do with, added to one by one like time, like the long days of waiting. Some of them go mad. Some are deserted for a young maid who keeps her mouth shut. Ditched. You can hear the word hit them, hear the sound of the blow. Some kill themselves.

This self-betrayal of women always struck me as a mistake, an error.

You didn't have to attract desire. Either it was in the woman who aroused it or it didn't exist. Either it was there at first glance or else it had never been. It was instant knowledge of sexual relationship or it was nothing. That too I knew before I experienced it.

children (two or three?). She invested all her savings in s
eral hectares of wasteland on the shores of the South Ch
Sea, which she intended to transform into rice paddies.
threw herself into this work—for which nothing had prepa
her—with gusto. But when the summer tides came, the
cific flooded the land and destroyed the crops. She had
greased the palms of the employees in the registry office
she had been sold uncultivable land. The mother persevere
She got together with the neighboring peasants and with th
help built a dam to protect the plantations. But this gigan
effort was still pathetically inadequate: the salt wa
swamped the dam and killed the rice seedlings. The wid
was crippled with debts and mortgages; her situation beca
desperate.

Is this a true story? Is it an authentic "slice of life" ac
rately reported by Marguerite Duras? We shall probably n
er know. For Marguerite Duras is a novelist—that's to sa
professional liar. What is certain is that this story is
common point of departure for two admirable novels, wh
appeared at an interval of thirty-four years: *The Sea Wall* (
Barrage Contre le Pacifique, 1950) and *The Lover* (198
Why two novels? Because, after their common start, ea
book develops in a totally different way. In *The Sea W*
there are two children—a daughter of seventeen, Suzann
and her brother, Joseph, who is twenty. This Joseph sper
his time hunting game in the forest. He is coarse, vulgar, a
ignorant, but strong and brave, and he loves his mother a
sister passionately. Suzanne is being courted by a ri
Frenchman, Monsieur Jo, who comes to visit her in a ma
nificent black limousine. He would be only too glad to mar
her, but his father is opposed to this match with a poor gi
He showers presents on her and—not to put too fine a po
on it—tries to buy her, first with a phonograph and then wi
a diamond. But he is horrible, and Suzanne cannot bear h
physical presence. In the end she takes the diamond, d
misses Monsieur Jo, and gives herself for no reason to som
one who is almost as poverty-stricken as herself.

What happened in the thirty-four years between the tw
novels? Marguerite Duras wrote at least twelve other novel
fifteen plays, and eight filmscripts and directed many film
Then, two years before *The Lover*, she became submerged
alcohol; she hit rock bottom. At death's door, just as she w
about to cross the threshold once and for all, through th
reflex action of a woman viscerally attached to life she e
tered a detoxification clinic. That wasn't death; it w
worse—it was hell. Twenty days and twenty nights in hel
In an account published by Yann Andréa, Duras said: "I'
going to write an article describing how terrifying the cu
for alcoholics is. I'm sorry I took it. . . . It's appalling, as
they had put dynamite in your body, but it never explodes.
In one of her hallucinations she saw a Chinese man pursuin
her and persecuting her. She knows now that she has alway
been an alcoholic, even when she didn't drink, and that sh
will always remain one—even if she never drinks again
Because alcoholism is the absence of God. . .

Early in 1983 Marguerite Duras came back to life, and there
fore to writing. In August 1984 she published a short nove
which she had written in three months: *The Lover*. It was
resounding success. After it won the Prix Goncourt, the num

of copies sold soared to three-quarters of a million. This book, as I have said, has the same point of departure *The Sea Wall*. The mother is ruined and half-mad. But this ıe there is a third child, a delicate, sickly little brother, o later dies. As for the big brother, he is a vile black- ard, a sneak thief who is always rifling drawers and ward- ıes. All he thinks about is stealing what little money his ther still has and spending it on having a good time. And re is a second act, which takes place in France. The moth- back in her own country, experiments with chicken farm- , an enterprise that results in a catastrophe comparable to t of the paddies.

But this is not the essential. The essential is to be found in image of unforgettable beauty. The narrator is fifteen. She ars high-heeled gold-lamé shoes decorated with junk jew- y. It is in this shocking getup that she goes to the school European girls. There is worse to come. A big black ıousine with a uniformed chauffeur is parked outside the ıool. Inside it, motionless, a Chinese lurks, waiting. He is h, but he is yellow. He is passionately in love with the ndalous schoolgirl. Is he the Chinese who comes back in 82 to haunt Marguerite Duras in the clinic? He would have od reason, the poor fellow. For the European girl gave rself to him—but for money, in order to humiliate his e. She introduced him to her family, but these whites ated him outrageously, accepting his presents and invita- ns to sumptuous restaurants but scarcely addressing a rd to him.

Let us now return to Marguerite Duras's face. We should ways return to writers' faces. It isn't with impunity that a e bends, hour after hour, over a blank page which a hand covering with mendacious marks. It isn't with impunity ıt a person is born of a moribund father and a slightly mad ther in the depths of Vietnam. Take a good look at that e. I spoke earlier of an exotic Asian fruit. It is true that has slanting eyes, high cheekbones, and the quadrangular ehead often found between Guangzhou and Chengdu, ıereas her older brother, the one she hated, has a face that a hundred-percent European. I have briefly outlined the o "theses" relating to Marguerite Duras's family, the one *The Sea Wall* and the one in *The Lover*. We are in the rld of fiction, are we not, where everything is permitted, d as a novelist myself I have a great desire to impose a rd thesis, my own personal thesis, on this story.

Let us suppose, then, that, through a highly respectable lex of filial piety, Marguerite Duras skipped a generation. t us suppose that the Chinese in the black limousine ap- ared sixteen years earlier, to wait not for the adolescent but the young mother, who was always a little neglected and ıely because her husband was forever preoccupied with his alth and on the point of death. And so this short, harrow- g novel should have been entitled not *The Lover* but *The ther*. A father who is hated because he is yellow, because is compromising to the mother, who has "fallen," and mpromising to the daughter, who carries on her Eurasian e the shame of her origin. . .

A new lie? A third novel? It is the same novel, barely vised. □

nslated from the French by Barbara Wright



With her *grand-mère:* an enigmatic smile.

From *The Sea Wall*

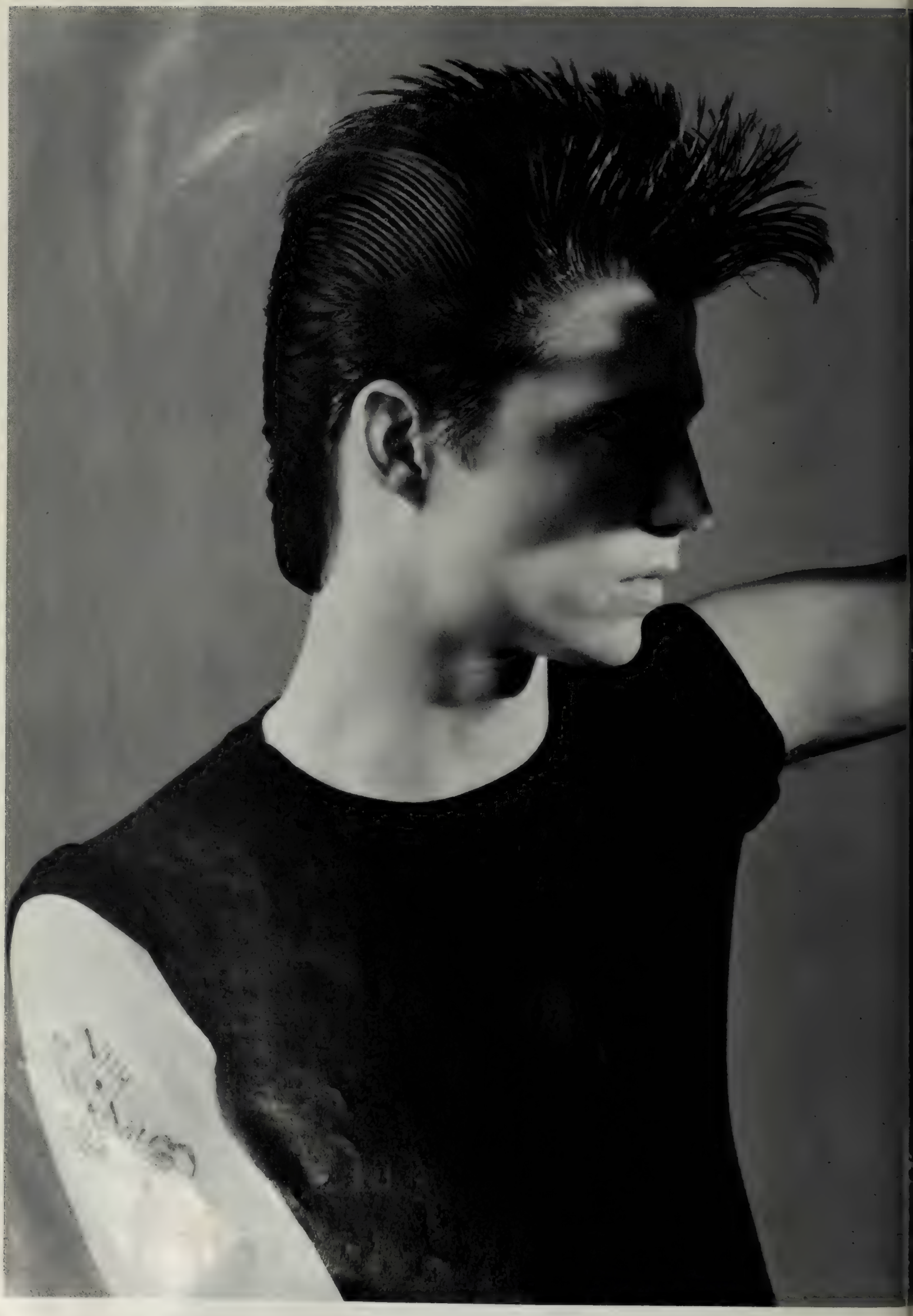
Still in the sitting room and still under the brooding observation of Ma, Monsieur Jo was teaching Suzanne the art of enameling her nails. Suzanne was sitting facing him. She was wearing the beautiful blue silk dress that he had brought her, among other things, after the phonograph. Set out on the table were three bottles of different colored nail polish, a jar of cold cream, and a bottle of perfume.

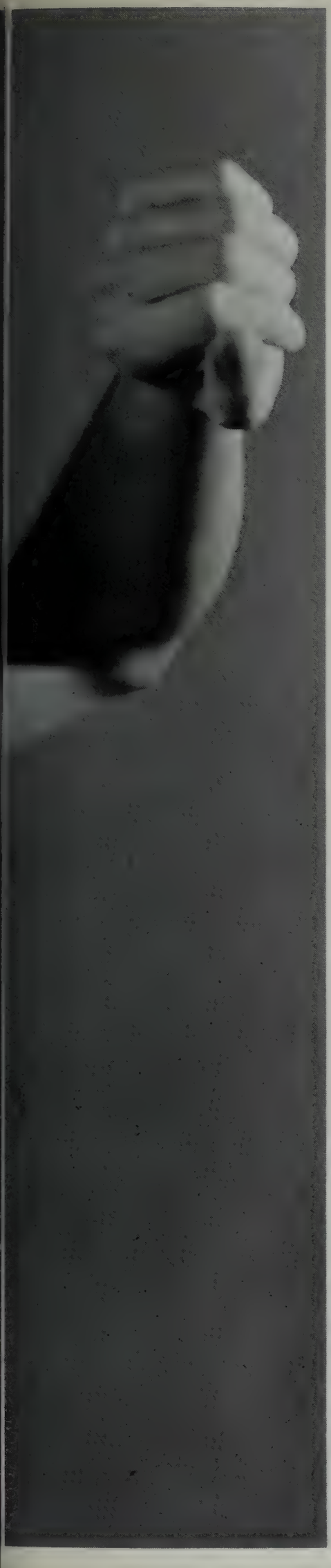
"When you cut the cuticle, that stung," grumbled Suzanne.

Monsieur Jo was not in such a hurry to finish, doubtless wanting to keep Suzanne's hand in his as long as possible. He had already sampled three colors.

"This is the one that suits you best," he said finally, contemplating his work like a connoisseur.

Suzanne lifted her hand the better to see it. The enamel chosen by Monsieur Jo was an orange-red, which made her skin look darker. She had no very definite opinion on the subject, so she gave her hand to Monsieur Jo for the enamel to be applied. He took it, kissing the palm.





SONTAG ON MAPPLETHORPE

The first major collection of
ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE's portraits of celebrities,
acquaintances, and *outré* characters—
including the photographs on these pages—has just been published.
SUSAN SONTAG, a Mapplethorpe subject
herself, reports on what it feels like to be on the
far side of his camera





Robert Mapplethorpe,
self-portraits, 1980, *above*. Tim Scott, 1980, *left*.







Though reason tells me the camera is not aimed like a gun barrel at my head, each time I pose for a photographic portrait I feel apprehensive. This is not the well-known fear of being robbed of one's soul or a layer of one's personality. I do not imagine that the photographer, in order to bring the image-replica into the world, robs me of anything. But I do register, apprehensively, that the way I ordinarily experience myself is turned around.

Ordinarily I feel coextensive with my body, in particular with the command station of the head, whose orientation to the world (that is, frontality)—and articulation—is my face, in which are set eyes that look out on, into, the world; and it is my fantasy, and my privilege, perhaps my *déformation professionnelle,* to feel that the world awaits my seeing. When I am photographed, this normally outgoing, fervent relation of consciousness to the world is jammed. I yield to another command station of consciousness, which "faces" me, if I have agreed to cooperate with the photographer (and, customarily, a photographic portrait is one that requires the subject's cooperation). Stowed away, berthed, brought to heel, my consciousness has abdicated its normal function, which is to provide amplitude—to give me mobility. I don't feel threatened. But I do feel disarmed, my consciousness reduced to an embarrassed knot of self-consciousness, striving for composure. Immobilized for the camera's scrutiny, I feel the weight of my facial mask, the jut and fleshiness of my lips, the spread of my nostrils, the unruliness of my hair. I experience myself as *behind* my face, looking out through the windows of my eyes, like the prisoner in the iron mask in Dumas's novel.

Being photographed, by which I mean posing for a photograph (at a session usually lasting several hours, in which many photographs are taken), I feel transfixed, trapped. In response to a look of desire I can look back, with desire. The looking can, ideally should, be reciprocal. But to the photographer's look I cannot respond with anything equivalent. (Unless I were

Susan Sontag, 1984, *above*. James Ford, 1979, *left*.

to decide to be photographed with my head behind my own camera.) The photographer's look is looking in a pure state; in looking at me, it desires what I am not—my image.

(Of course, the photographer may in fact desire the subject. It is obvious that many of Mapplethorpe's photographs record objects of his desire. Subjects may seem worth photographing because the photographer feels lust, or romantic attachment, or admiration—any of a myriad of positive feelings. But at the moment the picture is taken, the look trained upon the subject is sightless, generic: a look that discerns form. It cannot be responded to in kind.)

I become the looked-at. Docilely, eagerly, I follow the photographer's instructions, if she or he is willing to give any, as to how I may "look" more attractive. For as much as I am a professional see-er, I am a hopelessly amateurish see-ee. An eternal photographic virgin, each time I'm photographed I feel the same perplexity, amnesia. I forget how to put on makeup, what blouse photographs well, which side of my face is the "good" side. My chin is too low. Too high. I don't know what to do with my hands...

Since I have been browsing through the history of photography for decades, have been photographed professionally countless times, and spent almost five years writing some essays about the aesthetic and moral implications of photographic images, this blankness with which I face the camera can hardly be ascribed to inexperience or to lack of reflectiveness. Some deeper stubbornness on my own part is at work: the refusal fully to take in the fact that I not only look but have a look, look good (or bad), look "like"... that.

I've never been photographed without feeling apprehensive, and I have never looked at the result of a professional photographic session without feeling embarrassment. Is it that I'm too powerfully an observer myself to be comfortable being observed? Is it a puritan anxiety about pretending, posing? Is it that I feel threatened by my own normal narcissism and must erect so high a taboo against it? All of these, perhaps. But what I mainly feel is dismay. While 90 percent of my consciousness thinks that I am in the world, that I am me, about 10 percent thinks I am invisible. That part is always appalled whenever I see a photograph of myself. (Especially a photograph in which I look attractive.)

The photograph comes as a kind of reproof to the grandiosity of consciousness. Oh. So there "I" am.

I see my own photograph differently from other portraits Mapplethorpe has made. I can't look at my own photograph with longing, I can't have a fantasy about the person in *that* photograph. The eros of photography, which identifies subject and surface, is suspended. What I feel is the difference between me and the image. The expression in the photograph of me is not really "my" look. It is a look fabricated for the camera: the product of a frail compromise between trying to be cooperative with a photographer I intensely admire (who is also a friend) and trying to preserve my own dignity, which is hinged to my anxiety. (When I look at my picture I read stubbornness, balked vanity, panic, vulnerability.) I doubt that I've ever looked exactly the way Mapplethorpe has photographed me—or that I'll look that way the next time he takes my picture.

While I recognize in this portrait another record of how I feel being photographed, Mapplethorpe's picture seems different from any other that has ever been taken of me. I cooperated as best I could, and he saw something that no one had ever seen. Being photographed by Mapplethorpe was different from being photographed by anyone else. He reassures differently, encourages differently, is permissive differently...

Taking pictures expresses an anthologizing impulse, and Mapplethorpe's mix of subjects, the non-famous and the celebrities, the stately and the lascivious, suggests the characteristic spread of photographic careers. Nothing human is alien to me, the photographer is saying. But including himself as a subject (indeed an erotic subject) among others, Mapplethorpe is rejecting a stance typical of the photographic consciousness, in which the photographer, from a godlike distance, confers reality upon the world but declines to be a subject himself.

Most photographs come with a built-in claim of objectivity: that they convey a truth about the subject, a truth that would not be known were it not captured in a photograph. In short, that photography is a form of knowledge. Thus, some photographers have said they photograph best someone whom they don't know, others that their best photographs are of subjects they know best. All such claims, however contradictory, are claims of power over the subject.

Mapplethorpe's claims are more modest. He is not looking for the decisive moment. His photographs do not claim to be revelatory. He is not in a predatory relation to his subject. He is not voyeuristic. He is not trying to catch anyone off guard. The rules of the game of photography, as Mapplethorpe plays it, are that the subject must cooperate—must be lit. In the eloquence and subtlety of cropping, rendering of textures of clothing and skin, and variations on the color black, his photographs clearly proclaim their relation to high art rather than a documentary impulse.

Mapplethorpe wants to photograph everything; that is, everything that can be made to pose. (However wide his subject matter, he could never become a war photographer or a photographer of accidents in the street.) What he looks for, what could be called form, is the quiddity or isness of something. Not the truth about something, but the strongest version of it.

I once asked Mapplethorpe what he does with himself when he poses for the camera, and he replied that he tries to find that part of himself that is self-confident.

His answer suggests a double meaning in the title—*Certain People*—he has chosen for his new book. There is "certain" in the sense of some and not others, and "certain" in the sense of self-confident, sure, clear. Certain People are mostly, people found, coaxed, or arranged into a certainty about themselves. That is what seduces, that is what is disclosed in these bulletins from a great photographer's observations and encounters. □

Photographs from *Certain People: A Book of Portraits*, by Robert Mapplethorpe, published by Twelvetrees Press.



Ken Moody
and Robert Sherman, 1984.

A LESSON IN TRAVELING LIGHT

In a new short story by DEBORAH EISENBERG, a rootless young woman and her lover journey cross-country over the unfamiliar terrain of his past

During the best time, when it was still warm in the afternoons and the sky was especially blue and the smell of spoiling apples rose up from the ground, Lee and I drove down from the high meadows with our stuff in the van, looking for someplace to live.

The night before we left we went down the road to say good-bye to Tom and Johanna. Johanna looked like glass, but Tom was flushed and in a violent good humor. He passed the bottle of Jack Daniel's back and forth to Lee and slapped him on the back and talked a mile a minute about different places he had lived and people he had met and bets he had won and whatnot, so I figured he and Johanna had been fighting before we got there.

"Done a lot of traveling?" Tom asked me.

"No," I said. He knew I hadn't.

"Well, you'll enjoy it," he said. "You'll enjoy it."

Tom was making an effort, I suppose, because I was leaving.

"Hey," he said to Lee, having finished his effort, "are you going to see Miles?"

"I guess we might," Lee said. "Yeah, actually, we could."

"Who's Miles?" I said.

"Is he still with that girl?" Tom said. "The one who—"

"No," Lee interrupted, laughing. "He's back with Natalie."

"Really?" said Johanna. "Listen, if you do see him, tell him I still wear the parka he left at our place that day." Tom stared at her, but she smiled.

"Who's Miles?" I said.

"Someone who used to live around here. Before I brought you back up the mountain with me," Lee said, turning full around to me. His eyes when he's been thinking about something else are like a blaze in an empty warehouse, an caught my breath.

After dinner Lee and I walked back to our place, and the house came into view I tried to fix it in my memory already looked skeletal, though, like something dead o beach.

"That's what it is," Lee said. "Old bones. A carapa You're creating pain for yourself by trying to make it son thing more."

I looked again, letting it be bones, and felt light. I want to leave behind with the house the old bones of my needs a opinions. I wanted to be unencumbered, a warrior like L When we'd met, Lee had said to me, "I feel like I have take care of you."

"That's good," I had said.

"No it isn't," he had said.

I wondered if he ever thought about places he had live other faces, old girlfriends. Once in a while he seem bowed down with a weight of shelved memories. But havi freight in storage is what you trade to travel light, I som times thought, and at those moments it was as much for h as for me that I wanted Lee so badly to stay with me.

The first night of driving we stopped in Pennsylvania.

"We're very close to Miles and Natalie's," Lee said. would be logical to stop by there tomorrow."

"Where do they live?" I said.

Lee took out a big U.S. road map. "They're over here, Baltimore."

"That's so far," I said, following his finger.

"In a sense," he said. "But on the other hand, look a say, Pittsburgh." His finger alighted inches from where w were. "Or Columbus."

"Or Louisville!" I said. "Look how far that is—to Loui



Any Dictator Will Do, 1985, by JEDD GARET

ville!''

''You think that's far?'' Lee said. ''Well, listen to this—ready? Poplar Bluff!''

''Tulsa!'' I said. ''Wait—Oklahoma City!''

We both started to shout.

''Cheyenne!''

''Flagstaff!''

''Needles, Barstow, Bishop!''

''Eureka!'' we both yelled at once.

We sat back and eyed the map. ''That was some trip,'' Lee said.

''Are we going to do that?'' I said.

Lee shrugged. ''We'll go as far as we want,'' he said.

After all that, it looked on the map like practically no distance to Baltimore, but by the time we reached it I was sick of sitting in the van, and I hoped Natalie and Miles were the sort of people who would think of making us something to eat.

''What if they don't like me?'' I said when we parked.

''Why wouldn't they like you?'' Lee said.

I didn't know. I didn't know them.

''They'll like you,'' Lee said. ''They're friends of mine.''

Their place turned out to be a whole floor of a building divided up by curves of glass bricks. Darkness eddied around us and compressed the light near its sources, and the sounds our shoes made on the wood floor came back to us from a distance.

Natalie must have been just about my age, but there might be an infinite number of ways to be twenty, I saw, shocked. She sat us down on leather sofas the size of whales and brought us things to drink on a little tray, and she wore a single huge red earring. It was clear that she and Miles and Lee had talked together a lot before. There were dense, equidistant silences, and when one of them said something, it was like a stone landing in a still pond. I watched Natalie's earring while a comma of her black hair sliced it into changing shapes. After a while Miles and Lee stood up. They were going to see some building in another part of the city. ''Anything we need, babe?'' Miles asked Natalie.

''Pick up a couple of bottles of wine,'' she said. ''Oh, yeah, and some glue for this.'' She opened her fist to disclose a second red earring in pieces in her palm.

''What's the matter?'' I heard Lee say from far away, and it was to me.

Natalie and I moved over to the kitchen to make dinner, and she asked me how long Lee and I had been together.

''He's so fabulous,'' she said. ''Are you thinking of getting married?''

''Not really,'' I said. We'd discussed it once when we'd gotten together. ''It seems fairly pointless. Is there anything I can do?''

''Here,'' she said, handing me a knife and an onion. ''Miles and I got married. His parents made us. They said they'd cut Miles off if we didn't.''

''Is it different?'' I said.

''Sort of,'' she said. ''It's turned out to be an O.K. thing, actually. We used to, when we had a problem or something, just talk about it to the point where we didn't have to deal with it anymore. But now I guess we try to fix it. Does Lee still hate watercress?''

''No,'' I said. Watercress? I thought.

''It's very good,'' Natalie said, ''but I still wouldn't be surprised if it ended tomorrow.''

''Natalie,'' I said, ''would you pierce my ears?''

''Sure,'' she said. ''Just let me finish this stuff first.'' She took back from me the knife and the onion, which was still whole because I hadn't known what to do with it.

When Lee and Miles got back, I put the ice cube I was holding against my earlobe into the sink, and we all sat down for dinner.

''Nice,'' Lee said, holding his glass. Lee and I drank wine out of the same glasses we drank everything else out of, but it was not the sort of wine you'd have anything to say about, so Lee raising his graceful glass was an odd sight—a shape that seemed to lift the table slightly, causing it to hover in the vibrating dimness.

''It is odd, isn't it,'' I said, feeling oddness billow, ''that this is the way we make our bodies live.''

Miles lifted his eyebrows.

''I mean,'' I said, forgetting what I did mean as I noticed that Lee had picked the watercress out of his salad, ''I mean that it's odd to sit like this, in body holders around a dish and move little heaps of matter from smaller disks to our mouths on little metal shovels. It seems like an odd way to keep our bodies alive.''

I looked around at the others.

''Seems odd to me,'' Miles said. ''I usually lie on the floor. With my chin in a trough. Sucking rocks.''

''*Miles,*'' Natalie said, and giggled.

That night the clean, clean sheets wouldn't get warm, so I climbed out of bed and put on Lee's jacket and sat down to watch Lee sleep. He shifted pleasurably, and in the moonlight he looked as comfortable and dangerous as a lion. I watched him and waited for day, when he would get up and I would give him back his jacket and we could leave this place where he drank wine from a wineglass and strangers knew him so well.

The next day Natalie and Miles asked if we wanted to stay, but Lee said we couldn't. We had planned to start out by the end of summer, he told them, and we were late.

Outside we saw how the light was already thin and banded across the highway, and we drove fast into sunset and winter. We were quiet mostly, and when we spoke, it was softly like TV cowboys expecting an ambush.

That evening we got medicine at a drugstore because my ear had swollen way up and I had a fever. I laid my head back into sliding dreams and woke into free-fall.

''Hey,'' Lee said, smoothing my hair back from my face. ''you're asleep. You know that?'' He scooped me over into his lap, and I nuzzled into his foggy-gray T-shirt. ''So look killer,'' he said, ''you want to stay here or you want to come in back with me?''

The next day my fever was gone and my ear was better.

For a while we were still where the expressways are thick coils and headlights and brake lights interweave at night splendor. In the dark we would pull off to sleep in the corner of a truck stop or a lot by a small highway, and in the morning, heat or cold, intensified by our metal shell, would

ıke us tangled in our blankets, and we would make love ıile fuel trucks roared past, rattling the van. Then we ›uld look out of the window to see where we were and ive off to find a diner or a Howard Johnson's.

We were spending more money than we had expected to, d Lee said that his friend Carlos, who lived in St. Louis, ıght be able to find him a few days' work. Lee looked rough some scraps of paper and found Carlos's address, t when we got there a group of people standing on the ›nt steps told us that Carlos had moved. The group looked :e a legation, with representatives of the different sizes and es of humans, that was waiting to impart some terrible ece of information to a certain traveler. One of them gave a new address for Carlos which was ar Nashville. Lee had never men›ned Carlos, so I assumed they eren't very close friends, but expecta›n had whetted Lee's appetite to see m, it seemed, because we left the oup waiting on the steps and turned uth.

Lee and Carlos were all smiles to see ch other.

"What kind of money are you look-g to make?" Carlos asked when we ıd settled ourselves in the living room.

"Nothing much," Lee said. "Just a tle contingency fund. I'm clean these ıys."

"Well, listen," Carlos said, "why ›n't you take the store for a week or ›o. I had to fire the guy I had manag-g it, and I've been dealing with it my-lf, but this would be an opportunity ›r me to look into some other stuff I've ıd my eye on." Carlos opened beers for himself and Lee. Could I get you something?" he asked me, frowning.

"I'd like some beer, too," I said.

"Here," he said. "Wait. I'll get you a glass."

"Get back to Miami much?" Lee said.

"Too crowded these days, if you know what I mean," arlos said. "Besides, I've pretty much stopped doing any-ıing I can't handle locally. This is just where I live now, for hatever reason. And I've got my business. I don't know. 's a basis, you know? Something to continue from." He ›oked away from Lee and sighed.

During the days, when Lee and Carlos were out, I sat in ack watching the sooty light travel from one side of the yard › the other. Sometimes a little boy played in an adjoining ard, jabbing with a stick at the clumps of grass there, which ere stiff and gray with dirt. He was gray with dirt himself, ıd gray under the dirt. His nose ran, and the blue appliquéd ear on the front of his overalls looked stunned.

I wondered what that boy had in mind for himself—hether his attack on the grass was some sort of self-devised reparation for an adulthood of authority and usefulness, or hether he pictured himself forever on that bit of dirt, head-ıg toward death in bear overalls of graduated size. I took to oing in, when I saw him, and watching TV.

The night before we left Carlos's, Lee and I were awake late. We didn't have much to say, and after a while I noticed I was hungry.

"What? After that meal I made?" Lee said. "All right, let's go out."

Carlos was still awake, too, sitting in the living room with headphones on.

"Great," he said. "There's an all-night diner with sensational burgers."

"Burgers," Lee said. "You still eat that shit?"

Going into the diner, Lee and Carlos were a phalanx in themselves with their jackets and jeans and boots and belts, and I was proud to have been hungry. I ordered warrior food, and soon the waitress rendered up to me a plate of lacy-edged eggs with a hummock of potatoes and butter-stained toast, and to Lee and Carlos huge, aromatic burgers.

"Are you going to see Kathryn?" Carlos asked.

"I don't know," Lee said. "It depends."

"I'd like to see her myself, come to think of it. She's a fantastic woman," Carlos said, balancing a French-fry beam on a French-fry house he was making. "I really love that woman. You know, it's been great having you guys stay, but it makes me realize how much I miss other people around here. Maybe I should go out to the Coast or something. Or at least establish some sort of non-ridiculous romance."

"What about Sarah?" Lee said.

"Sarah," Carlos said. "Jesus." He turned to me. "Has Lee told you all about this marvel of technology?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I mean, listen, man," Carlos said, shaking his head. "She's a hot-looking lady, no question about it, but when I said non-ridiculous I had in mind someone you wouldn't be afraid to run into in the living room." He shook his head again and started drumming his knife on the table. "She sure is one hot-looking lady, though. Well, you know her."

"We have to get up really early," I said.

"That's O.K.," Lee said, but Carlos stood up. He looked exhausted.

"Yeah, sorry," he said. "Let's pull the plug on it."

Over the next few days I thought of Carlos often. His face had been shadowed when we said good-bye, so I couldn't recall it, and I thought how if I had been his girlfriend instead of Lee's I would have stayed there with him in that living room that seemed to just suck up light and would have heard from the inside the door slam and the van's motor start.

Lee and I drove back east a bit, to have a look at the Smokies. We parked the van in a campground under a bruise-colored sunset and set off on foot to pick up some food to cook outside on a fire. But there were bugs, even though it was chilly, and the rutted clay road slipped and smacked underfoot, so we

> We were quiet mostly, and when we spoke, it was softly, like TV cowboys expecting an ambush.

stopped at a Bar-B-Q place, where doughy families shouted at each other under throbbing fluorescent lights.

I had a headache. "It's incredible," I said, "how fast every place you go gets to be home. We've only just parked at that campground, but it's already home. And yesterday Carlos's place seemed like home. Now that feels like years ago."

"That's why it's good to travel," Lee said. "It reminds you what life really is. Finished?" he said. "Let's go."

"Let's," I said. "Let's go home." I inserted my finger under the canopy of his T-shirt sleeve, but he didn't notice particularly.

In time we came to a part of the country where mounds of what Lee said were uranium tailings winked in the sunlight, and moonlight made grand the barbed-wire lace around testing sites, Lee said they were, and subterranean missiles. It was quite flat, but I felt that we were crossing it vertically instead of horizontally. I felt I was on ropes behind Lee, struggling up a sheer rock face, my footing too unsure to allow me to look anywhere except at the cliff I clung to.

"What is it you're afraid of?" Lee said.

I told him I didn't know.

"Think about it," he said. "There's nothing in your mind that isn't yours."

I wondered if I should go back. I could call Tom and Johanna, I thought, but at the same instant I realized that they weren't really friends of mine. I didn't know Johanna very well, actually, and Tom and I, in fact, disliked each other. I had gone to bed with him one day months earlier when I went over to borrow a vise grip. He had seemed to want to, and I suppose I thought I would be less uncomfortable around him if I did. That was a mistake, as it turned out. I stayed at least as uncomfortable as before, and the only thing he said afterward was that I had a better body than he'd expected. It was a long time before I realized that what he'd wanted was to have slept with Lee's girlfriend.

When I got back home that afternoon carrying the vise grip that Tom remembered to hand to me when I left, I felt as if it were Lee who had spent the afternoon rolling around with Johanna, not me with Tom, and I was splitting apart with jealousy. I couldn't keep my hands off Lee, which annoyed him—he was trying to do something to an old motorcycle that had been sitting around in the yard.

"Lee," I said, "are you attracted to Johanna?"

"What kind of question is that?" he said, sorting through the parts spread out on the dirt.

"A question question," I said.

"Everyone's attracted to everyone else," he said.

I wasn't. I wasn't attracted to Tom, for instance.

"Why do you think she stays with Tom?" I said.

"He's all right," Lee said.

"He's horrible, Lee," I said. "And he's mean. He's vain."

"You're too hard on people," Lee said. "Tom's all tied up, that's all. He's frightened."

"It's usual to be frightened," I said.

"Well, Tom can't handle it," Lee said. "He's afraid he has no resources to fall back on."

"Poor guy," I said. "He can fall back on mine. So are you attracted to Johanna?"

"Don't," Lee said, standing up and wiping his hands on an oily cloth. "O.K.? Don't get shabby, please."

He had gone inside then, without looking at me.

Now home was wherever Lee and I were, and I had to control my fear by climbing toward that moment when Lee would haul me up to level ground and we would slip off our ropes and stare around us at whatever was the terrain on which we found ourselves.

We started to have trouble with the van and decided to stop because Lee knew someone we could stay with near Denver while he fixed it. We pulled up outside a small apartment building and rang a bell marked "Dr. Peel Prayerwheel."

"What's his real name?" I asked Lee.

"That is," Lee said.

"Parents had some strong opinions, huh," I said.

"He found it for himself," Lee said.

Peel had a nervous voice that rushed in a fluty stream from his large body. His hair was long except on the top of his head where there was none, and elaborate shaded tattoos covered his arms and neck and probably everything under his T-shirt.

We stood in the middle of the kitchen. "We'll put your things in the other room," Peel said, "and I'll bring my cot in here. That's best, that's best."

"We don't want to inconvenience you, Peel," Lee said.

"No, no," he said. "I'm only too happy to see you and your old lady in my house. All the times I came to you When I was in the hospital. Anything I can do for you. I really mean it. You know that, buddy.

"He took me in," Peel said, turning to me. "He was like family." Peel kept standing there blinking at the floor, but he couldn't seem to decide what else to say.

While Lee looked around town for parts and worked on the van, Peel and I mostly sat at the kitchen table and drank huge amounts of tea.

"Maybe you'd like a beer," he said one afternoon.

"Sure," I said.

"Right away. Right away," he said, pulling on his jacket.

"Oh—not if we have to go out," I said.

"You're sure?" he said. "Really? Because we can, if you want."

"Not unless you want one," I said.

"No, no," he said. "Never drink alcohol. Uncontrolled substance. Jumps right out of the bottle, whoomp!...Well, no real harm done, just an ugly moment..." He blushed then for some reason, very dark.

When Lee came home, Peel and I would open up cans of soup and packages of saltines. "Used to cook like a bastard," Peel said. "But that's behind me now. Behind me."

One morning when we got up, Peel was standing in the middle of the kitchen.

"Good morning, Peel," I said.

"Good morning," he said. "Good morning." He stood there, looking at the floor.

"Do you want some tea?" I said.

"No thank you," he said. Then he looked at Lee.

"Well, buddy," he said, "I got a check from my mother this morning."

"Was that good or bad?" I asked Lee later. Lee shrugged. "How does he usually live?" I said.

"Disability," Lee said. "He was in the army."

At night I felt so lonely I woke Lee up, but when we made ove I kept thinking of Peel standing in the kitchen looking at ie floor.

One morning I had a final cup of tea with Peel while Lee ent to get gas.

"Thank you, Peel," I said. "You've been very kind."

"Not kind," Peel said. "It doesn't bear scrutiny. I had ome problems, see, and your old man looked out for me. He nd Annie, they used to take me in. He's a fine man. And e's lucky to have you. I can see that, little buddy. He's very ucky in that."

I reached over and touched one of Peel's tattoos, a naked irl with devil horns and huge angel vings.

"That's my lady," Peel said. "Do ou like her? That's the lady that flies n my arm."

A day or two later Lee and I parked nd sat in back eating sandwiches. Then Lee studied maps while I experimented along his spine making my nouth into a shape that could be laced over each vertebra in turn.

"Cut that out," Lee said. "Unless you want to lose an hour or two."

"I don't mind," I said.

"Oh, there," Lee said. "We're just outside of Cedar City."

I looked over Lee's shoulder. "Hey, Las Vegas," I said. "I had a friend in school who got married and moved there."

"Do you want to visit her?" Lee said.

"Not really," I said.

"It isn't too far," he said. "And we can always use a shower and a bit of floor space."

"No," I said.

"Why not?" Lee said. "If she was your friend."

I didn't say anything.

Lee sighed. "What's the matter?" He turned and put his arms around me. "Speak to me."

"We'll never be alone," I said into his T-shirt.

"We're alone right now," Lee said.

"No," I said. "We're always going to stay with your friends."

"It's just temporary," Lee said. "Until we find a place we want to be for ourselves. Anyhow, she isn't my friend—she's your friend."

"Used to be," I said. Then I said, "Besides, if we stayed with her she'd be your friend."

"Sure," Lee said. "My friend and your friend. The people we've stayed with are your friends now too."

"Not," I said, letting slow tears soak into his T-shirt.

"Well, they would be if you wanted to think of them as friends," Lee said. His voice was tense with the effort of patience. "You're the one who's shutting them out."

"Someone isn't your friend just because they happen to be standing next to you," I said.

Lee lifted his arms from around me. He sighed and leaned his head back, putting his hands against his eyes.

"I'm sorry you're so unhappy," he said.

"You're sorry I'm a problem," I said.

"You're not a problem," he said.

"Well, then I should be," I said. "You don't even care enough about me for me to be a problem."

"You know," Lee said, "sometimes I think I care about you more than you care about me."

"Sure," I said. "If caring about someone means you don't want anything from them. In fact, you know what?" I said, but I had no idea myself what I was going to say next, so it was whatever came out with the torrent of sobs I'd unstoppered. "We've called all your friends because you don't want to be with me, and you even want people I know to help you not be with me, but we won't call my parents and they're only less than a day away anyhow because you don't want to know anything about my life because I might turn out to be real and then you'd have to figure out what to do with me instead of waiting for me to evaporate because you're tired of me and we're going to keep going from one friend of yours to another and making other people into friends of yours and then if I don't just happen to fall off a cliff they'll all help you think of some way to leave me so you can go back to Annie whoever she is or grind me into a paste just like come to think of it you probably did to Annie anyhow and send me back in a jar for Tom to bury."

I reached over and touched one of Peel's tattoos, a naked girl with devil horns and huge angel wings.

"Oh, Jesus," Lee said. "What is going on."

I leaned my head against his arm, and let myself cry loudly and wetly.

"All right," Lee said, folding his arms around me again. "O.K."

"Come on," Lee said after a while. "We'll find a phone and call your parents."

I was still blinking tears when we pulled into an immense parking lot, at the horizon of which was a supermarket, also immense, that served no visible town. It had become evening, and the supermarket and the smaller stores attached to it were all closed, even though there were lights inside them.

"There—" Lee said. "There's a phone, way over there." He reached for the shift, but I jumped out.

"I'll walk," I said.

There was a shallow ring of mountains all around, dark against the greenish sky, and night was filling up the basin we were in. The glass phone booth, so solitary in the parking lot, looked like a tiny, primitive spaceship.

I rarely spoke to my parents, and I had never seen the mobile home where they'd now lived for years. It couldn't be possible, I thought, that I had only to dial this phone to speak to them. Why would the people *(Continued on page 92)*

ARTS FAIR

The pseudo-sylphs of Charles Ludlam. New couch-potato classics. New dealers downtow New life in *Cocoon*. Art is all. All is fair.



At the U.S.C. Atelier: Photo from Jake Seniuk's work *Borrowed Time*.

FESTIVAL

California Dreamin'

by Irene Borger

The power of imagining is now recognized by athletes in training, by cancer patients, and by at least one top–of–the–Forbes Four Hundred–list mogul who swears he built his empire by envisioning it all. Now the organizers of a weeklong arts festival are asking a city to entertain the unruly notion that life on this planet will prevail.

The festival, "August, 1945/August, 1985: Imagine There's a Future," takes place in Los Angeles from July 28 through August 4. Like many other events across the country, it commemorates the fortieth anniversary of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Yet this festival is a forward-looking affair; it will also be "a celebration of life." And, as if to make the point in true L.A. style, the whole thing was kicked off in April with a celebrity fund-raiser fashion show.

L.A. has long taken a bad rap on the activist front. One assumes that Angelenos, choosing hedonism over Hegel, prefer, in all aspects of their lives, to drive alone. In truth, much of the *Zeitgeist* and power in the city is invisible only until one's eyes adjust to a different sort of light. "[illegible]e" is no pious pageant, but, rather, a weave of enlivening events.

The fashion show [illegible]th dresses by Holly Harp, was sponsored by the year-old Hollywood Women's Coalition—a group of powerful movie-industry women who have joined to address key social issues—in conjunction with the Interfaith Center to Reverse the Arms Race and Hollywood for SANE. Anjelica Huston glided. Jo Anne Worley attempted a debutante slouch. The Divine Miss M, in basic black, camped it up all the way down the aisle. Surely, radical Emma ("If there's no dancing at the revolution, I'm not coming") Goldman would have understood when Bette Midler, asked if s wanted to talk about issue of nuclear w cracked, "No, I want talk about *sequins*" Collective action w brewing in the Beve Hills Hotel Crys Room among the sil *faux*-bamboo chairs.

If one of the goals of the festival is bring together communities that rar coalesce in sprawling L.A., one of behind-the-scenes facts is the streng of the networks that already exist. The are some first-rate Rolodexes in serv to the cause. One member of the Wo en's Coalition recalls "watching Oscars at the home of a woman w promised to call Carl Sagan's wife; the meantime, I was on the phone tryi to find someone who'd dated Bru Springsteen in the past six months" It's like that down the line.

Although the film community h the most high-profile participants Hollywood for SANE's members i clude Debra Winger, Norman Le Jack Lemmon, and John Forsythe there are at least forty other grou collaborating on the events of t week, from psychologists and scie tists to Atomic Bomb Survivors Livi in the U.S.A. On the first day of t celebratory week, they will be occ pied with creative problem solving ten "town meetings" held througho



Untitled, 1984, by Edward Ruscha.

e city ("How does the nucle- issue affect the environment, xuality, the arts . . ."). That rogram will culminate in a mposium, box supper, and l-star panel that night.

Hollywood for SANE will co-roduce the festival's theatrical omponent; Richard Dreyfuss, lichael York, Julie Harris, ean Stapleton, and Gena Row-nds are some of the actors ho plan to perform in a dozen heaters scattered around L.A. Vriters for the potpourri eve-ing of two- to twenty-two-inute pieces include David Mamet, Larry Gelbart, Arthur Kopit, Garry Trudeau and Eliz-beth Swados, Jules Feiffer, ohn Hersey, and Shel Silver-tein. At each of the venues, ne member of Local 1845 of ne steelworkers' union (which as long been involved in a the-ter project) will perform with cast of professional actors.

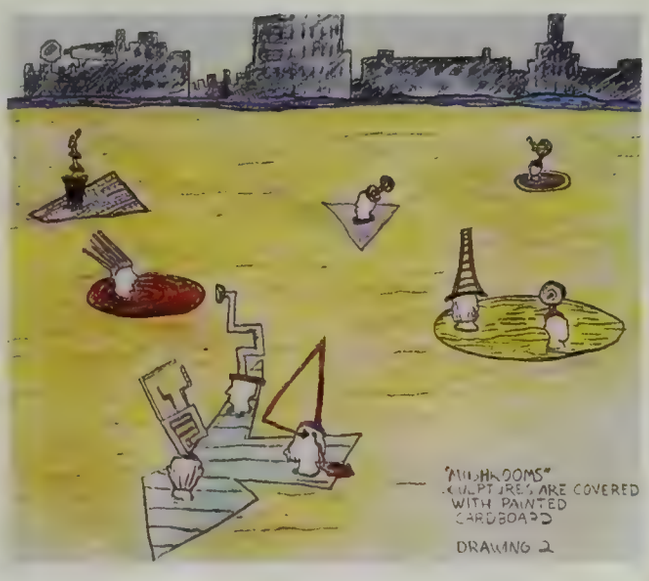
The festival programming re-lects the blue-collar as well as he blue-chip, since the basic is-ues behind it scale all social valls. Therefore, the organizers are see-ng to it that the week is not a series of purely upscale affairs. The multiple-community focus extends to the visual-arts events as well.

An exhibition of contemporary fine arts at the Japanese American Cultural and Community Center will include works by Ed Ruscha, Ed Kienholz, and Jonathan Borofsky. A group of local artists will show more directly political work at various galleries. The photography component of the festival will reach a broad audience: the municipal bus authority has been persuaded to donate the advertising space on up to two hundred buses for at least one month. Approximately twenty photographs have been selected to fill that space, with one condition: no mushroom-cloud imagery or its equivalent. The original works, including those of Leland Rice and Jake Seniuk, will be mounted in the U.S.C. Atelier Gallery in Santa Monica, and the buses will carry reproductions.

The week will end with a huge march and rally, and the "energy" (as they really do say in L.A.) surrounding the event is so good that Bill Graham has agreed to produce a rock concert for free.

The performing arts have always maintained that conjured images are

THE LAST WAVE



For the past seven summers, Manhattan has had a castle in the sand with "Art on the Beach," a project bringing together visual and performance art on a breezy strip of landfill at the tip of the island. But this summer's program is also its swan song—the foundations for Battery Park City, a $5 billion park and residential project, will be laid next fall.

"Every year the site has seemed changed, almost reshaped, by the new works and the way they're placed," says Amanda Burden, vice president of planning and design for the Battery Park City Authority (which lent the land to "Art on the Beach") and board member of the sponsoring organization, Creative Time, Inc.

This summer, beach walkers will come across a half-dozen or so midget houses dug into the sand, each inhabited by a performer whose head protrudes from the roof. This is not what Battery Park City means by "residential"; it's a piece called *Vacation Homes of the Future* (drawing, *left*), by Uwe Mengel, Jody Culkin, and Guy Nordenson, one of ten new works in this year's program. As performers are approached and asked what's going on, an elaborate spy/crime story evolves.

"We often forget that we must be as creative in helping artists as they are in doing their work," says Anita Contini, director of Creative Time. Other cities have taken their cue from "Art on the Beach"—Santa Monica, California, has plans for similar projects, and Candlestick Park, in San Francisco, has a development policy that sponsors beach-bound summer art.

—Debbie Gimelson

real. Dorothy makes it back to Kansas by thinking "there's no place like home." Even Woody Allen, in *Manhattan,* connects by simply imagining some of the things that make his life worthwhile: Groucho Marx, Willie Mays, Louis Armstrong's recording of "Potato Head Blues." If the festival is successful, imagining that there's a future just may ensure one. □

THEATER

From the Ridiculous, the Sublime

by Sylviane Gold



WILLIAM WEGMAN

Role reversals: In *Irma Vep,* Ludlam plays four characters, including the dastardly Mr. Underwood and the darling Lady Hillcrest.

You want Charles Ludlam to be as flamboyant offstage as he is on—to sweep into the room trailing a feather boa, or at least looking as though he might *own* one. But no. Without wig, makeup, and costume, without a role like Camille or Salammbô to latch onto, he merely walks into the room, your standard, jacket-and-tie theater professional, as likely to direct at a respectable opera outfit as at his own raunchy Greenwich Village hideout.

Despite the unremarkable offstage manner, however, Ludlam is not quite the standard theater professional. But he is, as it happens, directing an opera: this month's American premiere of Hans Werner Henze's *The English Cat,* for the Santa Fe Opera. And if those familiar with the distinctly low-culture goings-on at his Ridiculous Theatrical Company find this highbrow assignment a bit surprising, Ludlam himself does not. "A lot of the things that I do have been influenced by opera," he says. "Now it's opera's turn to be influenced by me."

Opera needn't worry, though. Ludlam isn't one of "[illegible]" re-formers" bent on destroying "everything that makes opera great: its grandeur, its passion, its shameless theatricality." In fact, you might say that shameless theatricality has been Ludlam's stock-in-trade for eighteen years, ever since his company emerged from the artistic ferment of the late sixties.

Those were the years when the prevalent mode in the avant-garde was solemn, psychological, and "hopelessly addicted to beige." Ludlam arrived on the scene with a theater degree from Hofstra University and a passion for magenta, for "bad" acting, and for jokes, cerebral or otherwise. "I really don't think there is a dichotomy," he says, "between the serious and the comic. Something comic can be great and universal, and something serious can be trash."

Since there weren't many playwrights who could provide him with the tran[illegible]scendent trash he was looking for, [illegible] directors steeped in the modulations [illegible] melodrama, or scenic designers willin[illegible] to forgo good taste, and perhaps goo[illegible] sense, Ludlam became his own writer[illegible] his own director, his own designer. H[illegible] gathered about him a group of like[illegible] minded performers and proceeded t[illegible] add a little color to the avant-garde.

The enterprise may smack a bit o[illegible] megalomania, but a single Ludlam per[illegible]formance usually suffices to induce to[illegible]tal forgiveness. Last season, in *The Mystery of Irma Vep,* Ludlam aston[illegible]ished audiences by switching in a matte[illegible] of seconds—and sometimes less—be[illegible]tween his two main roles, the genteel[illegible] lovely Lady Enid Hillcrest, new mis[illegible]tress of "Mandacrest, on the moors," and her misshapen, sinister servant, Nic[illegible]odemus Underwood. The year before,

had starred as Maria Magdalena Ga-
, an American-born opera star whose
ıgraphy bore a ghastly resemblance to
ıt of the late Maria Callas. And next
ıson Ludlam opens as Salammbô, the
gin priestess of ancient Carthage cre-
d by Gustave Flaubert.

With his bald head, generous nose,
d indelicate chin, Ludlam hardly
:ms equipped to embody the sirens
d sylphs his dramas demand. But act-
g, says Ludlam, "is gestural," and
; ladies are oddly compelling, a per-
asive blend of parody and absolute
ıcerity. He borrows freely from Ka-
ki and Gloria Swanson, from Eliza-
than-theater tradition and Mae West.
ıd while his characters may not re-
ınd you of any woman you might ac-
ally meet on the street, most critics
ɔuld agree when Ludlam says that he
ɔioneered the idea that female imper-
nation could be serious acting, an ap-
oach to character."

Ludlam sees his stage explorations of
:nder as blueprints for the social
ıanges that have allowed men and
omen to "step out of their traditional
les" in recent years. "Theater," he
ys, "is a way of experimenting with
'e—a kind of research-and-develop-
ent department for the culture at
rge."

And, unlikely though it may seem,
e culture at large has been responding.
t forty-two, Ludlam finds himself a
nd of fringe fixture, an established
ıtlaw. *Irma Vep* was drawing the
ınds of well-dressed, well-heeled audi-
ıces who won't go to the theater unless
ıe New York *Times* tells them it's
).K. And some of the double entendres
ıat break up Ludlam's gay audiences
ike the line he gives the maid as she's
:rving tea to Lady Enid: "How do you
ıke it?") and the literary references
ıat tickle the intellectual crowd (a char-
cter sighing, "But where are the snows
f yesteryear?") go flying right over the
eads of his straitlaced fans.

But Ludlam says he doesn't care who
omes to his productions, as long as
ıey keep coming. He loves the senior
itizens who approach him after a show
nd say, "Oh, Charles, the things that
ou do!" And he loves the people who
hrieked with fright instead of laughter
vhen the phantom appeared in *Irma Vep*. And, he says, he will continue to "follow my own pleasure, my own interests" in writing his plays—although he does promise never to inflict his love of tropical fish on theatergoers.

His fish and his society finches and the plants he tends serve as an antidote to the "odd" world of the theater, where, he says, "you're always building sand castles. Either they get kicked down by big bullies—the critics—or taken out by the tide. Eventually, everything will close." Like most great clowns, Ludlam sees life as tragic. Until, of course, he puts on a wig. And makeup. And a costume. □

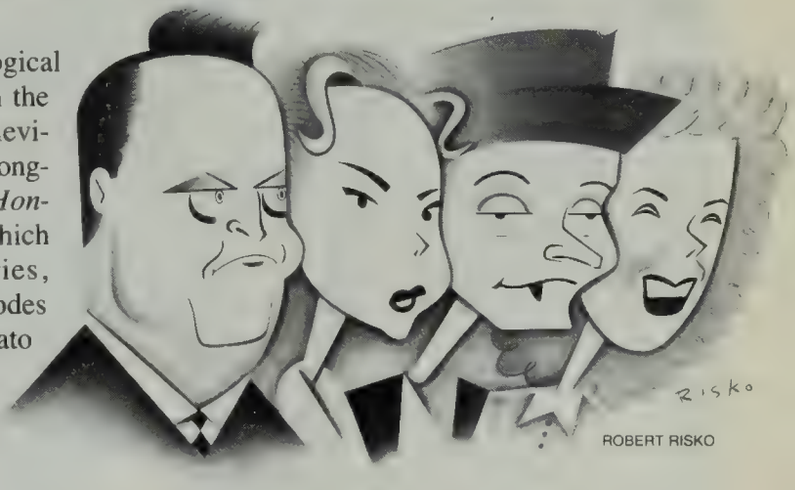
TELEVISION

Ralph & Alice & Ed & Trixie

by James Wolcott

It's a major archaeological find. Excavated from the dust and vapor of television's sacred vaults are long-unseen chapters of *The Honeymooners*—chapters which predate the 1955 series, whose thirty-nine episodes have become couch-potato classics. The battle-royal saga of Ralph and Alice Kramden, *The Honeymooners* was first hatched in the fall of 1951 on *Cavalcade of Stars*, a variety show hosted by that rolling boulder of showmanship Jackie Gleason. (Alice was played by Pert Kelton.) When Gleason became ringmaster of his own variety hour in 1952, he brought along *The Honeymooners*, but with a new Alice—Audrey Meadows. Once she tied on Alice's apron, an immortal comic partnership was born. As Ralph Kramden, a bus driver with a heavy lunch pail, Gleason is a bragging tyrant, a blue-collar volcano always threatening to boom. To his fire, Meadows's Alice is lined with asbestos, thwarting and implacable. The irreplaceable third member of this team is Art Carney's Norton, an angel-sweet goofball who wears a striped vest over his T-shirt and refers to his fellow sewer workers as "the denizens of the deep." In these early *Honeymooners*, which Showtime is knitting together for a two-hour August special (and which Viacom will syndicate this fall), the actors all appear as young and glossy as kittens. Gleason's sloping belly has yet to become a monarch's paunch.

And how do the shows themselves hold up? Sturdily. Along with all the familiar, cherished riffs ("Bang... *zoom!*"), there are rediscovered bits of brilliant slapstick and great comic mix-ups, as when Ralph overhears Alice rehearsing a scene for an amateur theatrical and mistakenly thinks she's plotting his murder. ("Why does she want to kill me now?" asks Ralph, to which Norton sensibly replies, "You'd think she'd done it years ago.") In one installment, Ralph, forced to diet, complains, "I've seen more food dragged down holes by ants!" In another, he poses for an ad, thinking that he will represent men who are "slim, trim, and thirty." It turns out that he will be the model for "fat, flab, and forty."



ROBERT RISKO

Jackie Gleason, Audrey Meadows, Art Carney, Joyce Randolph: "The actors all appear as young and glossy as kittens."

But for true *Honeymooners* devotees, the chief revelation is the segment in which Ralph and Alice adopt a baby, a sketch which not only supplies a vital missing footnote to the history of the Kramden household but brushes up against difficult, tearing emotions. (Audrey Meadows makes a pale-death entrance in one scene that is truly silencing.) Watching this comedy-drama, you can't help but notice that painted over the Kramdens' sink are parallelograms of sunlight. Given the close, shabby confines of their lives, that detail seems strangely poignant. These rediscovered *Honeymooners*, too, are slants of painted sunlight, patches of wished-for happiness on a wall of peeling gray. What is there left to say? Baby, you're the greatest. □

VISUAL ART

A Young Gallery Gains Ground

by Steven Hager

In 1981, high-priced paintings came back into style, the art market was booming, and a new generation of yuppie collectors were ripe and ready to be picked. New York's art dealers were understandably very happy. However, that was before an obnoxious new kid moved onto the block, one whose flippant disregard for his elders and arr gant demands for attention violat every standard of art-world decoru "Just ignore the brat and he'll g away," said the dealers of SoHo a Fifty-seventh Street, advice that turn out to be wishful thinking. For not on is the brat still around, he's bigger a



ng of age in the East Village: Olsoff (left) and Pilkington at P.P.O.W's Sue Coe show.

kier than ever.

That brat, of course, is the East Vil- e art scene. Turning four this sum- r, New York's newest neighborhood art and commerce is at an age when b death can no longer be considered a ssibility. Among the more than fifty leries that have sprung up on the wer East Side, there are some where unrestrained pioneer spirit which ed in 1981 has given way to a seri- s, cool professionalism.

"We never wanted our artists to be en as part of an East Village fad," ys Wendy Olsoff, co-owner of the P.O.W gallery. And although it is rtainly part of an East Village trend, P.O.W is not typical. Perhaps most ling is the fact that Olsoff and partner nny Pilkington were well acquainted th the machinations of the interna- nal art market before they opened up eir own shop. Also, they seem to have nited their ambitions to simply run- ng an art gallery, striking a distinctly fferent pose from many of their down- wn colleagues, who frequently culti- te themselves as art-world celebrities st and art dealers second.

P.P.O.W's approach seems to be ying off. Last March, the gallery's oup of collaborative artists who ex- bit under the name TODT was includ- l in the Whitney Biennial, the art- orld equivalent of winning an Oscar ince increased sales almost automati- lly follow inclusion in the show). wo weeks later, Olsoff and Pilking- n's efforts were again validated by a ajor museum when the Metropolitan ought four works by Sue Coe, a popu- r Neo-Expressionist, whose strident olitics are exceeded only by her sensa- onalistic imagery.

In Pilkington's case, art fever is part f her heritage: her gallery-owner par- nts were hanging a show the night she as born, and her family tree reads ke a Who's Who of the conservative ritish art scene. "My great-great- reat-uncle founded Frost & Reed in ristol, a gallery that specializes in orting and hunting vignettes," she ays, "and my parents founded the iccadilly Gallery in London. My fa- ner is a former chairman of the Lon- on Society of Art Dealers. So I guess 'm a fifth-generation dealer." After graduating from college, Pilkington went to work for the Waddington Gallery in London, which shows blue-chip masters as well as such current art stars as A. R. Penck and Julian Schnabel. "In three years I learned as much as I was going to," she says, "and since they weren't likely to make me a director, it was time to move on." Theo Waddington, a Canadian-based dealer and the brother of her former employer, offered her a job in a gallery he had recently opened in New York, which is where she met Olsoff. The two became friends and began formulating plans for starting their own business.

"The New York *Times* had just done an article on the East Village," says Olsoff. "I called Penny in England and told her she had to come back tomorrow and we had to find a location in the East Village immediately, otherwise it would be too late."

They rented a tiny space on East Tenth Street, at the time a major drug-trafficking center. After anguishing over a name, they settled on an anagram of their initials. Sandwiched between an empty storefront and a fly-by-night recording studio, they were subjected to a relentless cacophony at all hours of the day and night. "It was unbelievable," says Pilkington. "The pictures were shaking on the walls, and you couldn't hear yourself talk." Fortunately, the studio later closed, and they doubled their exhibition space by knocking down the intervening wall.

The gallery's roster of artists has kept pace with its growing reputation. In addition to the work of Coe and TODT, there is the brooding Expressionism of Paul Benney, Michele Zalopany, and Joan Nelson; the figurative sculpture of Kathy Grove, Walter Martin, and Christy Rupp; and the colorful surrealism of Tom Dillon and Jed Jackson.

If parental support is any indication of future success, then things look good for P.P.O.W. Two years ago Penny Pilkington's parents wanted their daughter to come home to England and work for them. This month their Piccadilly Gallery is presenting a group exhibition of P.P.O.W artists, the first such East Village show in London. □

Fallout Art

The recently published *East Village 85* (Pelham Press) is the most up-to-date lens through which the East Village art scene can be studied. It's an inexpensive book to be pored over and eventually thrown away. The paintings reproduced take second place, as has become the case in the East Village itself, to the real subjects of the scene: hundreds of new faces; dramatic juxtapositions of the chic and the decrepit; and the entrepreneurship of the new art.

Five years ago the neighborhood was a postindustrial wasteland, a shining example, like Paris's Bastille or West Berlin's Kreuzberg, of "glamorous" urban decay. Today it has been so done over by the media that it's begun to look like a parody of itself. The authors of *East Village 85*'s critical essays—Alan Jones, Michael Kohn, Carlo McCormick, and Nicolas Moufarrege—seem to be scrambling for cover in the wake of the East Village fallout. While all agree that the scene has been tremendous fun, they also propose that the corpus of East Village art is beginning to stink.

Focusing on the milieu's artistic preoccupations—trash, cultural effluvia, and narcissism—the essays chart the sameness of the area's art and its increasing mediocrity. Although there are some notable exceptions, the paintings have become (the intentions of their makers notwithstanding) colorful banners for real-estate developers. The "avant-garde" in the East Village is now at the forefront of urban redevelopment and consequently at the front lines of the age-old war between the very rich and the very poor. Hence, "avant-garde" takes on an additional meaning in the neighborhood.

That new definition is carefully mapped out in *East Village 85*'s 130 pages, with countless listings of artists and several hundred promotional pics of everyone concerned (favorite pose: folded arms; favorite facial expression: none at all). Editor Roland Hagenberg has provided us not only with one of the broadest (albeit most shallow) documentations of any art scene in history but also with the best target practice any warring avant-gardist could want. —*Paul Taylor*

MOVIES

Space Saviors

by Stephen Schiff

Ron Howard's mixed-up new movie, *Cocoon,* looks like a parody of David Hockney. It's all blue skies and chlorinated swimming pools, but the bodies cavorting in radiant dishabille aren't firm and shapely; they're saggy and sweaty and old. This may be the sunniest movie ever made about death and decay. Its heroes are six denizens of a Florida nursing home who stumble upon a fountain of youth: every time they sneak out to use the abandoned pool next door, they swagger back feeling horny and spry, giggling and skipping and warbling big-band hits. That's because the water in the pool is full of Life-Force, and the Life-Force is there because creatures from outer space are using the pool to nourish creature cocoons, which sit at the bottom looking like so many giant pumpernickels.



Verdon and Ameche take a spin.

Like good aliens everywhere, these glow a lot and take on comely human form. And last time they visited Earth, we're told, they stuck around to colonize Atlantis—a cutesy detail which is the filmmakers' way of saying, "Forget about the aliens—it's the people who count in this movie." To play those people, Howard has put together a crack ensemble of aging actors—Maureen Stapleton, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Don Ameche, Gwen Verdon, and, as the crotchety nonbelievers, Jack Gilford and Herta Ware—and it is to them that the movie owes much of its considerable charm.

But the real star is Wilford Brimley. Walrus-shaped, with a mouth that tends to gape vacantly beneath his avuncular mustaches, he's the actor you hire these days when you need a truth teller who won't sound oracular, an accuser who won't intimidate, a sage who isn't enviably gaunt from years of clean living. And he gets a sprightly ping-ponging rhythm going with Don Ameche. Dressed in a lurid margarine-colored sport coat with muddy-brown horse heads splotched all over it, Ameche uses his vanity and his insuperable blandness—the very things that crippled him as a matinee idol—to create a poignantly past-it Lothario, a far more eloquent character than anything he concocted in his heyday. The movie is at its best when these two duffers and Hume Cronyn are glorying in their rejuvenation; there's a tickling sequence in which they gambol in the pool in slow motion while the sound track pumps out heroic funk—the kind that generally celebrates yogurt. Still, this sort of thing works best in small doses—and by the time Ameche starts break-dancing and the nightclub crowd parts to give him space, you may find yourself yelling, "Get thee to Roseland!" (If someone announced that break dancing was to be banned from the movies for the next two years, you wouldn't find me wailing and rending my vestments.)

Cocoon isn't nearly as funny or buoyant as Howard's last film, *Splash;* its screenplay isn't peppy enough, and one misses his usual ace in the hole, the wild-man sidekick—John Candy in *Splash* and Michael Keaton in *Night Shift.* Yet *Cocoon* isn't negligible, either: it has a seductive, unsentimental sweetness. There are no villains in this movie, and no intimations of evil. Instead, despite Howard's chipper tone, one senses a pervasive, billowing melancholy. The Florida sky may be bright and the sea welcoming, but the film's heroes feel creaky and doomed, and nothing can relieve them except the impossible—salvation from death. What is exactly what the aliens offer. Trouble is, you have to leave Planet Earth.

This is why *Cocoon* is not just another wish-fulfillment story along the lines of *Starman* or *The Last Starfighter.* When Brimley bade good-bye to his daughter and grandson and treated himself to a last bout of earthly fishing, I was afraid Howard would go all gooey and tell us that the things of this world were too beautiful to leave, the trade-off too dire. He doesn't, but he makes the choice good and hard. This, after all, is the question that prophets and sages have traditionally posed—what are you willing to give up in exchange for the unknowable Eternity? (The movie would have been braver still if the question had been put to someone younger; in the case of these oldsters, we can't help feeling that all they're sacrificing is arteriosclerosis and mah-jongg.)

Cocoon has real power—power which, in the end, it abuses. The story is patterned on Christian mythology: it's *The Robe* or *The Song of Bernadette* disguised as a Steven Spielberg fantasy. The elders suffer, they are baptized in the waters, and they emerge renewed. And what's most troubling is that. When salvation is finally offered, only the solitary Jew, Jack Gilford's Bernie Lefkowitz—the unbeliever—is left behind. When Hollywood uses a dream summer entertainment to tackle the Big Questions, it also shoulders unaccustomed burdens: "In dreams begins responsibility," Yeats said. I would guess—I would hope—that the film makers weren't conscious of what the plot implies, but that doesn't help much; it's there.

One more objection. The movie features an actor named Steve Guttenberg whose supple performance in *Diner* becomes a dimmer memory every time we see him in something else. In *Cocoon* he's an all-too-human boat owner who never wears a shirt, and he's in love with the beautiful alien played by Tahnee Welch, an actress whose skills fall match those of her mother, Raquel

eir romantic subplot is too familiar half, and Guttenberg proves as unc- us as . . . well, as Don Ameche in the ties. He may have been cast partly his jungle-boy body (and mostly be- se his last movie was the hit *Police idemy*). But the Chippendale pecs n't go with the goofy face. Watching n act, you know what the Howdy ody Workout would look like. □

BOOKS

Gaddis-speak

by James Wolcott

As it enters the ear, does it come in like broken glass or does it come like honey?'' asked Eddie Condon out jazz. William Gaddis's third novel, *Carpenter's Gothic* (Viking), enters like broken glass. Nearly all dialogue, the book is a radio play for the mind, a stereophonic skull session, a hostile ricochet of voices. The title refers to a Victorian mansion on the Hudson River, a setting as symbolic as George Bernard's Heartbreak House (the outside ''a patchwork of conceits, borrowings, deceptions,'' the inside ''a hodgepodge of good intentions like one last ridiculous effort at something worth doing''). Halloween is approaching, and the reds and golds of the autumn leaves appear to be crying out in their coloration, inflamed with hysteria. Except for an occasional sniff of the air, *Carpenter's Gothic* never strays from the house; all of the big action happens offstage, the news brought to us in bold headlines: SENATOR DEAD IN RED PLANE SHOOTDOWN. Onstage, the characters are busy mopping up spilled drinks, bickering, and answering a telephone that rings as insistently as the one that bedeviled Barbara Stanwyck in *Sorry, Wrong Number*. Chapter One even ends with the discovery of a dove, which might have flown in from Chekhov.

But if the dove is from Chekhov, the dialogue is from David Mamet. Technically, Gaddis achieves some wizard effects. Compared with his previous novel *JR* (which is being reissued in paperback by Penguin, along with *The Recognitions*), *Carpenter's Gothic* is a more portable contraption. But it too requires a bearing-down of attention, an ability to swing with the razory rhythms. Dashes introduce the dialogue, which itself pays little heed to grammar or decorum. ''—God damn it Liz will you, look Billy take your God damn karma and shove it, shave your head give you a red blanket stand you out on Tu Do street with a God damn bowl you ever seen a monk barbecue?'' Doing most of the ratty talking are Paul, a piece of hustler sleaze; Liz, his put-upon, porcelain wife; and Liz's sponging brother, Billy. When Billy visits their mother in a nursing home, his re-

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ET POINTS **Michael Levine is twenty-four. He designs sets for theers on both sides of the Atlantic. And he lmits to stealing—"as much as I can, om good costumes and from period ooks."**

Levine's fresh viewpoint has successfultranslated theater history into quirky, rrealistic sets. He and co-designer Voyk were twice honored for their designs r Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude:* ey were nominated for an Olivier Award r last year's West End production, and r a Tony for this season's Broadway run. Realistic sets are boring," Levine says. "I ent for something more daring to emasize the mood of the play." The result: "huge clapboard box" that captured the claustrophobic, boxed-in" feeling of 'Neill's characters.

Ontario's Shaw Festival production of ornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*—notable challenge because the play roams time from the prehistoric age to the 940s—drew raves last year for Levine's arsome dinosaur and the twinkling, dollouse look of his Atlantic City—the latter spired, he says, by a trip to Venice. And is month, for the Shaw Festival production of Clare Boothe Luce's *The Women*, he dulges in a "froufrou" atmosphere for e quintessential Park Avenue apartment to emphasize luxury and the abuse of xury, a world where the characters take oney for granted." —*Gary Stern*



JOHN MASTROMONACO

port is funny-grim in the Mamet manner: "—all these spaced out old cruds they had them around this long table making nut cups for Halloween, I mean it was like nursery school at the wrong fucking end of the line." Nearly every character in *Carpenter's Gothic* is a spaced-out *young* crud, making not nut cups but iffy, shyster deals. Like Mamet's *Glengarry Glen Ross*, *Carpenter's Gothic* is a mountain of talk which eventually yields a vein of quick-kill intrigue—the real estate under dispute here being a bleak patch of land in southern Africa said to be rich in mineral deposits. Doves panic and crash as the sky darkens with buzzards.

Carpenter's Gothic has a thick film of tension. It stretches and frays the nerves suspensefully. But finally this novel proves what *JR* proved—electric ingenuity is not enough. *Carpenter's Gothic* is both a marvel of craft and a leaking bucket of acid feeling. Like Thomas Pynchon, another avant-gardist who builds bombs in his backyard, William Gaddis is a big exploiter of paranoia and megadeath, and *Carpenter's Gothic* is fundamentally a book that doesn't believe in anything but its own nihilism. Capitalism is earth rape, religion is theater for the gullible, politics is a protective condom donned before power thrusts, nature is gashed and grieving ("The fruitless torment of a wild cherry tree, limbs like the scabrous barked trunk itself wrenched, twisted, dead where one of them sported wens the size of a man's head, cysts the size of a fist"), and America is a nitwit giant ("The prevailing IQ in this country's about a hundred, did you know that? Good God, talk about a dark continent"). I don't expect novels to be sunny and life-affirming, but *Carpenter's Gothic* is so monochromatic in its sour fate-[illegible] that Gaddis seems to be bending every [illegible] with his whacks. This is the sort [illegible] where the only sympathetic character [illegible] killed off so that Gaddis can show us [illegible] cannical, how unsparing life is. Dramatically and thematically, the book [illegible] on too much stage direction. To [illegible] Liz's shredded nerves, Gaddis has [illegible] constantly tearing and twisting a p[illegible]owel, and that dove at the beginning of the novel? I'm afraid it really does [illegible]. Peace (Pink and slain, it's tossed in the trash.)

William Gaddis isn't merely reporting the thunder in *Carpenter's Gothic*, he's manufacturing it. He's taxing his eardrums and ours with a lot of sky-is-falling hullabaloo. But in making his distress call, he isn't very sociable. He seems to want the bomb shelter all to himself. □

Hot Type

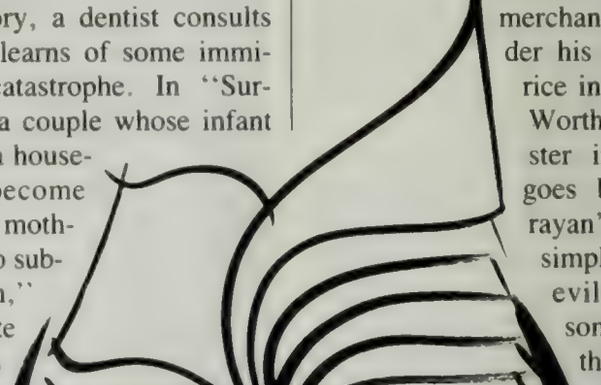
"There is only one story in America, and that is the story of how to become famous." The speaker of this declaration, a janitor in a midwestern hospital, isn't a very likely candidate. Nor are most of the other characters in Charles Baxter's second collection of stories, *Through the Safety Net* (Viking). A frustrated high-school teacher, a depressed graduate student, an alcoholic advertising copywriter: these people aren't going anywhere. But it's their very obscurity that makes them interesting. What fascinates Baxter is the peril of ordinary life.

In the title story, a dentist consults her psychic and learns of some imminent nameless catastrophe. In "Surprised by Joy," a couple whose infant daughter dies in a household accident become estranged as the mother's grief begins to subside. In "Gryphon," a spooky substitute teacher discourses on the cosmic energy in pyramids, rationalizes her failure to notice a student's mistake in the multiplication table ("think of six times eleven equals twenty-eight as a substitute fact"), and reads her students' grim futures with tarot cards. Disasters rarely happen in a Baxter story; they're intimated, or they've happened and somehow been survived.

Baxter has a weakness for the laconic dialogue that's fashionable now, and some of his stories feel contrived. But he has the great virtue of sympathy and never condescends to his characters. Several of these stories concern vaguely liter[illegible] young men with nagging parents. W[illegible] will become of our boy? they wo[illegible] When will he get a real job? Relax: y[illegible] son is doing fine. These are wonde[illegible] stories, and I know he'll make a name [illegible] himself. —*James A[illegible]*

In R. K. Narayan's new book of s[illegible] ries, *Under the Banyan Tree* ([illegible] king), the seventy-nine-year-old Indi[illegible] storyteller-guru again looks in on [illegible] made-up city of Malgudi. There in [illegible] teeming streets he discovers pennil[illegible] Indians getting their toes stepped on[illegible] buses, risking their lives for four rup[illegible] (to retrieve a brass pot from the bott[illegible] of a well), and sleeping in the street[illegible] that their only valuable possessions[illegible] two sheep—can be safely locked up[illegible] the house. Throughout, these Malg[illegible] dians shrug, sigh, and leave it to fate[illegible]

Narayan's voice has a beguiling m[illegible] al edge, the rhythmic murmur of a v[illegible] lage elder repeating tales of good a[illegible] evil. And, indeed, the stories would[illegible] even better heard than read. Simple [illegible] stringent, they offer hope to the dow[illegible] trodden—the gree[illegible] merchant suffocates u[illegible] der his fallen hoard [illegible] rice in "Half a Rup[illegible] Worth," and the sh[illegible] ster in "A Caree[illegible] goes blind. Yet N[illegible] rayan's morality is n[illegible] simplistic: good a[illegible] evil are present[illegible] somewhere outsi[illegible] the realm of h[illegible] man control.



Not all of t[illegible] twenty-eig[illegible] stories are satisfying[illegible] many are short fables wrapped [illegible] abruptly with a trite saying: "[It] was small price to pay for the luxury [illegible] practicing Truth." But others, partic[illegible] larly the three longest, provide a ra[illegible] view of the Indian mind and soul.

—*Amy Engel[illegible]*

Once upon a time in England the[illegible] lived six Mitford sisters. All we[illegible] handsome, bright, charming, witty, ar[illegible] extremely U. Three became famou[illegible]

ncy, the novelist; Jessica, the mmunist and muckraker; and borah, Duchess of Devonre. Two were notorious. Diana married the leader of British Fascists and was inned during World War II. nity outdid her, becoming se to Adolf Hitler, and then ot herself when the war began. ch sister's publicity sharpened e spotlight on the others, and on eir entire family.

Jonathan and Catherine Guinness gin their family chronicle, *The ouse of Mitford* (Viking), with the andfathers: Algernon Bertram Mitrd, diplomat and author, and Thomas bson Bowles, politician and publish. The reader is spared not a single nt or second cousin on the ensuing mily tree—though one forgives poits like the one of Lady Malet, who d her horses tethered near the drive o watch the comings and goings, on e grounds that they must be bored in e stables."

As a result, the first 240 pages of *The ouse of Mitford* have the feel of a ngthy, if entertaining, cocktail party; e sit down to dinner only when the uinnesses begin their account of the ird generation. Still, the fact that their ncestors seem to have always marched their own drummers helps to explain hy the Mitford sisters could be so exavagantly single-minded in their pasons. Their extreme enthusiasms, temered by elegance, wit, and a love of chatting" that endeared them to such ontemporaries as Evelyn Waugh and ytton Strachey, dominate this latest istory of the Mitford family—making a lively chronicle.

—Elise O'Shaughnessy

Author Shana Alexander seems transfixed by the spectacle of upper-lass women ensnared in decidedly unavory situations. *Anyone's Daughter* xplained how Patty Hearst ended up nodeling a black beret *à la* Che while oting a machine gun during a bank robery. *Very Much a Lady* told the tale of ean Harris, driven mad by the wavering and wandering lust of the Scarsdale Diet doctor. In her latest offering, *Nutcracker* (Doubleday), Alexander finishes a story begun by Tommy (*Celebrity*) Thompson before his death in 1982. Using Thompson's notes, augmented by additional research, Alexander describes the real-life contretemps of one Frances Bernice Bradshaw Gentile Schreuder, a Utah-born automotive-parts heiress whose main claim to fame was being a board member of the New York City Ballet. In 1983 she was convicted of murdering her seventy-six-year-old father. Her motive: acquiring his $400 million estate, "the largest ever probated by the state of Utah." The hit man who blasted the victim in the back, then rifled his pockets as he lay dying, was his own seventeen-year-old grandson, Frances's younger son, Marc. At his mother's trial, Marc—already in jail for the murder—served as the prosecution's star witness by testifying that Mom, through extraordinary abuse, had coerced him into shooting "Gramps." As part of her own defense, Frances attempted to frame her older son, Larry, as her father's murderer. It was, needless to say, quite a family feud.

An oily stew of greed, mental illness, big bucks, and hatred, *Nutcracker* is also a story of great philanthropy; Frances helped to underwrite George Balanchine's art by giving more than $1 million to the N.Y.C.B. Thanks to over three hundred interviews and a breezy yet well-organized narrative, Alexander does the lurid tale richly detailed justice. But even more important, she fleshes out the extraordinary power and madness of Frances Schreuder. With her "chopped black hair" and dirty fur coats, Frances haunted the N.Y.C.B.'s development office by day, dispensing thousands of dollars, while at night she filled her apartment with screams and invective, shrieking at her sons that they had to kill Gramps—a quiet Mormon given to sporting "a ragged orange polo shirt with penguins on it"—else they would all starve in Harlem. A repellent murderess, now serving a life sentence in a Utah prison, Frances Schreuder nonetheless provides fascinating companionship for the reader of *Nutcracker*. *—Deirdre Donahue*

Night-Table Reading

Who reads what between the sheets



PHYLLIS GEORGE (co-anchor, *CBS Morning News*): *Iacocca*, by Lee Iacocca with William Novak (Bantam). "Like my husband, he has worked his way to the top."



ROBERT JOFFREY (founder, Joffrey Ballet): *Degas*, by Roy McMullen (Houghton Mifflin). "It's both interesting and reassuring to read about artists. We all have the same concerns."



HIRO

MARTHA GRAHAM (choreographer): "The budget for our sixtieth-anniversary jubilee next spring."



WENDY WASSERSTEIN (playwright): *Men and Angels*, by Mary Gordon (Random House), and *Hotel du Lac*, by Anita Brookner (Pantheon), "because they're so different from my life."

Jeane Kirkpatrick

(Continued from page 35) little girl retreat into more books, more studies, more questions, and identify "with all the outsiders, the Jews, the blacks, even the Duncan, Oklahoma, Indians." She asked her parents to explain the segregation policies of the town for her, but she could never get a satisfactory answer from them. "They believed characteristically as people of their era did," she said. "But their bias was directed against only blacks, not Jews, for example.

"My parents indoctrinated me strenuously with an ideology that forbade me to think differently," Kirkpatrick said. She took in their conventional bromides and in school studied the Civil War from the point of view of the South. When she was twelve, the Jordons moved to Vandalia, Illinois, and there she found new friends and new history lessons. "Suddenly the Civil War was taught from an entirely new perspective," she said. "That taught me a lot about diplomacy." However educated she became later, she says it was her early schooling in Duncan—"the frontier mentality"—that was the most crucial "to understanding who I am and what I am."

On her last day at the United Nations, her office was cleaned out. The wall map of the world and the coffee-table book on the fabrics of Pierre Deux had disappeared, the credenzas were empty, and piled outside the door were crates containing the trappings of former power: Xeroxes of hundreds of speeches, VHS tapes of her appearances on *Firing Line* and *Meet the Press*, and clippings of the 5,876 newspaper stories concerning her since her appointment. Although she was only hours away from her new office at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank [illegible]hington, Kirkpatrick was still adhering to the diplomat's schedule: juggling interviews, arranging to see the secretary general for the last time, autographing [illegible] and pictures for the remaining [illegible] fishing from a bowl of Reagan jelly beans, as if they would give her energy.

Jeane Kirkpatrick is a woman who believes in neat hemlines, ceremonies, sentences that parse, and thoughts that hold up. She is not what her Georgetown friends would call a *jodedor*, a bullshitter, and so as she tried to explain exactly what she had accomplished in her four years at the U.N., she spoke carefully, almost in italics, and used the word *respect* a lot. "I have helped to restore respect. We are no longer attacked continually in the U.N. We are no longer made the scapegoat of the world's problems. The United States has been getting fairer treatment than it did four years ago. Along with this has come a general decrease in the level of abusive rhetoric. There is less time spent on it. There is more of a constructive attitude. And I believe we really stopped the trend toward the politicization of the U.N. agencies." Kirkpatrick slowed, as if to allow her thoughts to be recorded accurately, and then said, "This was manifested most of all toward Israel. It was spreading like a cancer through the U.N. system, and we stopped it. Once we did, we found a lot of collaborators."

Personally, she underwent immense change during her four years at the U.N. Her sons, in their twenties, had trouble coming to terms with the fact that their mother, who had once been anonymous, was now a celebrity. "They despise it," Kirkpatrick said. "The strain of my public life has affected them. They feel that their privacy is violated. They can't stand that. They are very private boys, and I am not sure if it is that they are grown-up now, but they have pulled much closer to Kirk than to me, and that upsets me." Kirkpatrick was so disturbed about this that she did not talk about her sons individually, and seemed afraid even of naming them, as if the slightest indiscretion would drive them further from her.

The two oldest, Douglas and John, are lawyers. They are both married, Douglas for the second time. Kirkpatrick's youngest son, Stuart, dropped out of Kenyon College about the time she went to the U.N., but he is now back in school. The boys were always precocious. José Sorzano, a member of Kirkpatrick's staff and her former researcher at Georgetown, remembers the first time he met Douglas. "He was five or so. There had been a fire at kindergarten that day, and among the dinner guests at the Kirkpatricks' was Hubert Humphrey, who asked Douglas to tell him about it. 'The authorities suspect arson,' the five-year-old said."

Kirkpatrick always looked forwar[illegible] the time when her sons would m[illegible] and she could experience "the kind[illegible] closeness I had always wanted fro[illegible] daughter, which I never had." But [illegible] role as a diplomat seemed to prov[illegible] barrier. "I feel a distance from [illegible] sons' wives, as if they're afraid of m[illegible]" she said, "and I don't understand [illegible] They're both intelligent, nice wom[illegible] They work. Why would they feel [illegible] timidated by me?" Her winsome nai[illegible]té made it hard for her to understa[illegible] that, as a potential mother-in-law [illegible] U.N. ambassador was probably as fe[illegible] some as Mrs. Marcos.

Just before she moved to New Y[illegible] and the United Nations, her husband [illegible] most died of Legionnaires' disea[illegible] "Jeane researched this thing as if [illegible] were a book she was writing," said Jo[illegible] Sorzano. "She saved Kirk's life."

Three years later, her best frie[illegible] Anne Crutcher, a newspaper editor [illegible] Washington, died of cancer. "I was l[illegible] reft," Kirkpatrick said. She deliver[illegible] the eulogy at her funeral, and her [illegible] scription of her friend seemed a paral[illegible] of herself: "How can I possibly [illegible] scribe such a friend? Through the wa[illegible] I shall miss her? The years of talks [illegible] food and family? Politics, history, Le[illegible] and Nabokov? The dinners cooked [illegible] one another, savored at table and [illegible] shared reminiscence? A perfect leg [illegible] lamb, an essential lemon tart. . . Gre[illegible] wines, Christmas trees? Visits in Pr[illegible] vence, where food and philosoph[illegible] blended easily. . . How unbelievable s[illegible] would have found it in the days of loc[illegible] politics and liberal causes to imagi[illegible] herself a conservative. Yet, with [h[illegible] husband] Leon, and many of us, she r[illegible] sponded to the sixties and seventies, t[illegible] counterculture, with revulsion at its i[illegible] dulgences and excesses, its errors a[illegible] destructions. . . . The human condition she insisted, can neither be escaped n[illegible] denied, and the price of rebellion, s[illegible] knew, is falsification, tyranny, destru[illegible] tion."

She described her friend Anne as b[illegible] ing "as much a woman of her time an[illegible] place as a character from one of Mar[illegible] McCarthy's novels." But so is Jean[illegible] Kirkpatrick. Like many of McCarthy' women, Kirkpatrick and Crutcher wer[illegible] reared with traditional values an[illegible] viewed marriage as a refuge. The Mc[illegible] Carthy woman is inevitably disappoint[illegible] ed with marriage, always expecting fa[illegible] more than she gets. In public life Kirk[illegible]

rick received the kind of adulation which there is no equivalent in pri- e life—thousands of people wearing mp-Kirkpatrick buttons at the Repub- an convention, chitchats with the sident. For four years Evron Kirk- rick, who is imposing and amiable looks a bit like Colonel Sanders, s besieged by reporters who wanted know about the *real* Jeane Kirkpat- k. At the Wick dinner he seemed erjoyed about his wife's return home. more shuttles! No more having to strangers about what a great pot-au- she could cook or about the Modi- ani she selected for her ambassa- rial suite at the Waldorf Towers! his job exacerbated Jeanie's worst ndencies," he said. "Boy, does Jean- love to talk."

As Jeane Kirkpatrick got ready to ve the world arena, she talked about ny things: her past, what caused her work so diligently, and the deep at- hments she formed outside of her mily as she raised her three sons and ote five books. "Early on in my mar- ge," she said, "I realized that my sband was a very private man. Kirk is mewhat detached emotionally, and I d to learn to live without a great deal intimacy." She began to contemplate w this had affected her choices as a ung woman of twenty-eight who had ft behind her Paris and a potentially tonishing career. "I've never been to psychiatrist," she said, but she be- ves in the psychoanalytical approach political science, and for a few mo- ents she was willing to think about her ork load and whether it might not be a assic case of compensation. "Per- ps," she said. "I have to think about at...I just can't talk about these ings in print."

Nothing new here: Kirkpatrick had me of age and shed mentors and de- endents, she had gained public accep- nce and paid a private price, and as e thought about these changes in her fe, she knew that she would deal with em the way she had been trained to as child. "Work was the essence of our fe," she said. "There was absolutely o frivolity."

A few years ago Kirkpatrick did mething uncharacteristic: she allowed erself to be inducted into the Oklaho- a Hall of Fame, "even though it was okey." In some way she felt com- elled to justify her existence to her fa- er. "My father would not have been impressed with anything I had ever done, he was that difficult," she said. "I mean the United Nations job too. But I knew—and I said it when I was inducted—the Oklahoma Hall of Fame would have impressed him." Kirkpatrick has told this story repeatedly, and the anecdote is fairly irresistible as metaphor, but what is most touching about it is the epilogue. After the induction, she insisted that the motorcade take her back to Duncan, about ninety miles away. "I felt compelled to see what the town looked like—it was so small! so western!—and I felt this terrible discomfort, like an anxiety, all the way there and back. It was a distress about my success, and what it meant. Success meaning fame."

Success meaning fame, rather than hard work and accomplishment, was "particularly unnerving" for her, because it was the antithesis of every value she had been reared with. Suddenly she found herself on the Nile talking dresses with Betsy Bloomingdale! Frivolity was everywhere, and Kirkpatrick loved it—the attention, the talk, "having a really good time." At last she had shed her mentors and moved from outside to inside, as if she had graduated from Henry Kissinger's finishing school. Kirkpatrick refused even to consider the traps, or the possibility that for an intellectual the roar of the greasepaint could cause mental torpor to set in.

Kirkpatrick positively glowed when she spoke about becoming a Republican—the final confirmation that her outsider status had been shaken off at last. At first she had sounded as adversarial as ever: "I never expect to find a party that I am wholly in agreement with." But by the time she allowed Maureen Reagan to invite four hundred people to the JW Marriott in Washington to honor her, she had dipped into her new sorority and was out there swinging. "The people with whom I found I could work most closely on issues I cared about were almost always Republicans," she said. "I had really ceased being a Democrat."

In fact, Kirkpatrick was doing nothing more than following the unwritten rules and folkways of elective politics—effacing yourself for the sake of the party, from the precinct leaders to the worker bees—and just as her entry into public life had seemed predestined in the books she had written analyzing political women, so too did her future as a

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Jeane Kirkpatrick

Republican official, elected or appointed, seem preordained by another study she had done. It was a monograph on her mentor Hubert Humphrey. Like the eulogy delivered for her friend Anne Crutcher, it was a response of the most personal nature, written for the tenth anniversary of the Wilson Center in Washington. In it, Kirkpatrick analyzed the qualities that led Humphrey to be elected to public office and to be, in death, considered "the complete American, the complete liberal, and the complete democratic politician." Humphrey's hardworking, small-town background made him perfect for politics, but his inability to conform to the power structure made it difficult for him to work with his Senate colleagues. Kirkpatrick wrote of Humphrey's problems with the Senate, and of how his talkiness and cornball folksiness worked against his acceptance. " 'Mavericks' who disregard institutional norms may be respected by their peers, but rarely become influential," she wrote. And she analyzed how Humphrey's popularity would have been greater "had he lived before the development of a preoccupation with style" in this country. The fashionable people deserted him because, as she wrote, "Humphrey looked and sounded nothing like Paul Newman—or even Eugene McCarthy."

Just as Kirkpatrick absorbed certain lessons in Duncan, so she later came to understand clearly the importance of intellectual fashion. She cast off her maverick status and began to follow the inside rules. By doing so, she will be rewarded, as Humphrey wasn't, with tremendous influence, as an adviser or a proper official, be it secretary of state, senator, vice president, or better. And Jeane Kirkpatrick is not ruling out running for public office. Disregard her I-have-no-desire-to-run remarks. This is a woman who spent the last months of her tenure racing from Republican dinner to farewell event, who bolted from a car to get to a reception honoring Jack Kemp—the man talked about as her running mate—because, she said, "he always has done so many nice things for me." Her staff has already prepared the indispensable mailing list for her—without her permission, she says. But just before moving back to Washington, Kirkpatrick had lunch with Dorothy Sarnoff, the TV adviser who has coached Menachem Begin and George Shultz on how to look and speak better on-camera. "She asked if I thought she needed help," said Sarnoff, "and I told her no."

Jeane Kirkpatrick was at Dulles just before she was to become a private citizen once again. Her Secret Service people were nowhere in attendance, there was no special escort. She was jammed into the crowd, waiting for the airport runway shuttle train, suffering the same humiliations of the tarmac as the general populace. That day she had accepted the Christian A. Herter Award at the World Affairs Council in Bost and she was tired from having give policy statement on Central America ter the lunch. "The only reason I agr to get the award," she said, "is beca I turned them down before." Now was hoi polloi again, being pus around like everyone else. She lapsed on a seat, her features paler t usual, as if she had walked in on a sc from *No Exit*.

When the train took off, Kirkpatr crossed her legs clumsily and tall about her future as a newspaper colu nist. She was debating which syndic to sign with—perhaps with the Los A geles *Times*, perhaps with her g friend Rupert Murdoch. (Later s signed with the Los Angeles *Times*.) don't want to be thought of as an id logue," she said. What she needed w "a forum and distribution," and m than anything she wanted her views be read widely. All of her friends h been talking to her about running office, and she was thinking about t as well.

"I decide everything incrementally she said. "I take it in and let it percol down. That's what my aide José S zano always says, and I know h right." She sighed and looked straig ahead, as if she had vanished complet ly into her own processes, contempl ing the enigma of her future. The tra stopped, and Kirkpatrick headed for t door. There was a small gust of win and her blond curls got riffled in t breeze. Kirkpatrick slowed, but only f a moment. □

A Lesson in Traveling Light

(Continued from page 79) who were my parents be living at the other end of that phone call?

When I sat down inside the phone booth and closed the door, a light went on. Perhaps when I lifted the receiver instructions would issue from it. How surprised Lee would be to see the little glass compartment tremble, then lift from the ground and arc above the mountains. I picked up the receiver, unleashing only the dial tone, and dialed my parents' number.

My mother was out playing cards, my father told me. "Why aren't you with her?" I said. "I thought you liked to play, too."

"You thought wrong," my father said. "And anyway," he said, "I can't stand the scum she's scooped up in this place."

"Well," I said. "I guess you've probably found friends of your own there."

"Friends," my father said. "Poor S.O.B.'s could only make it as far as a trailer park—you'd think they were living in Rolls-Royces."

"Well," I said.

"They're nosy, too," my father said. "These people are so nosy it isn't funny."

"Sorry to hear it," I said.

"It's nothing to me," my father said. "I don't go out, anyhow. My leg's too bad."

A tide shrank in my chest.

"Hear anything from Mike and Phi ly?" I said.

"Yeah—Philly's doing quite well, a a matter of fact," my father saic "Quite well. Spoke to him just the othe week. He's managing some kind c club, apparently."

"Probably a whorehouse," I said not into the phone.

"What?" my father said.

I didn't say anything.

"What?" he said again.

"That's great," I said. "What abou Mike?"

"Mike," my father said. "He lef Sharon again. That clown. Sharor called and said would we take the kid

raveling Light

a while. Of course we would have if could. I don't think she's too great those kids, anyhow."

A Greyhound bus had appeared in the rking lot, and a man carrying a small ase climbed out. I wondered where could possibly be going. He walked o the darkness, and then the bus was ne in darkness, too.

"What about you?" my father said. What're you up to? Still got that boy-end?"

"Yes," I said. I glanced over at the n. It looked miniature in front of the st supermarket window, itself miniature against the line of mountains in the y. "In fact," I said, "we were thinking of coming to visit you."

"Jesus," said my father. "Don't tell e this one's going to marry you. ey," he said suspiciously, "where're ou calling from?"

It was almost totally dark, and cold ghts were scattered in the hills. People obably lived up there, I thought, in ttle ranch-style houses where tricycles, heels in the air, and broken toys lay frail patches of lawn like weapons on deserted battlefield.

"I said, where are you calling om?" my father said again.

"Home," I said. "I have to get off ow, though."

As soon as I hung up, the phone started to ring. It would be the operator asking for more money. It was still ringing hen I climbed into the van, but I could ardly hear it from there.

Lee and I sat side by side for a moment. "It's peaceful here," I said.

"Yeah," Lee said.

"No one was home," I said.

"All right," Lee said—there were ifferent reasons he might have let me ay that, I thought—"let's go on."

That night I apologized.

"It's all right," Lee said.

"No," I said. "And I really do like our friends. I liked staying with hem."

"We won't do it anymore," Lee aid.

"We can't stay at motels," I said. 'And it's nice to get out of the van."

Lee didn't say anything.

"Besides," I said, "we don't even know where we're going."

I wondered if Lee had fallen asleep. "What about your friend Kathryn"—I said it softly, in case he had—"that Carlos mentioned? Would you like to see her?"

"Well," Lee said finally, "she doesn't live that far from here."

As soon as we climbed out of the van in Kathryn's driveway a girl flew out of the door, landing in Lee's arms. They laughed and kissed each other and laughed again.

"Maggie," Lee said, "what are you doing here?"

"Fact is, Lee," she said, "Buzzy's partner got sent up, so I'm staying here awhile case anybody's looking for anybody."

"Yeah?" Lee said. "Is Buzzy here?"

"He's up in Portland," she said. "He said it would be better if we went in different directions, just till this cools off. I guess he's got a honey up there."

Lee shook his head, looking at her.

"Never mind, baby," she said. "I'll win, you know that. I always win." Lee laughed again.

Inside, Kathryn put out her hands and Lee held them. Then she looked at me. "You're cold," she said. "Stand by the fire, and I'll get you something to put on."

"I'm O.K.," I said. "Anyhow, I've got things in the van." But she took a huge, flossy blanket from the back of the sofa and wound it slowly around and around me.

"You look like a princess!" Maggie said. "Doesn't she? Look, Lee. She looks like a princess that's—what are those stories?—under a dark enchantment." Kathryn stood back and looked.

We drank big hot glasses of applejack and cinnamon, and the fire splashed shadows across us. Kathryn and Maggie and Lee talked, their words scattering and shifting with the fire.

Numbness inched into my body, and my mind struggled to make sense of what my ears heard. Maggie had left the room—I grasped that—and Lee and Kathryn were talking about Carlos.

"I miss him. You know that, Lee?" Kathryn was saying. "I think about a lot of people, but I miss Carlos."

"You should call him," I tried to say, but my sleeping voice couldn't.

"Well," Lee said.

"Wait—" I wanted my voice to say. I knew I wouldn't be able to listen much longer. "He talked about you—"

"I don't know," Lee said. "I found myself feeling sorry for him. It was pretty bad. I hated to feel that way, but it seems like he hasn't grown. He just hasn't grown, and the thing is, he's lost his nerve."

"Kathryn—" I wanted to say, and couldn't, and couldn't, "Carlos wants to see you."

I slid helplessly into sleep, and it must have taken me some time to struggle back to the surface, because when I'd managed to, Lee was saying, "Yeah, she is. She's very nice. We're having some problems now, though. And I don't know if I can help her anymore."

I heard it as a large globe floating near me, just out of reach. I tried to hold it, to turn it this way and that, but it bobbed away on the surface as I slipped under again.

I woke in bed in another room, bound and sweating in the blanket, and I could hear Lee's and Kathryn's voices as a murmur. I flung the blanket away and pushed myself out of my clothes as sleep swallowed me once more.

In the morning I awoke puffed and gluey from unshed tears. I wrapped the blanket around myself and followed voices and coffee smell into the kitchen, where Maggie and Kathryn and Lee were eating pancakes.

"That's one sensational blanket," Maggie said. "This morning it makes you look like Cinderella."

I dropped the blanket. "Now it makes me look like Lady Godiva," I said, not smiling. Kathryn's laugh flashed in the room like jewelry.

When I came back to the kitchen, dressed, the others were having seconds. "Oh, God," Maggie said. "Remember those apple pancakes you used to make, Lee? Those were the best."

"I haven't made those in a long time," Lee said. "Maybe I'll do that one of these mornings."

"If we're going to be staying for a while I want to go get some things from town," I said, standing back up.

"Relax," Lee said. "We'll drive in later."

Kathryn and Maggie gave us a list of stuff they needed, and we set out.

"Kathryn's very beautiful," I said. "Maggie is too."

"Yeah," Lee said.

"You and Kathryn seem like good friends," I said.

"We're old friends," Lee said. "Your feelings never change about old friends."

Traveling Light

"Like Carlos," I said. "Hey, why is Maggie's boyfriend giving her a hard time?"

"He's an asshole," Lee said.

"Kathryn doesn't have a boyfriend," I said.

"No," Lee said.

"She must get lonely up there," I said.

"I don't think so," Lee said. "Besides, people come to her a lot."

"Yes," I said.

"Like Maggie," he said. "People who need something."

We parked in the shopping-center lot and went to the supermarket and the hardware store and the drugstore, and Lee climbed back into the van.

"You go on ahead," I said. "There's some other stuff I need to do."

"It's a long walk back," Lee said.

"I know," I said.

"You're sure you know the way?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"It's cold," he said.

"I know," I said.

"All right," he said, "if that's what you want."

I felt a lot better. I felt pretty go looked around the parking lot and people whose arms were full of p ages or who held children by the ha watched the van glide out onto the r and I saw it accelerate up along curve of the days ahead. Soon, I Lee would pull up in front of Kathr house, soon he would step through door and she would turn, and soon, that afternoon, of course, but s enough, I would be stan ng agai this parking lot, ticket in hand, wai to board the bus that would appea startlingly in front of me, as if from where. □

The Night They Stared into the Gazpacho

(Continued from page 41) associated with sex, either. For one thing, I was accustomed to hearing the word *sweet* used synonymously with *cute*, often condescendingly. This was a new construct, interesting to bounce off not just sex but also, say, music, beauty, mood. And even though I didn't possess the sensory knowledge to truly understand Misha's use of the word *sweet* in the context of sex, in order to begin to extrapolate its meaning I had to rid myself for the moment of what I had already been indoctrinated to associate with sex: fear, shame, barter, and nebulous romance. This other view of pleasure, honest but tantalizingly girdled in the gentle restraint of sweetness, was much more sophisticated than anything I would have come up with on my own. So after I'd heard the inflection in Misha's voice when she said "It was sweet," it started me thinking. That is, there are certain things I never thought of the same way again. In fact, I'd say my brain took a turn it's never quite recovered from, fortunately for me, by the time our chorus got through with Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, a Mozart Mass in C, and Fauré's hokey but lov Requiem.

But the last fascinating thing Misha told me was: "Then his mother came home, so we had to jump out of bed and put our clothes on fast. Then we quickly opened all the windows because, you know, sex smells different when you're pregnant."

I sighed.

"What?" said N

"I'm depressed," I said

"Why?" he asked.

"I was just thinking about this black girl who was my friend in high school. She had to drop out when she was fifteen. She's probably somewhere in Harlem now bringing four kids up on welfare."

"Maybe she isn't. How do you know? Maybe she wound up going to medical school."

"Chances are she didn't," I said.

"That's true," he admitted.

"While I have three more appointments this week for gourmet dinners out in the white upwardly mobile print-oriented ghetto."

"That's why it's a lousy modus vivendi," he said.

"Then why are you reproaching me for saying those things last night?" I demanded.

"I'm not," he said. "I didn't mind."

"You didn't?"

"No, I was the only white person who didn't stare into the gazpacho, which gave me the opportunity to look around the table and note that the only other person not staring into the gazpacho was Carl Carlton, who, I believe, was interested in what you were saying."

"I'll never know," I said. "The subject was changed with head-spinning rapidity."

"I think," said Nick, "he noticed that too and didn't want to embarrass anyone."

"Really?"

"I don't know for sure. As you say, the speed with which the subject was changed was vertiginous."

"And to *Porky's Revenge* too. *Porky's Revenge*! Every dinner you go to, that's what people are talking ab They'd much rather talk about mo than about anything. They'd rather about movies than about life. I me it's incredible! I can't believe the rather talk about movies than ab *sex!*"

"They'd certainly rather talk ab movies than about race, unless it' movie about race."

I expelled an exasperated sigh.

"It's complicated," said Ni "These particular people feel off hook about racism, because they lieve they're not racists, and beca they in fact admire blacks. In m ways, they're jealous of blacks. Bu the same time they know they woul want to be black."

"Well, I know it's complicated."

"People are uneasy," said Nick.

"For crying out loud," I said. " not as if I'd brought up the size of bl men's cocks or anything."

"Thank God," said Nick, picking his newspaper again when he saw I better.

"Why?" I asked. "Do you kn that I saw an article the other day i national magazine about condoms t specifically mentioned that they ma facture condoms in smaller sizes Japanese men."

"Do you know what time it is asked Nick.

I looked at my watch.

"Nine-forty-five," I said.

"It's too early in the morning to d cuss Japanese penises."

This annoyed me.

"It's true," I said.

"What?" he asked.

"They're huge."

"What?"

"Black men."

"Oh God," he said.

"Well," I said, "it's as good a meta-
or as anything else. It all has to do
h fear."

Nick folded the paper.

"The reason it's all right to write in
tional magazines about Japanese pe-
ses," I declared, "is not just to make
ople feel O.K. about having honkie
enies, but because ultimately Ameri-
n whites are less afraid of yellow peo-
ple than of black people."

My head was clearing; I was starting to feel more like myself.

"I win," I said.

"What?"

"It's over half an hour and I haven't used the words *American culture* once," I pointed out.

Nick stood and neatly centered his oatmeal-caked bowl on the coffee table.

"You know," he said as he headed out of the room, "when you get up before I do, my life is a vale of tears." □

triver's Row

ontinued from page 53) prep schools
nply could not figure him out. His
yle of rowing was influenced by the
niversity of Washington crews, and to
stern eyes it seemed rough. It includ-
l a small amount of backsplash at the
tch when he drove his oar. Very early
, Biglow had an argument with Ed
handler on the merits of backsplash.
handler, who had rowed at Exeter, in-
sted that backsplash was a sign the
at was being checked, its progress
peded. They took their argument to
uzz Congram, the Yale freshman
ach. Chandler had rarely been so sure
anything as of this. "Well, actual-
," said Congram, "John is right."
handler was stunned. "You won't be-
eve this," he said to his friends in the
athouse, "but I've just lost an argu-
ent on technique to *Biglow*."

The prep-school oarsmen decided
at although Biglow might have a good
chnique, he wasn't really pulling
ard. The tip-off was that the puddles
ft by his oars were not particularly
rge. Puddle size was a bone of conten-
on among oarsmen: some claimed that
ou could tell how hard an oarsman was
ulling by the size of his puddles; others
ontended that though on occasion it
as a good measurement, it could also
e faked, oddly enough by poor tech-
ique. If Biglow's stroke was all finesse
nd no muscle, no wonder that the tech-
ique was so good.

That argument ended one day during
e winter, when the oarsmen measured
eir scores on an ergometer. The erg
as a particularly cruel machine that
imulated a race on the water; it tested
trength and endurance, and it left
trong men gasping for breath. Erg day
as a day of judgment. Everyone seemed to know everyone else's scores and to measure their fellow rowers by them.

Each oarsman was to row for ten minutes. Dan Goldberg, the freshman coxswain, monitored the machine, checking the scores so that the coach would have not just the final figure but the splits—how an oarsman was pulling at each increment of time. Some of the rowers asked him to goad them, to push them to work harder. Biglow wanted none of that. "I don't want you to say anything to me," he said, "except to give me my stroke rating every minute. Do not say anything else." All the other oarsmen had gone out as hard and as high as they could, and then had tailed off in the final couple of minutes. Biglow did not go out hard, but he went out very smoothly. His splits were consistent, and with about half of the test done, his scores were a little behind the best ones. Then Biglow's splits began to go up, higher and higher. This was his sprint; he was finishing strongly, and he had scaled his energy to the test almost perfectly. His score was roughly 10 percent higher than that of anyone else.

All the other top oarsmen had more or less collapsed over the machine at the end of the test. Biglow got up calmly and walked away as if he had been doing nothing more serious than reading a newspaper. Goldberg and some of the other oarsmen checked to see if the machine was broken. Could this freshman of rather modest size (by rowing standards at least, for Biglow was only six feet three and perhaps 185 pounds and a truly big oarsman is closer to six feet five and 215 pounds) have pulled these scores? They were not only higher than

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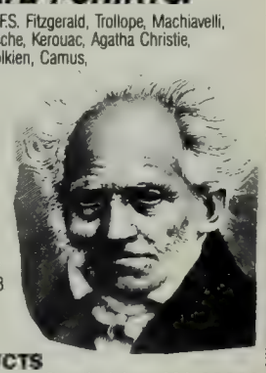
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all the other freshman scores but higher than the scores posted by the strongest men on the varsity. There was nothing wrong with the machine. It was just that one of the strongest oarsmen in Yale history had arrived.

Dan Goldberg, the coxswain, decided that what made Biglow stand out was his profound sense of the "ethics of crew." It was as if, frustrated and unhappy in the real world around him, he sought in the world of rowing a more ordered, purer universe. Biglow and Goldberg had a tempestuous relationship; they irritated each other at first, and it took them a long time to become friends. Goldberg had been a boxer in high school in Iowa, and he was new to rowing. He had heard that part of the job of a coxswain was to provoke and push the rowers, and he had done that in the beginning, trying to push them at the end of the race by screaming, "*How much do you want it? How much do you want it?*" The former football players who were rowing for the first time seemed to like these exhortations. It was the way their high-school coaches had pushed them. But Biglow hated it. "Don't ever say that to me again," he had told Goldberg. "It is never a question of that. Never."

If rowers were not doing well, it was not because they did not want to win badly enough. The pain in a race is so great and so constant and such a given of rowing that all oarsmen who compete have already passed a test and deserve never to be questioned. Out of that comes a sense of humility. Every race is as much a race against yourself as it is against opponents. No matter how good your crew, you are bound to lose, if not a race, then the ephemeral feeling of "swing," the feeling that comes when a boat is moving perfectly. Because there are no records, and times are largely meaningless (currents, tides, and winds are different for every race), rowing is a sport which is impossible to master. A runner knows if he has bettered the records of those who went before him, but the oarsman in a boat which has won every race always wonders if his boat is better than one which was victorious six years earlier. The only clue that his boat is probably faster comes from other sports, for swimmers and runners are constantly improving on the records set by their predecessors. But there is no empirical evidence. Therefore you do not boast of what you would do or had done, nor do you embarrass a loser.

When Biglow was a sophomore, Yale won the Eastern Sprints. In his junior year, with Biglow stroking, Yale and Harvard rowed what many observers believed was the greatest race in the two schools' history. It was a truly heroic race, with the lead changing several times before Harvard finally won by 2.5 seconds. Two and a half seconds, over four miles. A year later Biglow graduated. Unsure of what he wanted to do, he started taking pre-med courses. He also started sculling, which meant that instead of handling one oar, as he did for crew, he used two oars, one in each hand. It also meant that instead of rowing with teammates he now rowed alone. In 1981, in his first chance in a single trial, he surprised almost all the experts and beat Tiff Wood. A fierce and rare rivalry grew up between the two of them. They were close friends, they practiced together, and they competed ferociously. In 1982 Biglow won again; in 1983 Wood won both the American trials and the world bronze. (Someone asked Biglow if he had been pleased for Tiff, who was a remarkably supportive rival. "No," he answered. "I was jealous. Jealous as hell.") Biglow, his back ailing, had not rowed well. That was why he was so pleased when he beat both Wood and Bouscaren in the warm-up races Harry Parker held on Easter Day 1984.

Now he had a shot at winning the American trials at Princeton—a one-shot event, only one boat to qualify. It was a sports event from another age. Television would not cover the race, the print media would send stringers, and in most major newspapers the results would barely make agate type. Yet that did not dim the passion for the event among the participants: the best scullers in America, some of whom had been waiting for this event for eight years, would be there to row that crucial two thousand meters, for roughly seven minutes.

Biglow always rowed his own race. If someone else went out quickly at the start, he did not panic. Secure in the knowledge that he was a strong finisher, gifted at setting a pace, extremely sensitive to how much energy his body retained and how best to dole it out, he usually rowed a consistent race, with his splits very even. He arrived at Princeton in May with a certain confidence generated by his Easter victory and he rowed an acceptable race in the first heat. But then in the semifinal he was off-balance on the first stroke. For a moment he felt himself panicking because the first stroke had been poor. It had taken him several strokes to settle down, and in a state of immense anxiety he thought of giving up, of not rowing at all. That happened to him sometimes at the beginning of a race. The anxiety came, he knew, from the pain, as if his body were trying to get him to quit. It was a form of terror, and he had never given in to it. On this day, he gradually settled down and rowed well. What pleased him at the end was his knowledge that race by race he was rowing more strongly.

In the final he had expected to key on Tiff Wood, but Wood was rowing sluggishly. Joe Bouscaren, who was a fast starter, took the early lead. Then, near the midway point, Biglow received a shock. Brad Lewis suddenly surged past the other boats, catching them completely by surprise. Lewis knew that the other rowers expected him to fade at this moment, and he had two lengths on them before they realized what had happened. Biglow thought of coasting in. Two lengths was a huge lead for the final five hundred, and it would be extremely painful to try to catch Lewis, assuming he could be caught. But it seemed wrong that Brad Lewis should be the Olympic sculler. Brad as the sculler offended Biglow's sense of order and hierarchy. Perhaps it was right that Tiff Wood should be the champion. Tiff would be O.K. He was good with the media. But Brad was difficult—alternately friendly and distant, confident and anxious. Biglow decided he did not like the idea of Brad Lewis as the single sculler, and with five hundred meters to go he set out to catch him.

Biglow had a sense, as they neared the finish line, that Lewis was falling back. Was he coasting at the finish because he was so much in control and the finish line was so near? That was a possibility, but the other possibility was that he was falling short and dying right out there. Seeing him fall back gave Biglow an extra boost, and he poured on everything he had. With thirty strokes left, he heard people on the

re chanting, and he thought they
e shouting "Biggy, Biggy." That
ant he still had a chance.
Biglow knew as he crossed the finish
that he had closed on Lewis, but he
s sure that Lewis had won. It was as
se a race as he could remember. The
y thing that gave him some hope was
possibility that he had looked at the
sh from a bad angle. He saw the
ges conferring and looking at video-
e, and then he saw Tony Johnson,
old Yale coach, give him a thumbs-
sign. Even then he was not sure he
l won. Finally the decision was an-
nced. Biglow had won in 7:27.1,
wis was second in 7:28, and Tiff
ood was third in 7:28.1. Bouscaren
s fourth in 7:32.05.

At the Olympic camp in California, Biglow felt that he was in his element. He loved being surrounded by athletes who shared his sense of purpose, who had sacrificed years of their lives to be there. He loved being with the Romanian coach, Victor Mociani, though communication was difficult, since neither spoke the other's language. But Mociani seemed to like him, calling his name out enthusiastically and trying, through a kind of sign language, to convey a sense of friendship. Biglow knew many of the other oarsmen in the camp from previous regattas. Pertti Karppinen—the great Finnish sculler, gold medalist in 1976, gold medalist in 1980—was there, not so much aloof as apart, a man clearly troubled by the language barrier; but he always nodded his head to Biglow when they met, and shook hands. Peter-Michael Kolbe, the West German who seemed doomed to harvest the silver behind Karppinen's gold, was being quite friendly with everyone, but Biglow was wary of Kolbe. He was being friendly to the Americans now that he was in America, but when the races had been held in Germany he had been distant and uncommunicative.

The schedule for the single scullers was brutal. The heats were on Tuesday, the reps, for those who did not win their heats, were on Wednesday, the semifinal was Thursday, and the final was Sunday. That might mean three days of back-to-back racing if Biglow did not qualify for the semi in his first race. Nor was he likely to. He drew both Kolbe and Karppinen in his heat. A part of him was shaken by that, but a larger part was delighted because it gave him a chance to row against both of them without the pressure of being in a final. It was a final without being a final.

He went out very quickly in the heat, which was unusual for him, but he gradually fell behind. Kolbe took the early lead, then in the last few hundred meters Karppinen made a move. This would be Karppinen's race, without a challenge at the end. Biglow fell farther and farther back, and he seemed tired. Karppinen beat him by ten seconds, Kolbe, easing himself in, by three. The gap between Biglow and them had never seemed so large. It was clear that what he had feared from the start was true. The ceiling for him here was a bronze.

The rep the next day was relatively easy. All he had to do was finish among the top three to make the semi. He wanted to win, however, because he drew an easier semi if he won, and he won handily, beating Gary Reid of New Zealand by five seconds. But he had not rowed easily; he had not been able to coast through on three-quarter pressure.

The win gave him a place in the semifinal against Kolbe and Ricardo Ibarra of Argentina. Ibarra, who had won his heat, had had a day off; for Biglow the semi was his third race in three days and he felt tired. Kolbe and Ibarra shot out quickly, and they were gone from him in the early part of the race. At five hundred meters he was sixth. For the first time he began to worry about making the final. Slowly he passed some of the other oarsmen. At 1,500 meters he was even with Bengt Nilsson of Sweden, whom he had expected to beat easily. Then Nilsson began to fade. In the end Biglow finished third, two and a half seconds behind Kolbe, who was first, and behind Ibarra, who was second. He was not pleased with himself, but he had made the final, and he had two days to rest.

The power which a few years ago had been so readily available now could no longer be summoned. It was a physical problem, and yet it was not easily definable. It showed up on no tests. During the last few weeks of practice Biglow had done his usual five-hundred-meter pieces and then told Parker, "I just feel weak." During the Olympics he found himself saying the same thing. The lack of power seemed to lie in his legs. He

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Striver's Row

was not the same sculler he had been in 1981 and 1982. There were things he had once done easily that he could no longer do. Parker, watching him struggle, was convinced that his back was still bothering him. Yet Parker thought he had an excellent chance for the bronze.

I will row my own race, Biglow vowed to himself as he waited at the starting line. I can make only my own boat go fast. I can do that and only that. I cannot slow anyone else down. I will not think of the other boats or let them disrupt me. He would be behind at the thousand-meter mark, and then he would start charging. That was the style he was most comfortable with. But the others went out very quickly, and he had, even within his own game plan, gotten a terrible start. At the five-hundred-meter mark he was much farther behind than he had intended to be. He was sixth, and the only boat he could even see was that of the Greek, Konstantinos Kontomanolis. Shortly after the thousand-meter mark he pulled slightly ahead of Kontomanolis. But the race was turning into a disaster.

Far ahead of him a magnificent race was beginning to take shape. Kolbe, in what was almost surely his last chance against Karppinen and his last chance for a gold, had made his move and had taken a considerable lead over the Finn. But that was another country. Farther back in the third five hundred, Biglow sighted Ibarra and Robert Mills, a Canadian. Mills, to his surprise, was farther ahead than Ibarra. He went after Ibarra and started coming through him. That left Mills. Mills seemed too far ahead, and for a moment he thought of not even trying, and then he decided that he simply had to try, that this was the last race of his life. He did not, as he sometimes did during a sprint, shorten his stroke; he simply tried to feed more power in. In the last three hundred meters, he seemed to fly; the boat was almost lifted out of the water, and he kept closing on Mills. Ahead of him Karppinen was finally making a powerful, determined challenge, beating Kolbe in the last fifty meters on pure muscle.

Biglow's surge had come too late. If he had started 150 meters earlier it might have worked. But Mills took third. Mills had beaten him by 1.62 seconds. That meant Biglow had cut an amazing 4.6 seconds off Mills with his extraordinary closing drive. But Biglow had missed the medal. He wondered briefly whether he could have rowed just a little harder, reached back for a little more. Some of his disappointment lasted long after the race was over. The source of it was not just that he could not compete at the very highest level with Karppinen and Kolbe, but that he had not improved in the three years since he had won his first world bronze. If anything, he might have slipped a little. He felt he had been a more dominating oarsman in 1981 and 1982 than he was now.

After the race Harry Parker c over to see him and ruffled his hair. gesture surprised Biglow because he not really know if Parker liked h Biglow tried to explain his ra "John," Parker said, "you were re to race today." Then Biglow went the stands to visit with his fam Later, looking at the pictures of th moments, he was stunned by how h py he looked. His dream had end without a medal, and yet the pho showed a relaxed, happy young m He was sure that what showed on face was the relief that he did not h to row again. He was freed not so m from the rowing itself, or the practic or the workouts, but from having to l up to other people's hopes and expe tions.

In the weeks that followed, Bigl prepared for medical school at D mouth. He wrote letters to all of friends, and he enclosed Olympic r ing pins for most of them. The letter his old friend Dan Goldberg, the for Yale coxswain, said, in part, "It is going to be easy to give up this spor am satisfied about the single, i knowing my potential, but have known potential in the double a quad." Any number of friends offe him videotapes of the final of the sin scull, but he did not accept them. B low did not need to see the race aga He remembered perfectly, too perfec in fact, how it had gone. □

Jelly Rolling

(Continued from page 57) he'd tell us in his Geordie accent, flashing his Woolworth rings. He also maintained that he'd trained his entire class of nine-year-olds to play "Finger Buster" by threatening their knuckles with a ruler. Yet despite mockery of Jelly Roll Millward, we ed to live like Morton, to be winin' boys twenty-four hours a day.

Gradually, over the next few years, our sketchy, highly romantic knowledge of Morton put on flesh. More and more recordings were issued on both major and private labels. Lomax's splendid book *Mister Jelly Roll*, based on the Library of Congress tapes, was published, and eventually there began to be actual radio broadcasts from the tapes themselves. I shall never forget the way I moved I was when, in an introduction to "Mamie's Blues," I first heard Jelly's speaking voice over those sparse tender chords and little baroque trills: "This is the first blues I no doubt heard in my life. Mamie Desdume, this was her favorite blues. She hardly could play anything else—but she really could play this number. Of course, to get in on it—to learn it—I made myself the can rusher."

Bad luck and bad health meant that Morton just missed out on the American West Coast jazz revival, a few years in advance of ours in Britain. Had he lived another decade or so, he would have been lionized everywhere to a degree even his infinite craving for recognition might have found acceptable. During the sixties, with the universal triumph of rock 'n' roll, he was almost forgott again, his name guarded, his mus played, only by us aging jazz fogies; b when the rock battle was won, jazz emerged and Jelly with it.

In the seventies Bob Green reco structed the Red Hot Peppers, includi several Morton veterans; Louis Mal pays homage in his Storyville filr *Pretty Baby*, to Jelly Roll's genius; a now a biographical musical is in t works. More and more people are a preciating the importance and joyful e uberance of Jelly's contribution.

They finally got around to putting headstone on Bessie Smith's grave. Pe haps they should now disinter the mort remains of the immortal Ferdinand Jel Roll Morton and replace that diamond.

ephanie

ntinued from page 44) Liz Smith, ıge Six," Suzy. She was, according Wilhelmina (her agency, not the ner crown princess of Holland), ked solid every day. Hilton says that is Piel was to photograph her for *ue. Entertainment Tonight* was go- to film the session for television. rick Demarchelier was supposed to tograph her for *Life*. ABC would ı that one. *Rolling Stone* wanted her its cover. Bill King was set to photo- ph her for the cover of *Mademoi- e*, and the *Today* show was going to e that. Bruce Weber was going to ot her for *Per Lui*.

Wilhelmina had scheduled a dinner sixty at Le Club (which, say inveter- New York clubgoers, is the most ing club in New York, and which, ording to a past-life-recall-trance dium, probably put a jinx on the ole thing in the first place). There s, as well, a party in honor of the ncess that was to be given at Visage, nightly meeting spot for men with rweaves and gold chains.

The real coup, however, was that the ıntry's leading newsweekly, whose ne Karen Hilton would not divulge, l dibs, as they are called, on Steph- e for a cover story. "The magazine's a circulation of about 20 million, t's all I can tell you," says Hilton. enty million! Princess Stephanie, ce little known and mysterious, was her way.

She didn't come, of course. Some d the reason was that the palace ob- ted to the party at Visage, that it was t not up to palace snuff. "That really ewed up everything," says Karen lton. "We very carefully planned ev- thing, and apparently Paul set it up m Paris without asking us. I worked weekend on that one. It got so my nily couldn't talk to me. Don't ask." Others said that Prince Rainier had ally put his foot down on the model- g question altogether.

Wilhelmina said that Stephanie was the hospital with women's problems. The *National Enquirer*, and a few staurateurs, said it was drugs.

Frances Grill knew she would never ow up. "To take a girl who's only enty, who's never really worked, ıose family was against it in the first ace, to be booked for big parties, big P.R.—it's got to have scared her to death," she says. "Suddenly the word is out that she's on drugs? Wha-a, wha-a? She just didn't get on drugs, OD, and not show up. The fanfare scared her."

It also left everyone with questions, the most looming of which is: What is Princess Stephanie really like? To hear everyone tell it, Princess Stephanie of Monaco is a lovely girl, a lovely, lovely girl.

"She's very shy," says Polly Mellen, the fashion editor of *Vogue*. "She only opens up when she can trust you."

"She's really lovely to work with," says Bill King.

"She is very good, soft, and gentle," says Horst, the legendary photographer. "She's shy in a very funny way. I don't know if she was timid. She didn't talk. But she is very good at taking direction. She had two men with her as bodyguards when I worked with her. It was very strange."

Is she good enough to be a model?

"Stephanie's got it," says Mellen. "We were very disappointed when she didn't show. We were going to do the most beautiful series of pictures on her. I didn't want to shoot her as a jock, but in wonderful, modern clothes, with a dress that was almost falling off her, just covering her boobies. But the palace said no. I got a letter with a lovely apology."

But to questions such as "Did cutting her hair transform her from an almost beautiful, wistful, young woman into a hellion?" or "Did she go off her rocker when the car carrying her and her mother went over the cliff?" no one has the answer.

To the simple question of what her voice is like, though, there are several opinions.

"She has a moderate voice," says Mellen.

"Oh, well, it's a...I don't know, it's a nice voice," says Rossellini.

"I'll tell you what she has," says Horst. "A very good, gentle voice. With a European, English-type accent." Then, as an afterthought, he adds, "Girls like that shouldn't be models."

Don't tell that to Karen Hilton and Wilhelmina. Hilton thinks Stephanie is still hot. She has drawn up yet another schedule for the Princess, addressed, she says, to "Your Serene Highness the Prince and all that bullshit."

Hilton received the "most beautiful arrangement of flowers" from Bill King. She says that the message was: "Call as soon as she gets here." □

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Out to Lunch

"I myself would never eat sprouts," says Wolfgang Puck, owner of Spago and creator of California cuisine, to STEPHEN SCHIFF

For four years now, Spago has been the hottest restaurant in Los Angeles. But at the moment its owner doesn't look so hot. "God, I'm hung over," Wolfgang Puck groans in his foggy Austrian accent. "Maurice Jarre and I, we drank between us a bottle of Dom Ruinart last night. I love champagne, and I don't get too drunk on it. But if you don't eat and then you have a lot of cold liquid in your stomach, your stomach is not too happy." His is not the only hangover in Hollywood this morning. Last night, Irving "Swifty" Lazar threw his legendary Oscar-watching party at Spago for the first time, and *le tout* Tinseltown has left a trail of balloons and glasses and day-old flowers. As for me—well, I'm here for lunch, although Spago never serves lunch.

"What you like to eat?" Wolf murmurs, kicking himself into action. He wears his starchy chef's outfit everywhere, and today he looks hilariously white and pudgy in it—like the Pillsbury Doughboy. "You created California cuisine, didn't you?" I say. "Got any on hand?"

"Urgh," growls Wolf, "I can't think about food." But then he trundles into the kitchen, and a moment later he's back with a plate of raspberries, a prodigal bowl of golden whitefish caviar, and a garden salad topped with Sonoma goat cheese. "This is great," I mumble, munching a radicchio leaf. "Is it California cuisine?"

"California cuisine is a mixture of so many people and styles," says Wolf philosophically, "and we use our native ingredients. The cooking should be fresh and simple—casual. People here lie around at the swimming pool all day, and they don't want to gain weight. But we're not health food, either—I myself would never eat sprouts.

A waiter proffers the firmest, moistest sole I have ever tasted; the sauce has black caviar in it, and there are several skinny stalks of almost crunchy asparagus. "Cooking should be like painting," Wolf purrs. My evident satisfaction seems to be perking him up.

"Do you invent these dishes?" I ask.

"I wouldn't say I invent. I compose them. Like I wouldn't say that Stevie Wonder invented a kind of song. He took already some material, some notes and some lyrics, and he put them together in a different way. I see something at the market and I get a new idea about how to put it with something else. I can taste it in my head—I know exactly how it will taste."

"Are you always right?"

"Sometimes I'm in too good a mood,



MARK HANAUER

"Sure, we give preferential treatment to our friends. . . . If someone spends $50,000 in your restaurant, he becomes a big person in your life."

and I think, Wow, this sounds so fantastic. And then I do it, and I say, It's O.K., but I wouldn't put it on the menu. I like things to have texture, color, and taste—those are the three main ingredients. Chinese cooking is so great for that. That's why we opened up our other place, Chinois on Main, in Santa Monica."

Just then Wolf's wife, Barbara Lazaroff, swishes by wearing a swirly blue harem outfit, witchy braids, four pounds of eye makeup, and a white rabbit named Webster. Wolf notes my double take. "Barbara designed Spago and Chinois," he says. "This used to be a Russian restaurant, but they had no customers at all. And it was ugly like hell. People had to eat in little caves, and everything was dark blue and dark brown."

"But your restaurants always mean to be chic. How did they get that way?

"The time was right, because people were really tired of these serious French restaurants with a snobby waiter and you're getting these heavy sauces and everything. I think of Spago as my own house, and we make eating like a party. All the time we get Johnny Carson, Sidney Poitier, Michael Caine, Kirk Douglas, Kenny Rogers. Suzanne Somers comes here and takes pizzas home and freezes them. Donald Sutherland loves to go to Chinois, and he eats with the staff and drinks Cristal champagne. Billy Wilder's from Austria, so I know he likes potatoes, and when he comes, the potatoes are the most important thing.

"When I was younger, I was the youngest chef in France at a one-star restaurant, and I would say, 'No. People eat what *I* want, not what they want.' But the older I get, the more flexible I get, and that's what makes it successful—realizing that every person is an individual. I tell them, 'Oh, I make you a special pizza today.' So then if they come back again, you give them a free bottle of champagne. You know, my complimentaries are $120,000 a year. Sure, we give preferential treatment to our friends, but that's good business. If someone spends $50,000 in your restaurant, he becomes a big person in your life."

I'm feeling bigger by the second, for dessert has arrived: blackberries, raspberries, and strawberries, accompanied by vast wedges of pecan pie and walnut cake and marjolaine. I can scarcely manage one last question: "Where do you buy those weird clothes?"

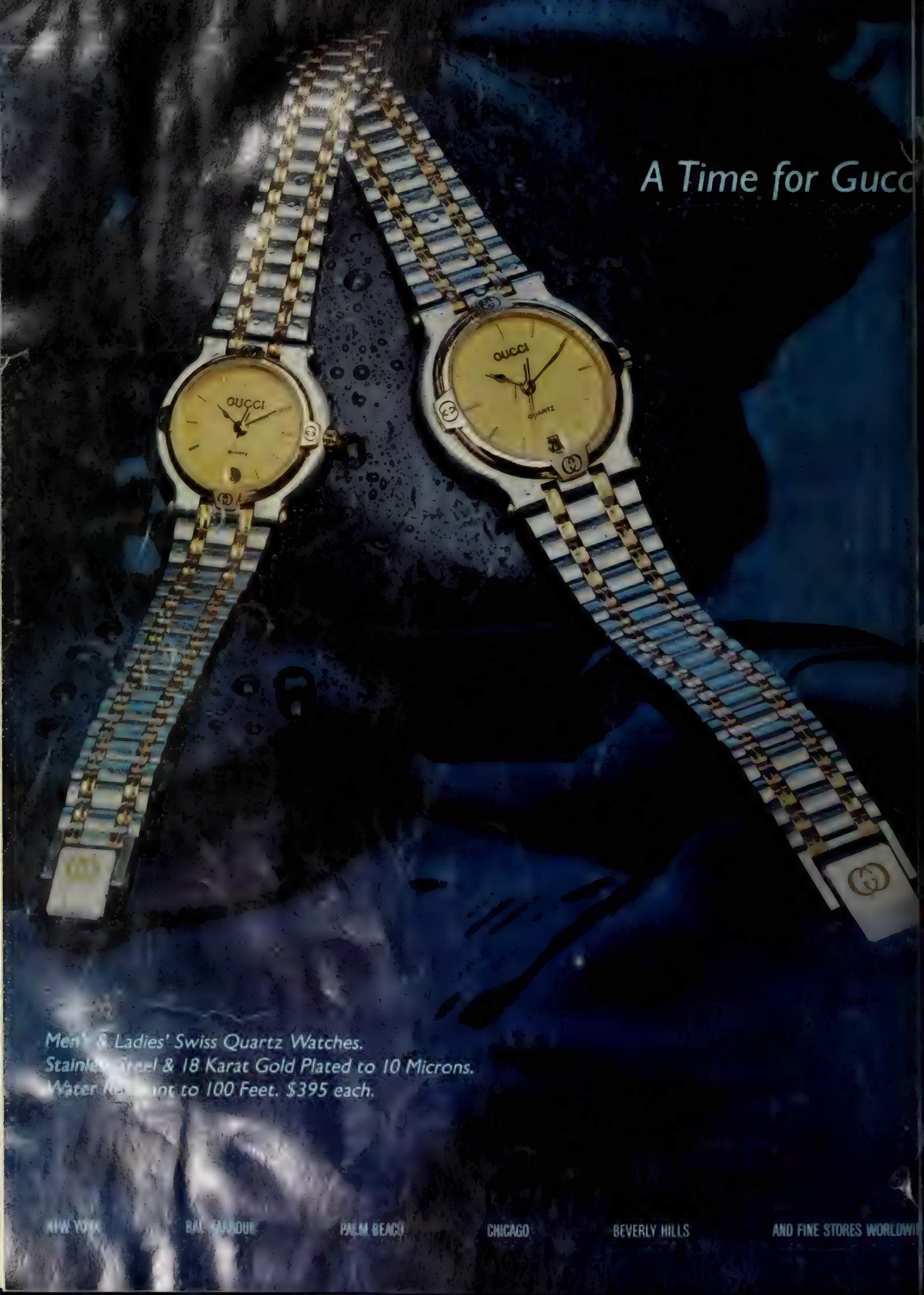
"My clothes?" he says, laughing. "I rent them. I go to a uniform company. And I love that. These clothes are comfortable. And I don't have to go through a big thing about which tie to wear. You know, I hate to go shopping for clothes. I'd much rather go shopping for carrots." □



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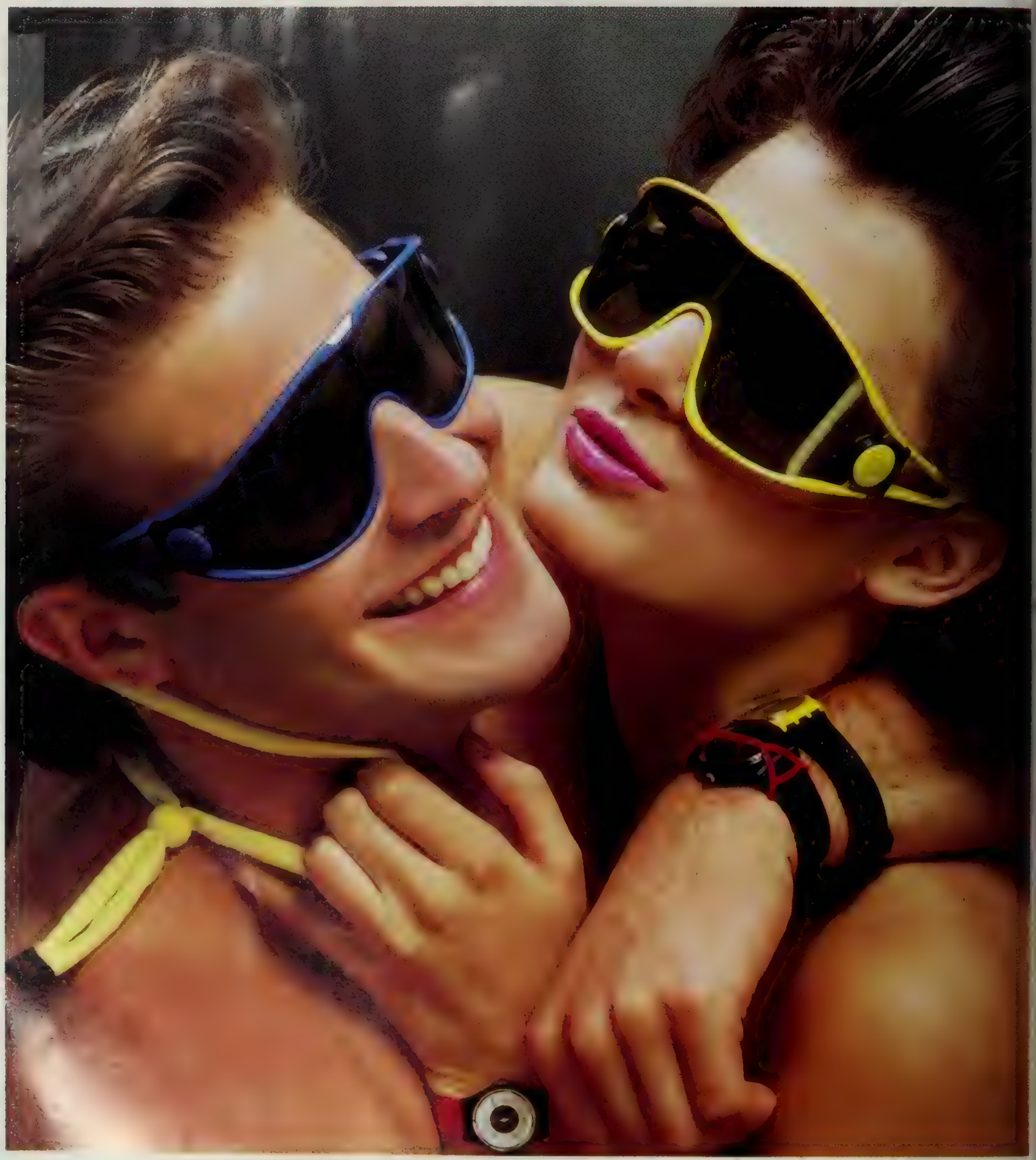
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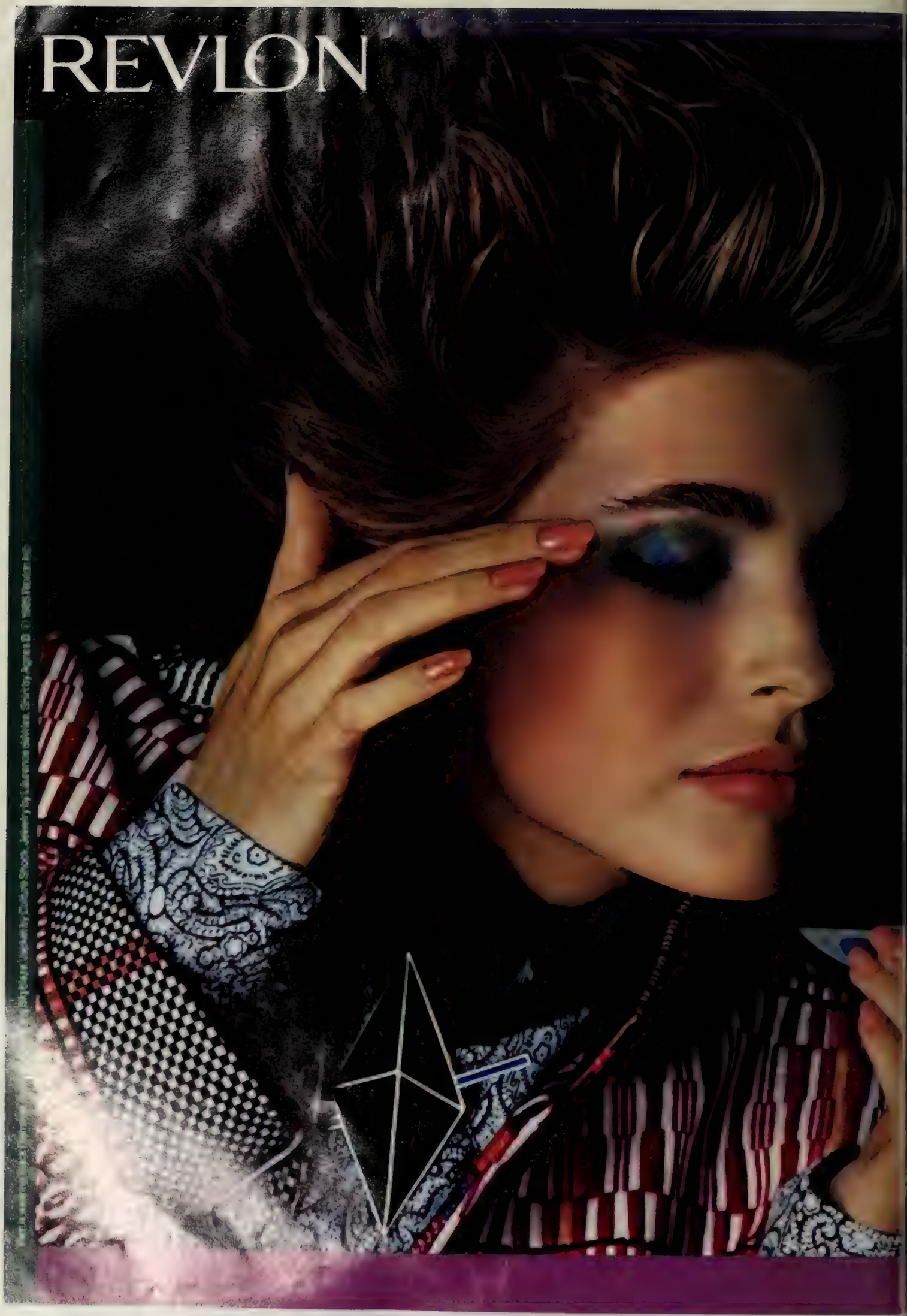
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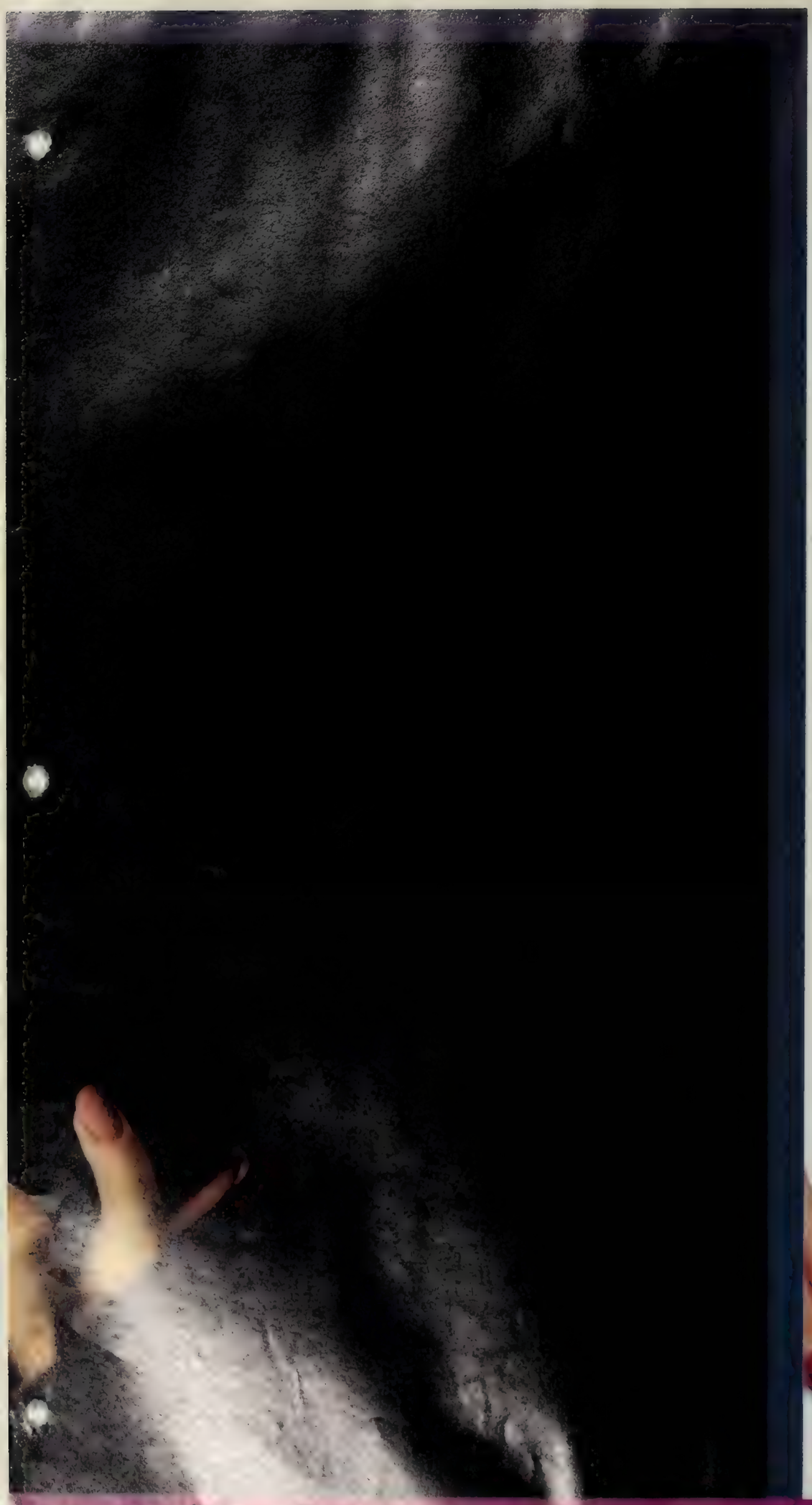
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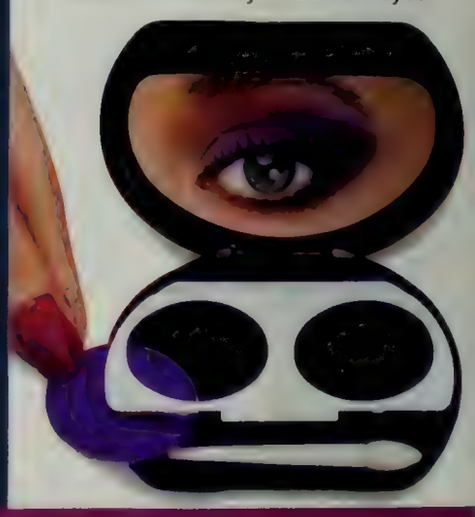
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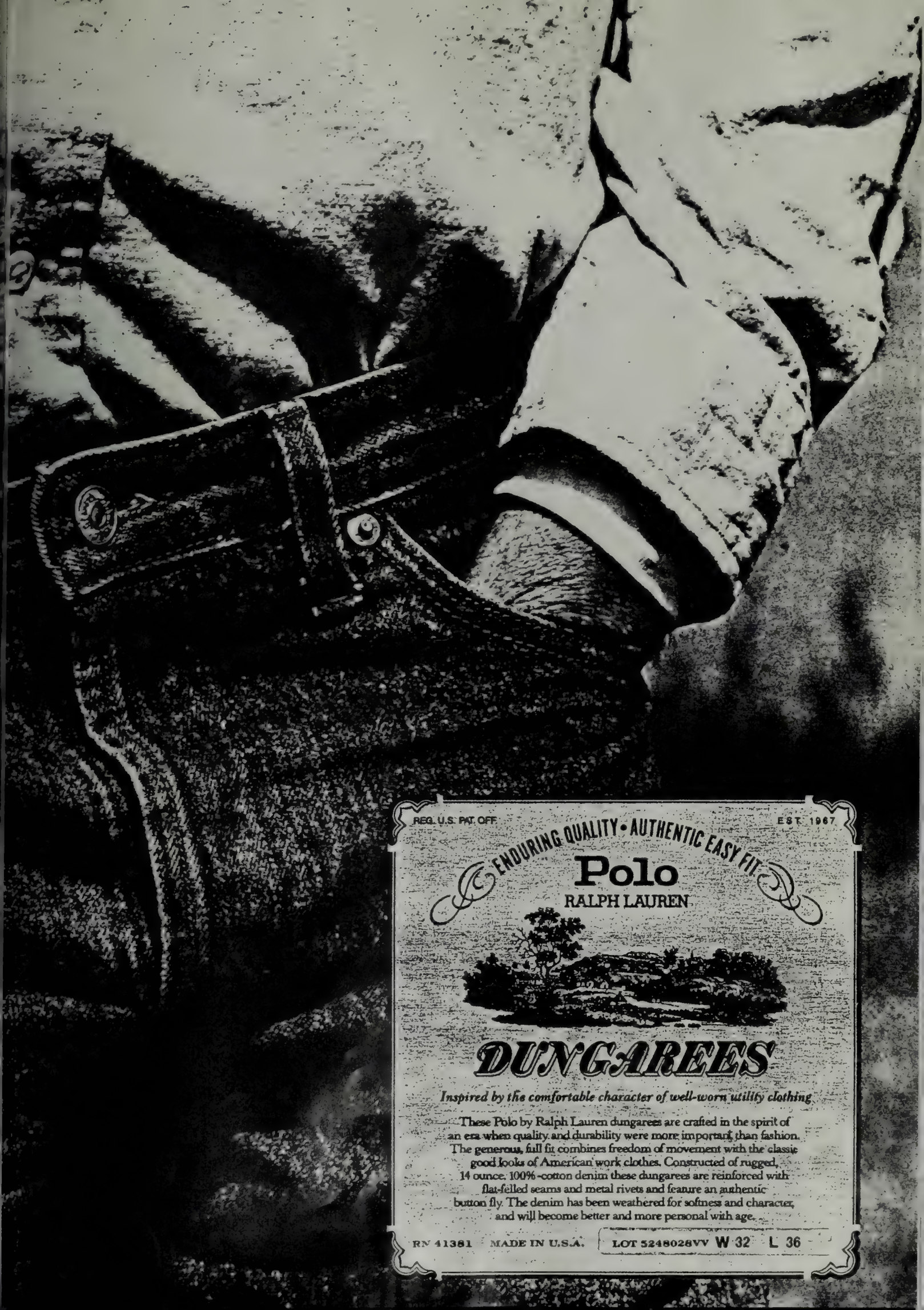
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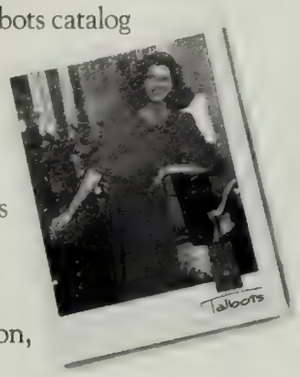
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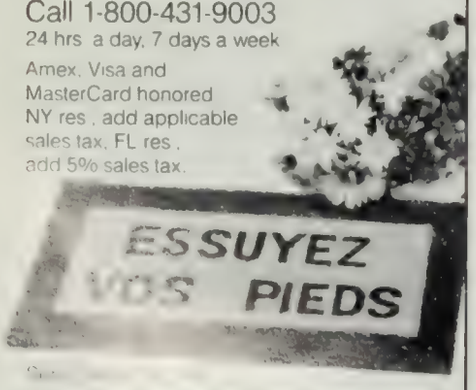
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COVER: **CLAUS ENCOUNTERS**
Claus von Bülow and Andrea Reynolds in the apartment he shared with Sunny, photographed exclusively for *Vanity Fair* by Helmut Newton.

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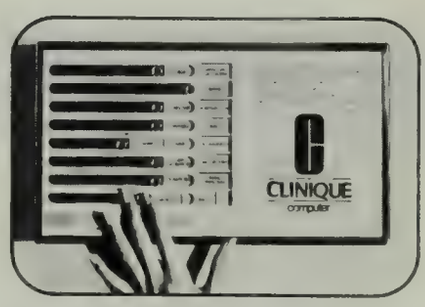
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Lunching with Claus von Bülow, at center, in New York are *Vanity Fair*'s Dominick Dunne, third from left, and Helmut Newton, far left. The others, left to right, are Carlos Merlo, Christian Gudefin, Cosima von Bülow, and Andrea Reynolds.

Dominick Dunne is a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair*. His second novel, *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles*, has just been published by Crown. **Helmut Newton's** photographs appear frequently in *Vanity Fair* and are collected in five books, including *World Without Men* and *White Women*. He recently had a show at the Paris Museum of Modern Art.



Bob Colacello, a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair* and *Parade*, is the former executive editor of *Interview*. "Voices of the Derby," in this issue, is the fifth in his ongoing series of profiles of places and events.



John Duka was for five years the New York *Times* fashion columnist, and was previously a business editor of Fairchild News Service. His articles have been published in *The New York Times Magazine*, *Vogue*, and *Interview*.



Nancy Friday's books on sexuality and relationships include *Men in Love*, *My Secret Garden*, and *My Mother/My Self*. Her upcoming book, *Jealousy*, excerpted in this issue, is due next month from William Morrow.



Arthur Lubow, who has been a contributor to *Harper's* and *The Atlantic* and a senior writer for *People*, is currently at work on a biography of the turn-of-the-century journalist Richard Harding Davis.



Françoise Sagan wrote her best-selling first novel, *Bonjour Tristesse*, at age eighteen. Her work includes novels, plays, and essays. *With Fondest Regards*, her collected memoirs, was published last month by E. P. Dutton.



James Wolcott, a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair* and *Texas Monthly*, writes reviews of books, films, and television. His work has also appeared in *Harper's*, *The New Republic*, and *The New York Review of Books*.

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A Redneck in Pursuit of the Unspeakable

On Friday, April 12, 1985, Joe Bob Briggs put his boot in it. He messed up *real* bad.

Joe Bob Briggs, the redneck creation of a Texas journalist named John Bloom, reviewed movies weekly for the Dallas *Times Herald,* making a big, macho swerve around the nancy-fancy class acts. Movies in which Meryl Streep's eyes mist or Liv Ullmann peers anxiously across the fjord are not down Joe Bob's bowling alley. No, he likes movies that are from a lower stage of evolution, emerging from the swamp in a slick coat of mucus. In his column "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-in" he manhandled all the B-movie double-feature hot-weather dreck—kung fu flicks, mad-slasher rampages, zombie-cannibal picnic outings, sorority-house films in which the girls take lots of showers: movies for mutants and droolers. To this task Joe Bob brought the jolly zest of a car-wreck freak who hears about an accident on his C.B. and drives over to check out the debris. He might even take along a dipstick to measure the blood. Joe Bob's casualty report on *Night of the Comet* read, "Fifteen dead bodies . . . Two pints blood . . . One exploding jeep. Great scene where these two cops get their faces microwaved." Joe Bob is an aficionado of the blatant. He favors women with large balconies (Sybil Danning, Mamie Van Doren) and men with immovable necks (Charles Bronson, Arnold Schwarzenegger). In the red ketchup of movie gore, he locates the virile corpuscles of our American heritage. "Joe Bob reminds you that there are only 293 drive-ins left in Australia. Remember, without eternal vigilance, it could happen here."

Joe Bob's fans are the moviegoing equivalent of baseball's bleacher creatures, those rowdies who go to the ballpark to sun their spare tires and hear themselves holler. For example, to vote in Joe Bob's Drive-in Academy Awards, readers had to pass an eligibility test. Sample requirement: "When I watch a Jerry Lewis movie, I completely identify with Jerry when he dances like a duck and hits himself in the head with a broom-handle." However, a photo caption warns, "If you saw Sting in his underwear in 'Dune' and stayed till the end of the movie, you are NOT eligible to vote." Standards must be maintained. Remember those cowboys farting around the campfire in *Blazing Saddles*? They might have been Joe Bob's forefathers.

Joe Bob Briggs is the sort of man who would build a Great Pyramid out of beer cans if he could only find the slave labor. It was this attitude that landed him in the cactus. On April 12 he announced that he was cutting his own superstar rock anthem to benefit the famine victims in Ethiopia. Like "We Are the World," it too would end up as a video on Empty-Vee (MTV). Now, the "We Are the World" session, with its famous check-your-ego-at-the-door directive, has been parodied by everyone from Garry Trudeau to David Letterman. But Joe Bob didn't mock the stars swaying before the mike; he mocked the victims. "There are Negroes dying," announced Joe Bob, "and it's time to *(Continued on page 20)*

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(Continued from page 15) make em eat." He then had his drive-in all-stars chorusing,

We are the weird,
We are the starvin,
We are the scum of the filthy earth...

Joe Bob wrote that the proceeds from this record would go not only to dying Negroes in Africa but also to "the United Negro College Fund in the United States, cause I think we should be sending as many Negroes to college as we can, specially the stupid Negroes." There was recently a baseball fan, hugely fat, who would cause a ruckus in the stands by shooting off firecrackers in his mouth. This is what Joe Bob did in his April 12 column (and perhaps what John Bloom did with his career). But the explosion was strangely delayed. Over the weekend the sun made its appointed rounds, and no birds dropped from the sky in ill omen.

On Monday, however, black leaders brought down their wrath, and *Times Herald* editors found themselves picking shrapnel out of their hair. They did some fast backpedaling. A front-page apology was printed on April 16, the column itself was canceled later that day, and the editor of the *Times Herald,* Will Jarrett, declared that half of the next twenty slots in the newsroom would go to minority applicants. Like Chuck Connors in *Branded,* Joe Bob was stripped of his epaulets and driven from the fort. Lonely would be his march across this arid, unforgiving land.

Well, not quite. Dropped by the *Times Herald* and the Los Angeles Times Syndicate, the "Joe Bob" column was picked up by the Universal Press Syndicate (which also handles "Doonesbury"). But perhaps the most interesting thing about the aftershock of this affair is that Bloom/Briggs refused to make an act of contrition. When *New York* magazine theater critic John Simon reviled a play as "faggot nonsense" and was quoted in Liz Smith's *Daily News* column as wishing a plague of AIDS upon gays, he mopped the floor with his tongue to atone. He went hysterically out of his way to praise two plays about AIDS, *As Is* and *The Normal Heart,* proclaiming, "If you ask me which of the two plays about AIDS you should see, I can only say, both!" (That exclamation mark exposed his desperation.) He gave a grudging, capitulating interview to the gay newspaper New York *Native,* his Cookie Monster face appearing on the cover. Simon did everything except walk into the baths with a bar of soap in one hand and a towel draped over his arm to plead for clemency: "Forgive me, comrades..." All of this sounded insincere, but at least Simon went through the motions of making amends. Not John Bloom. Instead, he had Joe Bob hunker in his bunker and bite down hard on his grievances.

In the first column written after the "We Are the Weird" fiasco, Joe Bob refers to his former paper as the "Crimes Herald," and says of the funds to be raised by "We Are the Weird," "Most of the money was gonna go to building a chain of Wyatt's Cafeterias in every nation of Africa. The rest was gonna be spent on buying basketball scholarships to the University of Houston for every Ethiopian child that wanted one."

Under his own name, Bloom wrote a mawkish, missing-the-point resignation letter in which he denied that the "We Are the Weird" furor had anything to do with racism ("I'll stand on 17 years of journalism to counter that charge") and reported on his dark night of the soul: "I fell asleep reading the book of Ecclesiastes and the essays of Mark Twain, not being able to decide whether I needed the wisdom of Solomon or the comic relief of my favorite liar. I finally chose Mark Twain over Ecclesiastes, for which I hope God forgives me." This is rather a lofty tone to take after plowing the black victims of famine under.

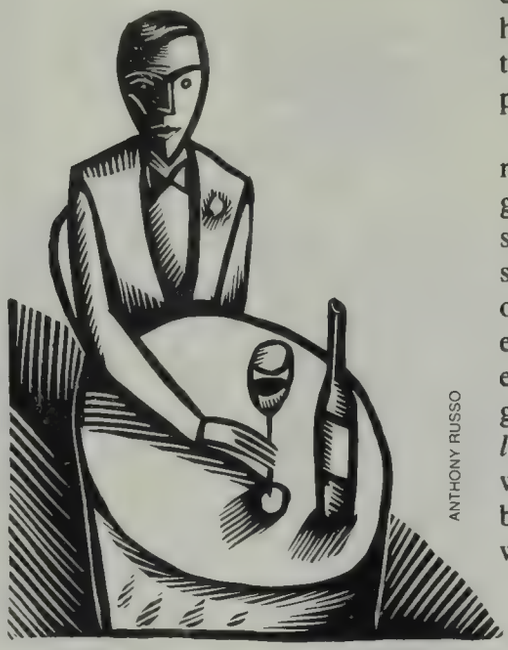
Bloom seems confused about his role as a satirist. Or perhaps a better word is disingenuous. He's been quoted as saying that Joe Bob is a lampoon of the redneck mentality, a comic exaggeration, but his columns don't read that way. "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-in" doesn't ridicule rednecks; it ridicules the people rednecks want to run over in their pickup trucks: Mexicans ("Meskins"), blacks ("stupid Negroes"), feminists ("the National Organization of Bimbos"). Since the offending remarks were put in the mouth of a cartoon buffoon, "Joe Bob" could say the unsayable and claim it was all just joshing. In photographs, John Bloom looks like a yup (at thirty-two, he's certainly part of the Pepsi Gen tion), and the "Joe Bob" column s gests a man of education getting his ki by loosening his tie and enjoying the erty of being low-down ignorant crud can see why this would be liberatin beer fills the tank in a way that Per can't. John Bloom is a very clever wr (some of his reviews really are hilariou but reading through an ample helping his columns left a small lake of ran grease on my desk. It was like liftin copy of *Hustler* magazine at the ne stand and having the sleaze come off your hands. I choose *Hustler* for a r son. Like Joe Bob, *Hustler* sava blacks and women, all in the name anything-goes white-male humor. One the ironies of the "Weird" controversy that some women were angry that a l was drawn only after blacks had b mortally insulted. So even among Bob's boo squad there was friction.

Still, the spontaneous combustion t swept through the Dallas *Times Her* seems to me a cleansing fire. If you ca expunge racism from people's hearts, y can at least exact a social cost for its e pression, and John Bloom had a tar taken out of his hide. The sad thing is t Bloom seems determined to keep p ping those firecrackers in his mouth. I column written for his new syndica Bloom had Joe Bob drawing up a prenu tial agreement for any "bimbo" desiri to be his bride. One stipulation bega "I, the personal meat of Joe B Briggs...," and all I could think of w the infamous *Hustler* cover showing woman being fed into a grinder. In th same column, Joe Bob declared, "A long as there's one newspaper on ear sick enough to print [me], I'll keep wr ing 'Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In.' Fightin' words. But Joe Bob doesn really need to beep his honker from newspaper parking lot; he has writte for *Spin* magazine, and a drive-in-mov guide is being published by Delacort Fans of John Bloom admire him for r fusing to trim his losses and stuff Jo Bob back into his fun box, where h belongs. To them, he's not Chuck Co nors in *Branded* but the last defender the Alamo, standing up for frontier va ues in an age of softies and dinks.

Oh, the hell with it. Surrender th Alamo. □

ntage Point

EL L. FLEISHMAN



ANTHONY RUSSO

Sweet White German Wine for the Long Hot Summer

The wines of Germany are calming, especially during these dog days of summer. Nearly always vinified with at least a touch of sugar, and with less alcohol content than virtually any other true wines, German whites lift one's energy level thout inducing hyperactivity.

There is a geographical explanation r the sweetness of German wines. orthern vineyards do not usually re- ive enough summer sun to produce apes with a sugar level sufficient for ne with a flavor that will stand on its vn. In the seventies, when Bordeaux oduced superb wines in three vintages 970, 1975, and 1978) and excellent es in three others (1971, 1976, and 979), Germany had only two first-class ars (1971 and 1976). As many as eight t of ten vintages, therefore, may be ely wines of such acidic sharpness that w people would find them potable with- t some sweetening.

When the sun is intense for long enough and at the right time of ar, the German vineyards produce agnificent wines. That is what oc- rred in 1983, which is why this Au- ust is so opportune a moment to mple German whites. If one can face e daunting prospect of sorting them t, that is. The German mania for clas- fication is formidable.

German law demarcates eleven wine- rowing regions (*Anbaugebiete*), 33 bdistricts (*Bereiche*), 150 subcom- unities (*Grosslagen*), and some 2,600 actual vineyards (*Einzellagen*). The same law classifies German wines ac- ording to the amount of sugar in the grapes at harvest time—the higher the percentage of sugar, the higher the level of the classification. There are essentially three large categories—Deutscher Tafelwein, Qualitätswein bestimmter Anbaugebiete, and Qualitätswein mit Prädikat. Tafelwein is a table wine, and generally not exported. Liebfraumilch, a blend of wines from all over the Rhine region, is the best-known example of the second rung. It can be very pleasant, but is rarely distinctive.

It is in the third category that we find the best of the German wines, which are further divided into five subcategories according to the percentage of sugar in the unfermented grape juice—Kabinett, Spätlese, Auslese, Beerenauslese, and Trockenbeerenauslese. (A sixth, Eiswein, designates a seldom produced wine made from frozen grapes that is remarkably sweet and expensive.) The names refer to how late the grapes were left out in the summer or early-autumn sun. There is not necessarily a relationship between the percentage of sugar before fermentation and that in the wine afterward, since most of the sugar—except in the very sweet, latest-harvested grapes—will be converted into alcohol during fermentation. After fermentation, unfermented natural grape juice—required by law to be from the same vineyard as the wine itself—is added to the wines, causing their sweetness to increase gradually from the Kabinett level, with 1 to 2 percent sugar, up to the level of the great Trockenbeerenauslese dessert wines, which can have 10 to 30 percent sugar. Usually, the higher the sugar level, the higher the price.

The labels on the best German wines must identify the wine according to region, district, community, vineyard site, and quality. And of course the shipper's name will figure prominently on the label, too. As if that weren't enough utterly to confound the customer, each wine is tested by the state and given a quality-control number (*Amtliche Prüfungsnummer*), on the basis of which the wine may be awarded a bronze, silver, or gold medal, which will appear on the neck or main label.

Finally, some shippers have taken to varying the color of the lead covering on the cork to signify quality and sweetness distinctions.

A Bordeaux lover choosing a wine needs only two pieces of information—the name of the château and the year. For Burgundies one needs three facts—shipper, commune, and year. But how is one to deal with Germany?

The only reasonable way to approach German wines is to start with those of a few communities—made by reliable producers in the Moselle and Rheingau regions, for example—and compare them. Then slowly expand the vineyards with which you are familiar. The Moselles, in green bottles, tend to be softer, more delicate, more fragrant, and the Rheingaus tend to be crisp and vigorous. If inexpensive summer drinking is the objective, stick with the less sweet Kabinett wines. In the Moselle region, a few of the better-known vineyards are Bernkasteler Doktor, Piesporter Goldtröpfchen, Graacher Himmelreich, and Wehlener Sonnenuhr, shipped by J. J. Prüm, S. A. Prüm, Deinhard, Kesselstatt, or Thanisch. Among the Rheingaus, try a Schloss Johannisberger, Steinberger, Eltviller, Rauenthaler, or Hochheimer, shipped by Deinhard, Schloss Johannisberg, Staatsweingüter Eltville, Schloss Eltz, Hessisches, von Simmern, or von Schönborn-Wiesentheid.

If this adds information overload to your heat prostration, simply tell your wine merchant to select a range of inexpensive 1983 German Kabinett wines for you, perhaps those shipped by J. J. Prüm, and let it go at that. □

The Mind's Eye

TRISTAN VOX

Holiday Rituals in the Colonies: A Houseguest's Lament



ANTHONY RUSSO

Lying in a hammock in Eden, reading about Mr. Melville Stancy, I have begun to understand the futility of flight. Eden this time is a corner of the Caribbean rather heavily populated by people whose idea of a relief from the rituals of the city is the reproduction of those rituals somewhere in the sun; and Mr. Melville Stancy is the "lawyer in his leisure moments, and the Falstaff of a certain section of festive club life" whose social recreations had the consequence of pushing poor Miss Lily Bart a little closer to suicide. It turns out to have been a mistake, however, to bring Mrs. Wharton's novel almost all the way to South America for my holiday. It is quite redundant.

The penetration of the most isolate and irenic beach by the most detailed and devious features of the social life of the city comes as a surprise. On islands like this one, it is usually the sighting of the poor among the local population that returns me from a world of daiquiris to a more precise awareness of the power of circumstances. An unexpected wrong turn along an unfamiliar road, for example, puts me between rows of the most playfully painted shacks and shanties. No houses of mirth, these. With all the bad faith of which a common liberal is capable, I experience the appropriate emotions, and efficiently find my way out of the wretched quarter and back to the beach. Reassured that I have not forgotten what life is really like, I proceed to forget what life is really like.

The surprise this time is that it is not the poor who rudely disturb my fortnight's worth of false bliss. It is the rich. In fact, I seem to have stumbled upon a characteristic contradiction of nature's sought-after sanctuaries: the people stand in the way of the places. Upon simplicity, serenity, and beauty they have loaded complication, turmoil, and ugliness. Like true representatives of the civilization that produced them, and whose overripeness they often represent, the well-heeled men and women who settled for "the season" on these shores proceeded immediately to the building of the institutions of their manners, and generally to the transfer of their convivial culture in all its elements to their voluptuous new setting. It is the only form of colonialism I know inspired by hedonism. For that reason it ends up abusing only its own.

The most important institution of the colonies is invariably "the club." The primary purpose of the club is to provide an arena for conflict and competition in the absence of the customary arenas of the city. Since the colonists tend to inhabit large houses separated by gorgeous expanses of thickly grown grounds, they suffer a significant diminution of the occasions for social in course and intrigue. Outside the c luxury has a certain atomizing effect. many days pass alone in the sun be the colonists become restless for t rites and their routines. Thus the c Under a single roof a space is created will stand in for all the cultural, culin charitable, and commercial meet places that have been left behind. Melville Stancy may practice his arts.

A guest in the colonies quickly lea that he has not left the familiar worl games and duties. For example, th remains a code of dress. It takes acc of the difference in the ways and weather of the island, but it makes concession in the matter of rigidity. informality is formal. It is swift tran at least twice daily, from the nakedn on the sand to the artful arrangemen the pocket square, from the wan worship of the sun to the wary obs vance of the polite forms of speech. senses are not the reason for com here; they are the excuse. The senses not require for their satisfaction shipment of trunks. The rules do.

Evenings at the club are the holi within the holiday, the respite from respite. There all assemble following afternoon of *luxe, calme, et volupté* renew their less specific skills. I re one such gathering in a rather exclus cove along the southern edge of the I glish-speaking Caribbean. You walk across a grand Georgian portico a through the portals of a large house pai ed in one of the island's happy pastel c ors to find yourself more or less Mortimer's. (Of course, the club is improvement on Mortimer's—not cause of the azure sea and the infi sky, but because there is no danger strangers.) A wide array of ambition p sented itself in a wide array of costun Everywhere around, there were uns things perfectly understood. Occasiona a poorly disguised instance of desire despair would make itself known; a more frequently, a poorly disguised e pression of unreleased violence. You men stood in attitudes of physical imp cation before older women who look like so many forms of antique statua Young women suffered the hidden mea ings in the chatter of older men out of vague feeling of social advancement. T only innocent enthusiasms in the roo were in the talk of tennis. Everybody w brown and knew whose was the pow

The Mind's Eye

season. In sum, had the bomb been pped that fateful night directly upon w York, New York 10028, its culture uld have survived.

Tennis is the most cherished instrument of continuity in the lives of the onists. They consecrate ground to it erywhere. They say that they play the ne for their physical well-being, but y are only partially correct. The ne-honored attraction of tennis is ed to the fact that it repeats the structe of conversation, which is the real ort of the leisurely. The verbal exanges which take up most of their ne are given concrete form. Respect rules, for example, is reproduced as thfully as the right to triumph over ur interlocutor in any way that the les allow. The serve is the greeting. It sures that the aggression with which e exchange begins will be inhibited by naller, and therefore more cordial, unds. In what follows, however, skill all; and, of course, will. The tennis urt is like the salon, a public theater contests which purports to give pleare but which permits the infliction of quantity of pain. Hence the stubbornss with which the colonists play the me in these equatorial environs. In e afternoon, it appears that tennis is erely a more literal form of talk. In e evening, it is established that talk is erely a more abstract form of tennis.

The thicket of conventions that surunds these people, then, is no more enetrable than the thicket of flora and una that surrounds their houses. As alays, there is a problem for those of us ho live among the rich but are not ich. Money has made these unsullied pots available, and money has made nem unavailable; the rich have given hem, and the rich have taken them ack. Between the soul in search of appiness and the happiness in God's reation there has been interposed an almost insurmountable crust of customs, a ystem of social artifice that is a standing efutation of its setting. A conclusion eems warranted: there is no such thing as 'getting away'' to a place in fashion. Soiety seems always to overwhelm beauty; nd so you take your choice.

Of course, I generalize. There are exceptions. They are usually my hosts. □

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Illustrations by KEN MARYANSKI

Hot Heirs

John Sedgwick records the life-styles of the rich and aimless

"WHAT would life be like with a lot of money, a real flood of it?. . . Would it be lovely? Would it be different? Would it be fun?" Boston-based writer John Sedgwick wanted to know. In 1982 he'd just read *Edie*, the splashy best-seller depicting the short, shrill life of his first cousin. "It made me start to think about what money does to people," he says, "and I realized I had unique access to the world of the rich."

Sedgwick made some phone calls and later traveled to seven cities, hooking up with fifty-seven young inheritors—Rockefellers, Mellons, and Grahams among them. Behind closed portals he listened to babble about exotic tours, racy cars, charity work, depression bouts, and spiritual scrambling. Or, as he writes in *Rich Kids*, out this month from William Morrow, their flights to "cleanse themselves of their original sin of coming into money."

The book seems tailor-made for *Donahue*. Take, for example, ex-stockbroker "Matt Trenton." Work stifled him, his wife kicked him out, and at twenty-four he'd become an alcoholic. Then he woke up one morning with "a more sweeping remedy to his plight," writes Sedgwick: "There was a voice screaming at him from inside his head. . . yelling two words. . . over and over: '*Go sailing! Go sailing!*' "

Why did these normally cagey, defensive heirs open up? Green-eyed, mild-mannered Sedgwick, thirty-one, explains while sipping coffee in his sunny row-house duplex. "It was clear they were talking to one [illegible]." Like most Sedgwicks, he went to Groton and Ha[illegible] old his family maintains a two-hundred-year-old mansi[illegible] built by [illegible] great-grandf[illegible] speaker of the H[illegible] sentative[illegible]

"They had a sympathetic listener, because I come from some money," Sedgwick says. "Not as much as they, but enough. I came across as being genuinely interested, with a very clear ulterior motive [i.e., the book]." He also ingratiated himself by offering to pick up the checks for meals. "I didn't want to make it seem I was freeloading. Most of the time they let me pay, because it was so rare for them."

He'd learned his interrogative skills from the subject of his first book, *Night Vision*, Boston private eye Gil Lewis. "Gil taught me how to listen to a mass murderer's confessions. The trick is to keep your eyes calm." So, during tales of bareback sexual congress on marble floors, "like [illegible] good psychiatrist," Sedgwick often found himself saying, "Mm-hmm, mm-hmm."

Though *Rich Kids* is more anecdotal than analytic, Sedgwick says he thinks a consistent theme emerges. "Money pushes you to extremes. In the case of generosity, it makes you really altruistic; in the case of minor nuttiness, it makes you a cata-



STEPHEN BARKER

Edie's cousin John surveys his slice of the Sedgwick Pie, the family burial ground.

clysmic crackpot. With none of the normal constraints—answering to a boss, paying rent, even obeying laws—a lot of rich people just drift off into the ether. And, at the same time, you're a big sugar pile and all the ants come crawling. You spend a lot of time fending them off, clubbing them away."

Sedgwick claims to have "mixed feelings" about wealth. "I'm a good Wasp; particularly in Boston, money is supposed to be hidden." But he also admits, "There's a lot to be said for the Grand Style. I like dash, confidence, being larger than life, and money can give you those. The pity is, instead of enlarging these rich kids, money [illegible] them down."

His father, R. Minturn S[illegible] wick, aware of these destru[illegible] powers, kept John isolated [illegible] Edie's richer, wilder br[illegible] of the family. When Mir[illegible] died in 1976, John inhe[illegible] $70,000, in $250-a-m[illegible] doles, enough only to subs[illegible] his writing career. "The hi[illegible] agenda of the book," he [illegible] "was to come to terms witl[illegible] own past and my own inl[illegible] tance." *Rich Kids* seems [illegible] mately a self-justification [illegible] firming his father's metho[illegible] endowment while depictin[illegible] traumas of being truly do[illegible] bound. Even those who de[illegible] their lives to charity are susp[illegible] he writes: "They attain a ce[illegible] state of grace. And yet, li[illegible] lives so removed from the[illegible] getter capitalist mainstream, [illegible] are also a little. . . peculiar."

He later explains, "I d[illegible] think it's so much fun jus[illegible] *have* it [money]. The plea[illegible] is in earning it. That's [illegible] American way." Toward [illegible] end, Sedgwick has becom[illegible] sort of armchair wealth wa[illegible] er. His writing now includ[illegible] regular column on the so[illegible] classes for *Success!* magaz[illegible] "I delineate the ways the cl[illegible] es are different—mostly up[illegible] and middle, the only two [illegible] really count." Topics have[illegible] cluded Ambition, How Pe[illegible] Handle Bills, and The Ide[illegible] Harvard.

Sedgwick and his wife, M[illegible] an Marshall, have twin w[illegible] processors (she's authorin[illegible] book about the Peabody siste[illegible] and they stagger work schedu[illegible] around their shared printer [illegible] eighteen-month-old daugh[illegible] Sara. This Sedgwick homest[illegible] has a cheerful, lived-in lo[illegible] with baby toys strewn on [illegible] baby-grand piano. Tod[illegible] Sedgwick's heading out fo[illegible] game of basketball and a bar[illegible] cue. "I'm just a regular guy[illegible] he says, and grins.

—David Handelm[illegible]

Miraculous Miranda

The debut of the disingenuous ingenue

), says Miranda Richardson, now appearing in *ance with a Stranger*, she's no relation to the late r Ralph. Just in from London, Richardson, enty-seven and "a Pisces," has flawless En- ish skin, dyed honey hair, coral lipstick, and im- sing earrings. She was a peroxide blonde as ith Ellis in *Dance*, a dark, moody film that was out as boffo as box office gets in England. Ellis as the last woman hanged in England, for a des- rate crime of passion—shooting her upper-class ver (Rupert Everett). It's an eerily stunning film but, and she has worked steadily ever since. She aintains that there's nothing unusual about the ay she broke into films—"I wasn't working in oolie's or anything"—but after years of train- g in repertory theater she did get a starring role only her second try. Nowadays, she says ightly, "people are sending me scripts too fast r me to read." Then she adds modestly, "But 's not so many things—I'm just a slow reader."

—Cyndi Stivers



KEN NAHOUM

Incandescent star: *Dance with a Stranger*'s Miranda Richardson.

Limo Scene

A view from the front seat



BEING a limousine driver and knowing L.A. the way o, you might not think I could lost, but tell me it doesn't ppen to everybody one time or other in their life. Around ee A.M. the other day I picked a couple at the London Club, f La Cienega and Beverly. ey were coming from a party honor of Madonna—is she a rty lady or what? The guy was ruly gifted director of French ir-spray commercials who as having difficulty breaking o music videos. His wife was owing as how she felt John yles had successfully made e jump from feature-film di- cting to videos with Bruce ringsteen's "I'm on Fire."

Next thing I know her hus- nd's waving a gun in the back, rongly disagreeing and say- g, "Sayles is puke, admit it. e sold out The Boss! No story, ow cutting, you don't see the ick!" A mess of stuff like that hile he's squeezing a couple unds—only .22s—through e roof of my limo. I'm not put- ting down productive dialogue between creative people—point is, for some reason right then I stopped concentrating on the road to Temescal Canyon and got lost. It was highly unprofes- sional.

I won't lie to you. My whole career has been off the road late- ly. Last Saturday I bit off the bumper of a brand-new Jag in the parking lot at Fred Segal. Writing-wise, well, I had three finished scripts growing icicles in my glove compartment. I had a script based on the life of Jon- Erik Hexum that I couldn't come up with an ending for. I had a treatment, about two plan- ets that exist happily side by side and then turn into the Hatfields and McCoys, that my agent gives a poolside and then says it's too high-concept, if you can figure that out. When you're an- gry your creativity really takes a beating.

Yesterday I picked up two in- die prods at Paramount. They'd just pitched, and from the look on their faces as I opened the door it had been a total pass-ola. The fat partner, Harry, tears off the end of a Montecruz. "Some- times, Leslie, I want to kill you," he says.

"We wait two hours, we get two minutes," moans Leslie.

"You sound like my god- damn wife!" Harry goes. "Stop crying. We go across town, Fox eats this up. You'll be farting through silk by next week!"

I was heading down Sunset back to Le Mondrian when Har- ry tossed a thousand-dollar bill onto the front seat and told me to go to Roger Dunn. They bought two sets of clubs, bags, tees, balls, shoes, shirts—the works. Next, Harry directed me up into the hills above Malibu, to the Perfection and Love Country Club. I'd heard about it before, but I had never been there. No clubhouse, just Mother Nature after a trip to the beauty parlor and four bowing Japanese point- ing the way to the first tee. We used my limo as a golf cart.

Hey, I've heard Paris used to be a primo spot to write and kick back in, but driving around eighteen holes at the Perfection and Love has got to be close. If you're going to achieve any- thing creatively, you've got to learn how to take it easy.

—Stretch

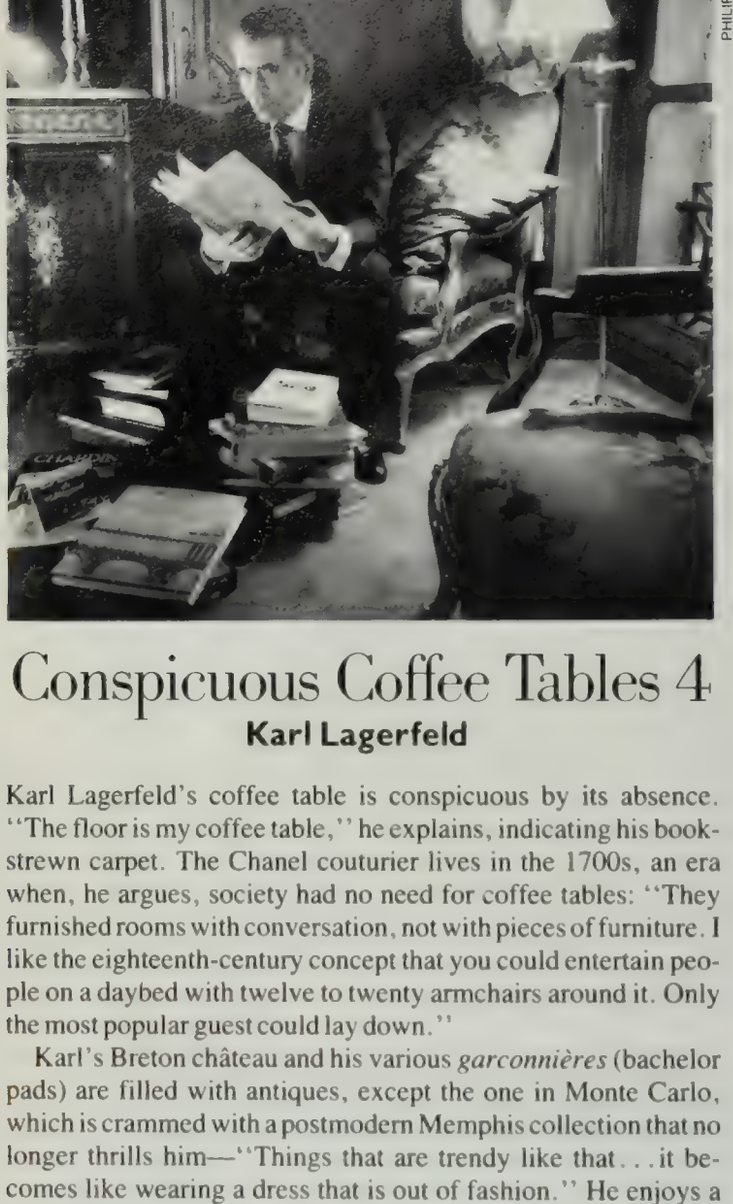
She likes English tea.



Warning: The [illegible] General Has Determined That Cigarette [illegible] erous to Your Health.



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PHILIPPE MORILLON

Conspicuous Coffee Tables 4

Karl Lagerfeld

Karl Lagerfeld's coffee table is conspicuous by its absence. "The floor is my coffee table," he explains, indicating his book-strewn carpet. The Chanel couturier lives in the 1700s, an era when, he argues, society had no need for coffee tables: "They furnished rooms with conversation, not with pieces of furniture. I like the eighteenth-century concept that you could entertain people on a daybed with twelve to twenty armchairs around it. Only the most popular guest could lay down."

Karl's Breton château and his various *garconnières* (bachelor pads) are filled with antiques, except the one in Monte Carlo, which is crammed with a postmodern Memphis collection that no longer thrills him—"Things that are trendy like that . . . it becomes like wearing a dress that is out of fashion." He enjoys a special camaraderie with his eighteenth-century pieces: "They talk. That is the difference between great and average furniture—the expression, the atmosphere it projects, like a human presence, a kind of vibration from the artist who made it. It has that special touch of a lost hand. This exists also in dressmaking. It's something impossible to reproduce, like handwriting."

Quality is Lagerfeld's signature. He started designing when his mother complained about his violin lessons. "She said, 'You are not gifted at all. I cannot take this kind of noise in the house.' So I started sketching; it doesn't make any noise." Karl, too, relishes the luxury of quiescence, preferring country life to the social [illegible] *parisienne:* "The best thing is to spend an evening [illegible] when I have things to do. Because then being laz[illegible] exciting."

When h[illegible] lets the guest of honor make the invitation: [illegible] erous. Nobody is speaking to anybody. [illegible] He adds philosophically: "Parisian [illegible] anymore. Now it's just an *idea*." The [illegible] table, perched somewhere on [illegible]

—**Brooks Peters**

Leo

Astrologically roaring

ARE you mixed up with a Leo? Then listen. Leos want their relationships to top both the society column and the Richter scale. They're drawn to sky divers, participants in telethons, and all risk takers who will play the moth to their flame.

Because many of them were dropped on their head as children, they unconsciously seek to repeat the thrill with a good-looking weirdo who will periodically and without warning throw a plugged-in radio into the tub while they are bathing. However, though they fall in love with you for your eccentricities, they will spend the rest of your life together trying to eliminate them.

Don't fall for it. You will have great success with Leo if you keep your solemn vow of unpredictability. Do not yield to Leo's demand for legitimacy; Leos are truly ambivalent about that. Though they want you to spit-shine their shoes, they ultimately have contempt for anyone who obeys them and respect for anyone who gives them the finger. If you want to win with Leo, let him or her think you've surrendered. Bow your head and curtsy, but before you hand over your sword, write FUCK YOU on the mirror—the one place you can be absolutely certain that Leo will look.

Current trends: I see people assembled. They're singing and dancing and cheering. A performance of some sort. No, wait. They're throwing rice. It's a wedding. And the stork's there too.

Oh, oh, there's a dark cloud on the horizon. Is it a witch at the christening? No, it's the specter of the family.

Interpretation: Leos must right now build solid relationships that don't simply exist [illegible] vacuum but are able to grow [illegible] the fun house we call home. [illegible] can't just live, love, and be h[illegible] py in the present; you have [illegible] keep returning to that swa[illegible] called the past. Even if Thar[illegible] giving dinner seems like H[illegible] loween, you've got to do [illegible] holidays.

Some Leos can't handle it[illegible] an effort to escape, they k[illegible] acting out *Jane Eyre*, kiss[illegible] the governess to block out [illegible] screams coming from the ro[illegible] upstairs. But try. For the res[illegible] 1985, keep saying, I'm O. [illegible] you're O.K., Freud's O.K. A[illegible] all you blond Leos out there, [illegible] ready to expose your bla[illegible] roots.

Confidential to Fidel C[illegible] tro: Well, Excellency, it's S[illegible] urn time again. The last ti[illegible] the ringed planet was in this p[illegible] sition, you threw the infid[illegible] out of the temple with a h[illegible] rumph that scared the hell [illegible] of Canadian huskies and So[illegible] Pole penguins. But that wa[illegible] whole Saturn cycle ago. N[illegible] you can dye your beard all y[illegible] want to, but you're getting gr[illegible] where no one can see. You[illegible] making decisions right th[illegible] minute for a transition of pow[illegible] that will be obvious to t[illegible] world by November, and it w[illegible] take about a year for things [illegible] settle down. You've got to cu[illegible] few cords, step out into the b[illegible] world, interact with peop[illegible] whose philosophies you on[illegible] found frightening, and enj[illegible] the corruption of foreign o[illegible] looks.

Speaking of cords, Excelle[illegible] cy, may I say that you're r[illegible] really as mad at this country [illegible] you've always claimed to b[illegible] With all due respect, I thi[illegible] there may be another controlli[illegible] mother figure in your past, o[illegible] who kept you dangling by t[illegible] apron strings, and Americ[illegible] capitalists took the rap for he[illegible] Of course, this is mere specul[illegible] tion. We'll have to talk the ne[illegible] time you're in the United State[illegible]

—**Michael Luti[illegible]**


GEORGES MARCIANO
guess™ jeans
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE


GEORGES MARCIANO
jeans

MACY'S

Rowing Blues

Oxbridge gets sold (down the river)

JIM Rogers, impresario of the Watneys Challenge II Oxford-Cambridge Manhattan Boat Race, couldn't come to the phone. His emissary, a woman named Jennifer Gladstone, said Jim had Boat Race Fever. No, he wasn't sick exactly, not *physically*. Well, was it his mind? Gladstone conceded it might be his mind. Gradually a case history emerged.

Boat Race Fever is relatively common in England, especially in the pestilent lowlands of the Thames River basin, but in America the disease is rare. It belongs to the syndrome Anglophilia. It infects men like Jim Rogers, Americans who attended Oxford or Cambridge and rowed in the celebrated Boat Race between those universities. Old Blues, these sad souls are called—Dark Blues if Oxford and Light Blues if Cambridge. About forty-five American Old Blues exist. No doubt some lead happy, productive lives, but others suffer crippling nostalgia for the Boat Race, for the pomp, the high circumstance, the tradition—for the *Englishness* of it.

Two years ago Rogers, Oxford '66, had an idea. It was the kind of idea that brought London Bridge to the Arizona desert. Why not re-create the Boat Race on New York City's East River? Rogers mustered eighteen Old Blues, nine Light and nine Dark, and despite treacherous currents and poisonous water, the race was rowed and won by Oxford. This year the crews were to race on the Hudson. The race would start at the sewage refinery opposite 140th Street and finish three miles later at the marina off Riverside Park. "You don't want to miss this one," said Gladstone. Common sense said, "Yes you do."



Motley crew.

On Boat Race Eve there was a traditional—*traditional* was the word of the weekend—a traditional Old Blues dinner, black tie or rowing blazers (the after-six version of the varsity sweater), held at the Union Club, on East Sixty-ninth Street. The dinner began with a video, repeated four times, of the '66 Boat Race, which Rogers's Oxford crew had won. Rogers was the coxswain. He is a short man, and when the port and cigars arrived he stood on his chair and asked for a toast to Her Majesty the Queen. This sparked an hour-long sequence of toasts and countertoasts, each more slanderous than the last. "You are a loathsome man," said Light Blue to Dark. "At least I don't like boys," said Dark to Light. "They do this in England, you know," said one of the wives. "I told you so," said common sense.

Race Day festivities began at one P.M. on the Riverside Park promenade. The Watneys people arrived in the official Boat Race vehicle—a black British taxicab with Watneys-beer stickers plastered over it—and began distributing leaflets to curious passersby. The leaflets contained picnic tips for spectators: "champagne, cooled in the river...smoked or poached salmon...poussin...game pie... Scotch eggs...Stilton." Nobody bolted for Zabar's. The breeze picked up, clouds gathered, and the Hudson began to look ugly. "Where are the oarsmen?" someone asked. No one knew. The crowd thinned. One sixteen-year-old said she would wait because oarsmen were sexy. "I guess it's the blisters they get on their hands," she said. "I mean, I'm not into S and M anything. It's just the devo you know. I want to go to Ox when I get out of Brearley."

Then the Old Blues appea One look at the violent Hu doused the fever in most. you know what will happe we go out there?" asked "We'll sink." Tetanus shot around, if not worse. Rog short but no Napoleon, faile inspire his troops; he loo more like General Gordon ing a massacre at Khartoum.

An Old Blue who had stu the earth sciences said the r would settle when the t ebbed. So they slipped on t rowing blazers and waited hour on the splintered Seve ninth Street dock. The look more Dunkirk evacuation t Boat Race. The tide chang the river didn't, and the mu the shoals began to reek territ It seemed the elements th selves were saying no to this ly. It seemed God was no Ang phile. The spectators, the who remained, wondered who would win but who wo survive.

Eventually the boats did ra though for less than a mile of three-mile course. The winn "Everybody lost," said one Blue. "This was the worst ex rience of my life," said anoth Jim Rogers was unfazed. " may try the Harlem River n year," he said. Pencil it in. Ca you taste the smoked salmon ready? —**John Seabro**

Get This Guy a Date

Sex and the single-minded

It's not so surprising that the *Village Voice*—renowned for its full-frontal personal ads—has its own SWM film critic. **David Edelstein** [illegible] style spills over into his reviews (he'll soon be seen [illegible] on HBO—if the pilot flies). Hold that tiger.

On Sam [illegible] *Amours:* "In her short skirts and tight blous[illegible] leonine air. She's punishingly desirable [illegible] auses pain."

On Nicole [illegible] The hero passes up the chance [illegible] tube, tanned blonde [illegible] body [illegible] because he's really in love with his considerably plainer traveling companio . . . But the horny kid's decision is preposterous. . . . There's not ing sensitive about spurning a willing, pretty girl for one less reac ly agreeable. It's called being a moron."

On Madonna in *Desperately Seeking Susan:* "With her meaty litt body, flared nostrils, and lewdly puckered lips, she's imperious trampy—just walking down the street she seems X-rated."

On Kathryn Harrold, Carole Laure, and Carol Wayne in *Hear breakers:* "Blue (Peter Coyote)...gets to sleep with Kathryn Ha rold, Carole Laure, and Carol Wayne in one movie."

On John Lurie, of *Stranger than Paradise:* "He reminds me that onc after several beers, I'd asked if Eszter Balint had a boyfriend."

On *Random Positions:* "It's one of the most powerful distillatio of sexual anxiety I've seen outside my own bedroom."

That Old ıck-and-White Magic

Hurrell inspires the rising star photographers











lockwise from top left: **Madonna by Herb Ritts, Tere Tereba by Paul Jasmin, Annie Lennox by adford Branson, Cyndi Lauper by Matthew Rolston, Glenn Close by Greg Gorman.** ***Below, right:*** **ırlow by Hurrell.**

URRELL, the photographer who defined the look ore than fifty years ago, re- ved to believe that Hollywood amour was making a come- ck. "I forced, I begged Hur- l to take out his old eight- -ten camera again," his ent, Marysa Maslansky, re- embers. "He'd say, 'Oh, peo- e don't want that anymore.' " it obviously they do. A whole w generation of Hollywood otographers is selling today's stars with the same glossy, tungsten-lit black-and-whites that immortalized Crawford, Lombard, and Gable.

Indeed, Matthew Rolston sees himself as "a modern-day equivalent of the old MGM portrait gallery." He's worked his magic on, among others, Michael Jackson, Joan Collins, and Jane Fonda. "I like my people to look sort of like Mount Rushmore," Rolston says. "A larger-than-life quality." Rolston and all his contemporaries protect and nurture their star clients. "There is no longer a studio system," explains Maslansky, "so they love it when they find somebody they can trust and who truly cares."

Greg Gorman, for example, has tamed some of the more legendary temperaments—Pacino, Midler, Streisand. And Brad Branson, at twenty-one the youngest of the second-generation Hollywood photographers, has a loyal following in the music industry.

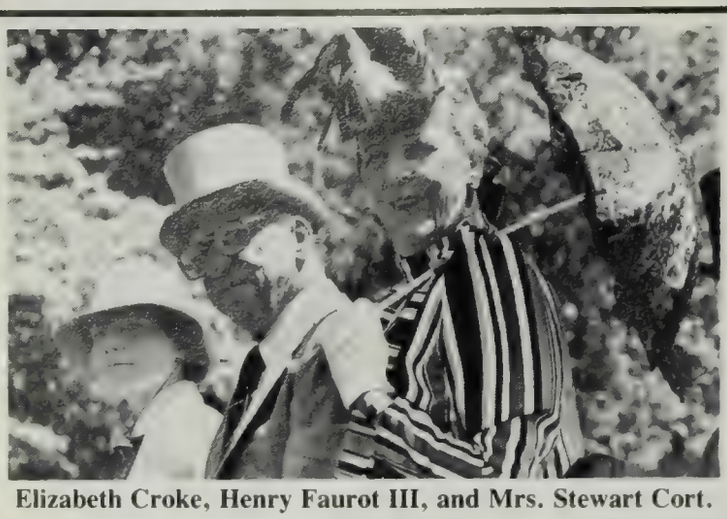
Herb Ritts, known for his daylight fashion photographs, keeps equally busy glamorizing movie stars. As "special photographer" on *The Cotton Club* he helped define Richard Gere's slick thirties look. And he focused Madonna's image in *Desperately Seeking Susan*.

Paul Jasmin uncovers the hidden star quality beneath the scuffed denim of today's talents—including Jamie Lee Curtis, Daryl Hannah, and Debra Winger. "The first pictures I ever did of Debra, I thought, This is a movie star! I mean, it's like Susan Hayward!"

Like the rest of the Hollywood photographers, Jasmin is looking for a contemporary version of the old Hollywood glamour. Easier, more relaxed, and a little tongue-in-cheek, but definitely *glamour*. "People want to see a sexy man, they want to see a sexy woman, and they want to see them like Harlow and Crawford," Jasmin says. "No wonder you wanted to know them, make love to them, be them. And that's what makes people go to the movies!"

—Kurt Kilgus





JACK BUXBAUM

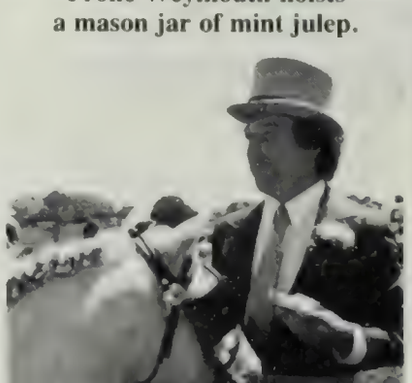
Elizabeth Croke, Henry Faurot III, and Mrs. Stewart Cort.

Horsing Around

Yankee Doodle dandies rode on ponies, and ambassadors munched fried chicken from the tailgates of Ford Country Squires. The occasion: the Winterthur Museum's seventh annual point-to-point in Delaware. Art maven George "Frolic" Weymouth organized the parade of vintage carriages. Then, as mounted hunters barreled over timber hurdles, former governor Pete du Pont worked the crowd of 10,000. Meanwhile, on the other side of the track, top-hatted patrons sipped champagne with Lady Sarah Churchill and Ambassador and Mrs. William A. Hewitt.



Frolic Weymouth hoists a mason jar of mint julep.



Jamie Wyeth and pony share a sandwich.



Winslow [illegible] Mme. Claude Pompidou, and Ambassador [illegible] Emmanuel de Margerie.

Unemployment, Mon Amou

The New Woman gets her priorities straight

Her career is tough on her love life (though she's dated Beatty)—the dilemma is marriage and kids.
—On the cover of *People*

MY love life is tough on my career (though I've taken a typing test for Trump)—the dilemma is a job and money. Spending every night with my boyfriend is the priority, which means we oversleep the next morning (though I once got up for an interview with Iacocca). And tops on my daily schedule (though I've written to Wriston) is staying in bed to cuddle and chat till dinner. At this juncture in my professional outlook, I feel blessed to have found a mate willing to adapt to my life-style of constant emotional and physical (though I've applied to Murdoch) intimacy. Maybe you're wondering (though when I auditioned for Nichols he didn't) exactly what my ambitions are. I'm an aspiring career woman trying to juggle the contemporary conflicts of work and love, and (though I've dropped off my portfolio for Schlumberger) it's not easy to make the time for employment.

It's been suggested by s[illegible] of my friends that I must reo[illegible] my goals (as though bein[illegible] complete woman somehow [illegible] volves a little more of a comm[illegible] ment than just making a de[illegible] for Geffen). At the mom[illegible] (though) I'm satisfied to [illegible] learning something new ab[illegible] love every day, keeping the r[illegible] tionship fresh by taking a spe[illegible] afternoon here or there to ch[illegible] on my boyfriend, and devot[illegible] my few spare minutes to re[illegible] ing. The rest I leave to fate—[illegible] the magic that will make [illegible] bounce out of bed bright [illegible] early one morning and s[illegible] "Enough with the go-sees [illegible] cattle calls! This is the day. T[illegible] is the day I'll get a job." It co[illegible] be any day—a day like tod[illegible] for instance, when noth[illegible] seemed impossible, not eve[illegible] whole new occupational traj[illegible] tory that might thrust me into[illegible] exciting field like politics, [illegible] which I didn't have any exp[illegible] ence until this morning (wh[illegible] though I was only going to [illegible] corner for orange juice, K[illegible] consulted me on how he w[illegible] doing). **—Veronica Ge[illegible]**

Self-Portrait of the Artist

Excerpts from the publicity blurbs for:

Mantissa, by John Fowles: "An original and (the author mai[illegible] tains) tragic tale of the sufferings wreaked on a deeply serious no[illegible] elist by his shamelessly uncooperative and pagan muse."

Zuckerman Unbound, by Philip Roth: "Nathan Zuckerman no[illegible] struggles with the wealth, fame, intrusions, and estrangements b[illegible] stowed upon him by the enormous success of his fourth nove[illegible] *Carnovsky*."

Hotel du Lac, by Anita Brookner: "Edith Hope is a disgrace. [illegible] successful novelist, mature and capable, she has made a fool [illegible] herself over love."

Lusts, by Clark Blaise: "A hopeful young writer, Richard Durgi[illegible] anticipates a life of fame, fortune, and romance . . ."

The Paper Men, by William Golding: "English novelist Wilfre[illegible] Barclay, who has known fame, success, and fortune . . ."

The Color of Light, by William Goldman: "The stunning story of [illegible] writer . . ." **—Howard Kapla[illegible]**

Table Talk

ish on bathrooms: Morgan Stanley was **so** d of replacing the doors and toilet seats kicked y frustrated equity and bond traders that it in- ed Everlast punching bags in the executive 's rooms.

mi twice: The Miami Metro-Dade police have watching too many TV cop shows. They are wearing pastel shirts, Armani-style jackets g over the shoulder, and guns provocatively layed. There is also **constant public hair bing.**



w-dried boulevardier Philippe Junot (**erstwhile husband** of ncess Caroline of Monaco) is now into chicken. He is one of the estors in the chain of marbled Chicken Kitchens, currently oting all over the Upper East Side.

Claudia (*Morning Show*) Cohen and Ronald Perelman's **lavish Palladium wedding dinner,** Cornelia Guest amused fellow guests by picking up her silver service plate between courses, peering into it, and blithely reapplying her makeup.

Sea lions are being trained for careers as lifeguards in **Laguna Beach, California.** Not only can they reach drowning victims faster than humans, they also don't require vast amounts of Noskote.

Correction: An item in the June 1985 "Table Talk" erroneously reported that Christie Brinkley had been blacklisted by the Marschalk agency after she quarreled with another model. We now understand that Christie Brinkley has never worked for the Marschalk Co., and it knows of no dispute involving her and another model. *Vanity Fair* regrets the error.

Swimsuitable Behavior



Leopardskin Liz T.



Paddling Pablo P.



Dotty Doris D.



Poolside President F.



Jaded Joan C.

HOW did the bikini get its name? In 1946 a Frenchman named it after a Pacific atoll where America was testing atomic bombs—because, presumably, of its explosive effect on his libido. Here, eleven people swap tops and bottoms:

"The bathing suit is one of the sillier pieces of clothing," says beach lover **Gloria Steinem.** "They're typical of our obsession with hypocrisy. We want to see nude bodies without them being nude."

"To many Americans," notes **Jerzy Kosinski,** "the tight bathing suits of European design appear obscene because they overexpose man to his fellowman." Conversely, "the wide American cover-ups appear obscene because, covering so little with so much, they invariably invite calls for complete disclosure."

Many of **Edward Albee's** plays set his characters in swimsuits on the beach. Some kind of revelation? "No," he laughs, "I like to look at bodies." **Gail Godwin,** however, "can think of many people I admire, both living and dead, that I would rather not see in a bathing suit."

Kitty Kelley reminds us of **John F. Kennedy's** scandal in the sand: a photo of himself and a woman nude on the beach in Palm Beach taken when he was running for senator. His reaction? "Ah, yes, I remember her well. She really was terrific."

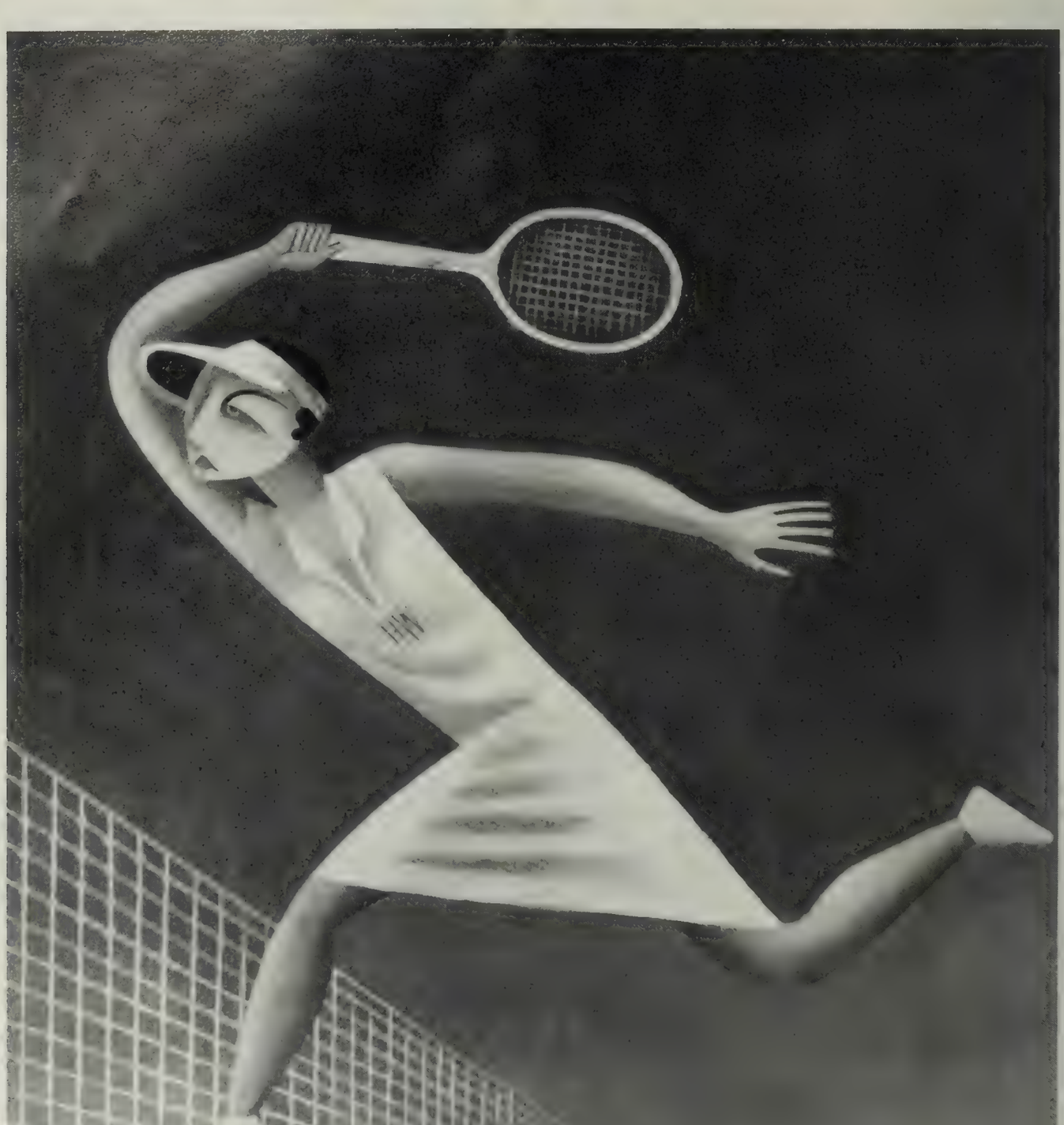
Arnold Schwarzenegger gets all kinds of offers, including "$500 for my posing trunks." **Greg Louganis** finds being perched "thirty-three feet above the water with not a whole lot on and seven people judging you a very vulnerable position." Whereas, recalls **Annette Funicello,** "in 1963, before I made the first of eight 'Beach' movies, **Walt Disney** came to me and said, 'Annette, I know all the other girls will be bikini-clad, but I'd like you to look different and not expose your navel.' And because I respected him so much, I answered, 'Mr. Disney, you got it!' "

Bendel's beachboy, **Lee Bailey,** has decided "the trick to looking good in a bathing suit is never to be seen in one beyond a close circle of contemporaries."

"The bathing suit!? Not my thing," exclaims **Diana Vreeland.** "But I do recall after the war being in Europe and seeing those poor wrecks with scars wearing their bikinis. Not for beauty, but for the sun. They were all hungry for the sun after such a dark period."

"The best bathing-suit stories," concludes **Bobby Short,** "are the *no*-bathing-suit stories." **—William Norwich**

FLASHBACK: *Vanity Fair,* 1932



Helen Wills Moody

"Little Miss Poker Face" was her nickname, and caricaturist Covarrubias certainly caught it when he painted Helen Wills Moody for *Vanity Fair*'s cover fifty-three years ago lunging crosscourt with "her sizzling forehand drives." *V.F.* dubbed her "the undisputed queen of American tennis" and listed some of her crowning achievements: eighteen Wightman Cups, eight Wimbledons, seven U.S. Women's Singles, four French championships, and a partridge in a pear tree. By 1938 she'd accumulated nineteen Grand Slam events—still unmatched by the slightly less ladylike combatants at this month's U.S. Open (Martina has eleven, Chrissie seventeen). Between matches Miss Wills—now Mrs. Roark—drew herself for *Vanity Fair:* sporting heroines in their tennis whites.

Illustration by MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS



lei-lein Gruchacz
aughter of Lillian Jang
sprit/USA Imports Manager
ge: 7½

don't like it when I get benched
r running in school, but I do like
aying up until 5 in the morning at
umber parties. At night I go under
ie covers because I get scared
f Dracula and the mummy. I'm a
rownie and right now we're selling
ookies; I want to sell a lot so that I
an win a teddy bear.

hoto: Toscani



FATAL CHARM

THE SOCIAL WEB OF CLAUS VON BÜLOW

DOMINICK DUNNE is the one writer with access to all the tangled circles surrounding Claus von Bülow. During the second trial, Dunne was caught up among the dramatis personae—both sides chose him as their confidant. The children talked, servants talked, mistresses talked, duchesses talked. And von Bülow himself talked, answering the telling questions: Does he love Andrea? Did he ever really love Sunny? What made him cry when he went back to Clarendon Court? Claus von Bülow opened his door to *Vanity Fair*



CLAUS VON BÜLOW, *opposite,* posing in black leather in the Fifth Avenue apartment. *Above:* Von Bülow and Hungarian-born Andrea Reynolds, vivacious, curvaceous, and flirtatious, with a determination factor somewhere between Imelda Marcos and Leona Helmsley.

Exclusive photographs by HELMUT NEWTON



VON BULOW AND COSIMA, his daughter: "She [Andrea Reynolds] has been the adult woman to whom Cosima would constantly turn with her lit flirtations or whatever a young girl wants to talk about. . . .No new woman in my life could have survived a lack of affinity with Cosima

"The problem with Claus," said one of Claus von Bülow's closest friends at a Park Avenue dinner party, "is that he does not dwell in the Palace of Truth. You see, he's a fake. He's always been a fake. His name is a fake. His life is a fake. He has created a character that he plays. Claus is trompe l'oeil."

"Come in, come in," said von Bülow expansively as he opened the front door to Helmut Newton, the photographer, who had just arrived from Monte Carlo for the session, and me. Von Bülow was standing in the marble-floored, green-walled, gilt-mirrored hallway of the [illegible] apartment of his multimillionairess wife, whom he was accused of [illegible] to kill. In the background a [illegible] Chinese butler hovered, watching the master of the house [illegible]. On that May Sunday of [illegible] trial the Danish-born [illegible] dressed in tight blue jeans and a black leather jacket.

"This is the first time I've actually posed for a picture since my front and side shots," said von Bülow in his deep, resonant, English-school, international-set voice.

From the beginning, the von Bülow proceedings, legal and otherwise, had had an air of unreality about them. His once beautiful wife was one of the country's richest heiresses. His stepchildren were a prince and princess. His daughter was a disinherited teenager. His former mistress was a socialite actress. His current lady friend was a thrice-married Hungarian adventuress who was not the countess she was often described as being. The maid who testified against him had once worked for the Krupps. And lurking darkly in the background was a publicity-mad con man bent on destroying him.

The apartment of Sunny von Bülow, even by Fifth Avenue standards, is very grand. Located in one of the most exclusive buildings in New York, its c rent market value is estimated by one the city's top realtors at nearly $8 m lion. Although a sophisticated friend von Bülow's complained that the for foot drawing room has "far, far t many legs," it should be pointed that the legs are by Chippendale and museum quality, as is nearly every ject in the fourteen-room apartme looking down on Central Park.

According to the terms of Sunny v Bülow's will, the apartment will go von Bülow when she dies. So will Cl endon Court, the fabulous mansion on ten acres overlooking the sea Newport, Rhode Island, where her t comas took place during successi Christmas holidays, in 1979 and 198 So will $14 million of her $75 milli fortune. In the meantime the maint nance on the apartment is paid for Sunny's estate, so in effect von Bülo and his self-proclaimed mistress, A drea Reynolds, have been largely su ported by his comatose wife since

viction in 1982 for her attempted
der. That verdict was overturned on
al because certain materials had been
held from the defense and others had
n improperly admitted as evidence.
How is my old friend Bobby Molt-
' von Bülow asked Newton as he
setting up his photographic equip-
it. Then he added, "Not well, I
." Newton resides in Monte Carlo,
re Count Moltke lives part of the
r, and the inquiry was distinctly per-
se. Count Moltke is the father of Al-
ndra Isles, von Bülow's former
tress, for whom, in the opinion of
ny, he sought to be rid of his wife.
t day her name was prominent in the
vspapers because another former lov-
f hers, the theater critic John Simon,
given an interview to the New York
t saying that he was in almost daily
tact with the missing actress and that
had no intention of returning to tes-
at the second trial. Furthermore,
unt Moltke, a Danish aristocrat, is
own to loathe his fellow countryman
having involved the count's daugh-
in a scandal that has haunted her for
rs.
When I admired the carpet in the
wing room, von Bülow said, "I be-
ve in building a room from the rug
. Did you ever know Billy Wallace in
gland? His father ordered this rug
m Portugal before the war, and by
time it arrived the war had started,
d it was put in storage and never
ed. I bought it from the family after
war." As usual, his attitude and
nversation totally belied the fact that
was at that very moment a candidate
r a long sojourn in one of Rhode Is-
nd's Adult Correctional Institutions.
While von Bülow posed for Newton
front of a portrait of himself painted
Paris when he was twenty-one, Mrs.
eynolds, dressed in a white satin lace-
mmed negligee, her eyes rimmed
th black eyeliner, appeared and led
e back to Sunny von Bülow's bed-
om. On the bed Mrs. Reynolds had
id out evening dresses and a black
ather outfit that matched von Bü-
w's for the shoot. One of the many
ories about Andrea Reynolds that
rculated at the trial in Providence
id in the Upper East Side dining
oms of New York was that she wore
rs. von Bülow's clothes and jewels,
id that she had the clothes altered by
seamstress from the Yves Saint Lau-
rent boutique on Madison Avenue.

"Not true!" Mrs. Reynolds had exclaimed when I mentioned these allegations a few days earlier. "I have far better jewels than Sunny von Bülow ever had. I've had fantastic jewels all my life. I wasn't even twenty when I had one of the biggest diamonds around. Be careful what you say about my jewels; I don't want to be robbed again."

She suffered a million-dollar jewel heist at her villa in Saint-Tropez in the late sixties, and was quoted then by the French columnist Jacques Chazot as saying, "They were only my *bijoux de plage*." Another robbery occurred in her New York hotel suite while she was at the movies seeing *Deep Throat*, and once a pair of $80,000 earrings disappeared from a dressing room at Dior in Paris after she removed them to try on fur turbans. She suspects that they were lifted by an American-born duchess of historical importance who used the dressing room after her.

She opened several velvet boxes on the bed, revealing a treasure trove of emeralds, diamonds, and pearls. "Mummy sent me these," she said.

During the final days of the first trial, Andrea Reynolds and her third husband, television producer Sheldon Reynolds, wrote a letter to von Bülow telling him they believed he was innocent. Lonely and isolated, von Bülow responded. They met in New York the day after his return there from Newport following the guilty verdict, and a warm friendship quickly developed. He spent weekends at the couple's country house in Livingston Manor, New York, and they stayed frequently at the von Bülow apartment. They made plans to have Reynolds be the agent for von Bülow's proposed autobiography and the mini-series based on it. (Von Bülow believes Robert Duvall should play him if a film or mini-series *is* ever made.) These plans fell apart when Reynolds, on a business trip in London, read in a gossip column that his wife and von Bülow were having an affair. A divorce is in progress. Mrs. Reynolds claims she was a neglected wife: "We were both unhappy when we met, Claus and I."

"Look," said one of von Bülow's swellest friends, who doesn't see him anymore, "six years ago, before all this happened, Claus wouldn't have had time for Andrea Reynolds." Although she claims to have known von Bülow for years, they did not travel in the same echelons of high society. She has a history of taking up with men who are at their low ebb and reviving them. A man just convicted of twice attempting to murder his wife would not seem like much of a catch to most women, but to Andrea Reynolds Claus von Bülow, sentenced to thirty years pending appeal, was the ticket to center stage that she had always craved.

They made one of their first public appearances together in New York at a party given by Lady Jeanne Campbell, a former wife of Norman Mailer and the daughter of the eleventh Duke of Argyll. It was a glittering gathering of social names, literary names, titles, and a few film stars, and when von Bülow and Mrs. Reynolds entered late, after the theater, all conversation stopped. The occasion established Claus von Bülow's tremendous social celebrity; after that the couple maintained a high profile in the upper register of New York. They attended the opera regularly, on the smart night, and were frequent guests at the parties of such well-chronicled hostesses as von Bülow's old friend Mercedes Kellogg, the wife of Ambassador Francis Kellogg, and his new friend and staunch supporter Alice Mason, the New York realtor. They were also regulars at Mortimer's, the Upper East Side restaurant that caters to Manhattan's people-you-love-to-read-about.

Von Bülow inspires feelings that range from detestation to zealotry. At one of Alice Mason's parties, the editor of a magazine, appalled to be in the same room with a man found guilty of attempting to murder his wife, said she would leave if she were seated at the same table with him. Another woman at the party remarked, "He might look like the devil, but he's such a cozy old thing, and so amusing to sit next to at dinner. Have you seen him do his imitation of Queen Victoria?"

As a couple, they entertained frequently and elegantly at Sunny's Fifth Avenue apartment. "Very good food and lots of waiters," said man-about-town Johnny Galliher. One party was a vernissage for Andrea Reynolds's eyelift; the guest of honor was Dr. Daniel Baker, the plastic surgeon who had performed the operation. Their frantic pace





"That Hungarian hussar [Mrs. Reynolds] whipped everybody, including me, into activity."

—CLAUS VON BÜLOW

ANDREA REYNOLDS, *above,* and, *opposite,* with von Bülow: "As long as they take Cosima with them when they go out, her trust pays the bill."



le might look like the devil, but he's
:h a cozy old thing....Have you seen him do his
itation of Queen Victoria?"—PARTY GUEST

:inued right up to the second trial, included an eighteenth-birthday y for Claus and Sunny's daughter, ima, at Mortimer's, attended by n *bon vivants* of New York as John nardson, Kenny Lane, and Reinaldo Carolina Herrera, but not by a sinperson of Cosima's age. "As long :hey take Cosima with them when / go out, her trust pays the bill," l an informed source. They spent r last evening in New York before second trial at a party given by Cor:a Guest, the city's most highly pubzed postdebutante, whose mother, Z. Guest, the noted horsewoman, dener, and socialite, was prepared to e testimony in von Bülow's behalf at trial and corroborate the allegations the late Truman Capote and others t Sunny von Bülow was a drug addict l a drunk.

For the first several weeks of the trial in Providence, my room at the Biltmore Plaza Hotel was on the same floor as the rooms von Bülow d Mrs. Reynolds shared. For several ars I had seen the two of them around w York. Although we had never spon, we had often been at the same pars or in the same restaurants. The first y in the courtroom, von Bülow recogzed me but did not acknowledge me. e second day he nodded to me in the n's room. When we met in the corrir on the fourteenth floor of the hotel, struck up a conversation about a porble word processor I was carrying. At at moment the door to their suite ened, and Andrea Reynolds came out to the hall.

She said to von Bülow, "I don't ow Mr. Dunne's first name."

"Dominick," I said.

Von Bülow, leaning toward her, said owly and deliberately, "And Mr. unne is not friendly toward us."

"I'm being friendly now," I said.

ON BÜLOW
OING QUEEN VICTORIA:
So amusing to sit next to at dinner."

They invited me into their room, which had a sitting area at one end of it. An open closet was crammed with Mrs. Reynolds's clothes and at least twenty pairs of her shoes.

"We mustn't talk about the trial," said von Bülow.

For a while we talked about Cosima von Bülow, who had that day been accepted at Brown University and would soon graduate from Brooks School in Massachusetts. Von Bülow spoke proudly and affectionately of her.

"Cosima has the best qualities of both her parents," said Andrea Reynolds. "She has the beauty and serenity of Sunny, and the intelligence and strength of Claus." Von Bülow acknowledged to me later Mrs. Reynolds's importance in Cosima's life. "She has been the adult woman to whom Cosima would constantly turn with her little flirtations or whatever a young girl wants to talk about....No new woman in my life could have survived a lack of affinity with Cosima."

"Senator Pell called this morning and wanted to have lunch with Claus in Providence," said Andrea Reynolds, "and you can print that." She was referring to Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island. "He obviously doesn't think he's guilty." Von Bülow remarked, with the self-deprecatory kind of humor that had become a trademark with him, that he had declined the invitation because he didn't want to spoil the senator's chances of winning a sixth term by being seen with him in public.

That night I happened to fly back to New York on the same plane that Senator and Mrs. Pell were on. I struck up a conversation with Mrs. Pell and revealed that I was covering the von Bülow trial.

"I was with Claus von Bülow this afternoon and heard that the senator had called to ask him for lunch," I said.

"Is that what you were told?" Mrs. Pell asked. Nuala Pell is the daughter of Jo Hartford Bryce, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company heiress, and a Newport neighbor of the von Bülows.

"Yes," I replied.

"Mr. von Bülow called my husband. My husband didn't call Mr. von Bülow," she said.

Every Friday afternoon during the trial the von Bülow station wagon was packed and ready to depart the instant court adjourned. The doorman of the Biltmore Plaza Hotel held open the rear door, and the golden retriever, Tiger Lily, bolted into her regular place, eager to be gone. As Mrs. Reynolds, behind the wheel, waved gaily to photographers, von Bülow, wearing one of his handsomely cut cuffed-sleeved, foulard-lined tweed jackets, slipped into the front seat beside her, and they took off to New York. After the third week of the trial, they gave a christening party for Mrs. Reynolds's granddaughter, Eliza McCarthy. Von Bülow was the godfather, and the infant wore the christening dress Cosima had worn. Mrs. Reynolds, in a hat of red poppies with a fingertip veil and a blue high-fashion dress, nipped into Mortimer's for a celebratory drink between the religious service at St. Jean Baptiste Church and the seated lunch for twenty at the apartment: cold poached salmon, cucumber salad, and champagne, served by three waiters in addition to Tai, the Chinese butler.

Mrs. Reynolds interrupted von Bülow's toast to say, "Claus, Ann-Mari Bismarck is calling from London."

"Excuse me," said the host, leaving the table to talk with Princess von Bismarck, one of his strongest supporters.

"He's innocent," said the woman next to me. "It's those awful drugged-out children who have brought all this on and framed him. I can't sleep nights worrying about Claus."

A few days before the christening, von Bülow had gone with the jury, the judge, and both teams of lawyers for a view of Clarendon Court, the Newport mansion he and Sunny and their children had shared during the marriage. Clarendon Court was the location of the two alleged murder attempts. The gates leading to the courtyard of the Georgian mansion were boarded up to discourage passersby from snooping. Entering the grounds of his former home through a service entrance in a side wall, von Bülow broke down and cried, wiping away his tears







Clockwise from top left: Sunny von Bülow's daughter Ala in Salzburg on her wedding day, in May 1980, with her father, Prince Alfie von Auersperg. Sunny in 1979 before her first coma. Sunny's mother, Annie-Laurie Aitken, and Ala at the latter's coming-out party, in 1976. *Opposite:* Sunny on the day of her wedding to Prince Alfie von Auersperg, in 1957.

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with a silk handkerchief. Skeptics were quick to note that he was directly in line with a television camera raised high on a cherry picker to film what went on behind the walls, where the media were denied access.

"Why did you cry?" I asked him.

"It was the dogs," he replied, meaning three yellow Labradors that had belonged to [illegible] and had often slept on their bed. "I remembered the dogs as young and [illegible], and they had become [illegible] remembered me [illegible] me and greeted me, and I felt like Ulysses returning. And I broke down."

The only outward indication that Claus von Bülow was ever under severe strain was a habit he developed of stretching his neck and jutting out his chin at the same time, like a horse trying to throw the bit out of its mouth, or a man resisting a noose. Whatever one felt personally about the guilt or innocence of the man, one could not deny his charm, which was enormous, in a European, upper-class, courtly sort of way. One of the first calls he made after his arrest was to John Aspinall, his English gambler friend, to say that alas he would not be able to attend the ball Aspinall and his wife were giving that weekend in Kent.

The slightest incident would trigger an inexhaustible supply of heavy-furniture anecdotes about the titled, the famous, and the wealthy—his standard points of reference. He would regale you with the fact that Christian VII of Denmark, whose portrait hangs in his drawing room, died of syphilis and drink. Or that the marble of his dining table, as blue as malachite is green, is called azurite. "I hate malachite, don't you?" he asked. "It reminds me of the fellow who was so proud of his malachite cuff links until a Russian grand duke said to him, 'Ah, yes, I used to have a staircase made of that.' " Once when a waiter poured him wine, sniffed it, sipped it, savored it, nod his approval of it, and then contin with the anecdote he was telling a the Dowager Marchioness of Duff and Ava, concerning Sunny von Bülc maid, Maria Schrallhammer, who t fied against him in both trials. " 'I k how difficult it is to get a good ma Maureen said, 'but this is ridiculous.'

He would cite as his Newport s porters Alan Pryce-Jones, Oat Charles, Mr. and Mrs. John Winsl and especially Anne Brown, the sept genarian dowager Mrs. John Nich Brown, born a Kinsolving, who t the stand in von Bülow's behalf a character witness at the first trial became his most devoted champion the deeply divided summer colony. A dinner in Palm Beach last winter gi by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gubelma also of Newport, Mrs. Brown nounced that her faith in Claus von B low remained undiminished, and asked the other guests to raise th glasses in a toast to him. No one rose join her.

Von Bülow continued to wear wedding ring from his marriage to Su ny, although he said any number times that they would have divorced what happened had not happened. T ring was in fact returned to him bef the first trial by Alexandra Isles, his f





"Were you ever in love with Sunny?" "Oh, yes. Very much so... Sunny and I were geographically apart, but in every other sense together, for two years before we got married."—CLAUS VON BÜLOW

mer mistress, whose appearance at that trial helped to convict him and whose melodramatic appearance at the second trial again turned sentiment against him. Mrs. Isles had had the wedding ring in her possession because it embarrassed her to have him wear it during the course of their affair.

Sometimes he spoke of Sunny as if she were a beloved late wife. "That was one of Sunny's favorite books," he said one day when he saw me reading *The Raj Quartet* during a break in the jury selection. Another time, at the apartment on Fifth Avenue, he saw me looking at a silver-framed photograph of her, taken by Horst. "God, she was beautiful," he said quietly.

"Were you ever in love with Sunny?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Very much so," he replied in his dark baritone. "I'm really not letting out any secrets when I say that Sunny and I were geographically apart, but in every other sense together, for two years before we got married."

Who exactly is Claus von Bülow? For most of his life, dark rumors have circulated about him: that he was a page boy at Hermann Göring's wedding, that he is a necrophile, that he killed his mother and kept her body on ice, that he was involved in international espionage. Von Bülow either has a logical explanation for each rumor or shrugs it off as ludicrous. The necrophilia story, he says, was pinned on him in 1949, as a joke, on Capri, by Fiat owner Gianni Agnelli and Prince Dado Ruspoli. "Like dirt, it stuck," he says.

He was born Claus Cecil Borberg on August 11, 1926, in Copenhagen to Jonna and Svend Borberg, who divorced when he was four. His mother was a beauty who throughout her life developed strong friendships with men in high places. His father was a drama critic who greatly admired the Germans, even after they occupied Denmark in World War II. "He gave a good name to a bad cause," says von Bülow about his father. "He dined with the wrong people." After the war he was arrested as a collaborator and sentenced to four years in prison. Von Bülow says that his father's conviction—like his own thirty-six years later—was thrown out on appeal, and he was released after eighteen months. However, when von Bülow returned to Denmark he did not go to see his father, who died broken and ostracized a year after his release.

His mother was residing in England at the time of the German invasion of Denmark. Claus was spirited there via Sweden in the early years of the war through the efforts of both his parents. Claus took the name of his maternal grandfather, Frits Bülow, a former minister of justice, since the name Borberg had been besmirched. The *von* was added later.

When he was sixteen, he was accepted at Cambridge University, from which he graduated in 1946 with a law degree. Too young to take the bar, he spent a year in Paris auditing courses at the École des Sciences Politiques and introducing himself to the world of international high society. After working with Hambros bank in London, he joined the law offices of Quintin Hogg, later Lord Hailsham. An interesting fact that was not brought up in either trial is that during the 1950s his law firm handled the first known case of murder by insulin injection.

Von Bülow and his mother, with whom he lived until her death, bought one of the grandest apartments in London, in Belgrave Square, which, von Bülow says, "dined two hundred with ease and slept three with difficulty." Before gambling became legal, he rented it out to his friend John Aspinall for private gambling parties. He also made

SUNNY AND CLAUS VON BÜLOW at a party in Belgrave Square, London, in July 1968, two years after their marriage: "God, she was beautiful."





Clockwise from far le
Von Bülow in Saint Moritz with his moth and Gianni Agnelli. Von Bülow, Princess Bismarck, and Prince Fugger von Babenhau Von Bülow and J. Paul Getty, Jr., wit King Faisal of Saudi Arabia in Riyadh in 1965. Von Bülow i British lawyer's wig and gown. Von Bülov and Cosima in the library at Clarendon Court, Newport, Rhode Island, Christmas 1972.







friends with Lord Lucan, who later murdered his children's nanny in the mistaken belief that it was his wife, and whose subsequent whereabouts have never been ascertained. Tall and handsome, with an eye for the right social contacts, von Bülow soon knew all the people who mattered. In Saint Moritz he had an affair with socialite Ann Woodward after she killed her husband.

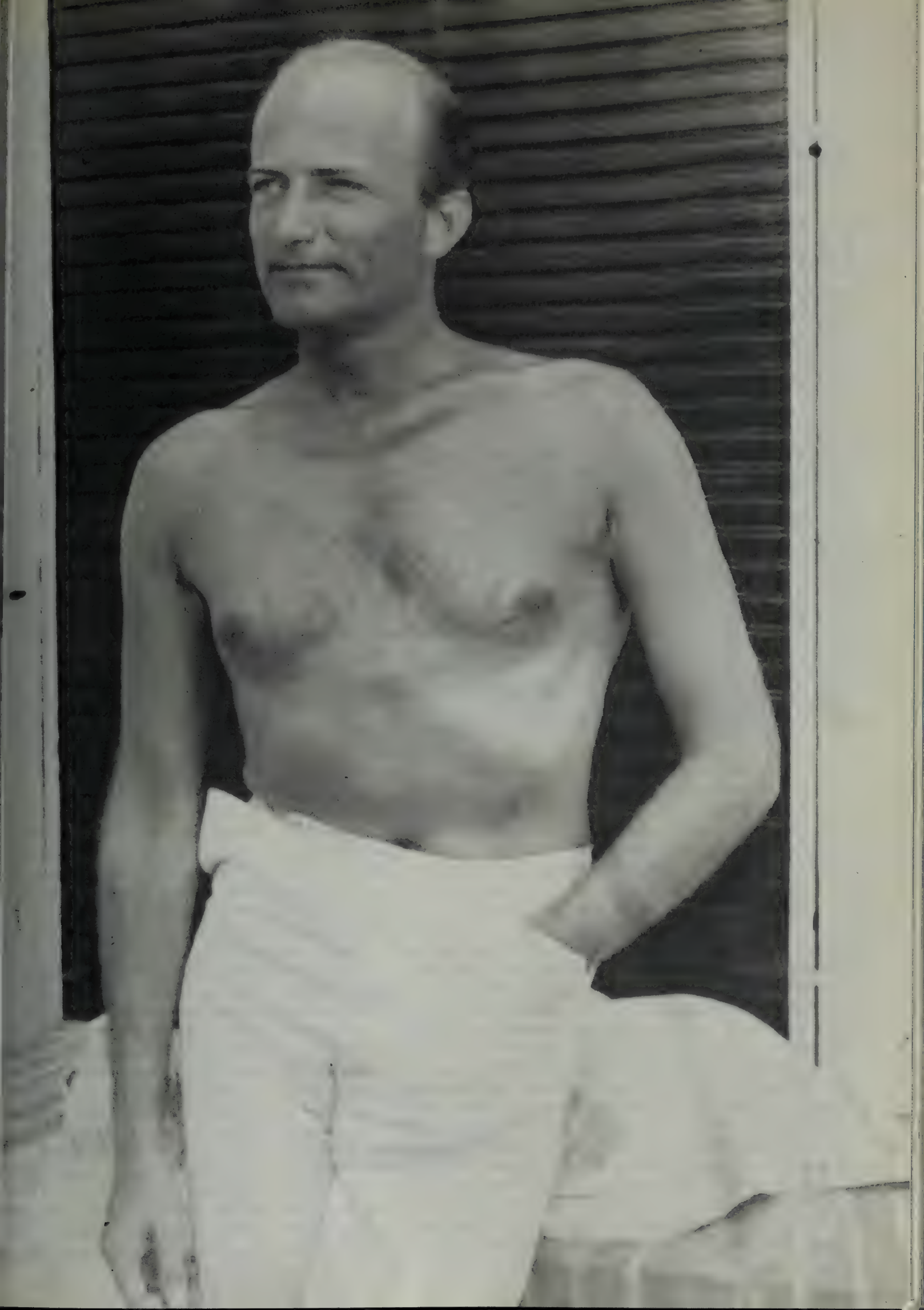
In the early sixties, when he was thirty-three years old, von Bülow was hired as an administrative assistant to the legendary oil tycoon J. Paul Getty, who had recently moved the headquarters of the Los [illegible] company to London. [illegible] much speculation as to [illegible] von Bülow's importance [illegible] empire, whether [illegible] figure of [illegible]

so von Bülow frequently represented him at meetings and reported back to him. A woman friend of Getty's told me that von Bülow arranged parties in his apartment at which the old man could meet girls. What is certain is that his income from working for one of the richest men in the world was less than $20,000 a year. Von Bülow speaks of Mr. Getty with enormous affection and says that one of the major mistakes of his life was leaving England and that job.

Margaret, Duchess of Argyll, was a great friend of Paul Getty's and often served as hostess at his parties. She remembers one occasion when she returned to London from Getty's estate in Surrey with von Bülow, whom she did not know well at the time. She was then involved in one of the most scandalous divorces in English history. Von Bülow asked her if she knew that her husba had taken a room at the Ritz in Lond that connected with the room of a c tain Mrs. So-and-so. She did not kno "But, you can imagine, it was very i portant information for me to have that time," said the duchess, "and M von Bülow didn't even know the duke

In 1966 von Bülow married t American princess Martha "Sunn Crawford von Auersperg, thirte months after her divorce from her fi husband, Prince Alfie von Auersper on whom she had settled a million d lars and two houses. Tired of living Austria, tired of her husband's phila dering, tired of big-game hunting in A rica, Sunny wanted to bring up her t children from that marriage, Princess A nie-Laurie von Auersperg and Prince A exander von Auersperg, aged seven a six, in the United States. Fifteen yea later those same two children wou charge their stepfather with attempting murder her. The couple settled in Ne York in Sunny's apartment at 960 Fi

VON BÜLOW IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, 1960: Tall and handsome, with an eye for the right social contacts.



Avenue, the same apartment where von Bülow and Mrs. Reynolds reside.

A year later, their only child, Cosima, was born. Prince Otto von Bismarck, J. Paul Getty, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and Isabel Glover were her godparents.

"Did you see yourself on Dan Rather last night?" I asked Andrea Reynolds the morning after CBS had run a long sequence of the trial, showing her watching Alexandra Isles, von Bülow's mistress before her, testify against him.

"No, darling, I didn't know it was on. But so many people have been filming me—can you imagine if I spent my days seeing if I can see myself on TV? How did I look?"

Clearly the star of the second trial was Mrs. Reynolds, although she was, much to her chagrin, not allowed to sit in the courtroom. She was here, there, and everywhere else, though, known to every employee in the Biltmore Plaza Hotel, to all the cabdrivers of Providence, and to each member of the press. Forty-eight years old, she was born in Hungary and raised and educated in Switzerland. She speaks seven languages. Vivacious, curvaceous, and flirtatious, she seems a sort of latter-day Gabor, with a determination factor somewhere on the scale between Imelda Marcos and Leona Helmsley. She was openly loathed by Claus von Bülow's lawyers long before she told a reporter from *People* magazine that the jury didn't like Thomas Puccio: "They draw away from him when he approaches the jury box." Puccio, von Bülow's tough defense attorney, gained national recognition as the Abscam prosecutor. Friends claim Mrs. Reynolds knew more about the first trial than the lawyers did. One reporter counted twenty-nine pages of Sunny von Bülow's medical records spread out on tables and chairs in her suite.

She was Claus von Bülow's most passionate defender, fighting to vindicate her man and at the same time establishing a name for herself. It was she, according to Sheldon Reynolds, who got most [illegible] affidavits from prominent [illegible] Sunny von Bülow [illegible] von Bülow said about her [illegible] Hungarian hussar [illegible] into activity [illegible]

evident than in von Bülow's dealings with the media.

During the first trial, in Newport, von Bülow sometimes spoke to members of the press in the corridors of the courthouse during recesses, but he never socialized with them. During the second trial, in Providence, with Mrs. Reynolds at the helm, he openly courted the media with masterly manipulation. They were on a first-name basis with most of the members, dined regularly with them in the various restaurants of Providence, and drove at least one reporter to New York in their station wagon for the weekend, dazzling them all, or so they thought, with their glamour, while always stipulating that anything they said was strictly off the record. Mrs. Reynolds often telephoned reporters if she didn't like the way they reported on the trial, and occasionally went over their heads to their editors. When Tony Burton wrote in the New York *Daily News* that while the jury was sequestered in the Holiday Inn, cut off from family and friends, the defendant and his lady friend were dining nightly in the best restaurants in Providence, Mrs. Reynolds called him a Commie pinko faggot. Eventually reporters grew sick of the off-the-record quotes fed to them by the pair. One foreign journalist baited Mrs. Reynolds by asking her, "Come on, Andrea, what kind of fuck is Claus?" She replied, without a second's hesitation, "How can you expect me to answer that? If I tell you he's good, there will be even more women after him than there already are, and if I tell you he's no good, how does that make me look?"

Barred from the courtroom, Mrs. Reynolds watched the trial in the truck of Cable News Network, which carried the proceedings live, gavel to gavel. There she was able to see exactly what went on in the courtroom, without all the commercials and cutaways. To the dismay of the CNN personnel, she slowly began to take over the small booth. When Alexander von Auersperg's lawyer entered one day, he was met by Mrs. Reynolds. When Judge Corinne Grande called the booth, Mrs. Reynolds answered the telephone. Mrs. Reynolds was then asked not to return. She begged to be readmitted for just one more day in order to watch a hearing for one of several mistrials requested by the defense, but CNN declined. "Even a maid gets two weeks' notice," snapped Mrs. Reynolds.

Mrs. Reynolds's style was a curious mixture of femininity and rough l guage. Her stories about the von Aue perg children, whom she had never m were scurrilous. "Everyone who e went to Xenon knows all about them she said. On a secret tape submitted the producers of *60 Minutes*, she ferred to Alexander as an asshole.

One day I asked her, "Is it true t you shot your first husband?"

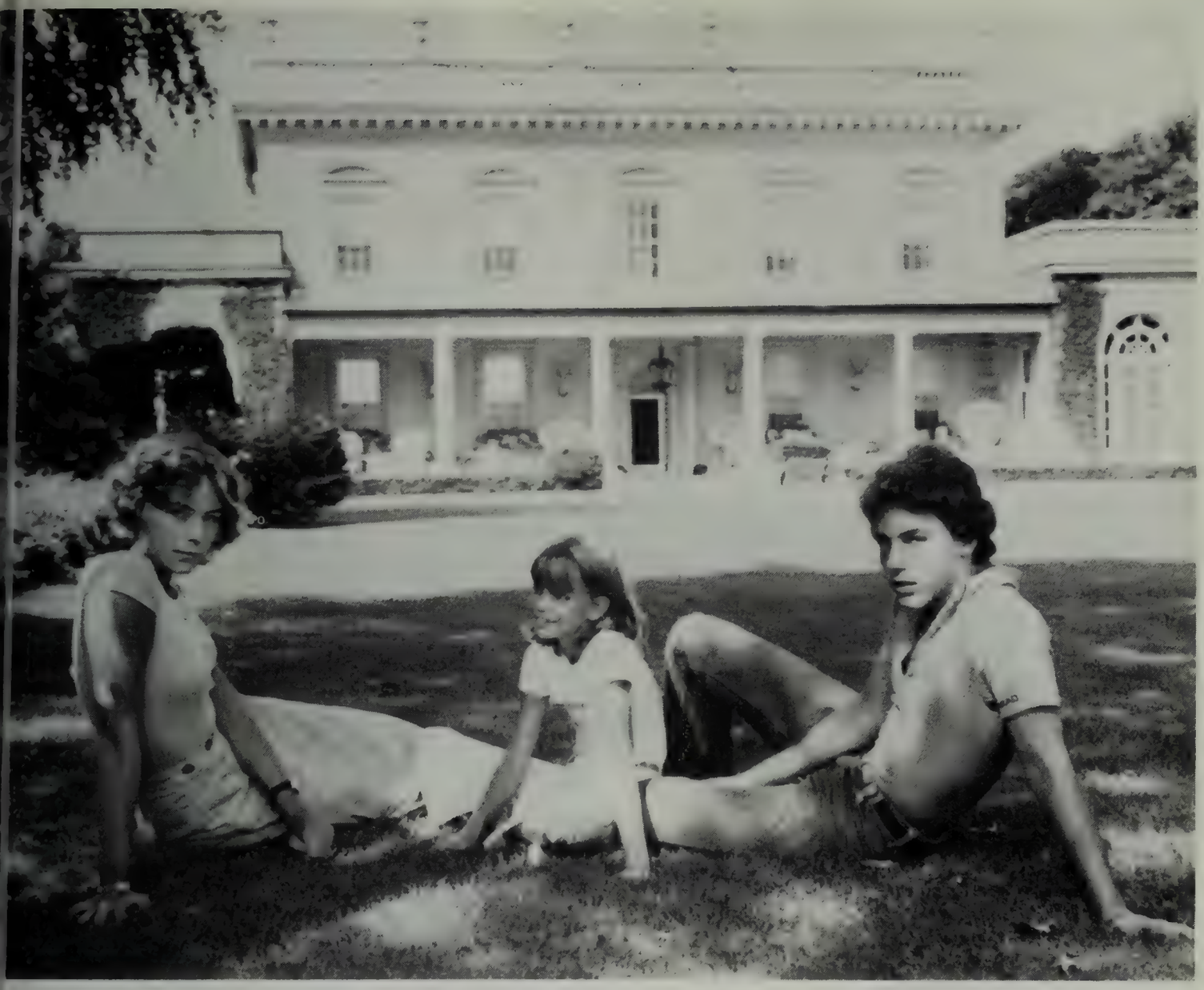
"Absolutely not."

"That's a pretty well circulated st about you, Andrea."

"It wasn't my first husband. It w my second husband," she said. "An didn't shoot him. He shot himse When I left him. I'm the one who sav him. Not the one who shot him."

Andrea Reynolds was born Andi Milos. Her family was described to by a Hungarian who knew them as r ble without a title. She and her moth fled Hungary for Switzerland when t Russians arrived, but her father, a bar er, was forced to stay behind. Eventu ly he escaped to Morocco with family jewels, sewn, according to M Reynolds, into the seams of his lederh sen. In Casablanca he opened a di cleaning establishment called Mi Fleurs, and his fortune started to flo ish again after he secured the busine of the United States Army base in Cas blanca. After her parents divorced, l mother married Sir Oliver Duncan, immensely rich Englishman with pr German leanings who sat out the war Switzerland. Older by far than his ne wife and suffering from Parkinson disease, he was an heir to the Pfiz pharmaceutical company. The facts his murder are murky, but nearly a sources agree that he was kidnapp from Switzerland and hidden in a co vent in Rome. At some point during h incarceration, he was carried to Mon Carlo and forced to sign away his fo tune to his abductors. Some Europea familiar with the story told me his bod had never been found, but Mrs. Rey olds said she knew exactly where h stepfather was buried. Her mother, t widowed Lady Duncan, now lives Brazil. "During all these topsy-turv things, I always went to the be schools," said Mrs. Reynolds.

Her first husband was a French-Ita ian named Ellis Giorgini. They had, a cording to Mrs. Reynolds, "a beautif wedding in Paris." But the marriag was short-lived: "He drank a bit to



OSIMA flanked by Ala and Alexander on the lawn behind Clarendon Court, circa 1975. Von Bülow wept when he went there with the jury uring the second trial: "The dogs. . . remembered me. . . and I felt like Ulysses returning. And I broke down."

h." Her second husband, Pierre tier-Duché, a Frenchman, is the fa- of her only child, Caroline, who is udent of veterinary medicine at the versity of Pennsylvania and the her of Eliza McCarthy. They lived house in Paris that had once be- ged to Anatole France, and had a vil- n Saint-Tropez. At one time very , Frottier suffered severe financial erses. When he later went bankrupt, . Reynolds gave him back all the els he had given her. "I'm a gentle- ," she said. Asked to comment on story that Frottier had been forced to ome a taxi driver after he went ke, she replied, "No, no, no, a ousine driver, and he would pick people like Henry Ford, whom he w from before, and Henry would up in the front seat with him when realized it was Pierre."

Her conversation is peppered with fashionable names. The late Florence Gould, daughter-in-law of robber baron Jay Gould, was the godmother of her daughter, Caroline. The late Babe Paley was the matron of honor at her third marriage, to film producer Sheldon Reynolds. When pressed, she admitted, "Well, actually, Babe was sick on the day of the wedding, with a toothache, and someone else had to stand in, but I think of her as my matron of honor."

She claims to be on excellent terms with all her husbands, but the two I spoke with did not share her opinion. "If Claus has to marry Andrea," said Sheldon Reynolds, "he will wish he'd been convicted."

One night the telephone rang in my hotel room in Providence. It was Mrs. Reynolds. She asked me not to mention something she had told me about one of her husbands, and I agreed not to.

"I talk too much when I'm with you," she said. "I'm going to have to arrange for you to have a little accident."

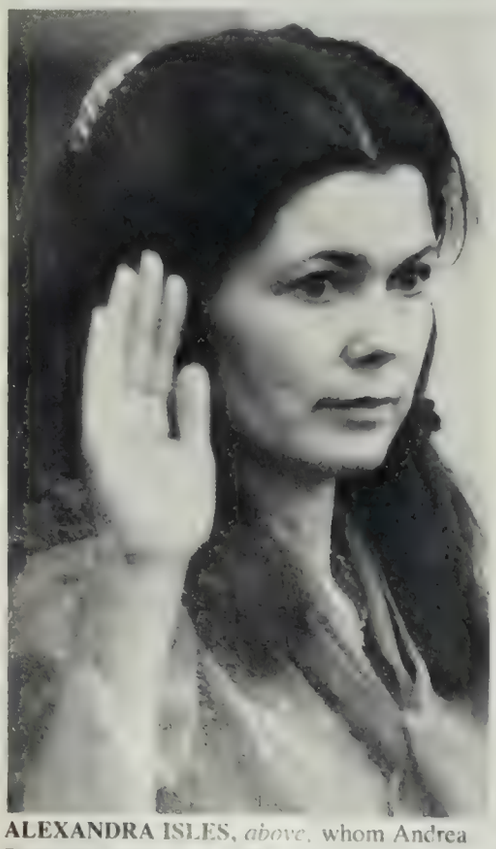
We both laughed and hung up.

A rich person on trial is very different from an ordinary person on trial. The powerful defense team assembled by von Bülow for the second trial so outshone the prosecution that the trial often seemed like a football game between the New York Jets and Providence High. Outsiders versed in legal costs estimated that the second trial alone cost von Bülow somewhere in the neighborhood of a million dollars. Besides Thomas Puccio and Alan Dershowitz, the Harvard law professor who won the appeal, four other lawyers, two of them from New York, attended the trial daily. Von Bülow even

The victorious von Bülow spent the evening he was acquitted at 960 Fifth Avenue with Taki Theodoracopulos, the social columnist who had just served time in England for possession of cocaine.

hired his own court stenographer, because the court-appointed one could not turn out transcripts fast enough to suit the defense. That cost alone, combined with printing, binding, and messenger fees, was probably close to $1,500 a day. Where the money for this extravagant operation came from was anyone's guess. Von Bülow's personal income is $120,000 a year, the interest on a $2 million trust Sunny von Bülow donated to the Metropolitan Opera with the stipulation that the income should go to von Bülow for life. Some said he sold art objects. Others said he had a loan of $900,000 from the Getty Oil Company. Still others said Mrs. Reynolds controlled the backers who provided the money.

"Are you in love with Andrea?" I asked von Bülow one Sunday morning late in the trial, when we were sitting on a bench in Central Park.



ALEXANDRA ISLES, *above*, whom Andrea Reynolds accused of [illegible] Joan Collins, right out of *Dynasty*. Von Bülow [illegible] at home on Fifth Avenue [illegible] the wedding ring from his [illegible] Sunday

His eyes were closed. He was catching the warm May rays of the sun on his face. "I love Andrea," he replied slowly, measuring his words. "I find this very hard. Being *in* love is very different from loving somebody. There has to be the right timing and the right climate... The climate and timing are wrong. I just don't have enough left for the enthusiasm and recklessness and carefreeness that is inherent in falling in love. I'm a man with a noose around my neck."

David Marriott was meticulously suited and vested in beige gabardine, with an *M* monogrammed on his French cuffs. Tall, slender, twenty-seven years old, he had arrived for our meeting, as he arrived for all of his public appearances, in a limousine. His chauffeur-bodyguard sat with us in the cocktail lounge of the Biltmore Plaza, munching peanuts.

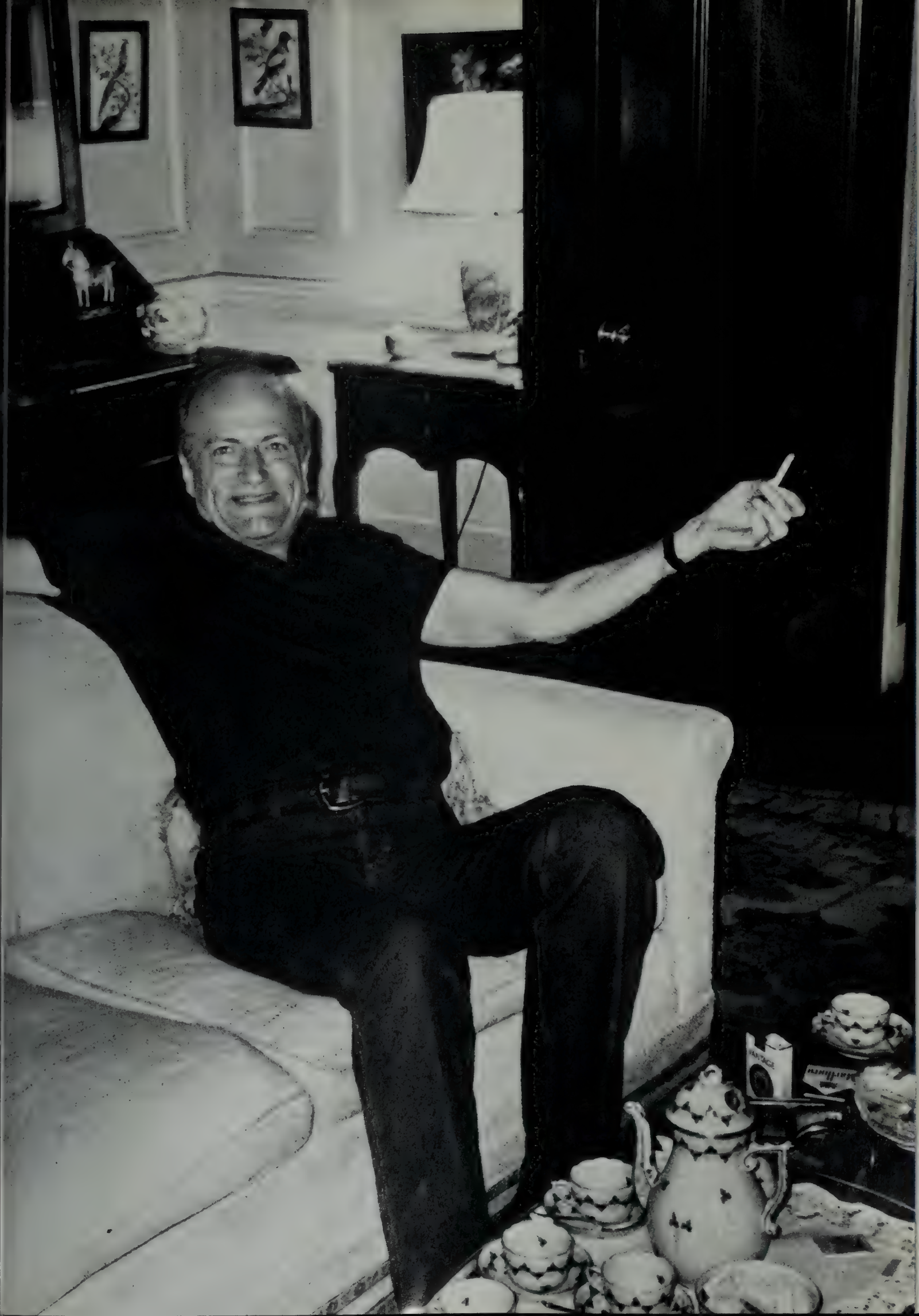
"Would you describe the color of your glasses as grape?"

"No, rose. The press always calls them rose. Call them rose. Not grape," insisted David Marriott.

One of the most bizarre and unresolved aspects of the complicated von Bülow story was this mysterious young man from Wakefield, Massachusetts, where he lived with his mother. David Marriott had a voracious appetite for publicity and a deep hatred of Claus von Bülow and Andrea Reynolds. He surfaced after the first trial and was, for some time, embraced by von Bülow, Mrs. Reynolds, and Alan Dershowitz. Because of Marriott, von Bülow announced that he had discovered dramatic new evidence which he claimed would establish his innocence. At the urging of a later discredited Catholic priest, Father Philip Magaldi, Marriott swore that he had delivered packages containing hypodermic needles, bags of white powder, syringes, vials of Demerol, and *(Continued on page 106)*



HELMUT NEWTON



Vanity Fair

Vanity Fair discovers Dutch-born Olympian Daphne Jongejans, the Daryl Hannah of the diving board—and does a swoon dive

When a diver slices the water neatly, knifing the surface with only the barest jet of spray, it's known as "tearing the envelope." Few divers tear the envelope with the gold-bladed finesse of the Dutch springboard artist Daphne Jongejans. Dry or beaded wet, she is a beautiful map of muscle articulation, one-piece-bathing-suit perfection.

Jongejans, who began bopping off a board in her native Holland when she was a kitten (she was winning meets at the age of seven), made America click to attention during the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Other divers may have notched higher scores, but it was the five-foot-six Jongejans who exerted an electro-charismatic pull. As she climbed to the platform, the ABC crew locked onto her like a tractor beam in an old *Star Trek* episode; soon the camera was so smitten she could have slipped a leash over it and trotted it home as a pet.

Home for Jongejans now is Sunbelt, U.S.A. She is a student at the University of Miami at Coral Gables, Florida ("nice climate, good team"), where she trains, takes part in N.C.A.A. meets, and tries to keep up with the latest adulteries on *Dynasty* and *General Hospital*, her favorite shows. Single ("I'm only twenty, give me a break"), Jongejans has been dating a pitcher for the Miami baseball squad, who must make the ball groan every time he grips the seams. (He greeted *Vanity Fair* with a power handshake that left our fingers temporarily mushed.) Honing her own skills to a ripping hum, Jongejans is psyching herself for a major shot at summer gold in the 1988 Olympic Games, which will be held in Seoul. With a medal often come fame and endorsements, and we asked the ash-blonde diver if she could see herself on a box of Wheaties, whereupon she broke into an arms-raised Mary Lou Retton victory pose. Not bad.

But we like these poses better.

—James Wolcott

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



HAIR AND MAKEUP BY VIVIAN SULLIVAN



Move over, Mary Lou. Our crystal-ball gazer sees a Daphne Jongejans image on the Wheaties box of the future. It's enough to make you want to eat breakfast again.





The Bonjour Triste Test

Françoise Sagan

1

Q. Has life for you up to now been a disappointment, a surprise, or a cliché?

A. Catherine Deneuve: More of a surprise than a disappointment, with more unexpected things than clichés.

Jessye Norman: Life for me up to now has been a surprise, a happy surprise, and I hope that this does not change.

Gloria Vanderbilt: A surprise! The phone can ring and in a second your whole life can change.

Nora Ephron: The greatest disappointments in my life up to now have been questionnaires.

2

Q. Do men at first, for you, have to be supportive, charming, or mysterious, and have they in fact been supportive, charming, or mysterious?

A. Catherine Deneuve: They have always had to be charming first and foremost, they still have to be, and they'll always have to be.

Jessye Norman: I need men around me who are supportive and charming. But, in fact, men have been mostly mysterious.

Gloria Vanderbilt: Above all else, supportive. And, yes, the men I am attracted to have always been supportive, but remain forever mysterious.

Nora Ephron: This question, for instance. I love questionnaires, but my answer to this question—like my answers to so many of the questions in the thousands of questionnaires I have compulsively filled out over the years—is none of the above. Is that my problem? Had I been on the lookout for supportive, charming, and mysterious, would I at the very least have had less time for questionnaires?

3

Q. What was most important for you: love, work, success, or security; and over the years have these things stayed in the same order?

A. Catherine Deneuve: Love has always taken top priority. But I've always felt it can, and should, adjust to my work. Success came so fast for me that I didn't have to choose between love and career, and life is exci enough for me to know that success isn't everything. for security, I need it and I flee it, because I sort of to live dangerously.

Jessye Norman: I hope that all of this isn't over yet, the important things for me have always been in the s order: love and security. Success and work are the components of a sense of security for me.

Gloria Vanderbilt: In the beginning, love was most portant to me. Then over the years there were ti when I put work first and equated success with secur Now I have come full circle, for I know that love is

Nora Ephron: No one ever answers this question truth ly, so why should I?

4

Q. Have your happiest moments been with another pers alone, or with several people?

A. Catherine Deneuve: Alone, and never alone. I alw think of someone, feel an emotion for someone, whet or not I share it.

Jessye Norman: My happiest moments have been w several people—as in hundreds of people at a perf mance.

Gloria Vanderbilt: My happiest moments have been w one other person, with my children, and alone worki when I am painting or writing.

Nora Ephron: My happiest moments have been sp alone, filling out disappointing questionnaires.

5

Q. Were your greatest fears of dying, of growing old, or losing someone, and have they remained in the sa order?

A. Catherine Deneuve: When I was a little girl, I was afra of dying. And I still am today. I'm a bit scared of gro ing old. But now I know that the worst thing in the wo is losing someone you care for.

Jessye Norman: As a child my greatest fear was of losi someone. I couldn't imagine being without my moth and father, brothers, sister, and friends; and this is st true.

Gloria Vanderbilt: I do not fear death or growing old a I never have. My greatest fear has been, and still is, t

a certain age, a woman asks self questions: about life, about , about time. French writer ANÇOISE SAGAN compiled questionnaire, which was posed to movie star Catherine Deneuve (41), soprano Jessye man (39), autobiographeuse Gloria Vanderbilt (61), and novelist Nora Ephron (44)


Deneuve


Norman


Vanderbilt


Ephron

ear of losing someone. Abandonment.

Nora Ephron: My greatest fear has always been that my hair dryer will somehow plug itself in and hop into the bathtub while I am sitting in it.

6

Are there years you would happily have skipped? How many: one, two, or more?

Catherine Deneuve: One year. I was a teenage mother, an actress, overwhelmed, desperate—and young enough to survive.

Jessye Norman: I think I probably might have skipped the age of fourteen or fifteen. The confusion of being neither a child nor an adult was bothersome.

Gloria Vanderbilt: I wouldn't have skipped a single one. Despite the painful ones, they are all part of the pieces of the puzzle.

Nora Ephron: I want to be exactly who I am where I am right this minute, filling out this questionnaire. If I answer one, two, or more to this question—as anyone in his right mind would—do I have to become the someone else I would have become owing to the fact that I wouldn't be who I am where I am right this minute unless I had lived every year of my life, or do I still get to fill out the questionnaire?

7

Are there people you would happily have missed? One? Two? More?

Catherine Deneuve: A whole lot! A mob of people! Luckily for me, I've forgotten them.

Jessye Norman: Answer: More!

Gloria Vanderbilt: It is from other people that we find out about ourselves. To have missed one might deprive us of an important clue.

Nora Ephron: More. But see Answer 6.

8

. What do you regret not having had time for: other loves, other sorts of work, other ways of life?

. Catherine Deneuve: I haven't reached the age of regret yet. I almost didn't answer this question. I can't feel regret for things I haven't experienced—they may still lie ahead. That's my attitude now. Maybe I regret not knowing other life-styles, in which there are more than twenty-four hours in a day!

Jessye Norman: Other ways of life.

Gloria Vanderbilt: I have always pursued what was most important to me at that particular time and place, and I have no regrets.

Nora Ephron: I regret not having had time to become a major singing star.

9

Q. Would you have preferred a life that was more tumultuous, more peaceful, more productive, more heroic?

A. Catherine Deneuve: More productive, certainly. More tumultuous wouldn't be my style. If my life had been more peaceful, I would have been scared. And I'm not simple enough for a more heroic life.

Jessye Norman: My life is indeed a combination of all these things in varying degrees. I suppose I find a kind of spiritual satisfaction in wishing, as I do, for a still more productive life.

Gloria Vanderbilt: It is not within my geography to think in those terms. This is a question I have no answer to.

Nora Ephron: Less heroic.

10

Q. If you had reproaches to make of people in your life, would they be that they paid too much attention to you, or not enough?

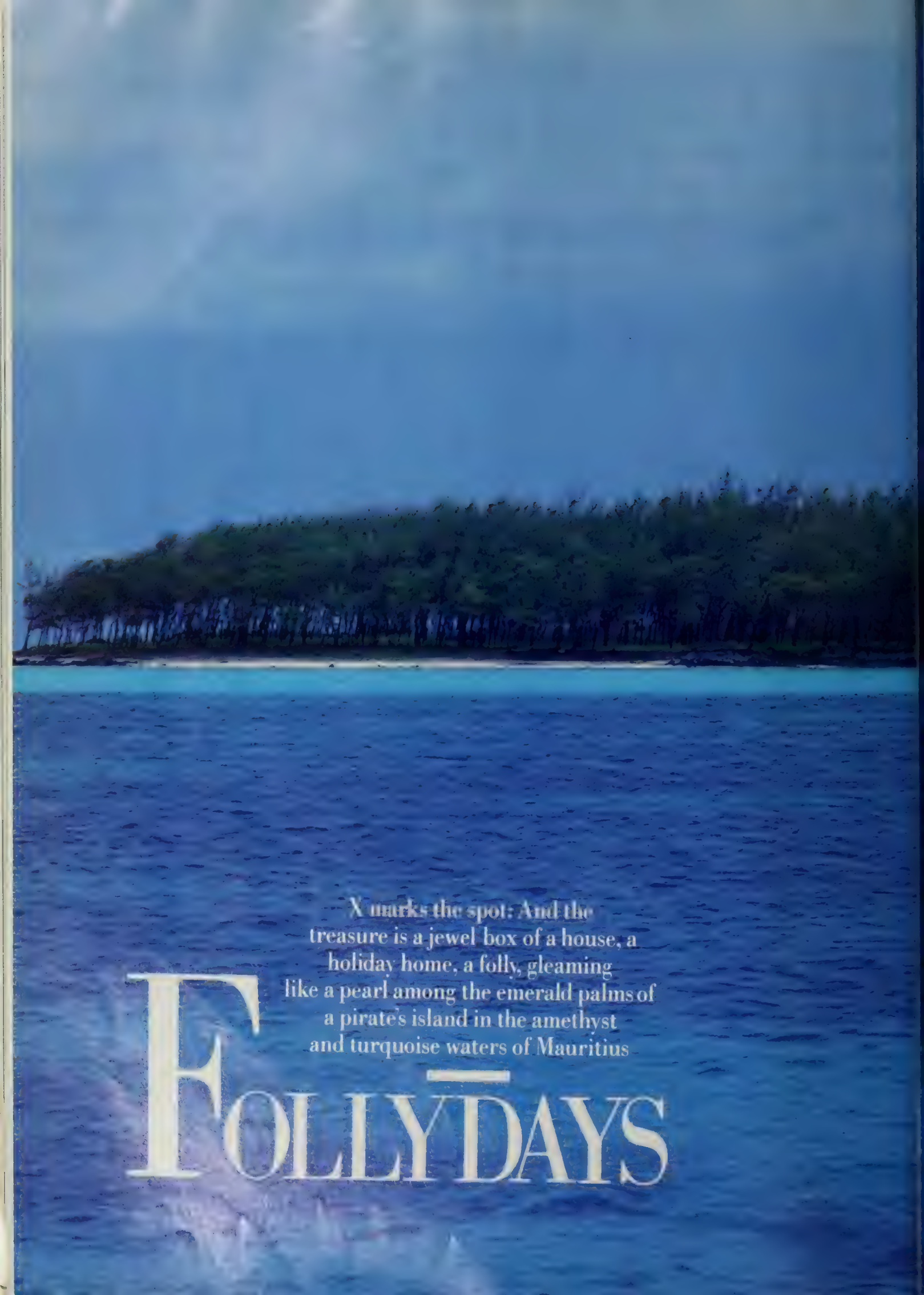
A. Catherine Deneuve: I believe I'm quite attentive to my friends, although certainly not enough to other people. Being an actress, I'm probably overattentive to myself!

Jessye Norman: The easy answer to that question is that people pay too much attention to certain things for the wrong reasons and not enough for the right reasons.

Gloria Vanderbilt: This depends on the time and the place in memory. Too much attention can strangle you. Not enough can devastate you, but too much is much-too-much better than not enough.

Nora Ephron: Too much. By all means, too much.

(Continued on page 102)



X marks the spot: And the treasure is a jewel box of a house, a holiday home, a folly, gleaming like a pearl among the emerald palms of a pirate's island in the amethyst and turquoise waters of Mauritius

FOLLY DAYS









Previous pages: François Darné's folly on the Île des Deux Cocos, across Blue Bay.



Candy-colored details of life on Deux Cocos, *clockwise from top:* Mauritius, across Blue Bay; shells on a dressing table; sugar cakes for tea; electric fan in the master bedroom; wrought-iron chair made locally; still life with coconut; the guest room dresser





Opposite: A shark caught by Darné himself hangs over the dining-room table.

Mauritius is one of the more rec
ché paradises. Seventeen jet-set h
from Paris, it's where Princess Ste
anie of Monaco goes waterskiing. I
of Madagascar, west of Australia, so
southwest of Sri Lanka, it could
Prospero's island—everything th
seems to have suffered a sea change
something rich and strange.

Oddest of all, perhaps, was the
land's most famous inhabitant,
succulent dodo bird, which the sev
teenth-century Dutch colonizers ate
extinction. The tasty-sounding p
pigeons and banana birds have m
aged to survive, as have the parrot f
and crown-of-thorns starfish, the ja
fruit and custard apples, the frangip
and oleanders. Also lingering betwe
the volcanic crater and the black co
reefs are the cultural and human re
nants of the island's patchwork his
ry. Invaded serially by the Arabs,
Portuguese, the Dutch, the Fren
and the British, it has a kaleidosco
ethnic mix. The Indian immigra
have their sacred bo trees, the Chine
have their temples.

And there, away from it all, *Van
Fair* found the perfect hideaway: on
deserted Île des Deux Cocos, a leger
ary haunt of pirates in Blue Bay,
François Darné's pink-and-white fol
It was originally built sometime in
twenties, in a style inspired by Indi
pavilions and Muslim mosques, as
sort of gazebo by the British governo
Sir Hesketh Bell. Darné, Mauritian
scendant of a French colonial offic
bought it in 1953, when he was a su
geon at the hospital. He turned it into
weekend home for his wife, Denis
and their five children. He constructed
wing of bedrooms on the left, a stu
and kitchen on the right, and a dini
room in back enclosing a courtya
shaded by a Badamier tree. In 1972, a
ter independence, when he was appoin
ed Mauritian ambassador to Par
(beginning a second, diplomatic care
that also took him to Belgrade, Bon
Rome, Malta, and UNESCO), the hou
became a holiday home.

Now that he's seventy and retired,
goes to relax for a month each year
his island full of sounds and sweet air
that give delight, and hurt not. Such,
Prospero would have said, is the stu
that dreams are made on. □

Photographs by FRANÇOIS HALARD Produced by MARIE-PAULE PELLÉ







The shell-pink courtyard, shaded by a Badamier tree.



The media have really got ants in their pants over Madonna. Holy cow, you'd think she was the Linda Lovelace of the microphone. Doubting Thomas JAMES WOLCOTT went to check it out

Let the Mascara Run

lonna Louise Ciccone (hallowed be her name) always ns to have her finger in the cake icing. Pleasure for her ks calories. She makes a slow raid on the sweet, a guilt- show of self-indulgence. Like Mae West, Madonna ws how to loll, how to primp; in *Desperately Seeking an* she looked as if she could be happy lazing away the rnoon sampling chocolates and reading trashy maga- es, turning a suburban sofa into a royal barge (with an estment banker as her Mark Antony).

Jnfortunately, Madonna doesn't have Mae West's husky, sky aplomb as a boudoir hostess. In interviews, she nes across as a me-first snot. Yet, vertical, Madonna *ves* generously, even wittily; repartee rides on her hips. In Virgin Tour performances she slapped a tambourine off bottom like Ann-Margret in *Viva Las Vegas* and, flanked a pair of sequined go-go boys, gyrated into a land of a usand dances. She did the Pony, she did the Swim, she the Hitchhike, she did the Cool Jerk, she did the Shake 'n ke, she did the Mashed Potato. It was like seeing reruns of *ndig* and *Hullabaloo* transmitted through one electric- ogaloo outlet. Even more amusing is her white-mink work the "Material Girl" video, a spoof of *Gentlemen Prefer ndes* in which she plays a diamonds-are-a-girl's-best- end gold digger, but sane and funny. A Marilyn Monroe thout cracks in the porcelain.

More vamp than vampire, Madonna has been vilified in rock press as if she were an invitation to a gang bang and hreat to the nation's morals. The anti-Madonna diatribes ve gone beyond professional criticisms of her music, act, rsona; they've become stabbingly personal. Madonna shers seem to be trying to carve "Die, bitch" in her high- hool yearbook. Why are they all in such a righteous huff? one considered Tina Turner a threat to the Republic when e made moaning throaty love to the microphone in *Gimme elter*. Prince didn't even catch as much grief for flouncing out like a Regency-dandy pimp in *Purple Rain*. Could it be at white critics *expect* black performers to be loose? Or that ey can accept sexual forthrightness only when accompa- ed by bluesy suffering?

The latter, perhaps. Unlike Prince, to whom every orgasm is knock on God's door, Madonna doesn't sacramentalize sex d self-arousal. In her songs, the bed is not a satin altar. And is seems to bug Madonna's buggier critics. According to the Los Angeles *Reader*, "her brand of uncomplicated eroticism and autoeroticism is the very antithesis of Prince's, in which the world of sex has a flip side of guilt, self-denial, and divine love." I don't know about divine love, but as for guilt and self-denial—thanks, but I already went through adolescence.

Madonna, with her crass onstage allusions to her "box" ("Every lady has a box, but...mine makes music"), belongs to the frank she-cat tradition of coquetry that stretches back to Zola's *Nana* and culminates in that audacious moment in *Last Tango in Paris* when Maria Schneider lifts her wedding dress in the elevator and, smiling, presents her pubic hair. Madonna, descending a staircase with a wedding bouquet in her "Like a Virgin" number, is also proclaiming her sex from beneath a curtain of white lace. So no wonder she's considered a bad role model for her legion of girl fans. Certainly the audience for the show I caught in Chicago was teenage-tease heaven, all bared navels and white mesh gloves and thick applications of mousse. Yet there was also something harmlessly overdone about this dress-up, and it was the best-behaved rock audience I've ever seen (no booze, no wafts of marijuana, no firecrackers); I didn't have the impression that they were on an express train to Gomorrah. For all its camp, even Madonna's mod bridal outfit seemed finally an emblem of pop liberation. Virginity is mine to claim, is Madonna's message. I'm pure as long as I belong to myself. This seems to me healthier than Brooke Shields's campaign to make a national shrine out of her hymen.

Detractors are eager to dismiss Madonna as this year's model, a disposable craze, a pet rock. She will end up, they suggest, in the remainder bin with Deborah Harry and all the other bottle blondes who came to the sad end of their peroxide. This seems to be fantastically mistaken. If she doesn't turn coy, Madonna could be the American star who fulfills the erotic promise teased to a fire in *Last Tango*. Like Schneider's Jeanne, Madonna clearly has the nerve to confront a sexual equal on his own turf, redefine the boundaries of desire, then walk away from the bed unscathed. Body confidence like hers is rare—even in an R movie her strut and pout would say X. So perhaps those Nervous Nellies who worry about Madonna's wayward influence are right after all. But it's too late for her to tuck in her skirts and aerosol the room with good intentions. Madonna's walk has to be on the wild side. Let the mascara run. □

Photograph by BERT STERN

"Most men don't feel attractive," says Dustin Hoffman, talking about his role as a woman in *Tootsie*. "There's this tremendous repressed narcissism, because we want to be more attractive, so we get a good-looking girl next to us." In portraying a woman, the actor was shattered to find he could not make himself into an attractive one. Then came rage at how he was treated by men. Devastated that his homeliness as a woman made him invisible to men, Hoffman nonetheless had to realize he himself had committed the same sin.

"I could feel that number printed on me," says Hoffman, "that I was a four, or maybe a six. And I would get very hostile: I wanted to get even with [men]. But I also realized I wouldn't ask myself out."

Feminists fight the double standard of aging by encouraging women to tell their ages honestly. Do we ask a man how much money he has? "I don't talk about my age," says French film actress Anouk Aimée. "I don't think anyone should ask or say the age of a woman. I find it very unfeminine and I find it very rude. Who cares?"

Who cares? Clearly Anouk Aimée. She is realistic. So long as a woman's youth is her currency, should we ask her to reveal her assets? When there is economic equality between the sexes, when women's power is no longer time-related, only then perhaps will the double standard of aging change. I think it will take more. I think it requires a change in how we raise our children—so that the monster/mother isn't always a woman.

When I ask men if they can picture the big screen filled with the face of a sixty-five-year-old Jane Fonda being caressed by a man's lips, they cannot focus. I try psychiatrist Dan Stern, that superbly sympathetic and rational man.

"If you'd asked me five years ago," he says, "I would have answered differently. Lately I have been attracted, sexually, to some older women. Women in their sixties, one even seventy. Could I imagine myself in bed, caressing them?" He closes his eyes. "I'm trying to see if I can get past that, if I could conquer a feeling—"

"Aha! You have to get past something!"

"True. I don't know what it is."

My editor reminds me that many men continue to desire their wives for thirty, forty years. She warns me that I am generalizing and that absolutes ring false. But I know this aversion, which even Stern cannot name, is there. It goes beyond the merely erotic. Old female flesh is disturbing, even frightening.

I telephone Richard Robertiello, the psychoanalyst who has been my friend and closest colleague for over ten years. Luckily a patient is late.

"Those photos of Picasso at age eighty-five, standing on the beach," I say, "wrinkled as a prune, but we know he has a young wife waiting in his bed. No one is put off. In fact, we smile. But if it were an old female Picasso..."

The idea catches Robertiello. He too hasn't thought about it. "It's so irrational," he muses, "a break in human symmetry. I don't know, but I'd guess it has to do with mother stuff. It's primitive."

"You mean Klein?" I am referring to Melanie Klein, whose profound thinking on envy has become the foundation of my own understanding of jealousy.

"Yeah. That whole business of the child wanting to tear the mother's body apart." Central to Klein is the dependent infant's ambivalence toward the mother who sustains his life but whose withholding can mean death itself. He loves her. He hates her. She has all the power.

"Let me read you something Brigitte Bardot said about old age: 'It is horrible. You rot, you fall to pieces, you stink. . . .I'm forty-eight and not so pretty. I wouldn't inflict this sight on anyone a moment more.' "

"Just listen to the words she uses: 'You rot, you stink'; it's so close to that idealized a wish we all had—the earliest erotic Mother's body. Old age reveals her smell,

THE GOOD

It was envy—and not, as the prosecution claimed, "jealousy, pure and simple"—that spurred Jean Harris to shoot Dr. Herman Tarnower in his bed in Scarsdale

off half, the monster we always hated."

"But we created her," I say. "When I think of the soft, saggy underarm old women get..."

"Oh, that really fits in with Klein's theory!" says Robertiello excitedly. "Because it isn't even sex-linked. Men and women both are afraid of our infantile pulses to destroy mother."

"It is time that destroys, not us. Time breasts become wrinkled."

"Look at what you just said, Nancy. Why did you pick breasts to become old and destroyed instead of eyes, the nose...? I think the parts you chose

on were no accident. The sagging
s like a breast. That was obviously
nscious. It means something that
icked those two particular areas as
ost unattractive. I've got to hang
ly patient's here."
"Hold on, one last thing," I say quick-
Why are women always the mon-
The Eumenides, the Furies, the
es, Medusa? Why is there no male
erpart to the figure of the witch?"
We don't associate the horror of
ered old flesh with men because it's
en who raise us. It's against them
eel all that infant rage. The Furies
our own envious fury at mother,
cted back at us."
"But it wouldn't be that way," I say,
y at the unfairness of it all, "if men
aised children—"
he phone is dead. He's hung up.
sit on the edge of the bed, holding
uzzing instrument, as if to keep my

BAD MASTER

wy, resentment, rage, and the age-old emotional/ hical conflicts between lovers that NANCY FRIDAY amines in this excerpt from her new book, Jealousy

nection to him while I write a note
our next talk: Does this throw an
irely new light on why men go for
nger women? The usual reason giv-
is that biology and evolution put a
mium on female fertility. Men can
roduce at almost any age, but wom-
cannot. This is obviously true, but
ybe as important is this: the younger
woman, the more reassurance the
n has that she is not secretly the pow-
ul Kleinian witch mother he has un-
nsciously feared and struggled to get
ay from all his life.
I understand men who tell me they are terrified of the rage of a jealous woman. The monster they fear is the monster of the horror film, the creature who tears the flesh out of the man's belly. It is projection, his fury at the all-powerful mother whom he wanted to destroy for withholding.

But it is also reality. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." It used to be that jealous women contained their rage and walked into the sea, took an overdose of sleeping pills, or put their head in a gas oven. Destruction takes a less passive form in women today. Jean Harris, the eminent and very proper headmistress of the Madeira School for girls, picked up a gun and shot her unfaithful lover. A landmark case.

By 1980, Jean Harris's love affair with Dr. Herman Tarnower, the famous Scarsdale Diet doctor, had lasted fourteen years. She was fifty-seven. For a long time Harris had known Tarnower was seeing other women. She hadn't liked it, but had accommodated rather than lose the man who had become her entire world. When it became clear that his increasing focus on the much younger Lynne Tryforos was going to push Harris out of his life, she drove from Virginia to Scarsdale, New York, and shot Tarnower in his bed. The timing was prophetic—at least to me. The shooting was almost simultaneous with the beginning of my research. When Harris claimed that she was not jealous, I remember thinking, The woman must be crazy.

I read an early book on the Harris trial and found it wanting. I had hoped to interview Harris myself. But then came Shana Alexander's book *Very Much a Lady*. Her research was so complete, her access to Harris so prolonged, intimate, and empathetic, I doubted I could learn more on my own. If I choose to draw on Alexander for these speculations, it is because her intelligence helps clarify a killing that tells us so much about envy and jealousy today. As Shana Alexander said when she first saw Harris, "She reminds me of me." She reminds me of a lot of women. She reminds me of me.

When Jean Harris fell in love with Herman Tarnower, it was as never before in her life. Love allowed the dependent needy child in Harris to emerge. With total enthusiasm, she surrendered her self-sufficient and domineering self to intimacy. Tarnower became not only a mirror of herself as a woman but her symbiotic connection, her entire repository of identity and self-esteem. One psychiatrist referred to her loss of Tarnower as an "amputation."

Jean Harris was forty-three, divorced, and working full-time when she met Tarnower. She had raised and supported her children on her own. At twenty-three, she had married a man far less aggressive, less ambitious than she. Thus she remained as her temperament had always dictated: in charge. One of Tarnower's major attractions was that he took charge. She loved it that he made all the decisions. He made her feel pretty, feminine, and taken care of. He breathed life into what sounds like an otherwise desperately lonely existence: "From the time I was a young woman," Harris says, "the only prayer

I ever prayed was, Just give me the strength to get through this day, one day at a time."

Jean Harris had lived by the Nice Girl Rules all her life. When she became Tarnower's lover, she broke those rules, continuing the affair even when she knew there would be no marriage, even when she knew there were other women. By her own rules, she was a tainted woman. But she had reason to stay. She had lived by the white-glove script and got nothing back. Tarnower accepted her as an equal and as a woman.

Like so many women today, Jean Harris was caught between her mother's submissive generation and a world in which she was a chief executive, acting "like a man." Tarnower healed the split. Ideally, falling in love is a mutual affair, "taking care of" one another. In the beginning, that is how it was. Then Tarnower withdrew.

But not totally. He kept her dangling, always waiting, never sure of when she could see him again. He became the parent, allowing her to see him when she was a good girl, literally banishing her from his presence when she didn't behave. It was a replay of the Kleinian life-and-death situation, where one person has all the power either to give or to withhold himself. Harris constantly lived in terror of being abandoned.

As protection against her destructive rage, Harris marshaled Klein's classic defenses against envy: she idealized Tarnower into a god and devalued herself. When she allowed herself to remain Tarnower's lover with no promise of marriage, she surrendered conscience to him. It was the beginning of her deterioration. She transferred the burden of her own demands on herself—that she be a person of the highest moral integrity—onto him. He became her ego ideal, her narcissistic extension. He had to be above everyone, high enough to meet the standard of her cruel superego, which demanded superhuman perfection. Now that she was so low, he had to be perfect enough for the two of them.

Remaining Tarnower's lover meant, to a woman of Jean Harris's ethical background, a total compromise of her integrity. Integrity was a word Harris used often during the trial. She repeatedly demeaned her rival as low and said Tryforos's usurpation of her place was an attack on her integrity. These were taken to be snobbish remarks. They hurt her defense. It was unfortunate. The correct interpretation of what Harris meant by integrity was self-esteem. Being replaced in Tarnower's heart by a woman whom she could not respect lowered Tarnower and thus diminished Harris's own self-esteem.

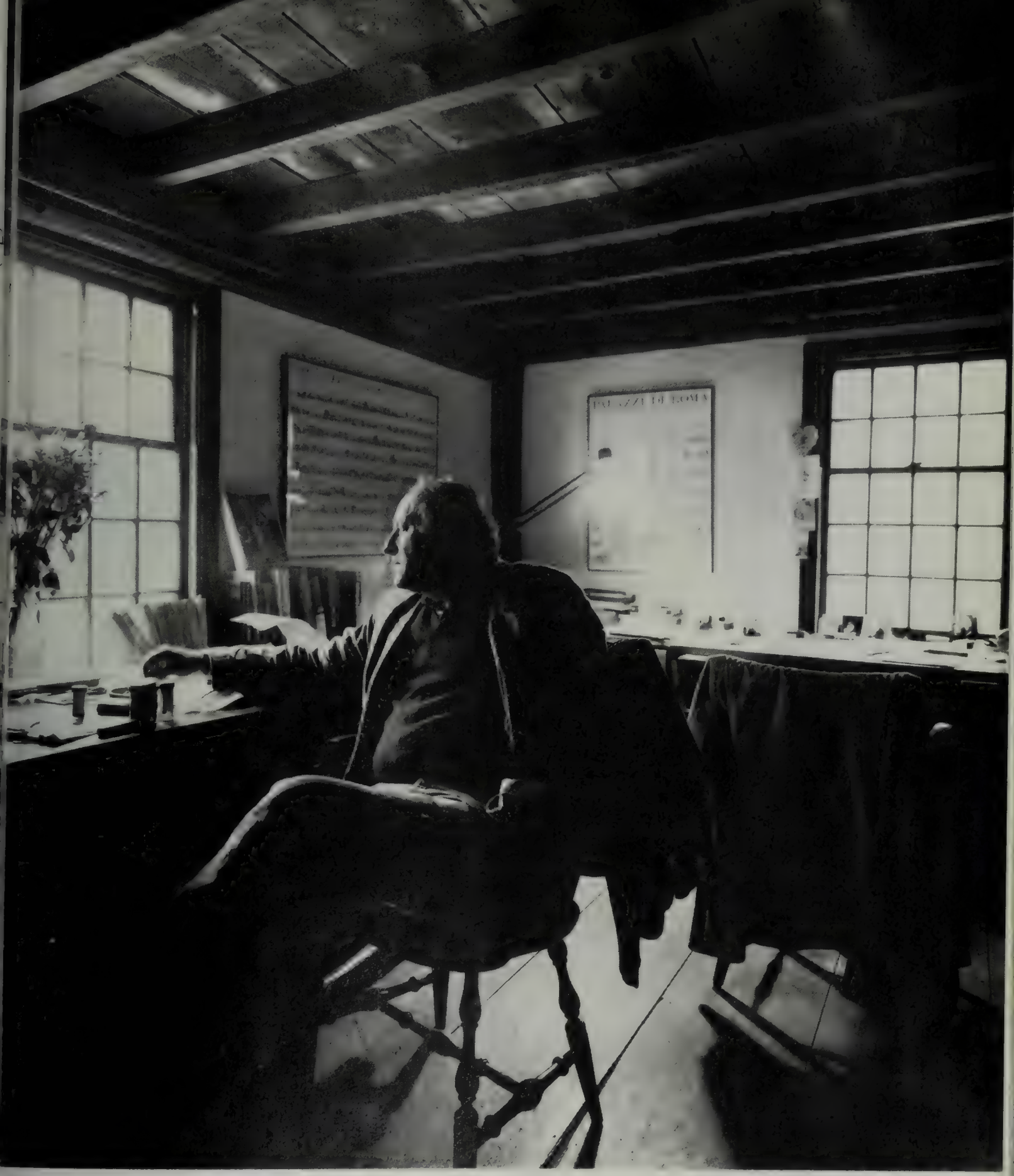
Harris had a symbiotic contract with Tarnower which was only in her head; having abandoned to him the part of herself on which she placed greatest value—her integrity as a moral person, a quality she'd drummed into the female student bodies of every school she'd headed—he must be ideal. If he was less, then she was less. She hated *The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*. If he was the kind of person who wrote pop best-sellers, then she too, by extension, was cheap and commercial. If he was not Bayard, the perfect knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, she was just a whore.

To preserve the man she loved, to preserve herself, Harris split off the bad doctor who wrote faddish diet books and who slept with inferior people like *(Continued on page 102)*

Éminence Émigrée

Like Vl
mir Nabokov (a fellow countryman), Jos
Brodsky has about him a frosty summit
His eyebrows are as proud as eagles' wi
he is his own imperium. "I find myself,
were, on a mountain peak," he wrote i
Part of Speech. "Beyond me there is
Chronos and thin air." And snow, and ba
ribbed horses, and white birches. Exiled f
the Soviet Union in 1972 (his poem "T
Tyrant" is a memorable thumb in Big Br
er's eye), Brodsky doesn't traffic in triv
ties or the sentimental trash Nabokov ca
poshlust. His is a scepter'd calling. And
Nabokov, Brodsky is a cosmopolitan
pinpoint vision. The traveler in the seco
post-exile, half of *A Part of Speech* lies aw
under Venetian ceilings, climbs Mexican
amids, and, in the north of England, atte
to the dance of butterflies "below the b
wall of a dead factory." But always beh
the sunlight and streams of tourists is the R
sian dusk, the kingdom of the past. Far
Straus and Giroux this month publish
Brodsky's first book of essays, *Less t
One*—a literary event. With its meditations
Akhmatova, Mandelstam, and Tsvetaeva
evocations of the Leningrad of his childho
Less than One is both a tribute to the Russ
dusk and the most readable packet of po
prose since Philip Larkin's *Required Writi*
When the American poet Stanley Kunitz
him in Moscow in 1967, Brodsky inscribe
copy of the *Leningrad Annual* "From Rus
with Love—Joseph Brodsky." Such love,
Less than One shows, was simpler then.

—James Wolc



JOSEPH BRODSKY

"I was born and grew up in the Baltic marshland / by zinc-gray breakers that always marched on / in twos. Hence all rhymes, hence that wan flat voice / that ripples between them like hair still moist, / if it ripples at all...."

Photograph by NEIL SELKIRK



RAVEN-HAIRED Matt Dillon wears a cotton polo shirt by Paul Smith, about $35, from Charivari Boutiques, New York City; Mark Keller, Birmingham, Michigan; and Maxfield, Los Angeles. Boots throughout from a selection at Maxfield.

Beat, not too beat?

Matt Dillon. Cool in black.
Cover boy. Teen-dream actor.
Jet-black hair. Bone-white skin.
The beat look? It can't be beat.

Interview by JOHN DUKA

Except to the prescient few, Matt Dillon's debut, in a film called *Over the Edge* (1978), was not much to write home to Mamaroneck, New York, about. Mamaroneck! Home of the Mamaroneck Beach and Yacht Club. Home of James Street. The bar on the corner. Mamaroneck High. Home of the two-family home. Home, most important, of Matt Dillon and his four brothers and one sister. At last, everything explained!

Matt Dillon! Product of solid Westchester upbringing, of leafy streets and baseball diamonds. Discovered in, nay, plucked from, the halls of his junior high school by Vic Ramos (once a casting director, now Dillon's manager) to star in his first film, and to go on from there not only to stardom but to high-water-markdom, setting, in his cult figurehead, the standard for every other breathtakingly beautiful (or breathtakingly dorky) young male actor to follow. All prince and puppy rolled together as neatly as fresh cigarettes: Tom Cruise in *Risky Business*, Emilio Estevez in *Repo Man*, and Judd Nelson, Sean Penn, and Rob "Too Pretty Boy" Lowe. And, in the move from hallway loiterer to star, Dillon redefined his name, forged it anew, a name which the benighted had thought belonged to a marshal from Dodge City.

Ah, Matt Dillon. The pre-king, the one with charisma, the mythic figure, the one the camera truly loves, the one true natural of this stripling crop of actors.

"Yeah, I know some of those other actors," he says. "Like Emilio Estevez. I mean I've worked with them. But I don't necessarily hang out with them."

Dillon alone, with his pseudo-macho swagger purposefully designed to conceal his shyness, his pale black-Irish luminescence, could someday fill the boots left by Gary Cooper, the most pseudo, the most troubled of all male stars. Cooper, once described by Carl Sandburg as "one of the most beloved illiterates this country has ever known." Or, failing that, at least the penny loafers (toes pointing inward) left by James Dean, who was never as tough or as beat or as sweet as anyone thought.

Neither is Dillon. Maybe it's just the way he talks, his words scuffling their way upward from some self-conscious pulmonary depth.

"Yeah, I was aware when I began acting at fourteen that, uh, that there were other young actors out there," he says. "A new group. Everything goes in cycles. You know what I mean. There's definitely a difference between, between this generation of actors and the last and the one before that. Yeah. We're obviously more conservative. I don't mean, you know, conservative. We seem to be more ambitious, more, uh, aggressive."

Indeed. Twenty-one years old, Dillon has made ten motion pictures. After *Over the Edge: Little Darlings, My Bodyguard, Liar's Moon, Tex, The Outsiders, Rumble Fish*, and *The Flamingo Kid*.

In these, Dillon represented a new kind of Saturday-matinee idol, and a new kind of movie-ad image altogether: Sue Lyon replaced by a young man, her sunglasses transformed from hearts into wraparounds. The critics inclined to froth frothed. Now Dillon has completed his ninth and tenth films.

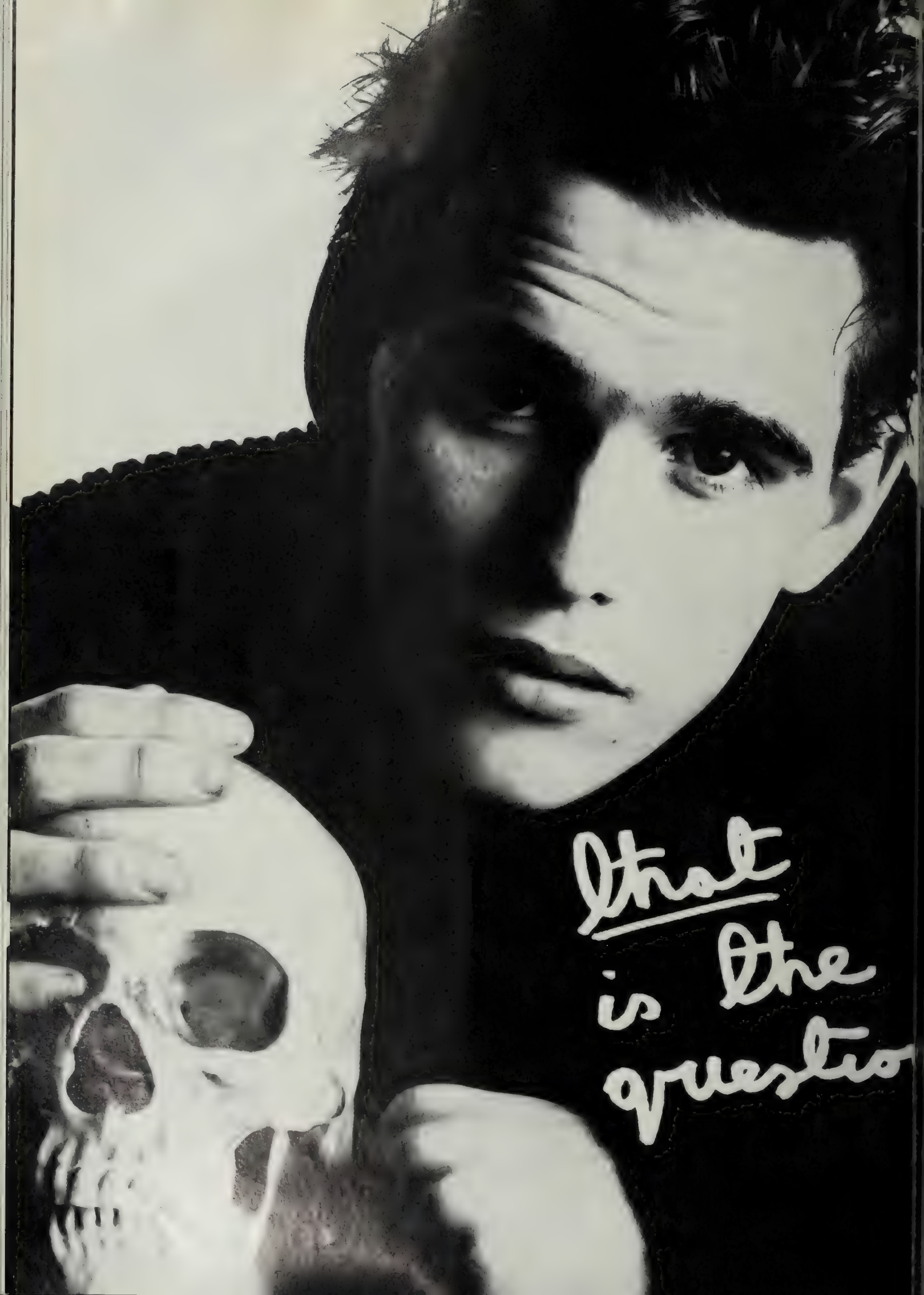
"Yeah, at this moment I just finished, uh, I did a picture in Australia, and I just finished *Target*. Arthur Penn. Yeah, at the moment I'm not working on a film, but I got a few things brewing. Each film is a step for me."

Ten pictures. How did Dillon do it? "I didn't go to college, you know, I just graduated high school. You know, I just didn't have time for college. It was just not something I pursued. I'd rather advance myself according to me. I don't know. Every generation learns from the generation before it, you know, and, like, history repeats itself.

"Like this summer," warming to the subject, "I wanna learn a foreign language and pickuppa saxophone."

Oh yeah.

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY RAY ALLINGTON


that
is the
questio

hether 'tis cooler in the mind . . .

is a Cool mood
g on London
for fall. Out
all those fanciful
in slouches beat-
k, bohemian be-
id those bongo-
eaters so loved
bebop-and-Ben-
e generation.
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existentialism,
centric accesso-
oys are thinking
ecks, poor skin
and poetry read-
nd though shades
ll "like, cool,
absolutely no one
Jackie O when he
ık Daddy-o.

Wool turtleneck
r by Joseph Tri-
190 from Joseph
, N.Y.C.; Nei-
Marcus, Chicago
allas; and Max-
Right: Wool over-
bout $300; cotton
bout $85; silk tie,
$35; and suspend-
bout $25; all by
mith, from Chari-
orkshop, N.Y.C.;
Boston; Ultimo,
on; and Maxfield.
pin-striped pants,
from Charivari
N.Y.C. Mahogany
g stick from a se-
at Hackett, Lon-
and Uncle Sam
ella Shop, N.Y.C.
asses throughout
ny Gross, from a
tion at Charivari
ques and Ultimo.





Above: Sax men, left to right: wool polo shirt, $155; wool knit sweater, $190; and wool turtleneck, $190; all by Joseph Tricot, from Joseph Tricot; Neiman-Marcus, Chicago and Dallas; and Maxfield. Sax kittens, left: leather dress by Jasper Conran, about $750 from Donnit Teller, N.Y.C., and Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; right: silk-panne-velvet dress by Tom Bell, $500 from Trash and Vaudeville, N.Y.C., and Acrobat, Beverly Hills. Jewelry by Tom Binns, from a selection at Linda Dresner, Troy, Michigan. *Opposite:* Velvet dress by Betty Jackson, about $250 from Charivari 72, N.Y.C., and Jordan Marsh, Boston. Monocle by Tom Binns, about $200 from Linda Dresner, N.Y.C. and Troy, Michigan.


Or to take
arms against a
sea of
troubles...



Brownell Combs welco
to a post-Derby brunch at
Farm, in Lexington,

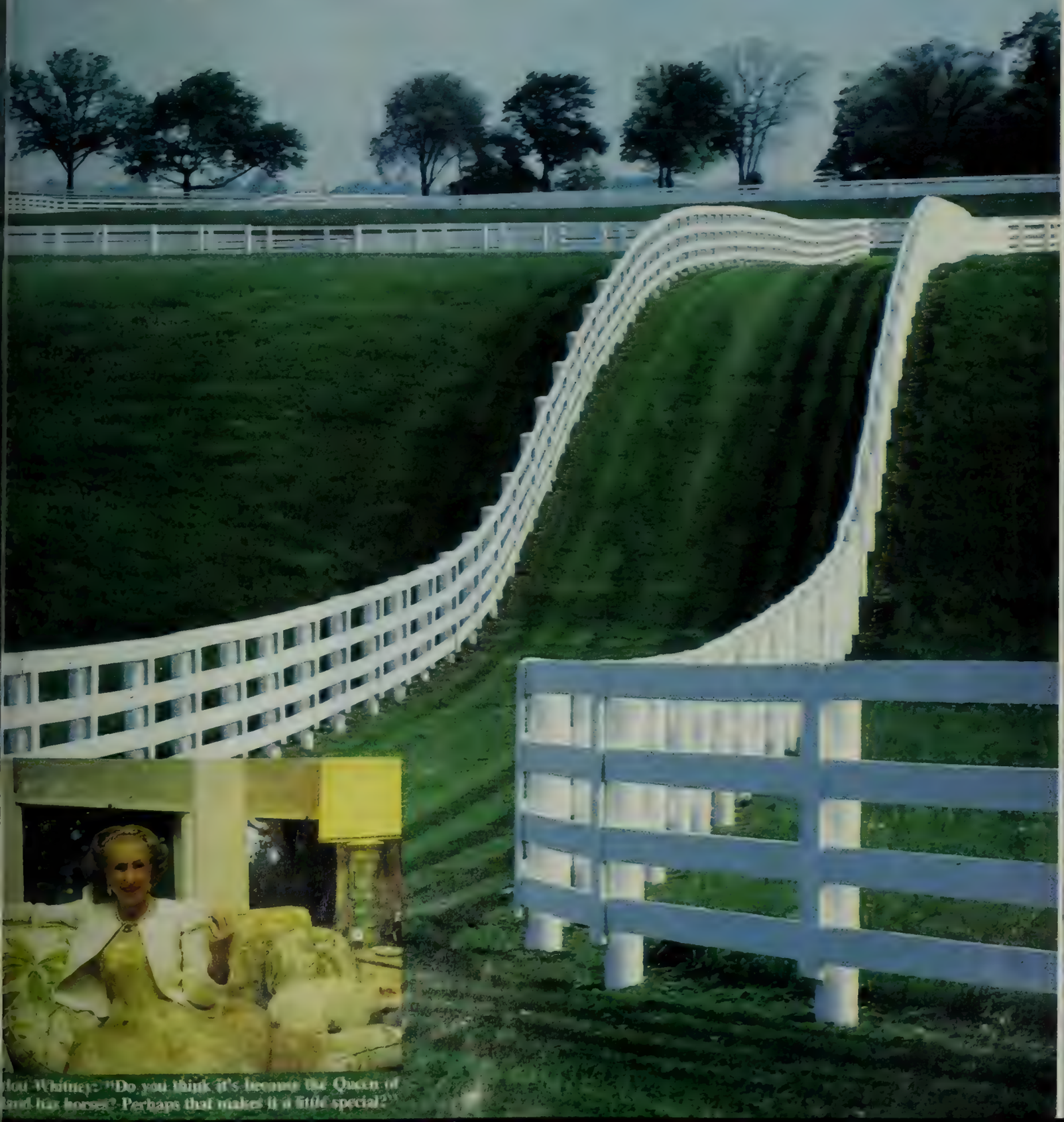
Photographs by DOMINIQUE NABOKOV

VOICES OF THE DERBY



Seattle Slew, per share the most expensive stud in the world, with a stableman, left, and Leslie Combs III.

Fine breeding and high finance are tested to the utmost at the Kentucky Derby. BOB COLACELLO tracks the insiders



lou Whitney: "Do you think it's because the Queen of and has horses? Perhaps that makes it a little special?"

"The Derby's in Louisville, but everyone's in Lexington." MARYLOU WHITNEY
hostess, wife of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney

"Lexington is a very quiet country place and then all of a sudden, for the Derby, it picks right up and everyone's giving parties. The rest of the time it's just real country life on the farm with your horses and your crops."

CORNELIUS "SONNY" VANDERBILT WHITNEY
retired horse owner

"Really and truly, it's another world. You almost have to be in it to realize exactly how it does affect you."

WADDELL HANCOCK
owner, Claiborne Farm

"You know that in Kentucky it's the second business. The first is the coal business, and the second the Thoroughbred business. The ground here has special qualities—a lot of iron, a lot of minerals. That's why the bones of the horses are so good." COUNTESS ANNE MARIE DE CLAVIÈRE D'HUST
hostess, wife of Bernard de Clavière

"If you're going to be in the Thoroughbred industry, Lexington is the place to do it. It's like New York for the advertising business. This is where all the best horses in the world are, the best farms." WENDY PINCKNEY
horsewoman

"Lexington is a small community, but so is the horse business in general. You see the same people if you go to a sale in Europe or in Florida or in Saratoga. In that sense it's a closed community, an international community of people interested in a certain level of horses—world-class horses." MICHAEL LISCHIN
president, Thoroughbred Equity Company

"Horses, the Kentucky Derby—it's all so uniquely American to me. Americans have a romance with horses. It's our wild-West cult." TOM CASSIDY
[illegible] Network

"What attracts people to Thoroughbred horses? The sport. The pride of ownership. People like to see [illegible] they've got, and win[illegible] horse. Man's been [illegible]

ever since he came on the earth—who's got the fastest horse." JOHN GAINES
owner, Gainesway Farm

"It's really primitive—we're like a bunch of Arab tribesmen from the desert. It's the only place I can think of where money and emotion come together." JOE HUDSON
horse owner



Johnny Jones, Jr., at Walmac International with Nureyev.



Whitney guests: Stuart Jacobson, Kitty Carlisle Hart, and Esther Williams.



Horse portraitist Count Bernard de Clavière d'Hust.



Out from under the volcano: Anita Madden at the Derby.

"Ego and economics—it's very difficult to manage both. The only way to make money in any business is sell, right? So if somebody wants to give you money for what you have, that's a business proposition. But if you want to keep what you have because you want to win the Kentucky Derby, then that's an ego proposition." JOHNNY JONES, JR.
owner, Walmac International

"I do have a goal. I have a goal that all I breed, win." HENRYK DE KWIATKOWSKI
owner of Derby entry Stephan's Odyssey

"Horse racing may be the next big[illegible] sport, the way football was in the si[illegible] and seventies. It only takes a coup[illegible] minutes to see if you won or los[illegible] opposed to waiting two and a [illegible] hours. Then, in fifteen minutes, yo[illegible] it again." BARRY WEIS[illegible]
chairman, Matchmaker Breeders' Exc[illegible]

"It's like my grandfather was [illegible]ing: Back in the old days, the [illegible]ties and the forties, it was p[illegible] much a gentleman's sport, [illegible]trolled by fairly big-name fami[illegible] But now, if you have money, [illegible]body can get into it. It's no[illegible] much a hobby; it's a business. [illegible] it can be very profitable—and [illegible]tremely competitive. Everybo[illegible] fighting to get the best stallion[illegible] their farms." LESLIE COMI[illegible]
administrative assistant, Spendthrift [illegible]

"The stars of the horse wo[illegible] Robert Sangster—he's one of [illegible] largest, if not *the* largest b[illegible] and owner of yearlings and r[illegible] horses and stallions, outside [illegible] the Arabs. Allen Paulson has spe[illegible] great deal of money. He's the chair[illegible] of Gulfstream Aerospace. Peter Br[illegible] in Connecticut, owns a lot of hor[illegible] Henryk de Kwiatkowski's been v[illegible] successful. He raced Danzig, wh[illegible] been one of the top sires this year. [illegible] there have been more and more com[illegible] nies getting involved—Merrill Lyn[illegible] Prudential-Bache, Citibank."

MICHAEL LISC[illegible]

"The biggest buyers, outside of P[illegible] son, are from overseas—like Sang[illegible] and Stavros Niarchos. Are the Ar[illegible] coming in? They're *in*. Maktoum [illegible] Maktoum has a farm here; Pri[illegible] Khaled Abdullah, of Saudi Arabia, [illegible] a farm here; Mahmoud Fustok ha[illegible] farm here—I'm not sure if he's Saud[illegible] what." JOHNNY JONES

"There's much more diversity now [illegible] more openness. When you start gett[illegible] breeders' exchanges like Matchm[illegible] er's, and more public disclosure [illegible] cause more public companies are [illegible] volved, things are more out in the op[illegible] It used to be that there were relativ[illegible] few people with knowledge, and th[illegible] not healthy when you're talking a n[illegible] lion here, a million there. You w[illegible]

e to have free access to informa- They might make a wrong deci- and lose money, but it shouldn't be ıse of misinformation. It should be ıse of stupidity." MICHAEL LISCHIN

tchmaker's is like a stock exchange ading stallion shares and seasons. are is the right to breed to a stallion every year. A season is the right to l in a specific year. So we trade the rlying stock, or share, and we trade ption, or the season, for a particu- ear. It's all done in Lexington by outer. We have about 670 members dwide. For instance, to breed to ar for 1985, you can buy a season at share for $425,000. get the right to impreg- one mare. The highest- d horse? Well, for a on it's Northern Danc- per share it's Seattle —$3.6 million for one- y-sixth. Most stallions syndicated into thirty- or forty shares."
BARRY WEISBORD

e generate three-quar- of a million dollars a every day we breed."
JOHN GAINES

ey're breeding in there t now, if you want to ch. Here you go. They that over his mouth to o him from biting the e. And see, what that is doing is putting hobbles on her, keep her from kicking him. It's a short process. I had someone say ne, 'God, it seems so impersonal.' I l, 'Well, I don't think they really .' "
LESLIE COMBS III

ou know, Seattle Slew—it cost al- st a million dollars for one date. And y don't even kiss." TOM CASSIDY

he mare goes to the stallion; the stal- ıs don't travel. I guess the average nber is maybe two mares a day. The ilions have it made. There's a poor mal in our business I feel very sorry —the teaser. They have this male se, usually a draft horse or an old ken-down racehorse, and when the re begins to come into heat they ng the teaser to her, and by watching her reaction to him they can determine when she's ready. If she's not responsive, she kicks the stalls; they wait. It's very expensive to miss."
HOLLY BANDOROFF
administrative assistant, Executive Bloodstock

"The horses aren't pampered. They're treated like kings, because that's what they are, but they're not pampered. They have to earn a living." JOHN GAINES

"Horses are very fragile animals. It's surprising and ironic that they are and can still be wonderful athletes. But they do silly things. They'll try and jump fences, they'll run too close to a tree,



Mary Jane Gallaher, left, chats with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Bunker Hunt.



Gerald Ford and fans at the betting window.



Gary Hart surveys the action from Millionaire Row.



Host with the most: Preston Madden, owner of Hamburg Place.

and little nicks and cuts not only mar the appearance—it would be like a model scarring her face—but also by running into a fence they can break a leg sometimes, and unfortunately they may have to be destroyed as a result of a simple accident. That's one of the reasons why there's nothing in a paddock but grass. And if there is a tree, it will be all fenced around." HOLLY BANDOROFF

"You can't imagine the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars that go into fences. Every year there's work, work, work on the fences."
MARYLOU WHITNEY

"I started way back when my father died, in 1930. There were only a few other stables in competition with us: Greentree, which was my cousin Jock Whitney's, and Mr. Bill Woodward's—he was chairman of the Jockey Club. Now there are hundreds. You know, I sold out last year. Everything. I produced more stakes winners than anyone in this country. Whenever I take up a business enterprise, I want to be in the top, the first bunch, of competition. Like, what did I do in the motion-picture business? Started in that and made *Gone with the Wind*." SONNY WHITNEY

"What about *Rebecca*? *A Star Is Born*?...Have you ever seen anything prettier than this grass? The house behind you is our guesthouse, and it was the slave cottage. This is our art studio, right down there, tucked away. And then that's our pool house, where we'll give our Derby Eve party."
MARYLOU WHITNEY

"You must make a distinction between breeding farms and racing farms. Breeding farms receive broodmares from all over the world, and they use their stallions to make money. That's Spendthrift, that's Gainesway. And then you have racing farms, like Calumet. They breed, they raise the horses, they train. Claiborne is a racing farm—well, they're both, because they have great stallions like Nijinsky II and Secretariat. They won the Derby last year with Swale, the son of Seattle Slew. He was first in the Kentucky Derby, fifth in the Preakness, and he won the Belmont. Fifteen days later, he died."
COUNT BERNARD DE CLAVIÈRE D'HUST
horse painter

"When the queen was here last year she went to the best farms, and people were saying, 'Let me give you a Seattle Slew season. Let me give you an Alydar season.' "
LAURA WILLIAMS
account executive, Matchmaker Breeders' Exchange

"She had lunch with me here at Clai-

borne. She was one of the nicest people I've ever had the pleasure of meeting, and everyone here just thoroughly enjoyed her visit. Very knowledgeable. She certainly is."

WADDELL HANCOCK

"The French ambassador in London wanted me to do a painting to be offered by Mitterrand to the queen. So I went to Windsor to meet her, and after that I did the painting. She wanted the horse, the dog, and Windsor. Most people ask you to paint their horse so precisely, but without any kind of imagination. Munnings, the great painter, said horse people know nothing about art and art people know nothing about horses."

BERNARD DE CLAVIÈRE

"Like art, horses are a combination of a collectible, a commodity, a status symbol, a social thing, and an egotistical thing."

MICHAEL LISCHIN

"The only difference is you don't have to feed the painting."

BARRY WEISBORD

"Nureyev, Monteverdi—you know, any name that's easy to say or identifies with something classy. But if they run fast and sire fast horses, people get to liking their name more and more. Seattle Slew's not the greatest name in the world, but they like it now."

JOHNNY JONES, JR.

"Tonight we'll be visiting the top Derby parties in Lexington—the classy party at the Whitneys' and the fun one at the Maddens'."

SUE WYLIE
anchorwoman, WLEX-TV

"We're having a little party for 1,600 of our most intimate friends."

PRESTON MADDEN
owner, Hamburg Place Farm

"You're going to the Maddens' too? Be ready for a zoo. It's going to be totally different from the Whitneys' party, I can assure you. Marylou's party is very quiet, very elegant. There's dinner around the pool and dancing. At the Maddens' you'll see people in wild costumes. Tonight's theme is Jungle Fever."

LESLIE COMBS III

"Why Jungle Fever? I've always wanted a volcano."

ANITA MADDEN
hostess, wife of Preston Madden

"It's a very, very old family. But Mrs. Madden has made their stock-in-trade being very flamboyant. She's absolutely delightful, but much of the community thinks of her as rather scandalous. Is this a snobby community? Oh, *very*."

SUE WYLIE

"It always irritates me that she [Anita Madden] has a charity party on Derby Eve, which I don't think should be on the same page of the paper as our party, because it's not the same thing at all. She has things like nude girls coming up out of fountains painted gold. It's a really wild thing. It's kind of sick."

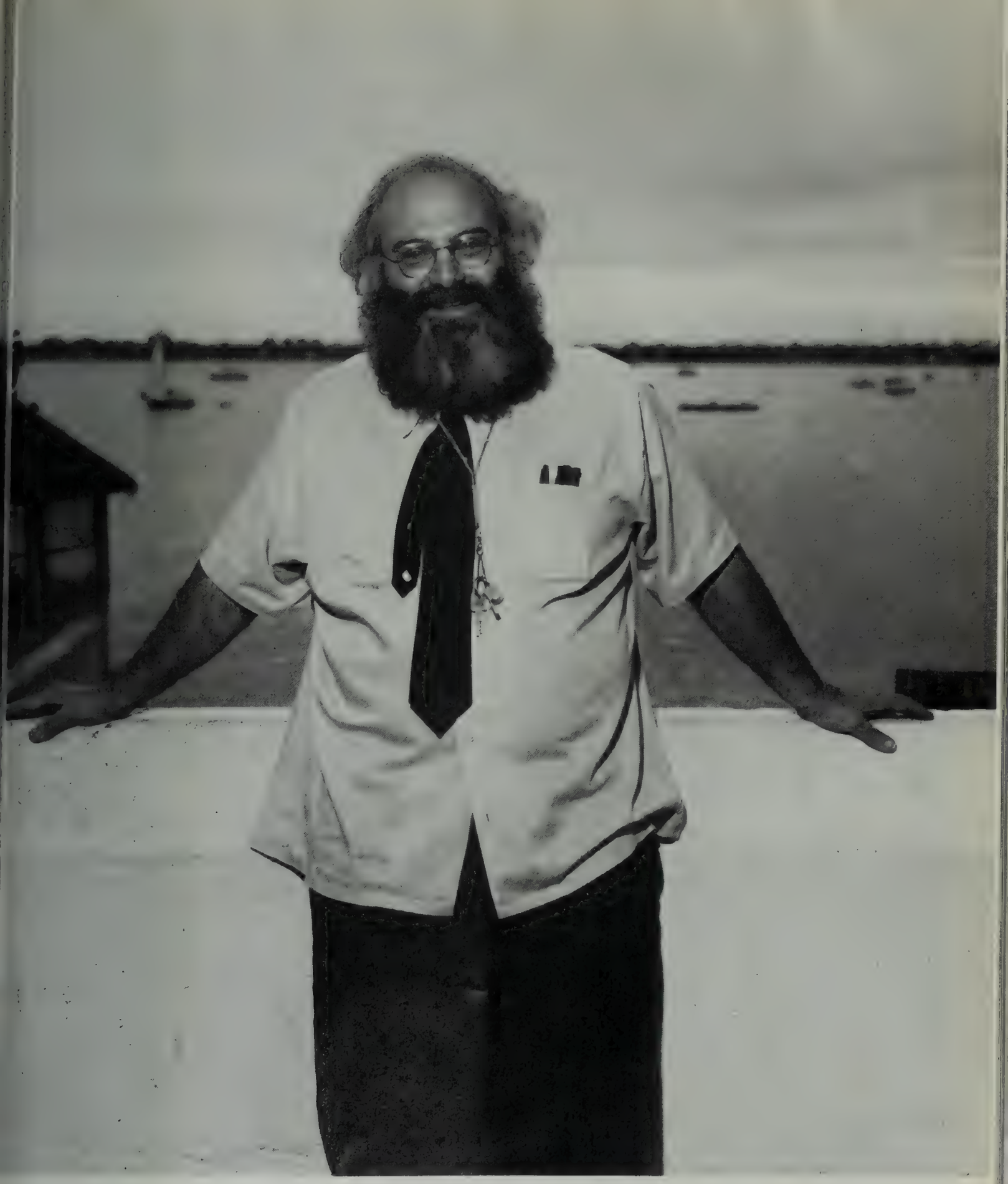
MARYLOU WHITNEY

"My first time [illegible] to see it from this house, from Whitney House, [illegible]

(continued on page 105)

Sacks Appeal

Oliver Sac
author of the most absorbing case stud
since those of Sigmund Freud, is a detect
in the mind's gazebo, a puzzle solver.
hand draws back the hedge. Professor of cli
cal neurology at the Albert Einstein Colle
of Medicine in New York, Sacks has ma
literature out of migraines (his 1970 stu
Migraine, was recently expanded and upd
ed) and witnessed the miracle works of ima
nation unchained by mania. Of one patien
hallucinosis, Sacks wrote in *Awakenin*
"She is married, she is pregnant, she has g
en birth to a robot. She is queen of a kingd
of rabbits and white mice. She is in Holl
wood; in fairyland; with her brother in Mia
She is awaiting discharge, neurosurgery, a
reincarnation. She is the Mother of God..
In his forthcoming collection, *The Man W*
Mistook His Wife for a Hat and Other Clini
Tales (Summit), he introduces us to the ti
subject and to a man whose memory seems
self-erase, stranding him in an eternal prese
Sacks himself is no stranger to psychic dis
cation. Scrambling down a Norwegian mou
tain slope after a run-in with a spectral wh
bull, he seriously bummed up his leg and h
a hellish spell in the hospital, where nig
mares speared his sleep and that nullified
"remained entirely motionless, tonele
senseless, beneath its white sepulchre
chalk." *A Leg to Stand On* tells the story
his recuperation and psychological coming-
It's also his hymn of redemption. Bearded
a sage, Oliver Sacks carries wisdom and ho
in his kangaroo pouch. **—James Wolc**



OLIVER SACKS

"One must drop all presuppositions and dogmas and rules—
for these only lead to stalemate or disaster."

Photograph by NEIL SELKIRK

Humorist Fran Lebowitz seems to fashion her career after Oscar Wilde's quip about putting talent into writing and saving *genius* for life. Writer's block has been transformed into partygoer's progress as she hobnobs with everyone from Malcolm Forbes to Mick Jagger. ARTHUR LUBOW reports

HAVE TUX, WILL TRAVEL

More of her evenings now require a tuxedo, and she lives in a venerable apartment building that has a name, not merely a number. Yet the fundamental things about Fran Lebowitz still apply. She is very funny. She hates to write. She likes to go out.

Because she is funny, she is asked everywhere. Rather than write, she goes. "I don't do it for any useful purpose," she says. "I'm not out gathering material. I just don't want to be at home and have to write. Painters are the ones who go out all the time. They have to, to meet the people who can afford to buy their work. Writers who say they have to go out are lying. What they're selling costs twelve dollars." Well, I point out, twenty dollars, for a book. She gobbles that quibble like a frog zapping a fly. "You see how long it's been since I've written?"

Seven years have passed since, with *Metropolitan Life*, Lebowitz made her spectacular debut. Reducing all issues to questions of taste, she bristled with aesthetic grievances. Against clock radios: "If I wished to be awakened by Stevie Wonder I would sleep with Stevie Wonder." Against slogan-bearing clothing: "If people don't want to listen to *you*, what makes you think they want to hear from your sweater?" Against "Long-sleeved T-Shirts Stenciled to Look Like Dinner Jackets and Invariably Worn by Those Who Would Have No Occasion to Wear a Dinner Jacket Only While at Work." At the center of Lebowitz's philosophy was the belief that not all men are created equal. This undiluted elitism was made palatable, even charming, by its subtext: when she wasn't



Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



pronouncing that "it is not true that there is dignity in all work" or advising that "public transportation should be avoided with precisely the same zeal that one accords Herpes II," Lebowitz was scrambling for odd jobs to pay the rent on her squalid studio apartment.

Metropolitan Life permitted Lebowitz's way of life to catch up with her way of thinking. "John Leonard's review in the *Times* was the pivotal moment," says Laurie Colwin, who signed Fran at Dutton. "The day that review appeared, the book sold out in New York." That rarest of things, a genuinely funny book, *Metropolitan Life* sold 100,000 hardcover copies, making the *Times* best-seller list; the paperback rights went for $150,000 (in those days, that could still buy an apartment). Three years later, Lebowitz published *Social Studies*, a second collection of essays drenched in the same snobbery. (The funniest pieces concerned the search for an acceptable apartment.) In a city with a vampirish taste for the new, it didn't create the same sensation. Still, most reviews were flattering, and not long afterward Liz Smith announced that Lebowitz had come up with a new agent—Mort Janklow—for her next work, and a title—*Exterior Signs of Wealth*. It would be her first novel.

People have begun to speak about *Exterior Signs of Wealth* the way they did about Truman Capote's perennially unfinished *Unanswered Prayers*. Lebowitz herself professes not to be getting anywhere with it. "The novel is what I'm doing on the side," *People* reported her saying. "Full-time, I'm watching daytime TV." Before acceding to be interviewed for this story (later, she deacceded), Lebowitz thought carefully, then scheduled the meeting for the Russian Tea Room ("You can use my name, they'll give me a booth"), setting aside an hour before the driver would come to pick her up for a TV appearance that evening. She tries to bunch her obligations, she explained: "Some days I like to leave wide open, so I can stay in bed all day if I want to."

She may sound idle, but she is not. Flip from the book page to the society columns and that much becomes clear. At a Lincoln Center party for the Martha Graham company, Fran is there with her pal Paloma Picasso. At a $500-a-plate dinner for the Museum of the Moving Image, at a $100-a-cup Carnegie Hall tea for the Victorian Society, Fran stands up and is counted. There is a baby shower for Jerry Hall. (Fran is seeing more of Jerry and Mick these days.) Steve Rubell opens the latest hot club, Palladium. Jerome Robbins stages a new ballet. Martin Peretz celebrates the seventieth anniversary of *The New Republic*. Fernando Sanchez shows a lingerie collection. To these events, as to so many others, Fran is invited, and Fran attends. Some of her old friends wonder what's happening. "Luncheons at Le Cirque and dinners at Il Monello—come on!" says one. "I think she's sort of a court jester. She's very funny, but I just wish she would put it on paper."

> "Painters are the ones who go out all the time.... Writers who say they have to go out are lying."

Could it be that paper is not Lebowitz's natural medium? "She writes very slowly and very painfully," says Colwin. "And she's a perfectionist. There are a lot of people with less literary integrity than Fran who would have capitalized on their reputations by rushing back to publish, even if they weren't satisfied with the work. Fran hasn't done that." But people in the writing trade assume too easily that the ambition of someone with proven literary talent is to write more. Couldn't Lebowitz's vocation lie elsewhere?

Her career began fifteen years ago Max's Kansas City, a hangout for druggy Warhol crowd and other part pant-observers of the pop scene. Wi out waiting for a high-school diplor she had escaped to New York from N Jersey, where her parents ran a furnitu store. At night she went to Max's smoke cigarettes and swap wisecrac during the day, she peddled belts on street or drove a taxi. Through friends Max's who relished her wit, she beg writing, always reluctantly. Befc long, her column, "I Cover the W terfront," had become a regular fe ture in Warhol's *Interview* mag zine. She was then recruited *Mademoiselle* to write a colum which eventually crumbled unc deadline pressure. She was cajol into putting together a book, co posed mainly of those *Interview* a *Mademoiselle* pieces, and the bo led to a series of interviews, T spots, and invitations—an infini series, or so it seems.

Max's is no more, but *Intervie* like its proprietor, has a knac for survival. *Interview* and Warh always attracted the wealthy and th wellborn to mix with the pretty, th witty, and the weird. "At Max's w didn't think anybody was more eli than we were," recalls magazir editor and erstwhile rock-club ho Danny Fields, who knows Lebowi from the early days. But the Social Re ister types who went to Max's wer there slumming. A decade later th president's son was writing for *Inte view*, an unmistakable sign that like s many New York slums this one ha been gentrified. The time was auspi cious for Lebowitz's lapidary wit to b remounted in a more elegant, traditiona setting.

The publication of *Metropolitan Lif* elevated Lebowitz into the line of visio of the truly rich. She acquired two ke admirers. Los Angeles millionaire Ma Palevsky gave her a West Coast bas and entrée into affluent Jewish Demo cratic circles. Traveling with Palevsk in Israel, for instance, Lebowitz me millionaire magazine proprietor Martin Peretz (*The New Republic*). In New York, millionaire magazine proprieto Malcolm Forbes (*Forbes*) introduced Lebowitz to the Republican socialite

wd. Forbes, a fan of *Metropolitan* e, invited the writer to a ballooning ty at his French château, Balleroy, l quickly inscribed her name on his list. "He's fascinated by Fran," says neone who knows them both. "He es people who approach life with a ferent attitude, who express views fferent from those he normally ars." Indeed, he collects such peo-, along with Fabergé eggs, toy sol-rs and boats, and presidential auto-phs. Fran hit it off not just with alcolm but with his son Christo-er ("Kip"), who shares her tastes good food and old furniture, tes he is better situated than she indulge.

A writer needs only pen and pa-r. To practice the art of conversa-n, one requires sterling flatware, ed Bordeaux, good cuts of meat -in short, the materials necessary attract the right audience. The rbeses have provided what Lebo-itz needs for her art as cheerfully the Medici quarried marble for ichelangelo.

The same themes that inform Le-witz's writing recur in her table lk. The quest for a New York artment, which she treated so hu-orously in *Social Studies*, is also e motif of her greatest triumph in e art of conversation. Two years o, at a cruise-and-dine on Mal-lm Forbes's yacht, the *Highlander*, an was regaling Tom Armstrong, di-ctor of the Whitney Museum, with her al-estate plight. She had finally found acceptable apartment in a soigné idtown building, but no one would rovide her with financing. Each day e drove farther into the outer bor-ughs, searching for a little bank that ould. As Armstrong listened with the ppropriate mixture of amusement and ympathy, he noticed a distinguished gure passing by. "Have you ever met Valter Wriston?" he asked Fran. She ad not. "Walter," said Armstrong, do you know Fran? She has mortgage roblems." As Lebowitz filled the re-eptive ear of the man who was then hairman of Citicorp, Armstrong chat-ed warmly with Mrs. Wriston. In a few inutes, Lebowitz's artistry in conver-ation had accomplished what innumer-ble painful hours of writing could not. t had secured her a New York co-op.

If the czars of taste didn't place writing at the acme of professions, Lebowitz's career might be seen in better perspective. No one tries to pigeonhole her as a litigant, for example, even though in recent years she has devoted as much time to that pursuit as to the literary one. Admittedly, she has had less success as a litigant. Still, the same themes prevail, the same unique sensibility is at work. In her one finished courtroom piece, for instance, she again dealt with the Manhattan apartment hunt. This was in a suit she brought against Charlie Mingus's widow, who had sublet a Greenwich Village co-op to Lebowitz with, according to Fran, the option to buy. Instead, when the lease was up, Susan Mingus demanded the apartment back, and Lebowitz sued. Her case was dismissed in Manhattan Supreme Court last year, with the judge finding—ironically enough—that she should have gotten it in writing.

Conversation has been Lebowitz's lifetime work. The writing of her books is best viewed as a preparatory phase.

Lebowitz's other litigation, still incomplete, is a sort of legal diptych, which once again explores a familiar theme: the encroachments on the liberties of smokers. "When Smoke Gets in Your Eyes. . . Shut Them" was the title of Fran's essay on this topic in *Social Studies*. The working title of her current effort is *Vershel* v. *Lebowitz*. The first section of this piece was finished in May 1983, when a New York dentist who Lebowitz charged had slugged her in a movie theater during an argument over her smoking was acquitted. A second panel has been begun, with the dominant figures reversed. In a civil action, the dentist claims that the publicity surrounding his unjustified arrest cost him a very lucrative business contract, for which he demands compensation.

It can be argued that the cultural commissars of the sixth page of the New York *Post*, where *Vershel* v. *Lebowitz* has excited the greatest critical scrutiny, would have ignored the work had Lebowitz not previously established her reputation in another medium—as a writer. It might similarly be maintained that without her two books, and the resulting celebrity, Lebowitz might have had more trouble acquiring the materials necessary for her career as a conversationalist. Such observations are accurate, as far as they go. Yet isn't it more illuminating to assess Lebowitz's separate talents—to applaud her as a writer, deplore her as a litigant, and salute her as a conversationalist nonpareil?

Why not recognize conversation as an art of its own? Lebowitz apparently does. Recently she agreed to do a column for *Vogue*. Most columns consist of writing, but hers will be transcripts of her tape-recorded conversations. Of course, the transcripts will provide only an art-reproduction semblance of the originals, but her less privileged fans will be able to see the direction her muse is taking.

Conversation has been Lebowitz's lifetime work. The writing of her books, like the plastering of a wall for a fresco, is best viewed as a preparatory phase. "As I see it, the books are very important," says Danny Fields. "They placed her in a position where all these people are flattered to be with her." Or, as her friend Jane Rosenman remarks, "She's much more collectible now." With the drudgery behind her, she is free to dazzle. For an artist of Lebowitz's sensibility, there was always something ill-fitting about the book business. A book costs so little. Anybody can buy one, right off the rack. Instead of bemoaning Lebowitz's failure to publish, one might envy her progress. Her work is now custom-tailored, her clientele is elite. She has gone from *prêt à porter* to *haute couture*. □

ARTS FAIR

A vocal prom queen and a riveting raconteur. Surprising everyday movements an cellmate soul mates. A literary launch and standout first fiction. Art is all. All is fa

THEATER

The Public's Domain

by Sylviane Gold



Showman Joseph Papp's Shakespeare Festival has grown from a flatbed truck into an expensive theatrical empire, but will *Edwin Drood* be the next *Chorus Line*?

First take *Nicholas Nickleby*. Subtract some seven hours of running time and add a score by pop singer Rupert Holmes. Substitute the plot of another Charles Dickens novel and surround it with a Victorian music-hall frame. Then dispense with a scripted ending and you've got an approximate idea of what the New York Shakespeare Festival has dreamed up for this summer's free non-Shakespeare in Central Park.

The tradition of free Shakespeare in the park is now thirty years old. In recent years the season has usually consisted of one play from the canon and one surprise. And a tradition begun with *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and continued with *The Pirates of Penzance* has accorded patrons of the park's Delacorte Theater a free peek at the Shakespeare Festival's next envoy to the commercial theater. This year's offering, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, is right in line for a transfer to Broadway.

It's got a theatrical milieu, thwarted romance, and a mysterious disappearance. It's got a talented cast, headed by Betty Buckley, of *Cats* fame; George Rose, who was the very model of the modern major general in *Pirates;* and Cleo Laine, the sultry jazz vocalist. It's got director Wilford Leach, choreographer Graciela Daniele, and musical director Michael Starobin, all of wh have hits in their credits. But m promising of all, it's got a gimmick. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* unfinished at Dickens's dea and Holmes, who wrote the mu cal's book as well as its score, l the audience decide how show will end. It mu choose which of the suspects committ the crime, wh of the ch acters h been m querading as another, and which of t possible romantic pairings will provi the requisite happy ending. There about 1,200 possible variations, and t idea sounds foolproof. And, heav knows, the Shakespeare Festival cou use a nice, foolproof commercial hit send to Broadway this coming season

Begun in the mid-fifties by Josep Papp, the Festival has grown from hand-to-mouth, seat-of-the-pants o

on bringing Shakespeare to ols and parks to a multimillion- r institution that exerts a powerful ence on the American theater. a shrewd eye for talent and an shrewder eye for financial an- Papp has parlayed a flatbed truck a theatrical empire.

riters like David Rabe and Nto- Shange, actors like Raul Julia Meryl Streep, directors like Mi- l Bennett and Des McAnuff have nurtured by the Festival. Its ntown base, the Public Theater, been the launching pad for numer- recent classics of the American ter—*Hair, That Championship on, A Chorus Line.*

hen such plays leave the Public and m to long Broadway , they do more than h Papp's reputation liscernment. They en- his institution. At one t the income from *A rus Line* alone was un- riting 60 percent of Festival's budget. But been a while since *A rus Line* was a day-in, out sellout and had touring compa- crisscrossing the country. Now the v generates only about 25 percent of moneys needed to support the Festi- s operations.

o the ambitions for *Edwin Drood* not just artistic; they're financial as l. But the Festival isn't exactly e. The Broadway production of *A rus Line* is still earning some prof- which go into the nearly $20 million owment fund set up to allow the ival to keep living off *A Chorus* even after new income from the w dries up. And the Festival recently the stock and amateur rights for $2 ion. The City of New York helps ay some of the costs of maintaining Public Theater building, and hun- ls of donors, from Al Pacino to the itable, augment the government's tributions to the Festival's coffers. levertheless, last year's deficit was million, and the development staff is ing to raise some $4 million in con- utions toward next year's budget. t year's was just under $10 million, the budget has been stretching each year to cover ever increasing commitments: there are now five stages plus a movie theater at the Public; there's the summer season at the Delacorte; there are educational programs in the schools and an exchange program with the Royal Court Theatre in London; and the Festival has produced the film version of *Pirates* and several cable-TV programs.

With every new commitment carrying the seeds of the next, the Festival is caught in a kind of artistic and financial inflation. And the old Festival, which was marked by an American vision of the classics and a prickly resistance to mere entertainment, seems more and more to be giving way to a new Festival, whose only hallmark is a kind of desperate eclecticism. Recent offerings have included imports from Britain, Eastern Europe, and the American regional theater, and vehicles for established stars like Kate Nelligan and Linda Ronstadt.

So the ambitions for Edwin Drood are not just artistic; they're financial as well.

It's hard to imagine that a nonplay like Edna O'Brien's *Virginia* would ever have been produced at the Festival unless Nelligan had agreed to star in it, or that Papp would have felt the need to present a streamlined *La Bohème* if Ronstadt had not been willing to have a go at Mimi. And every time the Festival makes a decision—however offbeat—for commercial rather than artistic reasons, it draws one step closer to becoming the very thing it was meant not to be: a theater where the bottom line comes first.

It is, of course, unreasonable to expect the Shakespeare Festival not to change with the times. There are now dozens of theaters across the country following Papp's lead in seeking out new voices and reconsidering the old ones. But even if *Edwin Drood* fulfills its creators' fondest dreams and makes a big splash in the park this month, moves to Broadway, and then runs forever because everyone who sees it once wants to return 1,199 times, the New York Shakespeare Festival will still have a financial problem: how to spend all that money without losing its soul. □

MUSIC

Valley Mores

by Kitty McShannon

In high school, the pretty girls are never funny. They don't have to be. The homely misfits are the ones who tell the jokes, their wit forged in the crucible of loveless Saturday nights. Cheerleaders and prom queens, however, often become Stepford Wives. They marry dullards and move to the suburbs, where they perform Jane Fonda aerobics in front of the VCR. And a job—not too taxing and always part-time—keeps them occupied until they



EUGENE PINKOWSKI

Comedienne Julie Brown gives up her high-school crown for the vinyl disc of *Goddess in Progress*.

stock their love bungalows with a bambino or two.

Pretty, perky Julie Brown, twenty-six, resides in the San Fernando Valley with her husband. Their nifty new house is just minutes away from Van Nuys High, where Brown reigned as a homecoming princess in 1976. Blessed with the dimpled cuteness and rising inflection of a Kewpie doll, Brown admits, "I'm real straight, real normal. I'm married, I want a house, I want a baby *a lot*." Somehow, though, she has transcended her official cute-girl looks and popularity to become a wickedly funny lady. (Maybe it was the experience of being a brunette attending Robert Redford and Marilyn Monroe's alma mater.) A professional comedienne-singer, Brown regularly struts out onstage clad in a petunia-pink tutu—she sewed it herself—and rips into her cult favorite, "I Like 'Em Big and Stupid": "When I need something to help me unwind, / I find a six-foot baby with a one-track mind. / Smart guys are nowhere, / They make demands, / Give me a moron with talented hands."

"Women and gays love that song," says Brown with her Tinker Bell laugh, the deliberate reverse sexism reflecting a period in Brown's life when "I went hog-wild. I was dating a gorgeous male model just because he was pretty cute. Now women think about doing this even if they don't act on it."

With her album, *Goddess in Progress*, her video, "The Homecoming Queen's Got a Gun," and her act, Brown fills a humor gap. She speaks for smart women in their twenties and thirties who used to devour *Seventeen* magazine and treasured their prom corsages—all the while knowing "stuff like that was great and stupid at the same time," as Brown puts it. Somehow you suspect that Fran Lebowitz, Whoopi Goldberg, and Sandra Bernhard never shopped for chiffon. And who can take those hormonal honeys like Madonna and company seriously? Cyndi Lauper seemed to understand with "Girls Just Want to Have Fun," but then she hunkered down with all that mat mania. "I think people are ready for women who are not just sex goddesses," announces Brown, who has the snap of her smart-ass lyrics, the crackle of her wit, and the pop of her bouncy tunes at the ready: "I don't have to work, / I just have to jiggle, / 'Cuz I'm a blond, / B-L-O-N-D. / Don't you wish you were me?" Combining music and monologue, Brown then mimics the interior dreams of the archetypal California Playmate, the kind that loves Slurpees, sunsets, and sensitive guys. "I just want to say that being chosen as this month's Miss August is like a compliment I'll remember as long as I can. Right now I'm a freshman in my fourth year at U.C.L.A., but my goal is to become a veterinarian, 'cuz I love children."

Could this be the Lucille Ball of the eighties?

Although Brown has a Fred character in the form of her writing partner for the last eight years, Charlie Coffey (co-author of many of her songs), and a Ricky Ricardo figure in her husband of two years, actor Terrence McNally, Brown sees herself as more of a Doris Day type. "I'm a wacky normal person with a big imagination," she says, "sort of an eccentric housewife. I've always needed to make people laugh; I need a lot of attention."

As a student at San Francisco's American Conservatory Theatre, Brown received attention as a serious actress until she "discovered I liked doing comedy in nightclubs more than I liked doing Shakespeare." Moving to L.A., she did solo stand-up but found the atmosphere harsh. "There's something so macho, so masculine, so cynical. The women comics get really tough. It was never me," she sighs.

The success of *Goddess in Progress* (it's sold over 60,000 copies to date despite its distribution on the little-known label Rhino Records) has led to a deal with Warner Bros. The trio of Brown, Coffey, and McNally is writing a musical comedy based on their song "Earth Girls Are Easy." Brown will star as a Valley Girl who takes up with an extraterrestrial after it espies her sunbathing topless, because she knows lust when she sees it, "no matter what planet it's from."

And Julie Brown knows comedy no matter what suburb it's from. □

PERFORMANCE

Telling Tales

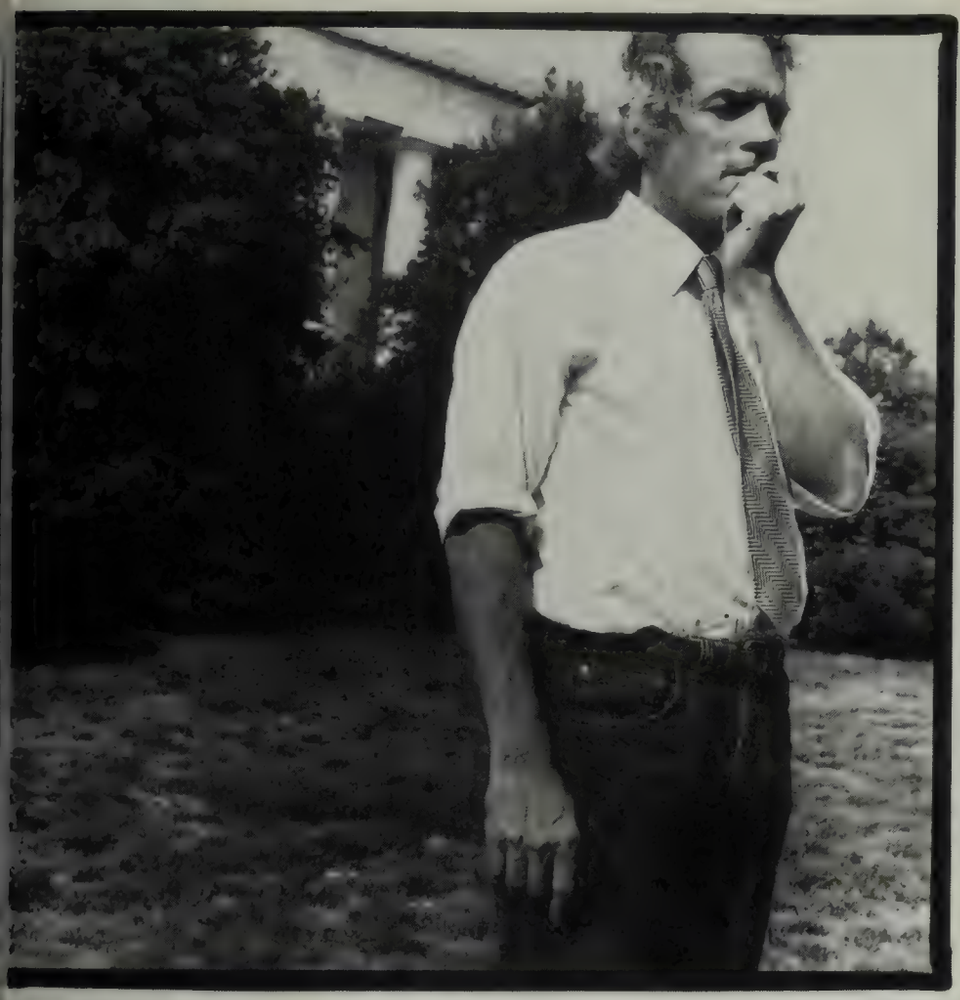
by Robert Coe

Spalding Gray has spent the la years sitting behind a desk t audiences stories about his life. His mate stream-of-consciousness n logues on a New England childhoo adolescence are at once hilarious perverse, the wildly personal yet monplace fantasies and fears of e one's growing-up. His more recent of a contemporary Candide in sear the Perfect Moment evoke the dr and nightmares of a Wasp on the throwing a refracted light on the war American landscape.

With his ninth and latest monol this forty-three-year-old autobi pher, sit-down comic, and postm raconteur has leapt from the real the private to the geo-political. *Swimming to Cambodia*, Gray's tour de force ac-



count of his experiences as an act Roland Joffé's *The Killing Fie* weaves together the movie gossip avowed neurotic on location in T land; his encounters with Thai pr tutes, strong marijuana, and fe actors John Malkovich and Athol gard; his Perfect Moment in the Gu Siam; his nervous collapse at a barb in East Hampton; his adventures L.A. freeways; and his decision to a Hollywood agent—all set agains backdrop of America's moral com ity in the destruction of Cambodia. lowing rave reviews and sold-out formances in New York, Los Ang and Washington, D.C., as well summer engagement at the Walker Center in Minneapolis, *Swimmin Cambodia* will soon become a mo picture directed by Jonathan Dem



During his *Swimming to Cambodia* tour, Spalding Gray held "An Evening of Washington Living History" to gather material for his next monologue, on the capital city.

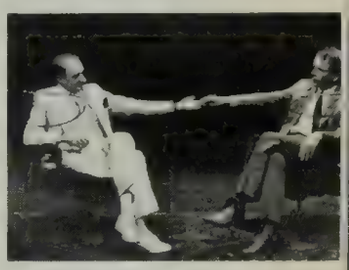
ɔse recent performance documenta- *Stop Making Sense*, featured David ne and Talking Heads. And this nth, Gray will appear on PBS's *Alive n Off Center*.

Although Gray's picaresque memoirs l misadventures have earned him a oted art-world audience, more re- tly he has found himself cast in the ikely role of surrogate spiritual seek- for young upwardly mobile urban fessionals. "When I was playing up Boston," Gray recalls, "an audience mber told me, 'You know, I really e living through you the way I did en I was a kid reading Jack Kerouac. ɔt a family and a wife. Got a job in ertising. But it's fun to fantasize ɔugh your stories. Thank you.' "

Nostalgia for middle-class family life lingered despite Gray's choice to sue his own life as art. Born and sed in a Christian Scientist household Barrington, Rhode Island, Gray stud- acting in college and worked profes- nally for five years before joining the ɔerimental Performance Group in Manhattan's SoHo in the early seventies. Many actors have attempted to conceal their personalities within their roles, but Gray enjoyed the freedom to reflect on his actions, to be at one with and at a distance from the roles he created. As a founding member of the Wooster Group, he helped to create a theater trilogy—*Three Places in Rhode Island*—that included a dreamed archaeology of his own mother's madness and suicide. Supporters called the work an entirely new kind of personal theater, revealing actors as their own visual, emotional, and intellectual material for the first time; for others, the Wooster Group was narcissistic and self-obsessed, a theatrical cornerstone of the Me decade.



But Gray was about to reveal himself even more directly to audiences. Seated at a table and working with the barest of visual aids, he began to investigate a unique style of personal monologue: *Sex and Death to the Age 14; Booze, Cars and College Girls;* and *A Personal History of the American Theater*, which exposed his most intimate memories with a fresh, if pathological, candor. In the guise of a self-centered innocent abroad, he moved on to a series of travel pieces, including *In Search of the Monkey Girl* and *47 Beds*, about what he calls the "Leisure Neurotic—the guy who has just enough money to take his time to get into trouble." As his subject matter expanded, his following grew: a personal ad in the *Village Voice* a few years ago read, "If you love fine wines, Vivaldi, and Spalding Gray..." But, for the storyteller himself, compulsive self-exposure was beginning to wear thin.



"That's why *The Killing Fields* role came as an absolute blessing," Gray recalls. "It gave me a chance to relate to something larger than my own neurosis: the Cambodian genocide." During an early casting meeting, he told director Roland Joffé, "I know nothing about politics. I've never voted." "Perfect," Joffé replied. "You're supposed to play the American ambassador's aide."

Now Gray has plans for a piece about Washington, D.C., and another about hitchhiking across Russia—the idea being "to set off and see why you can't." In May he furthered his political education by interviewing members of a Washington audience onstage, using a format he calls "a combination of town meeting, TV talk show, Gestalt therapy session, and spiritual testimonial."

Gray's growing fascination with the stories of others has also led him toward a new interest in the written word. The recipient of a recent Guggenheim fellowship for writing, he is currently at work on a book for Random House's Vintage Contemporaries series, a collection of monologues he describes as "voices from the edge of civilization as we know it. I like what I call the Chekhovian-Tibetan wheel-of-life idea," he says, "the roller coaster of

juxtapositions between the sad and the funny, the dark and the light."

The success of one man sitting behind a desk talking must finally be attributed to something more than honesty in an age that drives truth telling from every area of public life. Gray acknowledges "a kind of movement in solo theater," as he calls it; in a culture of spectacle and high tech, the magic circle of storyteller and audience has acquired a special value, as seen in such diverse phenomena as Whoopi Goldberg's one-woman show and André Gregory and Wallace Shawn's spiritual talkfest, *My Dinner with Andre*. As Gray plays the roles of paranoid, neurotic, lover, poet, cultural anthropologist, and fly on the wall, he creates a concatenation of artifice and reality that few actors before him have managed quite so literally. Living each day as if it were the stuff of theater, Spalding Gray has moved beyond his own self-revelation to discover something of the world. □

DANCE

Virtuosic *Pass*

by Sally Sommer

Reflecting on her recent popularity, choreographer Trisha Brown muses: "It's wonderful and a little disorienting. I have so much less experience with approval than I have with discourse and argument that bubbles come out of my ears when people lavish me with praise."

Brown began making dances in the 1960s, part of a generation of young choreographers, the Judson group, who were redefining ideas about dance and performance. In 1969 a throng of dance devotees stood in a small Manhattan courtyard cheering Brown's newest piece, *Man Walking Down Side of Building*. Dressed in street clothes and mountain-climbing gear, a man languidly fell over the edge of the roof of a seven-story building. When perpendicular to the wall, he began a slow walk to the ground.

The following year, Brown founded her own company but continued to perform in unusual settings: on rafts in a pond, on piers on Staten Island, in museums, and in galleries. And although she was still working with ordinary movements, she was putting them together in dances entitled "Accumulations," arranged with the logic and precision of a mathematician. At the same time, Brown was beginning to explore virtuosic dancing. "Time was running out," she says. "If I was going to do it, I had to get to it. The great irony of Judson was the good joke they pulled on me: I happened to be a virtuosic dancer, and they said 'No' to virtuosity. I had this body capable of moving in ways that not even I fully knew—except that I tasted the rapture of that experience when I was improvising."

Then, in 1978, Brown burst forth with her virtuosic dance *Watermotor*, a stream of perpetual motion that looked natural, swift, and easy. Though technically difficult, it had the beguiling air of relaxed, everyday movement—walking, running, falling—which soon became her trademark. The next year Brown began the first of many collaborations with al artists and musicians.

In 1983, audiences in sold-out ho across Europe and America che Brown's *Set and Reset*, with costu and sets designed by Robert Rausc berg and music by Laurie Ander The dance began with a delicate r ence to that piece made fourteen y earlier: a dancer held high in the with her body parallel to the fl slowly walked across an invisible w

This year Brown is working sculptor-painter Nancy Graves ("S light," *right*) on her newest da *Lateral Pass*, with music by P Zummo. Opening September 5 at Walker Art Center in Minneap (which commissioned the work), *Lat Pass* will begin the dance season at Center in New York on Septembe and will then tour the United Sta Canada, and Europe. An November the company travel to China—the f American modern-da company to perform th since the revolution.



JONATHAN BECKER

Bodies speaking in secret tongues: Brown rehearsing *Lateral Pass*.

Lateral Pass is multi rectional and multilayer more like a visual conve tion of bodies speaking many secret tongues. Th are collisions and immed rebounds, dives and slide the floor—all interwo with sweet, brief encoun that shimmer for a mom and then disappear. Sudd ly there will be a conv gence of patterns with u son dancing, a moment pure order reassuring us t this is tightly controlled c reography. In their mo ments—flexible and wit always adapting to the unexpected—dancers tell us something about the b of human interactions.

When Brown talks about her cho ography, she uses a curious expressi "It's like *wanting*, like having drea about what would be beautiful to see t body do." When told that her danc excite the imagination by always su verting the expected, she nods a smiles. "That's good. That is my co versation with the audience." □



Nancy Graves first caught the attention of the art world in 1969 with a group of sculptures in which she replicated and then dissected the form of a camel. Ever since, Graves' art has continued to combine intellectual curiosity and visual spectacle, and her stage setting for Trisha Brown's *Lateral Pass* (rendering, *left*) is a natural extension of her recent work. Freely drawn in steel rods and painted onto mobile relief cutouts, her layered images—derived from cartography—enjoy a new depth and expansiveness. Stage lighting renders mutable Graves' already lush palette, and with neon tubing in her design and ultraviolet paint on the costumes, the theatrical environment will literally glow. —*Robert Storr*

MOVIES

Prison Camping

by Stephen Schiff

nstage, William Hurt has always steamed and belched and thrown ctorish vapors. But there are hidden ets of technique that he's never ied on the screen. And watching lroolingly awaited *Kiss of the Spi-Woman*, one can see why—Hurt has secreting jewels in there, but he's been keeping frogs and old shoe- and bits of lint. As Molina, a ho-exual shut up in a Latin-American on with a ferocious young revolu-ary (Raul Julia), Hurt emits kitten-news and Blanche Du Bois sighs. swans about in turbans and silky ecoats, rolling his shoulders, star-noistly at his cellmate; and when he ne squeezes his knees together like a hing-school princess. This isn't a performance, it's a parade.

The director, Hector Babenco, doesn't encourage restraint. He's the man who made 1981's *Pixote*, perhaps the greatest of all Brazilian movies and certainly the most dangerous and abandoned. *Pixote* is about damaged street urchins and cackling whores; it combines stomach-souring realism and a kind of operatic theatricality. In *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, the realism is gone, but the stagy abandon remains, and Hurt lets himself go cuckoo—long stretches of his performance are unbearably hammy. Yet he can also mesmerize. There's a wonderful scene in which he cons a warden into buying him groceries, the kind his mama used to bring on her visits. Like what? asks the warden, and as Hurt blurts out a list, he shows us two Molinas at once—the one who maintains a jailbird's practiced composure and the one who suddenly envisions the warden as a genie offering three wishes, the one whose head bulges with imagined yummies.

Kiss of the Spider Woman is two movies, and the clumsiness of the first nearly guts the pleasure of the second. Like the Manuel Puig novel on which it's based, the film is built in the manner of an Edward Albee two-hander: the gay romantic and the macho revolutionary yap and bicker, and gradually they discover that they're, you know, not so different after all. The catalyst is Molina's habit of telling his cellmate, Valentin, the plots of old B movies. In the Babenco film, Molina begins his summary and then we are whisked into the movie he's summarizing; mostly it's a delirious Nazi propaganda picture that



Director Babenco, Spider Woman Braga.

stars Sonia Braga as Leni Lamaison, a French chanteuse in love with an SS captain. The movie within the movie is as absurdly posh as a *Dynasty* episode, and the drained color and Braga's smoky emoting are perfect. But Hurt tells it all in the wispy monotone of a fey hypnotist—a little of that and you are getting sleepy, very sleepy. Worse, the film's first hour is essentially a dialogue between the cellmates as they compare worldviews. "The most important thing is serving a noble cause," grunts Raul Julia, scowling. "If more men acted like women, there wouldn't be any violence," coos Hurt. And if all dialectics were this stimulating, no one would remember Hegel.

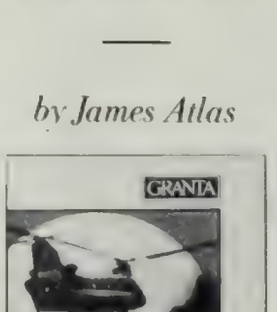
Finally, about halfway through, something actually happens. There is a Plot Twist. It galvanizes the film, puts a spin on the way Molina toughens and Valentin softens, and makes one wish quite devoutly that all this had occurred an hour earlier. There is, of course, a good reason that it doesn't: it doesn't in the book. But the book grabs us anyway, because it has its own brand of suspense. Puig tells his tale almost entirely in dialogue—no description, no narration, no scene setting. And two sorts of tension result: there's the tug-of-war between the spare tale we're reading and the lush B movies Molina describes, and there's the electric urgency we come to feel as we piece together who these characters are, what their surroundings are like, and the story of their passions and crimes. With its lumbering Leonard Schrader script, *Spider Woman* is a classic boo-boo in the history of adaptation. On-screen, the very sight of Molina and Valentin in their cell tramples the beauty of Puig's game, which is to compare the movies the characters create in their heads and the movie we create in *our* heads as we read.

But if *Kiss of the Spider Woman* is misconceived, the vigor of its second half saves it from being a total botch. That plot twist really works, and Babenco proves that once he has a shard of narrative spurring him on he can sustain a spanking pace until the finish. The director has constructed his own, exuberantly visual dialectic. The cell, with its charcoal-colored walls, looks like a theatrical set, and the conversation it houses belongs more to the theater than to the hyperrealism of film. The world outside, meanwhile, is all clamorous sunshine and vivid blues and reds. It's a world of action, a movie world—the ironically effulgent universe of *Pixote*. Babenco is plainly more comfortable there. The film's last half-hour is manna from heaven: we get another movie-within-a-movie (this one starring Braga as the Spider Woman), shot in a luminous black-and-white reminiscent of Franju; we also get a swift tour of Molina's life outside the prison—gay nightclubs, Oedipal details stolen from Proust, even a thunderous chase scene. The ending, full of blood and religion and swooping camerawork, is an apotheosis worthy of Welles, but it's not as muscular as it would be if Molina and Valentin had gripped us from the beginning. Babenco needs to remember what *Pixote* so dazzlingly demonstrated—that the streets themselves are a stage, and the lives out there full of movies. □

PRINTED MATTER

Brit Lit

by James Atlas



Bill Buford has shown up at the door to peddle a product that's never really taken off in the American market: a literary magazine. *Granta*, for over ninety years a meager, mildly notorious journal published by the undergraduates of Cambridge University, has become under Buford's editorship the most prestigious literary journal in England. Pick[ed] two years ago by Penguin, which [made] an arrangement with Buford to r[un] *Granta* in the U.K., the quarterly [has] zine proved so successful that the [pub]lisher has introduced it over here[.] first issue, on the stands now, inc[ludes] Günter Grass, Nadine Gordimer, Salman Rushdie, among eminen[t] ers. It's an exalted group, but n[ot] usual for Buford, who has manag[ed] get original manuscripts out of Kundera, Saul Bellow, Paul The[roux] and just about everybody else [in] anybody in Anglo-American liter[ature] In assembling such an impressive [list] of contributors, Buford has appeal[ed] the herd instinct: once big names [are] appearing on the contents page, e[very] one wants in.

An American graduate of Ber[lin] who landed in Cambridge on a Ma[rshall] scholarship in 1977, Buford becam[e] editor of the broke and nearly de[ad] college magazine by chance. "I w[as] close student of Shakespeare," he [says] "but the academic life wasn't for[me] Then a friend and I started talking a[bout] the magazine in a pub one night, a[nd] ended up in our laps." Faced w[ith] mounting deficit, a former treasure[r] absconded with what was left o[f] magazine's funds and fled to Paris [with] a girlfriend. "We started with an o[ld] draft of fifty pounds," Buford rec[alls] With characteristic chutzpah, he w[rote] to William Gass, Susan Sontag, [and] some twenty other illustrious lite[rati] puffing the magazine beyond all pl[ausi]ble proportion and begging for sub[mis]sions. Most responded. The result w[as] book-size issue grandly titled "[The] American Writing."

Within a few issues, Buford, "[was] publishing in the bedroom of an[ ] house on the wrong side of the tra[cks] with the bailiff coming around," [was] getting raves in the English press. T[he] were write-ups in the *Guardian*, the *[In]ternational Herald Tribune*, even *T[he]* Graham Greene praised the magaz[ine] The office was inundated with sub[mis]sions. Critic Malcolm Bradbury t[old] an *Encounter* piece about the conten[t] rary literary scene "Buford's Peop[le] Barging into publishers' offices, [and] gering writers over the phone, Bu[ford] was a minor legend. "Commuting f[rom]



MICHAEL OWEN

An American in Cambridge: *Granta* editor Bill Buford is poised to launch Not Just Another Literary Quarterly in the U.S.

y between Cambridge and Lon-
" reported a *Tatler* correspondent,
s an ever present at literary parties
e his habit of sucking in inordinate-
rge amounts of alcohol never quite
ıises his most valuable social and
essional quality: an aggressive
rican charm."

' then, the magazine had gone
a circulation of 800 to sales that
ıged 8,000 and 9,000. The bland,
ustrated look of a "serious" lit
had given way to theme issues
vivid satirical collages on the
r. James Fenton's chronicle of the
of Saigon was lavishly illustrated;
ame issue featured a grim portfo-
f work by British photojournalist
McCullin, who has made a career
of being in the wrong place at the
time.

pproached by several paperback
ishers, Buford made the deal with
guin two years ago; four times
ar he would provide a finished
azine, and Penguin would arrange
distribution. The print run of
first issue was 15,000, and now
he's entered the American market,
ord hopes to add to *Granta*'s cur-
rent circulation of 20,000.

Will *Granta* succeed over here? An occasional trendiness creeps in, an occasional tendentious essay; and assiduous readers will find more than a share of unacknowledged reprints from American periodicals. But the magazine has an air of importance, even of urgency, about it.

So far, the press has been good, with many comparisons to Cyril Connolly's famous *Horizon* and John Lehmann's *New Writing*. If there's an American predecessor, it would be Theodore Solotaroff's *New American Review*, which had an itinerant life among various paperback imprints until its demise in 1977. But there hasn't been anything like it since, either here or abroad, and Buford's style—the jazzy covers, the thick paperback format, the engaging mix of memoir, fiction, and political commentary—seems destined to attract a substantial readership. "I don't want it to be just another literary quarterly," he maintains. "I want to reach a wider audience." Fine writing for its own sake leaves him cold: "I don't like literature." Buford is onto something. No one does. □

BOOKS

Famous Amis

by Veronica Geng

This great-looking subject was just sitting there waiting for the right comic novelist to ask it to dance. Sexual paranoia—quite a beauty, and funny too, if you have a sense of humor. Years ago, it and Philip Roth won an apache-dancing contest, but he couldn't hang around forever, and since then it had given such a hard time to so many party-liners and louts that it began to get various unfair reps: it was too hot to handle, past its prime, a bummer, it had been "done." Now, ironically, in the full-blossomed exotic lushness of its maturity, it was a wallflower. Oh, sure, it was having fun jitterbugging with Sandra Bernhard, but where were the novelists? Hope flickered in the eyes of the pitiful stranded subject when Frederick Barthelme took a kindly interest in it, bringing over a glass of pinkish-orange punch. Then a rather attractive older writer named Kingsley Amis (father of Martin, a cool guy but more of a slam dancer than a partner) crossed the room and with deceptively quiet authority led the fabulous subject onto the floor and began doing a simple two-step. . .

Stanley and the Women (Summit) is the novel Kingsley Amis was born to write. I would be really surprised if anyone writes a funnier, more instructively cautionary novel about the mistrust between men and women. The mere thought of this subject gives people vertigo, so imagine trying to fictionalize it, having to start from square one with first he said this and then she gave him a certain look that meant, or that he interpreted to mean, some other thing, etc. This foggy, booby-trapped terrain is the promised land for

Amis's style: a ground-hugging, watchful crawl over and around precisely noted obstacles to common sense, seeming to meander and backtrack with time-buying qualifications like "in a way" and "up to this point," but inexorable. And *patient*. These sentences are just going to hang in there until things get at least provisionally sorted out.



TIM SHEAFFER

[Dr. Trish] Collings's general style and level of thinking would have done perfectly well for a psychiatrist in an American TV movie but might have looked a bit thin in a Sunday magazine article. And this could simply not be anything like a correct description. I was drunk, stupid too at the best of times, unable to take in ideas of any difficulty. . . . The resemblance to TV must be a mistake, an illusion based on my ignorance, which had made me miss all sorts of subtle points and misunderstand phrases and expressions that were nearly or even exactly the same as bits of drivel but actually conveyed a precise scientific meaning to those in the know, and getting in touch with your own anger and finding out who you really were, etc., were technical terms referring to definite, observable processes. Or Collings's approach was so new that they had not yet worked out a what, a terminology for it. Or she was hopeless at talking about what she did but shit-hot in action. Or something else that made it all right, because something must. Whatever she might say and however she might behave, the bint was a *doctor*.

The first-person voice is that of Stanley Duke, and the story is ostensibly about a struggle for the mind of his son, who, one year short of exiting his teens and becoming a man, has suddenly gone mad. What takes the book beyond comedy of manners is the wasting, sad presence of the boy. With his helpless apathy broken by increasingly violent outbursts, his paranoid delusions of being hounded by Jewish agents, and then his megalomaniac delusions of possessing an interplanetary atomic element called POTENTIUM, he casts his shadow over the character of Stanley. For, more broadly, the story is about a struggle for Stanley's mind—a struggle played out under rules of manhood that are mad.

Stanley is a relatively decent guy who, despite a former marriage to a horror show of feminine dodges and manipulations (all accurately described, as I can vouch for from observation and practice), acknowledges that his present wife's mind operates "a few kilometres nearer the truth," and still assumes that "unless people were actually lying they meant what they said." Stanley is mildly anti-Semitic and misogynistic, but above all he claims to respect common sense. However, he grew up as a poor boy "from SW16 whose parents were so much in awe of the doctor that they might have let him die of blood-poisoning rather than do what the doctor didn't order," and so he is ripe for the machinations of various masculine authorities on mental health, including one of the juiciest villains in recent fiction, a clubby Harley Street doctor who asserts that women "don't have motives as you and I understand them. They have the means and the opportunity, that is enough."

Naturally Amis has his fun with Stanley's beleaguered-by-females sensibility—that privilege comes with the first-person territory. He gives men the best lines, but novelists don't hand out funny dialogue as a reward for good behavior. *Stanley and the Women*'s male world is a partial one Amis controlling that partiality t ate what is missing, like the over half of a telephone call. I feel sive pointing that out, and would er dwell on the book's subtle design. But even before the book out here, columnists were wo the sexism issue as if Amis's der characters voiced his plan for the of civilization. Judge for yourse one of these men discourses on battering:

Same as race prejudice. Here are a fellows who belong to a race mi their own business and being as g gold and not letting butter melt i mouths, and bugger me if a gang o udiced chaps don't rush up and sta criminating against them.

As the biggest nut case in the says in a rare moment of object "the rewards for being sane ma be very many but knowing what' ny is one of them." □

BOOKS

You *Can* Go Home Again

by Darryl Pinckney

Solitary summer travelers armed a book have a better chance o witting the irritations of delayed d tures, missed connections, cro lounges, and long lines. They ar wandering through aisles of unw souvenirs, trying to make friend dulling their senses in front of pay Their journey has already begun, obscure corner, with a paperback classic or with something remar discovered among the avalanche o summer's first novels.

Andrew Mavis, the young stoc racer in Kim Chapin's *Dogwood noons* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). barks on an inward voyage. A circles the track in his practice lap

embers his southern boyhood and family of outrageous characters, whom he inherited his passion for d. Mavis's hometown, Four Cor-, was an isolated spot in the foot- with "an unincorporated popula- of 493." Among the 493 were the ppers"—men who drove the whis- cars, with the revenuers not far be- on the blacktop. "Basically... were two kinds of trippers. One was quiet, sneaky; then there were crazies." Mavis's father, Wylie, a hero, returns to this honored profes- in 1945. Mavis follows at age ve. *Dogwood Afternoons* is a ro- ce of man and machine, a tale of dship, and a reverie on recklessness, ollisions as a form of camaraderie.

he childhood memories of west Ire- 's dour landscape and reticent but tile people haunt the hero of Carlo ler's *The Eleventh Summer* (E. P. on). Paul Weismann, whose mother have been a suicide, is left in the of his gruff grandparents, the ernes, on their deteriorating farm. ndfather is prone to ruinous bouts of nkenness, bouts set off by bad luck, there is much humor in his willful unpredictable behavior. Everything ler presents about Paul's physical tion to his small, confined world is erb: the shame of having wet his ts; his first sexual exploration, with docile, smiling cousin Philomena. ler deftly delineates Paul's psychol- —from his fear of his grandfather strong affection for his grandmother is attempts to translate the cryptic versations of adults and his con- plation of the hole left in his life his mother's absence. "Paul felt mind was emptying and that the ls of the room were moving away n him. It was like being in a am. It was always like this before onset of grief." It is a melancholy , full of the small but painful strug- of a boy somewhere between dhood and adolescence.

ives of the Saints (Knopf), which eared earlier in the summer season, celebrates the past, the home- n—in this case the lush, overgrown lens of New Orleans and the endear- eccentricities of its high society. hing could be more unexpected than the charm and grace of Nancy Lemann's first novel, for it avoids the sentimentality one would expect of a work about the disordered lives of well-to-do Southerners. It has the gentle tone of a lost summer romance.

Louise Brown has returned from college in the East ("that hub of the universe") to the spellbinding city of glittering nights, crumpled seersucker suits, gin and tonics, monumental oaks and palms, and the catastrophes large and small that take place in the antebellum houses. Through Lemann's language one senses the claim the city's hypnotic "madcap elegance" has on Louise's imagination.

Into the tropical abundance of the Gulf South, Lemann introduces an array of distinctive characters, full-blown with their courtesies, tics, loyalties, and bizarre homespun philosophies. Her insights are witty, dialogue memorable, and style original. "Crowded parties like at the Stewarts' often can be known to Bring On Breakdowns. Especially if the Stewarts are the hosts....Everyone was too drunk. Everyone was unglued." This tight, insular society meets at weddings and funerals: bachelors scream along to scratchy jazz; matrons, in their total recall of what hats they wore in 1912, exhibit the heroism of triviality. New Orleans is, to Louise, inseparable from the families whose members fall apart twice a day and yet do their duty, carrying their dignity in defeat into the faded hotels, the torpid offices, the abandoned plantations. But it is also the story of her love for Claude Collier and the stoical, doomed Collier family.

Claude is in his twenties, a strange, impenetrable, elusive character who is burdened with a gift for generosity and a complete indifference to his own well-being. "Claude stopped and pointed out the jasmine and the cicadas in the night. That was his innocence to me....For in Claude Collier I saw my very youth, a fateful green garden, parades on the Avenue, an orchestra on a bandstand, my youth in New Orleans." Louise's tale of decency and self-destruction is poignant, serious, subtle. *Lives of the Saints*, in its flow of observations and feelings, is a superb portrait of a people whose day is not yet done. □

Night-Table Reading

Who reads what between the sheets



LOUISE NEVELSON (sculptor): "Besides newsmagazines and *The New York Review of Books*, I keep Blake and Shakespeare on my night table because I love sonnets and drama."



DAVID BYRNE (lead singer, Talking Heads): *A Man Jumps out of an Airplane*, by Barry Yourgrau (Sun). "It's on the same wavelength as some of the stuff I've been writing lately—surreal, quirky vignettes."



ANDY WARHOL (artist): "I don't read. I watch TV."



GRACE PALEY (writer): *Cassandra*, by Christa Wolf (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). "She's an East German writer. If she were a man, she would be *extremely* admired and famous."

Bonjour Triste Test

(Continued from page 63)

11

Q. Would you like to live your whole life over again? Half of it? None of it?

A. Catherine Deneuve: Absolutely and positively not! I accept even those parts of my life that I don't like!

Jessye Norman: I'd like to live the part between twenty-five and the present again. I'd do the same things, basically, but with more daring.

Gloria Vanderbilt: Ask me that later. I'm in it and look eagerly forward.

Nora Ephron: Here's another question I've never understood. If I answer "Yes, I want to live my whole life over again," do I live it over again knowing the plot in advance? Do I live it over again in order to do things differently or in order to experience them in exactly the same way? Do I have to do it now, or can I wait until I die? If I have to do it now, does the world stand still while I catch back up, or do I have to miss the next forty-four years of the world in order to relive the first forty-four years of my life? When I finish reliving my life, am I forty-four or eighty-eight, and who am I anyway (see Answer 6)? What happens to my apartment in the meantime?

12

Q. If yes, would you choose to be more attentive, more carefree, more tolerant, more severe?

A. Catherine Deneuve: The question doesn't apply.

Jessye Norman: I would choose to be more tolerant. My great desire in this world is to be more tolerant of the pace and priorities in the lives of other people.

Gloria Vanderbilt: If I had said yes, I would choose none of these. I always did what I did because I am myself.

Nora Ephron: More supportive, charming, and mysterious.

13

Q. Would you choose to die at thirty, at ninety, or at . . . ?

A. Catherine Deneuve: Whatever for?

Jessye Norman: I wouldn't like to choose.

Gloria Vanderbilt: I am blessed with great good health. And I would choose to die only if this health were irrevocably destroyed.

Nora Ephron: Eighty-four.

14

Q. Have you been, for other people, useful, obliging, or subordinate?

A. Catherine Deneuve: I've been obliging to most people, I hope. I don't know if I've ever been useful, and as for subordinate—I'd rather not know.

Jessye Norman: I think that I have been, for other people, and I am, for other people, useful, obliging, and even subordinate if that is helpful to them.

Gloria Vanderbilt: I feel I have given love to people, and if this includes being at times useful, obliging, or subordinate, I heartily approve.

Nora Ephron: No.

15

Q. What has been the worst thing introduced in your lifetime: the bomb, television, progress?

A. Catherine Deneuve: The best brings out the worst: the bomb—even if they have produced more hor things since then.

Jessye Norman: The bomb.

Gloria Vanderbilt: The bomb.

Nora Ephron: The worst thing can ever introduce into a harm questionnaire is the phrase bomb."

16

Q. What has been the most marvel television, contraception, progr

A. Catherine Deneuve: And the w brings out the best: TV, contra tion.

Jessye Norman: Progress.

Gloria Vanderbilt: Contraceptio

Nora Ephron: I wonder whether questionnaire was originally wri in French and translated into glish by someone who was not ent in either language. O Françoise, here's my ans *"J'aime la télévision, la contra tion, et le progrès, mais la chos plus merveilleuse de ma vie, c'e questionnaire!!!"*

17

Q. Would you have liked to be M Curie, Marilyn Monroe, Colette

A. Catherine Deneuve: Marilyn M roe. She's unique!

Jessye Norman: Colette, if couldn't be me.

Gloria Vanderbilt: None of them took me a long time to become self.

Nora Ephron: I would not *like* to someone else, because it's too b gamble—for one thing, it me that someone else might get to me and do a better job of it. But *had* to be someone else—Kathar Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Jane A ten, Thomas Jefferson, Frank Si tra, Charles Dickens, Gilbert Sullivan, Rodgers and Hart. □

The Good/Bad Master

(Continued from page 74) Tryforos, his nurse. What remained was the other half, the idealized god who meant life itself. As if in a textbook example of the results of splitting, all was revealed in a famous letter. When it was read at the trial, Harris's closest friends could not believe she had written it. The letter accused her rival of being a slut and a whore, and sounded as if it had been written by a whore [illegible] and ugly parts of Tarnower, which Harris could not afford to see in him, she smeared on herself and her rival. The Kleinian monster inside, which she had refused to project onto him, erupted in that letter.

Using almost Kleinian imagery herself, Shana Alexander writes: "The Letter was the work of a lady driven mad by her own demons. Buried resentments pour forth from its pages like the tiny devils with pitchforks that g from the mouth of victims of demo possession in medieval paintings."

One of the rules Harris imposed her defense lawyers was that not bad word be said about Tarnower. S wanted the trial to vindicate not but her romance, her lover. If were to be acquitted by proving he a rotten bastard who deserved what got, if he were morally flawed,

e Good/Bad Master

ice of her integrity to him would dirty joke. She crippled her own se.

e prosecution called the case ousy, pure and simple. Discarded ss, having lost her man to a youn- oman..." Harris repeatedly de- hat she was jealous. She wanted to nest; believed in honesty and jus- o totally that she never doubted cation if she told the truth. When a n as intelligent as Harris main- with such consistency that she is alous, we ought to listen carefully. rtainly she was in a jealous situa- It was clear Tarnower was leaving or good, abandoning her for a ger woman. *But she didn't kill the woman.* Various forms of envy flying around within the triangle. ertainly envied the other woman's and beauty. We know that Harris ued her own looks to an almost logical degree. At her trial she was ttractive enough to be nicknamed Pretty by one of the guards, but lf-image was such that she had de- against plastic surgery five years r for fear that it would make her "even uglier [than I already am]." constant thorn to Harris was that e Tryforos represented a way of a woman that Harris could never te. Harris hated it that Tryforos de- femininity by acting like a servant rnower. "I wish I had been born a nat, or a man," says Harris. Being rmat meant to Harris all the pas- self-sacrificing behavior that tradi- l women performed to cajole men. alf-bought this definition of wom- ess but could not find it in herself t that way. To be fair, Tarnower asked her to. But in the end he ted her in favor of a woman who ct like his servant.

was a person and no one ever ." What did Harris mean by that? ttorney asked. Weeping, Harris re- , "I think it had something to do being a woman who had worked long time, and had done the things n does to support a family, but still a woman. I always felt that...in chester I was a woman in a pretty ...[going] to a dinner party with Tarnower...in Washington I was a an in a pretty dress and the head- ess. But I wasn't sure who I was... and it didn't seem to matter....I was a person sitting in an empty chair."

Harris's ultimate rage wasn't directed at Tryforos; if it hadn't been Tryforos in the doctor's bed, it would have been another woman. I think this is why she said she wasn't jealous. Something in her knew that her real emotion—though she didn't name it—was directed at Tarnower. It was a combination of resentment and rage. It was envy. Jealousy involves a triangle, the fear of loss to a rival. Envy is a two-party transaction, beginning in the earliest, most primitive relationship, between mother and child, where one person is totally dependent on the other. That was Harris and Tarnower. He could have saved her life, but chose not to.

One line of Harris's defense was that she intended to kill herself when she brought the gun to Tarnower's house. She was in a frenzy of drug deprivation. For days she had been out of the pills Tarnower had been prescribing for her for years. She was also exhausted, depressed by the worst professional crises of her life; she wanted to talk to him one last time.

I believe she did intend to kill herself. Or part of her did. When she got to his bedroom, was the doctor concerned for her, compassionate? Tarnower greeted her arrival with irritation. Once more he turned away from her. She killed the person her unconscious meant to kill.

"I agree with that," says Robertiello. "But, Nancy, be careful that you don't make this sound like a pathological surrendering of herself. Tarnower didn't ask her to surrender herself. She did it very happily. Maybe she did lose part of her identity. But on the whole her love affair with Tarnower was a joyful experience. Even after he died, she said that he was the most important thing that ever happened to her." Robertiello loved Shana Alexander's book.

"I don't think Tarnower comes out as such a villain," he continues, "except in the cruel, insensitive way he handled leaving Jean. In a lot of ways I identify with him. What I like about him is what she liked about him. He needed a lot of narcissistic reflection and acclaim. He was a social climber and needed women around. But whatever his needs, he was the kind of guy who found a way to get them gratified."

"So he was selfish."

"Selfish isn't a dirty word. You don't impose a moralistic system on a person in terms of evaluating him. If you take the morals out of it, he wasn't such a bad guy. *She* never thought he was a bad guy."

"Friends of mine in Scarsdale liked him."

"You and I would probably like him in terms of having a presence, being direct, for real, not being a wimp or an unconscious, sneaky manipulator. His manipulations were up front."

"He really did represent and give her a part of herself that had been wiped out."

"But not just in a sexual, male/female way," says Robertiello. "He didn't have all that inhibiting Anglo-Saxon bullshit that she was brought up on and which crippled her. She never accused him of misusing her. He never put her down or diminished her personhood, or her 'masculine' parts. He didn't destroy them in terms of using her as a cunt. He shared a lot of very important intellectual and spiritual experiences with her. He didn't just respond to the baby in her, he responded to all of her—to the baby, to the woman, to the man, if you will. A total response. At a certain point, somebody else came along who interested him more. That's life."

"Everything you read about Tarnower depicts him as a bastard," I say. "Both books were written by women. It's interesting that you like him."

"He was a good father to Harris for a long time. He really was the good daddy she needed but never had."

"Harris's mother represented all the subservient stuff that she hated."

"She must have needed her father very badly as a girl, both as a source of love and as a model of action and getting things done. But he rejected her viciously. He didn't just deny her closeness, which would have allowed her to introject him as a model. He also withheld from her any acknowledgment of her womanliness."

"That is a special gift a father can give his daughter better than anyone."

"If you are a little girl with a lot of 'masculine' sex-role characteristics, so powerful they refuse to be tamped down into a conventional picture of what a woman is, then more than ever you need a good father. One who says, 'You're a beautiful young woman, and I'm really tickled with you.' Harris got that from Tarnower. He responded to her as a beautiful woman but also as a

very capable person."

"So many young girls today grow up in single-parent families without daddies. Who's going to give them confirmation they can be aggressive and competitive and still be desirable women?"

"I don't think for a moment Harris doubted she was a woman," says Robertiello. "But she didn't think she was feminine, maternal, nurturing, womanly. Performing like a man for so much of her life set up tremendous envies for Harris."

"The envy of the new woman for the traditional woman," I say.

"And the other way around too," he says. "The traditional ones are envious of the independent ones. It increases all these problems between women."

"Oh, *The War Between the Women*," I say. "That's the title of something I've brought to read you."

"Read."

"This is from a study by sociologist Kristin Luker. Her point is that women activists on either side of the abortion issue are fighting a vicious war over far more than abortion itself. 'Their feelings on abortion,' Luker said, 'are embedded in a larger world view, so for them to question their beliefs about abortion would be to challenge an interrelated set of values about the roles of motherhood, the sexes, of morality, of religion and of human rights.' And listen to this: Luker goes on to say, 'The pro-life people spent as much as forty hours a week on the issue,' but she couldn't find a pro-choice activist 'who put in more than five hours.' "

"That's because," says Robertiello, "for the pro-life women, their whole identity is in question. It's a consuming passion."

"Here's Luker's profile of each camp, according to the New York *Times:* 'The typical anti-abortion activist is a forty-four-year-old [woman] who was married at age seventeen and has three or more children. Her father graduated from high school only, although there is a better than even chance that she went to college. She does not work outside the home. Her husband is a small-business owner or lower-income white-collar employee, and the family income is less than $30,000 a year. She attends church [illegible] week, and is most likely a Catholic.

" 'Her counterpart on the pro-choice side is also married and forty-four. She was married at twenty-two or older and has one or two children. Her father is a college graduate, and she is likely to be one too. She is employed and is married to a professional man. Their combined income is $50,000 or more. She rarely attends church.' "

"The pro-life woman," says Robertiello, "really feels the new woman denigrates everything her life stands for. All her repression and sacrifice."

"On the other side, women who work outside the home feel that pro-choice is integral to their whole lives. The battle isn't being fought overtly in terms of envy—you don't hear that word—but it's certainly there."

"Don't forget," says Robertiello, "the pro-choice women have a lot of envy too. They must envy the traditional woman, who is taken care of, who doesn't have to fight to preserve her position, who doesn't have to compete in a man's world."

"She may have chosen to give up the traditional role, but she hasn't got the sureness of womanliness, had she stayed home like her mother. . . ."

"On the other hand, the pro-lifers envy the working woman being the heroine of the day, getting all the attention in the media."

"So the abortion issue is like who shot the archduke at Sarajevo. It's a much bigger war. What women have at stake is, *Who is the real woman?*"

"This is very much what we were talking about with Harris," says Robertiello. "Tarnower solved the conflict for her by applauding both her professionalism and her womanliness."

"But then he stopped loving her."

"It was unlikely she'd ever replace him. First of all, there aren't a lot of guys around like that. Second, she didn't have the wherewithal to get another one."

"I was interviewing a woman recently who veers between older men and much younger ones," I say. "She is thirty-six and has a good job. Right now she's with a man much younger than she. She refuses to let him see any of his women friends. Her previous affairs have been with men twenty and thirty years older. She had never been jealous, because in her eyes she had the power. She was the pretty young thing. What makes her jealous today is that her new lover is the p[illegible] young thing."

"Sounds like the daddy figure [illegible] firm the little girl in her," says R[illegible] tiello, "and the young guys affirm [illegible] strong 'masculine' qualities which [illegible] her so successful in business. This [illegible] an can't find both in one person. [illegible] nower was rare in that he gave h[illegible] both. That's why losing him was s[illegible] stunning blow."

"You really did identify with [illegible] nower," I say.

"The book did a lot for me pers[illegible] ly," Robertiello muses. "Enhance[illegible] own feeling about myself. In [illegible] ways Tarnower is like a carbon of[illegible] I've also taken my women all ove[illegible] world on trips. I've reinforced [illegible] feelings about themselves as wo[illegible] But I also respected their so-called [illegible] culine ambitions. Almost all the wo[illegible] I've been with have grown professi[illegible] ly. They've gone to graduate schoo[illegible] creased their practice, develope[illegible] their profession. I gave them the [illegible] they didn't get from their fathers. [illegible] when I broke up with a woman, I r[illegible] felt like a bastard who had victim[illegible] her. I did feel affirmed by that boo[illegible]

"Affirmed? Tarnower got killed [illegible]

"I almost got killed several time[illegible]

"That's because you promise wo[illegible] you'll be there forever, and they [illegible] ishly believe it. They could risk [illegible] ping outside the dependent role [illegible] becoming successful on their own. [illegible] then, like Tarnower, you abar[illegible] them."

"I've never understood the enr[illegible] reactions from women when I left th[illegible] Like, how can you be so furious [illegible] me after all I've done for you?"

A perplexing moment. Am I to [illegible] derstand Robertiello really didn't k[illegible] why women were so furious whe[illegible] left them? He has described himse[illegible] so terrified of their anger, he lite[illegible] cowered in a corner. "I've always b[illegible] more afraid of women than of men," [illegible] has told me many times.

He knows his pattern. First he fig[illegible] out exactly what the woman needs, [illegible] offers himself as the perfect answe[illegible] her prayers, all the while promi[illegible] never to leave. In the end, becaus[illegible] does not get anything back out of [illegible] one-way relationship, he takes his [illegible] parture. "Richard," I say, "you're [illegible] analyst. Aren't you being delibera[illegible] and self-protectively naïve?"

"I really didn't feel losing me wa[illegible]

big a deal."

look at him, taken aback. He isn't ng. Nor is this false humility. He is ıixture of self-inflation and self-de- ıation—like most of us.

'I met a lover I had not seen for ten rs." He is still talking. "She said after I left her she'd been depressed a year. I was astonished. Hell, I n't even know she'd cared, so to ak. I knew she loved me, but I didn't ık I was that important. Tarnower le me realize how rare it is for a man e able to respond to both the ambi- s, 'masculine' side of a woman and to feminine too. The book explains it. I e them everything they'd ever wanted then pulled it away."

'That's why you like the book," I . "You found a brother in Tar- ver."

'Even if Harris killed him, she didn't want to denigrate him. She said Tarnower was emotionally the most important person in her life. That said she knew Tarnower had given her a lot, and confirmed that I had given my women a lot too. I had never realized how important I had been to these women. Now that I do, I can understand why they always wanted to destroy me when I left."

"You broke your promise, Richard."

"When I make the promise that I never will leave, I'm not conning them. I have total belief that I never will leave."

"That's why you're terrified of a woman enraged," I say. "You think these women are going to kill you."

"They want to."

"They haven't yet."

"Not literally, but figuratively. The things some of them have done have been vicious, incredible."

"What makes them so threatening is that you endow them with so much power."

"I project my own rage onto them. They become the giant killer mother of the nursery. What makes me so envious is that I know I cannot make it without a woman."

"You have two support systems. The first is this office—your patients who see you as God. The second is your woman, who adores you. If you get home and Susan is merely talking to her sister on the phone—"

"Not merely. *Especially* if she's talking to her sister."

"You're jealous."

He laughs nervously.

"Which you call sibling rivalry. You'd better watch out. Harris is the tip of the wedge. Women are buying guns."

"You mean literally?" □

ɔices of the Derby

ntinued from page 86) way to go. ı glad I waited." ESTHER WILLIAMS
movie star

's like Carnival, only very first- ss. And very American. I've just had ten biscuits with ham inside, and ı going to have another one. I come m the South, so this kind of food hits right in my heart. And the Whitneys everything so well. The grass is so ıutiful—the smell. And, of course, estates are so large that there's a se of space. It *is* very aristocratic."
KITTY CARLISLE HART
actress, arts patroness

's fabulous. It'd be a nice place to 're a place. Driving to the Whitneys' ight, I thought, Will it ever end? Can et any better?" PATRICK WAYNE
actor

ɔo I own horses? No, just hotels. at's expensive enough."
CAROLINE HUNT SCHOELLKOPF
owner, Hotel Bel-Air

Ve walked into one barn at Claiborne m today. There was $200 million rth of horses in this one barn. Two ıdred million dollars in one barn!"
JAY PRITZKER
chairman, Hyatt Corporation

ı long time ago, when ol' Miss Eliza- h Arden was in the horse business, : came down here and somebody introduced me to her, and they said, 'Mickey Stewart's from Paris.' 'Oh,' she said, 'je ne que pom-pom vis-à-vis' and all this rigmarole. Turns out I'm from Paris, *Kentucky*, just down the road a bit." MICKEY STEWART
horse owner

"We take buses to Louisville on Derby Day. We get these luxury buses with a living-room setup. There's a lot of kibitzing. We have a little pool, and everybody puts in some money—it's just a really fun time." BARRY WEISBORD

"But when the horses come out on the track and they play 'My Old Kentucky Home,' there are mighty few people who don't have a tear."
WADDELL HANCOCK

"I think the Derby is part of America. It's a great tradition, and I think America needs a little more tradition."
DAN ROSTENKOWSKI
Democratic congressman from Illinois, at the Derby

"In the infield one year they rented tents to couples. It was like five dollars for fifteen minutes—*I* don't know. It was wild. I was out there with some people who were working for a Thoroughbred video magazine, and we were dressed up for the Derby and we just couldn't wait to get up to Millionaire Row and wander around. Well, we went to the infield first. My greatest fear was that someone would vomit on me, they're so drunk." LAURA WILLIAMS

"Make sure you don't drink more than one mint julep every race, 'cause come Derby time you're in big trouble."
CHARLIE BODEN
vice president, Matchmaker Breeders' Exchange

"Fourth floor is, like, the major-corporation-president types. Fourth floor is the best. Well, fourth, fifth, and sixth. Pick any of 'em." JOHNNY JONES III
president, Matchmaker Breeders' Exchange

"President Ford's on six. I've seen him three years in a row. What's real sweet about Ford is he places his own bets."
MARY SCHULTE
Derby fan

"Well, we have come with Mr. Galbreath for quite a few years now and always enjoyed it. This year we're really excited because he has a horse in, Proud Truth. We're anxiously awaiting the eighth race. I'm going to be betting on Proud Truth." BETTY FORD
former First Lady

"Mr. Ford! Mr. Ford! You forgot your ticket." BETTING-WINDOW CLERK

"Pardon?" GERALD FORD
former president

"I've got 100,000 people to say hello to. Hi, how are you? Nice to meet you.

Voices of the Derby

It never ceases to amaze me that the good Lord looks well on us every first Saturday in May. For ten years it's been sunny like this." JOHN Y. BROWN
former governor of Kentucky

"I said really loud, 'Is that Gary Hart?' He heard me and turned around and said, 'Yes, it is. I haven't changed my name this week.' " MARY SCHULTE

"Gosh, I feel like an old pro, except I never pick all the right horses. I come every year to visit the Maddens. The party last night? Pretty wild, yes. Every year you think they cannot top the last party, and *boom*—it just gets better and better." DENNIS COLE
soap-opera star

"Where was the volcano? Did it erupt?" KITTY CARLISLE HART

"Have you met Hugh O'Brian? He came every Christmas as Wyatt Earp and gave my children their presents. They thought Wyatt Earp was Santa Claus." MARYLOU WHITNEY

"What an amazing cast of characters—everyone except Claus von Bülow." JESSE KORNBLUTH
journalist

"Who was in the V.I.P. room? Rock Hudson. John James, from *Dynasty*—that's who I wanted to meet. That looks like Mary Lou Retton. It *is* Mary Lou Retton! Right there—the little gymnast." MARY SCHULTE

"It was my first Kentucky Derby, and it was an experience I'll never forget." MARY LOU RETTON
Olympic gold medalist

"You saw a great racehorse today. Spend a Buck annihilated an excellent field. It was the third-fastest Derby ever." CRAIG BANDOROFF
former jockey

"We feel like losers. Actually, I talked to Brownell Combs, my partner. I think his philosophy's the best. He said, 'There's two kinds of horses: horses that have lost and horses that are going to lose.' My horses were profitable last year. This year they're my hobby." RICHARD SCHULTZ
part owner of Derby entry Rhoman Rule

"I was very elated. My horse beat the favorites, Chief's Crown and Proud Truth, and to come in second I consi[der] a great victory. All my friends [bet] across the board, and they collecte[d] very high return." HENRYK DE KWIATKOW[SKI]

"I like betting on horses. I used to b[et] the racetrack every day, but I don't [go] to do that like I used to, except for A[u]gust. I have a house in Saratoga, an[d] go to the racetrack every morning a[nd] every afternoon there. That's my k[ind] of vacation." BARRY WEISB[ERG]

"Just invite me back. That's all I ask[ed]" ESTHER WILLIA[MS]

"It doesn't matter. You can be M[r.] Mellon, you can be Mr. Vanderbilt, [or] you can own Canonero II—the comm[on] denominator is the horse. If you've [got] the horse, you're king of the hill. [Not] like Dennis Diaz, whose horse just w[on] the Kentucky Derby. He's the new b[ig] in town." JOE ALI[OTTO]
horse ow[ner]

"You're up and you're down. So[me] days you're not doing so good, and [the] next day you'll win the Belmont. Th[en] you're off again." WOODY STEPHE[NS]
horse traine[r]

Fatal Charm

(Continued from page 56) pills to Alexander von Auersperg, who had told him that some of the material was for his mother, "to keep her off my back."

This evidence was a direct contradiction of the state's claim that the only person in the von Bülow household who had access to, or familiarity with, drugs and drug paraphernalia was Claus von Bülow. Affidavits signed by both Marriott and Father Magaldi were therefore important to von Bülow for his appeal.

Marriott paid visits to von Bülow's Fifth Avenue apartment and to the Reynoldses' country house in Livingston Manor, had lunches and dinners in fashionable restaurants, and took several trips to Puerto Rico, paid for by von Bülow. But then a falling-out occurred. By the start of the second trial, Marriott had recanted his original confession, and was claiming instead that his story had been concocted by von Bülow and that the drugs and needles he had delivered "didn't go to Sunny and Alex, they went to Claus." Marriott further revealed that he had secreted a tape recorder in his Jockey shorts and taped von Bülow, Mrs. Reynolds, Father Magaldi, and Alan Dershowitz in compromising conversations. He invited members of the press to his house in Wakefield to listen to them. Although the voices of von Bülow, Mrs. Reynolds, and Father Magaldi were distinguishable, the content of their talk, while suspicious in nature, was not incriminating. That left Marriott unwanted by either side.

Marriott was variously described by the media as an undertaker, a male prostitute, and a drug dealer. He claimed to me to be none of these, although he said that von Bülow had once offered to send him to mortician's school, and his remarks about von Bülow were filled with homosexual innuendo. Von Bülow said he had never heard of David Marriott before he came forward with his story of having sold drugs at Clarendon Court. Marriott, on the other hand, said he had known von Bülow for seven or eight years, having met him through [the] now deceased twenty-three-year-old d[rug] dealer and hustler named Gilbert Jacks[on] who was, in Marriott's words, "bou[nd] up in elastic cord and strangled [and] stabbed many, many times on August [4], 1978." Two vagrants are serving time [for] that murder. When I asked Andrea Re[yn]olds whether von Bülow ever knew G[il]bert Jackson, she said, "Darling, [he] doesn't know people like that."

In a move of desperation to achie[ve] the notoriety that was eluding hi[m], Marriott passed out defamatory leafl[ets] about his onetime cohort, Father M[a]galdi, during Mass at St. Antho[ny's] Church in North Providence, but the lo[cal] television stations, alerted by Marriott [of] his intentions to make scandalous alleg[a]tions about the priest, ignored the stun[t].

When I called Marriott to doub[le]check his version of how he had n[ot] von Bülow, he said, "I'm not telli[ng] you this unless I get paid for it. I [am] saving that for my book."

sten, it doesn't matter. I'm run-
short of space anyway. I don't
o use you at all."
s all right. You can use it. I met
rough Gilbert Jackson in 1978."
ing the seventh week of the trial,
Marriott was severely beaten up.
se was broken and his eyes were
ned. No explanation was given
assault.
r the jury retired to deliberate,
Magaldi was indicted for perjury
nspiring to obstruct justice by ly-
behalf of Claus von Bülow.

other, as you may know, has been
reversible coma for four years: she
see, hear or speak. She is a victim
y sense. Our mother gave us unfail-
e and devotion. She taught us the
ig difference between right and
We carry her sensitivities and her
ngs as, perhaps, only children
.

was not there to tell what had hap-
to her. She was not there to speak
rself when her character was as-
l. Lying in a deep coma, our mother
e a non-person.

t is a portion of a letter written by
der von Auersperg and Annie-
Kneissl that appeared in the
tter of an organization known as
for Surviving Victims, Inc. Al-
er and Annie-Laurie, who is
as Ala, remained remote figures
hout most of the second trial, but
ey emerged in a blaze of world-
ublicity at a press conference in
they begged their stepfather's
mistress, Alexandra Isles, who
ed the country, to come forward
ovide critical testimony. "We re-
hat coming forward the last time
act of courage on your part. We
at you summon the same courage
"

ny's children by her first mar-
backed by their maternal grand-
r, Annie-Laurie Aitken, who died
ar, undertook the original investi-
of their stepfather and hired for-
ew York district attorney Richard
o confirm their suspicions. Jona-
louston, executive director of Jus-
ssistance in Providence, brought
gether with Ala Kneissl early in
al. We met for the first time in the
York apartment of Pamela Com-
e, a close friend of Sunny von
's and the cousin of another ill-
heiress, Barbara Hutton.
ried to an Austrian, the lovely Ala Kneissl was pregnant with her second child when we met. Her brother, who is equally good-looking, graduated from Brown University in 1983 and works in the retirement division of E. F. Hutton. Deeply devoted to their mother, they acknowledged that she and von Bülow were happy for many years, and that they themselves had had affection for him. They had called him Uncle Claus or Ducky. Why Ducky? In those days, while his hair transplant was growing in, he wore a toupee, and when he swam he held his head far out of the water like a duck. Their mother, they said, preferred homelife to social life, and they reminisced about family meals and going to films together and lying on their mother's bed watching television.

While the jury was out deliberating, Ala and Alexander invited me to Newport to spend the night at Clarendon Court. We dined across Bellevue Avenue at the home of the Countess Elizabeth de Ramel, an American friend of Ala's, titled by a former marriage, whose Newport antecedents, the Prince and Wood-Prince families, date back for generations. There were a dozen guests. Despite attempts at joviality, the conversation throughout dinner never strayed far from the trial and the looming verdict. Ala and Alexander, who were dubbed "the kids" by the press during the trial, are remarkably unspoiled for young people who have grown up amid a kind of wealth and opulence that is almost incomprehensible.

Clarendon Court faces Bellevue Avenue on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. In 1956 it was used as the setting for Grace Kelly's home in the film *High Society*. Another page of its colorful history concerns a young man named Paul Molitor, who was hired by Claus von Bülow in 1979 from the China Trade Museum in Massachusetts to work for the Newport Preservation Society, of which von Bülow was then an officer. He beat out 120 other applicants for the job. Shortly after his arrival in Newport, von Bülow invited him to move into the carriage house on the grounds of Clarendon Court. Extremely personable, he soon became a popular extra man at Newport dinner parties. He was in residence at the time of Sunny von Bülow's second coma, and his friends recall that he was extremely fearful of having to testify at the first trial. He was not called to the stand, but one night six months later he jumped off the Newport Bridge. A persistent rumor in the resort colony is that he was pushed. He was wearing a dinner jacket. Some claim his feet were bound.

Clarendon Court is a house where you walk through huge rooms to get to other huge rooms. Outside, between the terrace and the sea, is the mammoth swimming pool built by Sunny when she acquired the house after her second marriage; two fountains in the pool shoot water twenty feet into the air. She gave her last great party here, a twenty-first-birthday celebration for Alexander, at which all the guests wore white and played croquet on the sweeping lawns as the mist rolled in from the ocean.

"That was Claus's," said Ala, with a shudder of distaste, pointing to a cast-iron jardiniere held up by three mythological figures with erect penises. Some of the furniture in the house belongs to von Bülow, from his Belgrave Square apartment. At the end of the first trial, when he put in a list of the pieces of furniture that were his, he claimed a partners' desk. Later it was discovered in an old photograph that the desk had been in Sunny's house in Kitzbühel during her marriage to Alfie von Auersperg. The furniture in von Bülow's study has a different feeling entirely from the rest of the house; exotic ormolu-laden pieces crowd the room, and opium pipes hang on the wall. It was here that he left the note containing the phrase "metal box," which led to the discovery of the infamous black bag that contained the syringe and insulin that were at the heart and soul of the case.

In a world of people who call their mother Mummy, Ala and Alexander call theirs Mom. As I walked through the house with them, they said things like "This was my mom's favorite color," pointing to the coral-painted walls of an upstairs sitting room, or "You should have seen my mom arrange flowers."

Their mother's bedroom remains exactly the way it was on the night of the second coma. Her elegantly canopied bed consists of two beds pushed together, made up separately with Porthault sheets and monogrammed blanket covers. On von Bülow's side of the bed is an old, silver-framed photograph of him in a striking, almost noble pose. I opened a handsome box on his bed table. It was filled with cartridge shells. Under the shells was a used syringe. In one of Sunny's closets, next to her evening dresses, are unopened gifts from

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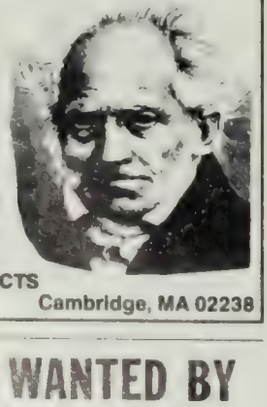
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Fatal Charm

that last Christmas of 1980—one from her lifelong friend Isabel Glover, another from her now deceased mother. Their festive wrappings are faded and limp.

On the day that Alexandra Isles returned to the United States to testify against von Bülow, Cosima graduated from Brooks School. She was the only member of the graduating class with no relatives present, but her classmates rallied behind her and cheered loudly when she received her diploma.

The estrangement from her half brother and half sister was over Clarendon Court. Although she was welcome to use the house at any time, Ala and Alexander would not vacate the place for her. When I told von Bülow that Ala and Alexander still cared for Cosima, he replied, "I just think they have to put their money where their mouth is. I am not impressed with constant repetitions of love and holding on to her money. I'd much rather hear them say they hate the brat and that's why they're holding on to her money."

Both von Bülow and Mrs. Reynolds were obsessed with the fact that Cosima had been cut out of the $110 million estate of her grandmother, Annie-Laurie Aitken, for siding with her father. "She's out 25 million," Mrs. Reynolds said to me one day after Cosima and her boyfriend had left the table at Mortimer's.

One of the most poignant moments of the trial occurred on the last day, when all three of Sunny von Bülow's children appeared in the courthouse. It was the first time Ala and Cosima had seen each other since a chance encounter on the street three years earlier. As the divided family passed in the corridor, they looked straight ahead and did not speak. "She's gotten so beautiful," Ala said to me later of Cosima. "My mother would be very proud of her."

No one else in the trial came near to the sheer dramatic power of Alexandra Isles. Often described in the media as a soap-opera actress, the patrician Mrs. Isles attended the same schools as Sunny von Bülow: Chapin and St. Timothy's. Her mother, the Countess Mab Moltke, was born into the Wilson family of San Francisco, whose fortune, diminished now, traces its roots back to the Comstock Lode. Mrs. Isles is divorced from Philip Isles, a member of the wealthy Lehman banking family; his father changed his [illegible] from Ickelheimer in the 1950s. Fo[illegible] ing their divorce, Isles married th[illegible] mer wife of Dr. Richard Raskind [illegible] changed his name to Renee Ric[illegible] when he became a woman.

Deeply wounded by the hostile [illegible] tion she received at the end of th[illegible] trial, von Bülow's former mistres[illegible] the country rather than testify agai[illegible] lieving, she said, that a videotape [illegible] testimony in the first trial could be [illegible] in the second. At a New York [illegible] Mrs. Isles's friend John Simon to [illegible] that under no condition would sh[illegible] turn. He claimed, and later repeat[illegible] the press, that she did not want he[illegible] Adam, fifteen, a student at Grotc[illegible] suffer the embarrassment of havir[illegible] mother on the stand as the mistres[illegible] motive of the defendant in an att[illegible] ed-murder trial; that her mother w[illegible] and had begged her not to tak[illegible] stand; that she was terrified of [illegible] cross-examined by Thomas Pucci[illegible] cause she knew von Bülow's la[illegible] would expose her private life; an[illegible] she had received threatening l[illegible] from von Bülow warning her not t[illegible] tify. Von Bülow vehemently and [illegible] ly denied this, claiming he had not [illegible] in touch with her since the first tri[illegible]

Mrs. Isles, who was reported [illegible] hiding out at Forest Mere, an excl[illegible] fat farm in England, flew from F[illegible] furt, Germany, the day after the [illegible] Auersperg children made their ple[illegible] her to return. After conferring wit[illegible] prosecution team in Boston, she [illegible] the night under an assumed name [illegible] Ritz-Carlton hotel, watching a C[illegible] game with her son. The next mo[illegible] she testified that von Bülow had [illegible] her at her mother's house in Irelar[illegible] ter the first coma to say that he ha[illegible] on the bed next to his wife for [illegible] waiting for her to die, but that at th[illegible] minute he had not been able t[illegible] through with it and had called the [illegible] tor. Feisty and unwavering, she [illegible] stood the pummeling of Thomas P[illegible] When he asked her to explain hov[illegible] could have continued an affair with [illegible] she suspected of trying to kill his [illegible] she shouted, "Have you ever be[illegible] love?" Then she added, "I doubt it

Mrs. Reynolds was openly cont[illegible] tuous of Mrs. Isles. Speaking o[illegible] jury, she said to me, "They have [illegible] told Claus was consumed by so [illegible] passion he was willing to kill his [illegible] and get her money so that he could

exandra Isles. In real life, two days the end of the first trial, he and I n love with each other." Later the said that she bared her claws and red that Alexandra Isles had had two ee men at a time. Mrs. Isles had no nent to make about Mrs. Reynolds.

Meanwhile, the subject, or object, of all this conflict, Sunny von Bülow, lies in the fifth year of her coma on the tenth floor of Harkness Pavilion in the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City. She is not, as many believe, on life-support system, nor is she the vegetable she is often described as to be. I was told that the yearly cost of maintaining her is considerably in excess of half a million dollars. Her $725-a-day room is guarded around the clock by a special security force, and private nurses and a maid look after her at all hours. A maze of curtained screens further protects her from the remote possibility that an outsider should gain entry to her room. A current photograph of the comatose woman would be worth a fortune.

Dr. Richard Stock, who has been her physician for twenty-nine years, as he was her mother's and grandmother's, visits her several times a week. She is fed through a tube in her nose. She receives physical therapy and dental care, and her hair is washed and set twice a week. Her own skin creams are used on her hands and face. She wears her own nightgowns and bed jackets and sleeps on Porthault sheets. Music plays in the room, and there are always highly scented flowers on her bedside table.

Ala and Alexander visit her regularly. Sometimes Ala brings her two-year-old daughter, also called Sunny, so that the mother can know she has a grandchild. They talk to her. They touch her. They tell her about things.

In a bizarre twist of fate, their father, Prince Alfie von Auersperg, is also in an irreversible coma, in Salzburg, the result of an automobile accident two years ago, when he was driving with Alexander. Their father's sister, Princess Hetty von Auersperg von Bohlen, the wife of Arndt von Bohlen und Halbach, the Krupp munitions heir, has hired a healer in Europe who specializes in comas. She plans to bring the prince to New York to minister to her brother sister-in-law. There are those who say that when Alfie von Auersperg and Sunny von Bülow stood side by side in the receiving line at their daughter's marriage to Franz Kneissl, he asked her to divorce Claus von Bülow and remarry him.

Maria Schrallhammer, the German maid so devoted to her mistress that she refused to divulge to two sets of defense attorneys the fact that Sunny von Bülow had had a face-lift because she had promised her she would never tell, also visits regularly, as does Morris Gurley, the Chemical Bank trust officer for Sunny's estate. Old friends are occasionally admitted, and one of them told me, "She has a personality just like you or I do. She reacts differently to different people. Some days you have a termagant on your hands. You try to brush her hair and you will have hell to pay. Other times, if the shades aren't open, she still looks beautiful in the half-light, although her hair has gone completely gray."

Cosima von Bülow has not been to the hospital since December 1981. Nor has Claus von Bülow.

In the three years that preceded Sunny von Bülow's second coma, most of her friends did not see her, or saw her only rarely. Some of them claim that von Bülow isolated her, answered the telephone for her, took messages that they felt she never received.

One of Sunny's last public appearances in New York was at the funeral of her childhood friend Peggy Bedford, a Standard Oil heiress with an inheritance comparable to Sunny's, although she was reputed to have gone through most of it by the time of her death in an automobile accident. Married first to Thomas Bancroft, she had later become the Princess d'Arenberg and then the Duchess d'Uzès. Friends say they spoke with Sunny on the steps of St. James Church following the service and found her warm and friendly and eager to make plans to see them. Then von Bülow appeared at her side, took hold of her by the elbow, and led her off to their waiting limousine. One old friend, Diego Del Vayo, remembers that she waved a gloved hand to him out of the car window.

On Monday morning, June 10, the jury, after deliberating four days, came in with a verdict of Not Guilty. In his moment of victory, von Bülow bypassed the embrace and kiss offered him by Mrs. Reynolds, who was wearing the same blue party dress she had worn at her granddaughter's christening, and gave her a peck on the cheek. Then he raced to a telephone to call Cosima. Von Bülow walked out of the Biltmore Plaza Hotel for the last time, waving to his admirers, and began the three-and-a-half-hour drive back to 960 Fifth Avenue. His dark and spacious place in social history was assured.

This is the first of two articles on the von Bülow affair. □

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Out to Lunch

with Armand Assante

The actor discusses monkey business with PATRICIA BOSWORTH

Armand Assante chose the Maurice in the Hotel Parker Meridien for lunch because that elegant French restaurant is so huge it gives the illusion of privacy. In the hotel's long marble walkway a mysterious man lounges in an easy chair facing the lobby. He is smoking a cigar and arguing intently with himself. People say he's been ensconced in that chair since last winter.

"But this is New York, huh?" Assante says, grinning, as we continue to the restaurant. "Eight million stories in the Naked City, etc. . . ." So saying, he sits down and orders fresh cod with eggplant and caviar, fried zucchini, and a Tab.

In person he is even more radiantly handsome than he was in *Unfaithfully Yours* as the sexy violinist Dudley Moore imagines his wife, Nastassja Kinski, is having an affair with. In that movie Assante was earthy and gallant and paraded around in a tux. Today he wears a pin-striped suit and carries a briefcase full of unread scripts. "I spend 90 percent of my time searching for decent material," he says, frowning.

Even when he's frowning he looks romantic. You can see why, with his dark, sensuous features, he's been called the American Marcello Mastroianni. He's played Goldie Hawn's arrogant French lover in *Private Benjamin*, Tatum O'Neal's camp counselor in *Little Darlings*, Sylvester Stallone's embittered brother in *Paradise Alley*, and a Mafia leader in *Rage of Angels*.

If there is still such a thing, in this era of spaced-out loner heroes, as a sex symbol, Armand Assante is it. However, he abhors the term. "Images are so limiting," he says. "I'm a character actor." Indeed, he's played such diverse roles as Sophia Loren's father on TV and Napoleon in the Broadway play *Kingdoms*, as well as the hard-boiled private detective Mike Hammer in the remake of the film *I, the Jury*.

Now he describes his upcoming movie *Animal Behavior*, a send-up comedy developed at Robert Redford's Sundance Institute in Utah and due for release this winter. "It's about a behavioral psychologist, played by Karen Allen, who's always used her work to avoid emotional commitment. I play an artist who's always used emotional commitments to avoid work. We're brought together by a chimpanzee Karen is teaching to speak."



"Images are so limiting. I'm a character actor."

What was it like, playing opposite a chimp?

"You have to be on guard. When Michael and I first met, he up and slapped me—*bam!*—across the head. I retaliated and slapped him right back. From then on he loved me. Male chimps relate to dominance; they respect strength, and physical contact is tremendously important in developing a trusting relationship with them. So between takes I'd wrestle around with Michael on the grass." Assante found pinning the forty-five-pound primate to the ground no easy task. "A chimp his size is three times as strong as a man—he almost killed me a couple of times. But by the end of the film we'd become friends."

When Assante isn't working, he devotes his time to his wife, Karen McArn, and their baby daughter, A at their renovated farm in upstate York. "We have 146 acres, two p —it's gorgeous." His parents and sisters visit often. His father is a re copywriter, and his mother is a n teacher. "We're a very close family I don't see them, I phone them. hang on the phone constantly."

Assante describes himself as a happy man. "I've moved back again; I'm doing only the scripts I to do." A couple of years ago he miserable. "Living in Hollywoo feeling driven—full of confusion pain. . . ."

Joan Hackett helped him through rough period. Hackett was an alter ly zany and solemn, bewitchingly b tiful actress who died of cancer in 1

"Joan and I didn't have a romanc Assante goes on. "We just spent h talking. We felt very related to other because we were both half Ita and half Irish, both from New Y We'd never wanted to be anything actors even though we knew that ac wasn't so much an occupation as it a disease. Anyhow, Joan turned head around."

In what way?

"Well, I'd been living my life stri in terms of my career—no room anybody else. I worked constantly b was always dissatisfied. Joan helped see that I could not only use my dis isfaction more creatively—you g take risks in order to grow—but I c also live more deeply moment to ment. Joan clarified a lot for me. G I'm sorry she's gone."

We finish lunch and walk out thro the lobby. Just ahead we see the my rious man lounging in the easy ch still arguing with himself. Suddenly rises and strides purposefully out to street.

"There are eight million stories the Naked City," Assante murmu "Maybe that guy is about to start an er chapter somewhere else." □

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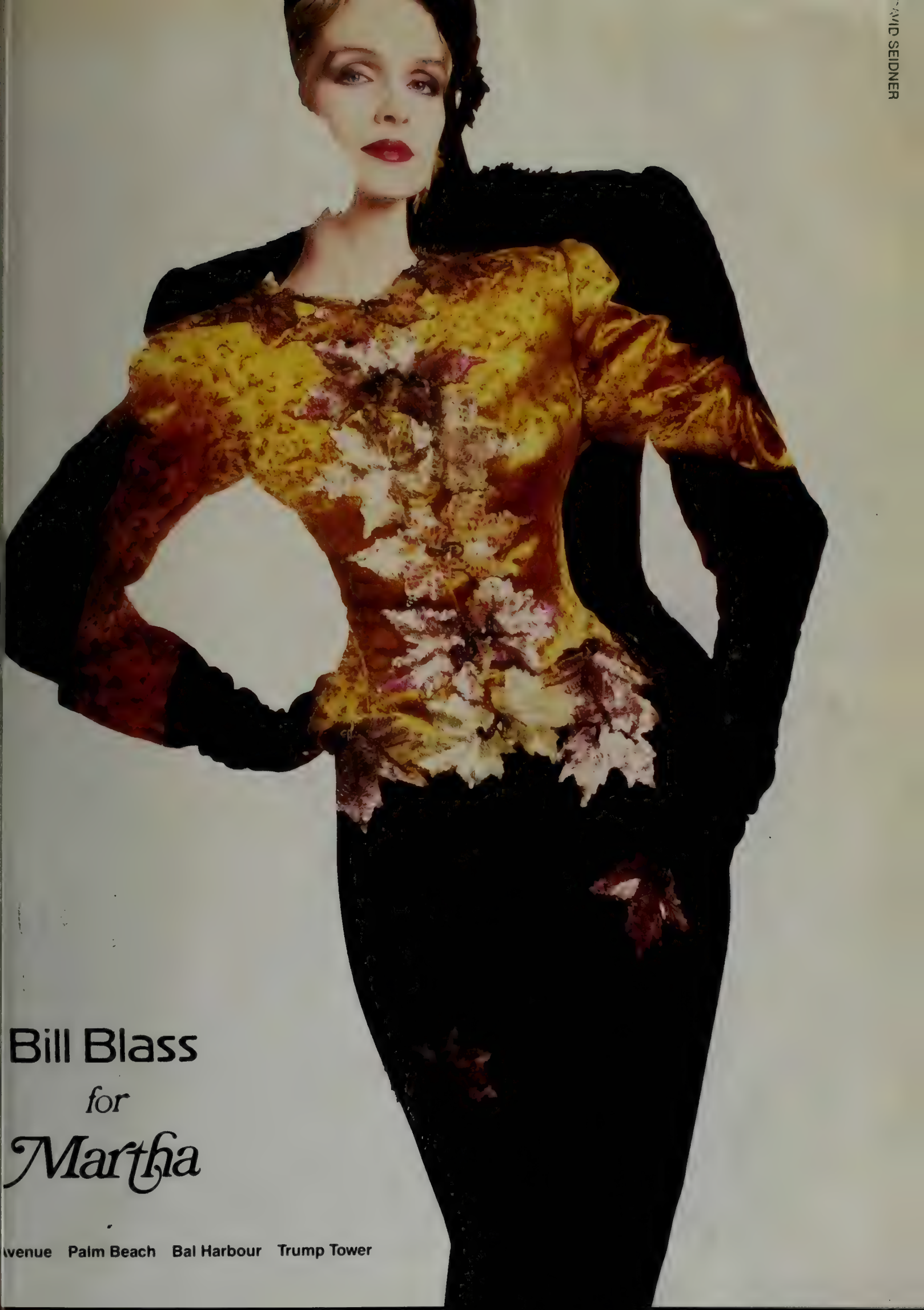


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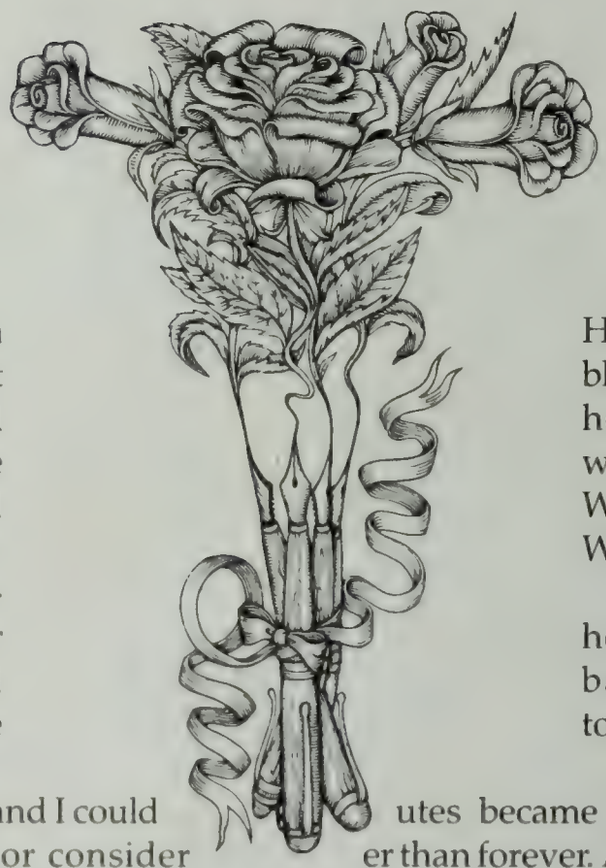
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Reflections on a Marriage



There has not been an indulgence we have not enjoyed. Everything she could have wanted, our marriage has given her. We have lived as others only dream of living.

Her days were spent riding—the gardens were her treasure—our dinners and parties were such that no one ever refused.

In short, life was glorious and I could not imagine being happier, or consider for a moment that she was not living every second in total bliss.

And yet, this very morning she said to me, haltingly, "We must speak tonight after the guests depart."

I could not move, could not reply, my sensibilities in a disarray of fear and dread.

How could I have been s blind, so sure of myself and her love for me? My worl would collapse without he Why had she sought anothe Why was she unhappy?

What could I do to chang her mind, to bring her lov back to me and our lif together?

The day was long. Mi utes became hours, hours became long er than forever. At last, the guests were gone the champagne sipped, the dancing a mem ory and the conversation and laughter a echo.

We stood facing each other, my fea at their peak, as she said to me, "Darling my loved one, my life, I want to go t law school."

RALPH LAUREN FURS

150 West 30th Street, New York, NY 10001






Calvin Klein

EDITOR'S LETTER

FAIR'S FARE



You may be wondering why it has taken me a year and a half of editing *Vanity Fair* to write an editor's letter.

There are several excuses. Firstly, in view of this magazine's stormy launch it seemed a good idea to wait to see if I was still around. Every writer knows the worst thing that can happen is to be taken on as the new columnist by an editor who gets canned. This byline wasn't going to take that chance.

Then there was the question of the editor's volatile working methods. It seemed quite likely that when the monthly fight for space happened the first page I'd kill would be Tina Brown's. That's something *she* would never be able to take with good grace.

The third excuse was that perhaps—being an Englishwoman—I needed time before fully owning up to the magazine you see before you. I didn't particularly want to appear in front of the curtain until we'd successfully drowned the bump and crash of noises off.

So, in choosing September to appear, I've waited for the moment when it's clear the *Vanity Fair* show will run and run.

Feel how pleasingly plump this issue is. That's because there are fifty pages of advertising. Observe how many irrefutably upscale people parade *Vanity Fair* on their coffee tables. That's because we have increased our circulation by 24 percent in one year. It's O.K. now to come out of the closet and admit you're a *Vanity Fair* reader. You're a market leader.

What's more, I know who you are and why you're reading us. Of course, I always thought I knew, but some months of suspense had to go by before the official research told us we were right. Horror stories abound of editors who thought their magazines were pitched at baby tycoons, only to find they were biggest with hairdressers' assistants. Sometimes, in this dark period, I lay awake at night thinking, Who are you out there in Orlando, Florida? It was from there I'd received a particularly bruising cancellation letter from a couple who signed themselves—symbolically, perhaps—as Mr. and Mrs. Small. They wrote to denounce the June 1984 issue, which had borne the unwisely jaunty copy line "The magazine that bends over backward." "Farewell," concluded the Small[illegible] *bends over backward.*"

So you can imagine my relief when reader research studies rolled in last Febr and I learned your true identity. You young, your median age is 33.9, a satis tory margin of 2.1 years ahead of me. You are almos college-educated, one in five of you owns a personal c puter, nearly half of you have a net worth of at l $150,000, and 6 percent of you have a net worth of n than a million. A dual audience, more of you are fer than male, and you like us best in California. In summ educated, motivated, animated, sophisticated—everyth about our research shows you to be as demographic delicious as we hoped you were.

Why are you reading us? Because although you alre subscribe to a slew of other smart magazines you feel no offers you the integrated breadth of *Vanity Fair*. You are readers of *Rolling Stone* and *Interview* who are sick of b in the wrong company, readers of *Town & Country*, and *House & Garden* sick of being in the right company, readers of *The Paris Review* who are sick of being in company at all. With *Vanity Fair* you don't have to pret that intellectual pursuits are incompatible with interes fashion, taste, and, yes, even scandal. You rise above marketing myth of the single-cell personality.

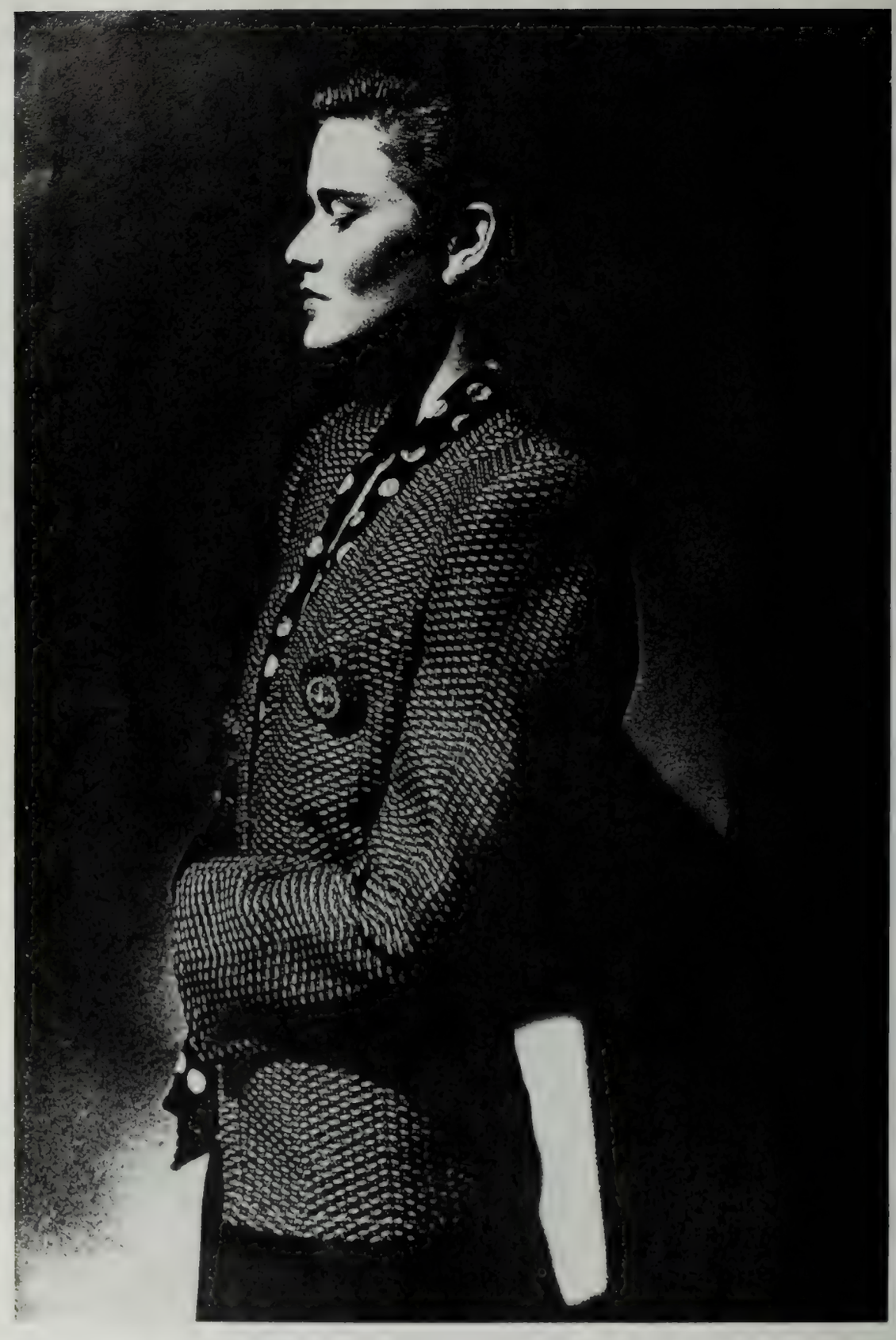
This month move from Jay McInerney's literary ass ment of Paul Bowles, a latter-day Poe in exile, to Bob C cello's racy account of a new social star who hangs out Bavarian schloss bigger than Buckingham Palace (her r sage seems to be let them eat Linzer torte); from Step Schiff's wary analysis of the ideology of R. Emmett T rell, Jr., and his magazine, *The American Spectator* Dominick Dunne's continuing revelations on the von low affair. When you throw in Marie Brenner's rive heart-to-heart with Anjelica Huston, and Arthur Mill workshop with Dustin Hoffman, it's clear that Septem *Vanity Fair* is a cabaret of class acts for a discrimina audience.

That's why it's good to know you're filling the house.

Tina Brown

Editor in chief

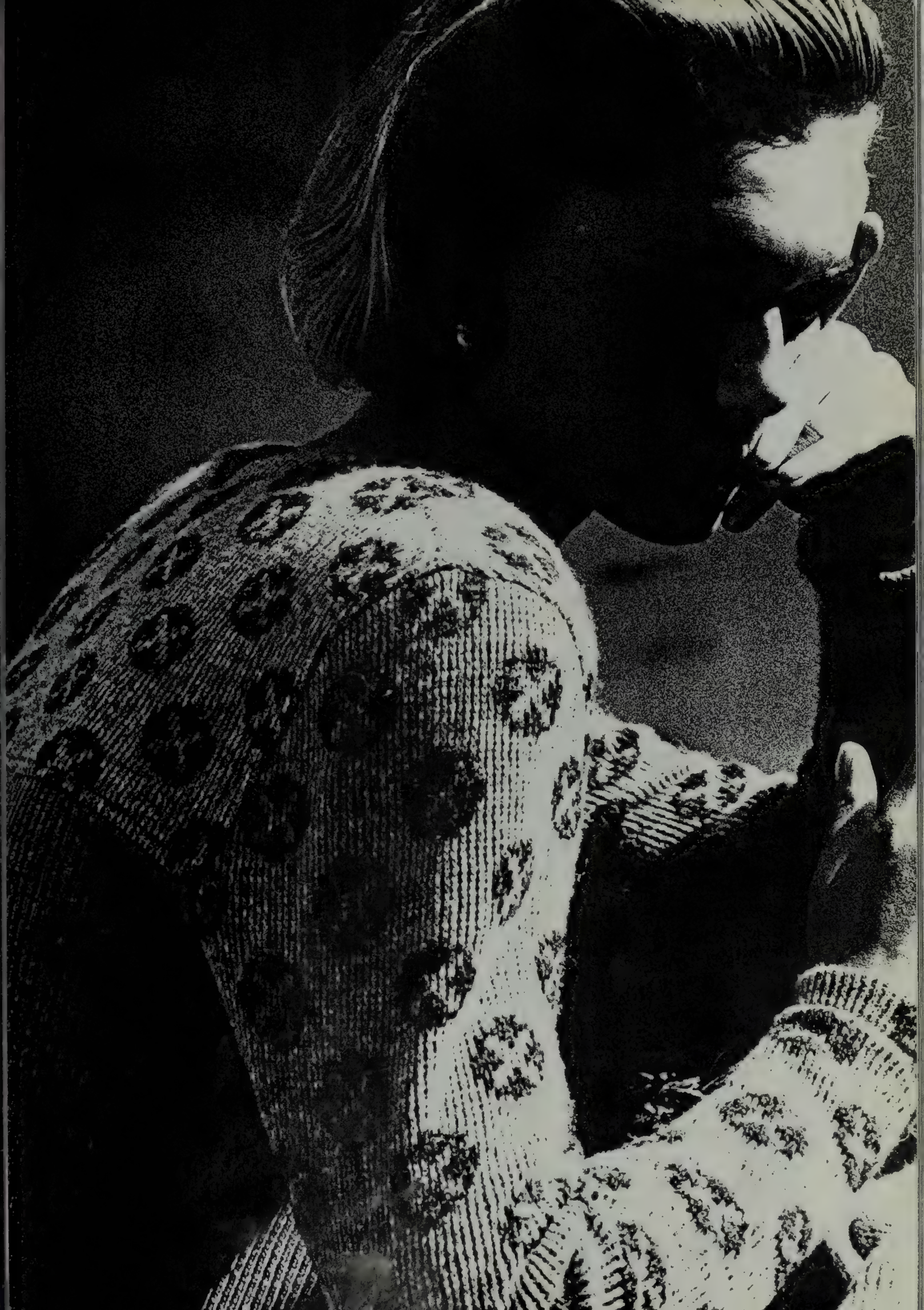

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COVER: **STAR-DUSTIN**
Dustin Hoffman wears a black cashmere sweater by Perry Ellis Men. Styled by Sheva Fruitman. Photographed for *Vanity Fair* by Annie Leibovitz.

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In just three minutes, this man's hair will look a lot handsomer.



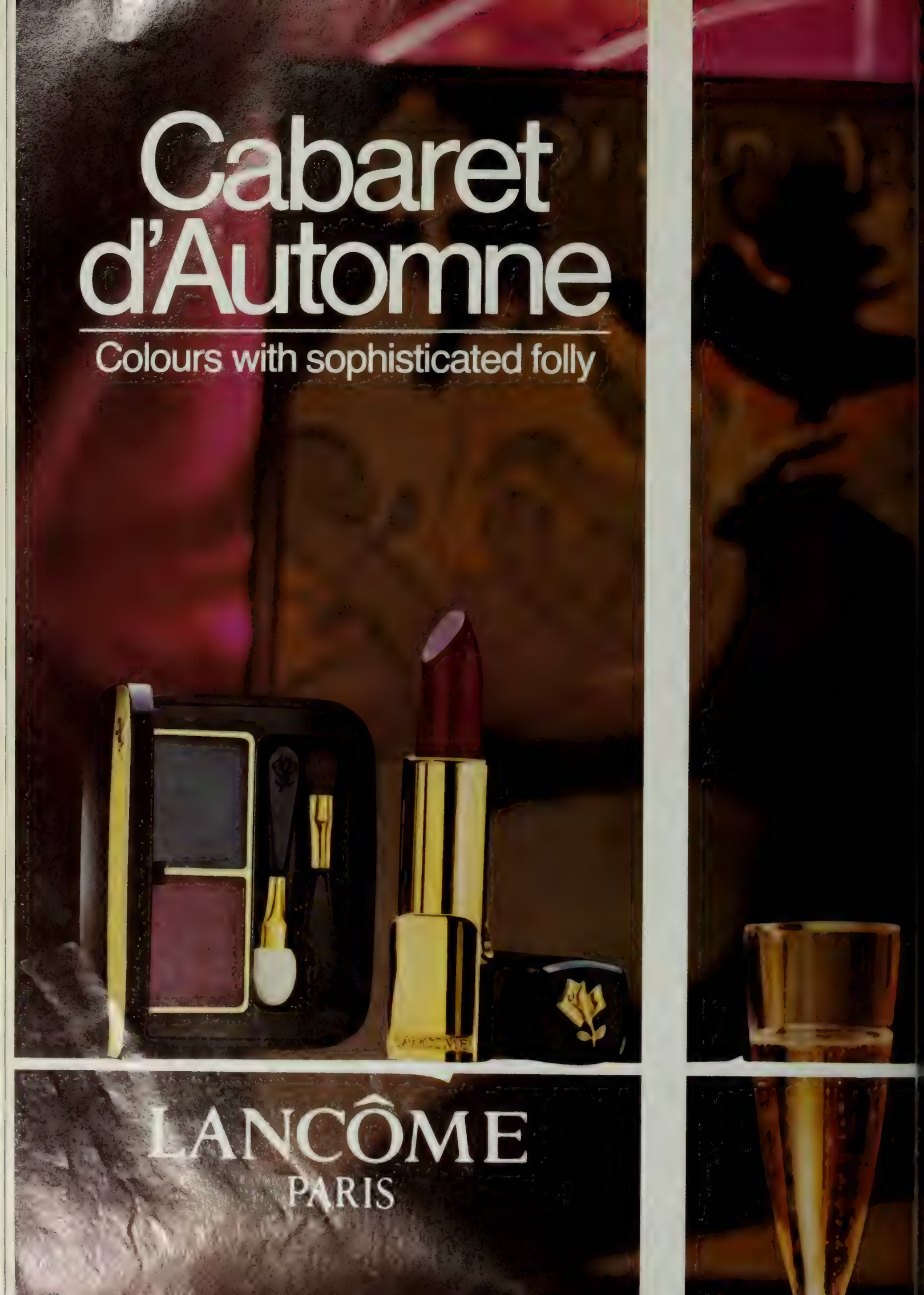
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LORD BYRON'S DILEMMA

(or, the lady or the Sambuca Romana)

Once a reputation reaches legendary proportions, fact and fiction tend to blur. In the case of George Gordon Noel Byron, a great deal is known but details are shadowy. He did move to Venice permanently in 1817. He was young and lame and handsome, and already notorious. The details of his infatuation with Sambuca Romana are harder to pin down.

It is said he first encountered this suave and elegant liqueur on an earlier visit to Rome, where it was, and still is, concocted from the berries of the wild elderbush. Smooth and mellow, with a fiery heart and an undercurrent of wildness, it soon became a passion. A passion equal to or surpassing an earlier love for coffee. If these things are so, we can be certain he indulged both pleasures while in Venice. The opportunities were there.

The story is told that it was in a Venetian cafe, early for a rendezvous, that he first ordered the two drinks at one time. His coffee arrived and, just as he saw his contessa stepping from her gondola, the liqueur. As he started to his feet, somehow jostling the waiter, the Sambuca Romana spilled, into the coffee. There was time for only one sip. He sipped, considered a moment, then sat down to finish the cup at his leisure.

It was plain the lady would have to wait. The attraction of this sensuous new taste was greater even than hers.

For the rest, we know Byron left Italy soon afterwards for Greece and his ultimate destiny. As for Sambuca Romana and coffee, the taste is history.



SAMBUCA ROMANA

Drop us a line [illegible] our Sambuca Romana by [illegible]

CONTRIBUTORS



James Atlas is a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair* and the author of *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet*. *The Great Pretender*, his novel about coming of age in the sixties, is due from Atheneum in the spring.



Marie Brenner is *Vanity Fair*'s special correspondent. Her articles on American society and politics are collected in two books, *Intimate Distance* and *Going Hollywood*. She is the author of a novel, *Tell Me Everything*.



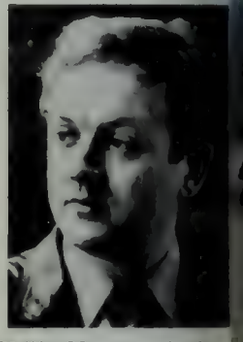
Bob Colacello, a contr uting editor of *Vanity F* and *Parade*, is the forn executive editor of *Int view*. His pieces for *Va ty Fair* include "Voi of the Derby," "Voi of Princeton," a "Voices of the Couture



Dominick Dunne is a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair*. His novel *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles* is just out from Crown. His piece in this issue is the sequel to his August cover story on the world of Claus von Bülow.



Jay McInerney is now adapting his first novel, *Bright Lights, Big City*, as a screenplay for Jerry Weintraub Productions and Columbia Pictures. His new novel, *Ransom*, is due this month from Random House.



Philip Norman is the thor of *Shout!* and *Sy phony for the Dev* biographies of the Beat and the Rolling Ston respectively. His no *The Skaters' Waltz* will issued by Linden Press December.



Stephen Schiff, *Vanity Fair*'s critic-at-large, writes the monthly movie review. His feature pieces include the April issue's profile of publisher Martin Peretz and the December 1984 cover story on *Dynasty*.

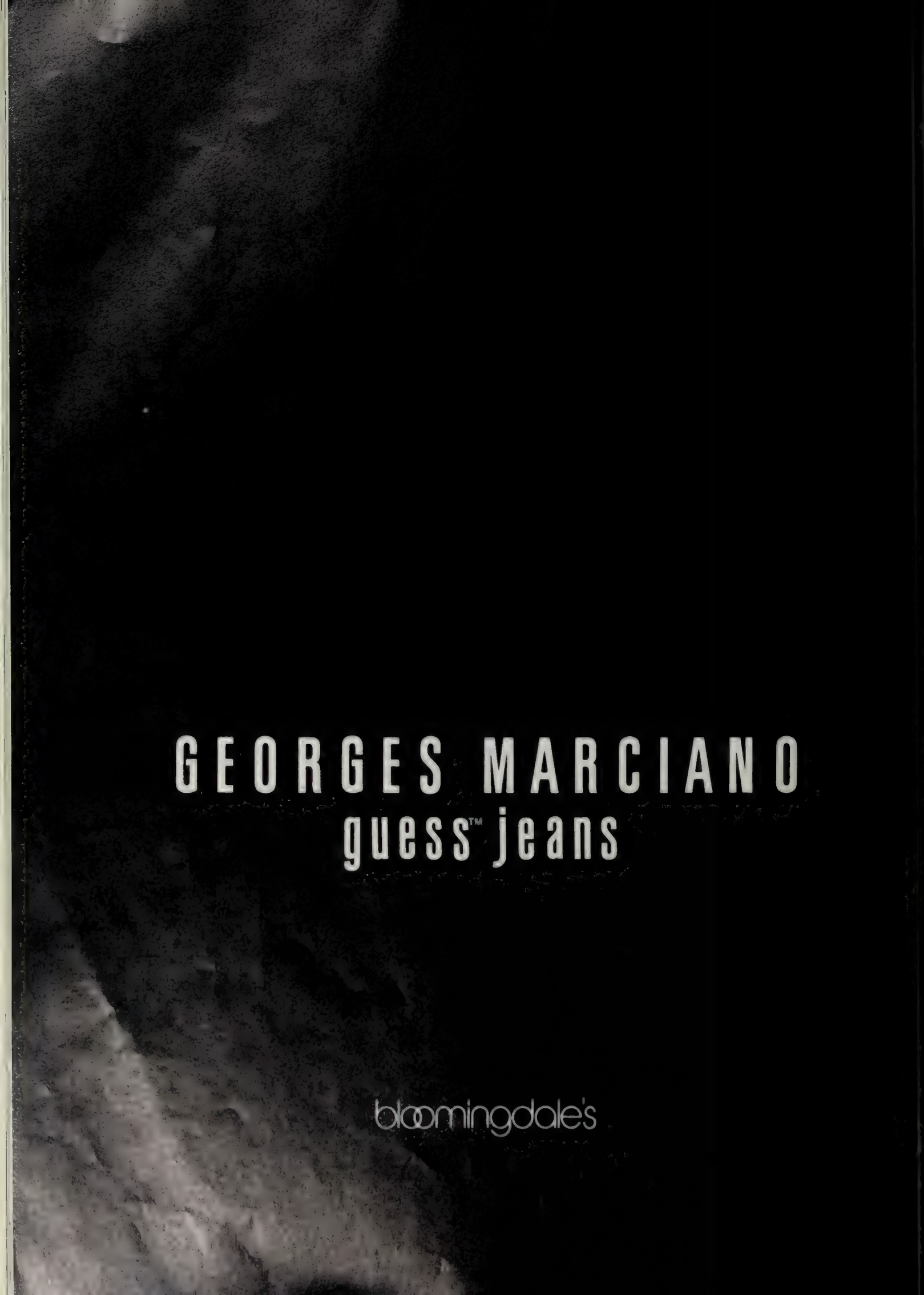


Viva, actress and former member of Andy Warhol's Factory, has written two novels, *Superstar* and *The Baby*, as well as articles for *Ms.* and the *Village Voice*. She has produced and starred in several hundred videotapes.



Bill Zehme, *Van Fair*'s Chicago corresp dent, writes about fl and fauna of the Midwe especially figures in media. He has been a c tributor to the Chicago *T bune* and an editor *Success!* magazine.


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ANTHONY RUSSO

Dirty Laundry at the *Village Voice*

Viewed through glass, the *Village Voice* resembles an ant farm for the funky. A sandy plantation of tunnels and leaf-toting caravans and workers wiggling their antennae. Copy is borne like prize crumbs to the lairs of red bwana ants, who coat the material with their own ideological secretions before shuttling it back down the line.

Founded in 1955, the *Voice* got its name and a large dash of its moxie from Norman Mailer, who contributed a fighting column about everything new and electric wafting through his head. Then, angered by the typos in his text and stymied by the ground-hugging instincts of his adjutants, Mailer took a hike, leaving the paper firmly in the command of Dan Wolf (editor) and Ed Fancher (publisher). It was a breach that turned out to be a blessing. Mailer went on to write *Advertisements for Myself*, a book that busted every door off its hinges, and Wolf, free to create his own wizard aura, groomed the *Voice* until it was more than a local paper with bite—it became history on the run. Vietnam, Attica, the Stonewall riots, the rise of militant feminism, the nasal hieroglyphics of Bob Dylan, the acid casualties of the East Village staggering through the ruins of their own bombed-out brains... the *Voice* covered the whole exploding scene. Its angry black print came off on your hands like gunpowder.

Paid peanuts, *Voice* writers remained steadfast because Dan Wolf allowed them to plant their cleats on the subjects that interested them most and come out humming. In his office he could be droll and cryptic, a spy master screening his true thoughts behind a nimbus of pipe smoke. But where *The New Yorker*'s William Shawn (another spy master—the George Smiley of editors) preached personal reticence and a chaste devotion to the facts, Wolf encouraged his aces to shuck off timidity and go with their impressions. Working behind the scenes, Wolf was perhaps as influential as Mailer in bleeding dark, vivid colors into journalism's conservative gray. But as the Nixon era wore on, Wolf himself began to let the color creep from his skin. He turned slowly to ash.

By the time I arrived at the *Voice*, in 1972 (a barefoot boy with honeysuckle in his hair), Dan Wolf had become a phantom Druid at the paper, sage and accessible to a select circle of staffers but closed off to the rest. The daily-grind work of getting out the newspaper fell to Ross Wetzsteon, who looked like a guitarist for ZZ Top in his hillbilly beard and lived-in overalls. Then, on June 5, 1974, the Unthinkable happened. The *Voice* was acquired by *New York* magazine, and *New York*'s founder and editor, Clay Felker, rode in like Genghis Khan to rape and pillage.

At least that's how most *Voice* veterans saw it. Clay was everything Dan wasn't—a yeller, a bully, a trendy. But Felker took handsome care of his protégés, and he was unabashed and full-sailed in his enthusiasms—he didn't try to pluck out your eyebrows with iro Felker appointed Wetzsteon editor, Wetzsteon promptly took a hedge c per to his beard and (who can bla him?) uptowned his act. After I been fired from the *Voice* for "medi ing" at my desk (a fine way to t someone trying to traverse the vorte being), Felker rescued me from the employment line with a writing stipe I stayed at the *Voice* for about ei years, and have the X-rays to prove

Standing at the sidelines, I never I was witnessing the bayonet siege the Paris Commune. Yet an ugly dra was being played out, a scoundrel t of beheadings, resignations, hea feuds, and petty humiliations. Fa with a hostile, divided crew, Fel reeled like a hornless bull; he could b but he couldn't gore. "*Why am I be thwarted?*" was his famous cry. Ti of making his head hurt, he finally b a strategic retreat back to *New York*.

The *Voice*'s manic-depressive br with its past has become the stuff much ink. Ellen Frankfort, who cove women's health issues for the *Voi* published a chatty, unreliable obit ab the death of the paper which feature tombstone on the book jacket (*V Voice*, 1976). Kevin Michael McAuli weighed in with a heftier and more curately detailed coroner's report cal *The Great American Newspaper* (197 Ron Rosenbaum wrote a revenge fan sy, *Murder at Elaine's*, in which Fel took a bullet. And this summer t novels were published about the *Voic* time of troubles—*The Last Roman* by Erica Abeel (Avon), and *Wish Thinking*, by Howard Blum (Ather um). Both have the locker-room aro of an insider's report masked with a odorizing spritz of "poetry" and pse domyth. One of them is even prefac with a quotation from Kierkegaar Kierkegaard or no, Abeel and Blum a both rooting around in the dirty-so hamper in search of remembrance.

A former contributor to the *Voice*, E ica Abeel is a pop-sociology writer w has known rapture. Prose is her vib tor. Consider this classic: "Talk abo unnatural acts. She developed Pan sonic rebound, her [love tunnel] felt li the crimson end of baboons." Readi her literary efforts, Erica Abeel friends and former intimates must fe like the crimson end of baboons.


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His family gathered around him on that chilly November day to bid him final farewell. Papa put up a brave facade.

He sensed his brother's awkwardness when they embraced. And, most clearly, he felt a pang of sadness as he looked for one last time into Mama's tearful eyes.

Then the approaching train's high-pitched shriek broke the silence. And his family was suddenly left far behind.

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beel appears to use reference material
1 McAuliffe's *Great American*
spaper as filler. One example:

:e pitied his rival for the title of Most
ular Boy. A photo, reportedly of
's ass, was circulating the office with
:aption, The Face of the Future.
[Abeel]

picture Richard Goldstein had posed
bare ass to the camera. . . was gotten
of, Xeroxed, and, by morning, dis-
ited all over the offices of the *Village*
ce. Its caption: THE FACE OF THE
RE. [McAuliffe]

h, Abeel fudges a few things here
there, placing Alexander Cock-
n's notorious tallyho about having
many new asses to kiss" into the
ith of another character, etc. But ba-
lly this is a mirror-on-the-bedroom-
ing version of what happened at the
:e, pillow talk concerned more with
sts and bulges than with the psycho-
amics of the participants. It's as if
:a Jong wrote a novel about *The New*
ker from the perspective of Brendan
's jutting manhood (and went along
the ride).

or all its extravagances, *The Last*
nance is too mean and vulgar to be a
: nitwit classic. Howard Blum's
hful Thinking is the genuine one-
ticket to palookaville. Blum was a
ce reporter under his mentor, Dan
lf, who appears in *Wishful Thinking*
Max Fox, deadline rabbi. In the nov-
Fox is made a cuckold by Blum's
id-in (a reporter named Russ Lewis),
in a bizarre scene screws Max's
tress on the carpet, raiding her
ading triangle" in a semi-rape. Oe-
ally, it's all a bit much.

As an anthology of burning, yearning
l Writing, *Wishful Thinking* is as re-
ding and bare-chested as *Young-*
od Hawke. This is a novel about a
orter who writes a novel about being
eporter writing a novel. He finds
e, he finds fame, he finds himself. In
epilogue titled (I swear to God) "A
t of Our Own," Russ turns to the
der and announces: "Kate and I will
married today in City Hall. Where
l we live? I am moving from this
rtment into Kate's loft, once more
rning to her world; but this time de-
termined to make it ours." It's a pity the readers of *Wishful Thinking* couldn't be at their wedding, to pelt the happy couple with bricks and old shoes.

Abeel and Blum portray the insignificant doodlers of the *Voice* as the samurai of the *Zeitgeist*, slashing through pretense with their laser swords. And they do it *straight*, without the slightest breath of satire. Yet probably the only way to do the *Voice* properly is as a comedy of behavior and intellectual fashion in the manner of, say, Randall Jarrell's *Pictures from an Institution*. Not that a modern-day Jarrell wouldn't have his work cut out for him: as an institution, the post-Felker *Voice* is hardly a fun place.

Outmaneuvered, Clay Felker lost his media empire to Rupert Murdoch in 1977, and since 1978 the top man at the *Voice* has been David Schneiderman, a zero-charisma caretaker characterized by one of his senior editors as The Man in the Empty Shirt. In June, Murdoch unloaded the paper onto the Hartz Mountain mogul, Leonard Stern. The new owner of the *Voice* may require the services of an anteater—the place could use a vacuuming. People often complain that the *Voice*'s writers and editors are "stuck" in the sixties, but the truth is that they're pathetically determined to be bright-eyed and current, deconstructing everything from TV dinners to their failed orgasms. (Two happy exceptions are the critics Deborah Jowitt and Gary Giddins.) No, what's "stuck" about the paper is its crabby emotional tone. Ironically, it has been the big guns hired or reinstalled by the supposedly glitzy Clay Felker—Karen Durbin, Robert Christgau, Richard Goldstein, among others—and *their* obedient darlings who have done the most to squelch dissent at the *Voice* and make everyone wear frown faces. These Felker-era holdovers are the cause of the paper's grumpy constipation. So in that sense Ron Rosenbaum and all the other hotheads were right—Clay Felker really did ruin the *Village Voice*. But he didn't do it *intentionally*. Even he had no way of knowing what stick-in-the-muds his hirees would become. □

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Letter from Brazil

VIVA

Chronicle of a Face-lift



ANTHONY RUSSO

I dialed Rio direct the day my former best friend told me my cheeks were beginning to melt. Ivo Pitanguy, the legendary Brazilian "face gardener" (as my three-year-old daughter, Gaby, calls him) and close friend of one of my expatriate sisters, Marybeth, had promised her he'd do all six of us for free.

"Are you as beautiful as they are?" he asked on the phone. "Not anymore," I said.

The following Wednesday, at the Clínica Ivo Pitanguy on Rua Dona Mariana, a series of stunning secretaries ushered Gaby and me into a luxurious library, where illustrations of nipple-lifts and spiral hair flaps competed with family photos and Indian religious sculptures: lots of saints in various stages of martyrdom. I was perusing a framed black-and-white of M.M.—"To Ivo with esteem, Marilyn"—when a gorgeous blonde amazon from Milwaukee in blood-splattered surgical greens introduced herself as Sonya, the newest intern, and told me she was supposed to take my history. Example:

Q. When did you first think of having your face done?

A. When I was twenty-two and my boyfriend told me not to use face powder, because it caked in the creases of my crow's-feet.

Pitanguy himself soon appeared, spotless and immaculate in a pair of Dutch clogs. He'd just flown in from Gstaad with Sophie of Bavaria, whom he picked up on his way back from Washington, D.C., where he'd attended a National Prayer Breakfast along with some other heads of state.

Because my sisters had all "suggested" I have my nose done too, and the night clerk at the Novo Mundo, while describing *his* sister's Pitanguy nose, had explained, "Since I'm not an American, I can't say whether your nose is big or not; in America it *might not* be big," I asked the doctor if he could do a nose job that didn't look like one.

"I know what I'll do," he said, slowly circling around me. "I'll work on the tip."

"What about this bump on the bridge? Doesn't it bother you?"

"I'll raze it down while I'm in there. I won't break your nose."

"Can you do my eyes without cutting?"

He examined them. "You see," he said to Sonya, pinching the skin under my left eye, "there's a little excess here.

"I'll pull it from the sides," he told me, "and I'll cut the lids, but they won't be the same. No two eyes are ever alike. Look at Sonya's."

The amazon was a miracle of symmetry, but that wasn't the point. "As long as you're going to cut the tops," I said, "go ahead. Hack away. Cut the bottoms too."

From my hospital bed Sunday night, as I was watching a seventy-five-year-old fellow patient and songstress from Buenos Aires belt out in Greek "You can kiss me on a Monday . . ." in Melina Mercouri style, the phone rang.

"Cancel it," said the Colombian who was keeping Gaby and who'd accompanied me to the clinic. "We don't w you to look like that woman from Ch go who was down in the lobby. She too perfect. Smooth as an egg. It natural. And you'll ruin your nose."

The septuagenarian from Bue Aires, also perfect but claiming the side of her face needed "freshening u got on the phone and said in Fre "She's just going to have that Israelit made smaller." Even Timerman coul convince the Argentineans they're Semitic, so why bother, I thought point out that I'm an Irish-Scottish, man-Italian Roman Catholic?

Before going under the next morni looked up to find a beautiful masked nette arranging me on the operating ta

"Who are you?"

"Dr. Jane."

"Where's Pitanguy? I want to him not to make me look like American from Chicago."

"That's the way she looks. The do isn't here yet; we're preparing you. If want to talk to him you'll have to go ond. Right now you're first on the list

"Forget it," I said. "Knock me ou

I awoke out of a very complex dre to shouts of "*Respirez, respirez,*" V cro bands being ripped off and snap back on my prickling arm, oxygen tu jamming my mouth, and an unkno something digging into the back of scalp. My eyes were weighted do with another something, this one c and wet, and I was unable to mov muscle or utter a sound. When I re ized what had just happened, I coul believe I'd done it. It seemed insane

Sometime later on, probably the n day, I gathered my courage, got up myself, and looked into the bathro mirror. Bandages surrounded my sw len, yellow face, black knots spiked lower eyelids like Liza Minnelli's ma up, there was a cast on my nose and b bruises under my eyes. Two plastic tu full of blood (the one on the right h been the thing digging into my sca came out of the bandages at the back my head and met under my chin, wh they merged and emptied their conte into the accordion-pleated plastic c tainer I discovered I was holding.

When the wrappings came off Tuesday, Chicago, who had her hair in rollers and was rinsing her sa nightgown out in the sink, told me s could tell, even *with* the cast on, th the tip of my nose was going to be



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vine. The seventy-five-year-old, who'd sent me a note the previous afternoon (*Dearest, Hope you are fine...*), followed by a visit, was renegotiating the staircase to come and tell me how beautiful I *already* looked, and to sing, in the style of Maurice Chevalier: "*Elle chan-te, chan-te, chan-te, chan-te, CHANTE le jour et la nu-it...*"

Why wasn't I singing and dancing in the halls, or at least doing my laundry? What was wrong with me?

"It's the painkillers," said Chicago as I videotaped the scars on her rear end, the stitches near her crotch, and the staples in her scalp ("He said I needed a 'freshening up,' so I had my neck done again too"). "Don't take the painkillers! I don't care what they say. Is this your first? Well, it's my fifteenth. Take a sleeping pill instead and ask for another one three hours later."

At some point in my drugged stupor the Master himself dragged me out of bed and into the hall, where he introduced me to a newly released Beauty in a big straw hat who performs in nightclubs with birds on her head.

"You're both gonna be even *more* gorgeous. I can't *believe* it," she gushed at me and Chicago before I was dragged farther down the hall to meet ("Don't mention my name") the widow of a rich and famous Caribbean playboy. "Operated on only three days ago and you *already* look great," she said (I found the collective cheerleading very touching). Still bandaged around the face and under the chin like a nun, her eyelids sprouting the obligatory black stitches, she was feeding a parrot perched on a rod attached to the back of her door. The bird was the subject of an argument between her and the nightclub performer in the straw hat, the latter having asked Pitanguy to intervene. Chicago explained:

"Birdgirl claims she only *loaned* the parrot to the widow to take care of while she was having her face-lift, but the widow won't give it back. I have to say, that green parrot she sleeps with is a cute little thing, the way it snuggles up on her chest with its head tucked in... *but shitting on the bed next to her?* I mean, she goes into the jungle for them. And when I said something to her, she said, 'What's the matter? Don't you like birds?' "

Rather than pay for another night in "the home," as Chicago once accidentally called it, we both moved out that day, she to the Rio Palace, Gaby and I back to the Novo Mundo. On Sunday, dressed like a Palm Beach socialite, Chicago came by in a rented limousine to invite me to the Carmen Miranda Museum. "The princess just took me bikini shopping. She said 'It doesn't look any different' when they took off her nose cast. Now I want to buy some hippie bracelets on Ipanema beach. Fifteen cents there, thirty dollars back home, where I can sell them..."

I explained that I never took off my nightgown. Even without the drugs I was almost always asleep, except for the three times a day I had to get up to administer amoxycillin to Gaby and boil gentian-violet compresses for the patches of impetigo she'd contracted in my brief absence.

On Wednesday afternoon Chicago and her driver accompanied me to the clinic for the nose-cast removal, but the nurse carefully unglued the bandages without taking the cast off, explaining that when he returned from the public burn ward God himself would preside at the final unveiling.

In an excited state, Pitanguy arrived with a visiting Spanish surgeon, shooed everybody else out into the hall, and, grabbing the cast with both hands, dramatically yanked it off my nose and shoved a mirror in my face.

"Look!" he shouted. "Look! Look!"

"I can't," I told him, covering my nose with my hands. "I'm afraid."

"*Look!*"

I hadn't realized how attached I was to my old nose. I looked. It was my old nose, only smaller, and without the bump.

"You're a genius," I whispered.

"You inspired me," he said, and to the old Spanish surgeon, "Look!"—flipping through my "before" photographs like a poker player. "Look! This was her nose before; now look at it... Look at her neck..." etc., etc.

On Friday, during the daily hair wash and stitch removal, I glimpsed, through a partially open door, the scarred [illegible] of what should have been some[illegible] hand, an open, bleeding wound [illegible] forearm, and I began crying.

"Stop her," Chicago said, ru[illegible] out into the hall to grab Pita[illegible] "Congestion is bad for her nose."

Pitanguy handed over his handke[illegible] and pushed me across the hall to me[illegible] owner of the stump, a young B[illegible] who eighteen years ago had been tr[illegible] in his crib by a fire and had gone th[illegible] thirty-five operations in Europe b[illegible] landing on Rua Dona Mariana.

"Look!" Pitanguy ordered, ri[illegible] through another deck of photogr[illegible] "This is what his nose looked lik[illegible] fore. Look! This is what his n[illegible] looked like. Now look at him..."

Out in the lobby, against a backg[illegible] murmur of gossip concerning the al[illegible] arrival of a deformed Tupamaro gu[illegible] from Uruguay ("a bullet sliced his t[illegible] in half"), the Belgian's mother [illegible] plained that the European surgeons[illegible] promised her son a perfect face. " saw Pitanguy on TV and he said he[illegible] god. He can't do miracles. Most of[illegible] ple want to know absolutely what's [illegible] to happen. People wishes to have a[illegible] face like a painting. But it's not a [illegible] ing. It's skin and blood."

"I had a talk with God," Chicago[illegible] me when I went over to the Ric[illegible] ace for some Lomotil (for diarrhea) t[illegible] me through the flight back to New Y[illegible] "I told him I don't like his financial [illegible] tices. The actress from Genoa: breasts, eyes—she's coming back fo[illegible] tush—$58,000. The princess: face, n[illegible] eyes—$30,000. Me—$24,000. Birdgirl and her friend—*nothing!* I s[illegible] could understand Birdgirl; he knew[illegible] father. *But Birdgirl's moronic fri[illegible]* He said I wasn't nice. I should lea[illegible] give to charity. Why shouldn't I pa[illegible] someone who can't afford it? And[illegible] sides, he said, we had no business te[illegible] each other what we paid. I would gi[illegible] the burned boy, I told him, but a sp[illegible] society gal from Philadelphia is no[illegible] charity of my choice."

I told her to calm down. She had[illegible] been restructured by the only practi[illegible] Communist south of Nicaragua. □

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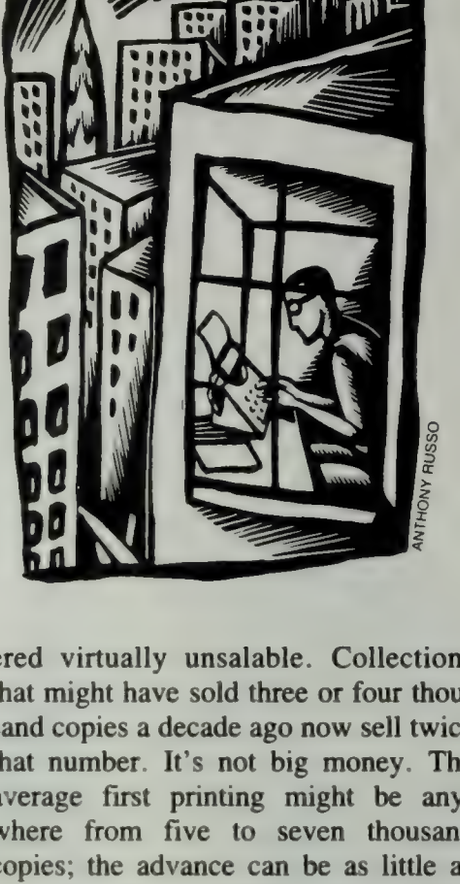
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JAMES ATLAS



So You Want to Be a Novelist?

The literary world is a crowd scene nowadays; no room is big enough for all the talent. A directory of poets and novelists lists over five thousand practitioners. Publishers' catalogues are thick with debuts. On the front page of *The New York Times Book Review* a twenty-four-year-old writer named David Leavitt discusses the "New Voices" of his generation, born—if you can believe this—"in the 1950's and early 60's." Who are they? Leavitt names Marian Thurm, Meg Wolitzer, Elizabeth Tallent, Peter Cameron, and Amy Hempel. Figure in Jayne Anne Phillips, Jay McInerney, Lorrie Moore, and you have a group.

"We've been seeing a lot of talented writing, and there's definitely a market for it," says Robert Gottlieb, president of Knopf, one of the most vigorous promoters of the new gang on the block. Lounging about his corner office in blue jeans and a flannel shirt open at the neck, Gottlieb seems the perfect spokesman for the youthful crowd on Knopf's list. At fifty-four, he looks a decade younger; his unruly hair and black-rimmed glasses give him the distracted air of a Harvard physics professor. His office is as cluttered as a college dorm: an inflatable Mickey Mouse, a bust of Elvis Presley, a Coca-Cola poster from the fifties. On the windowsill is a giant white plastic borzoi (Knopf's logo).

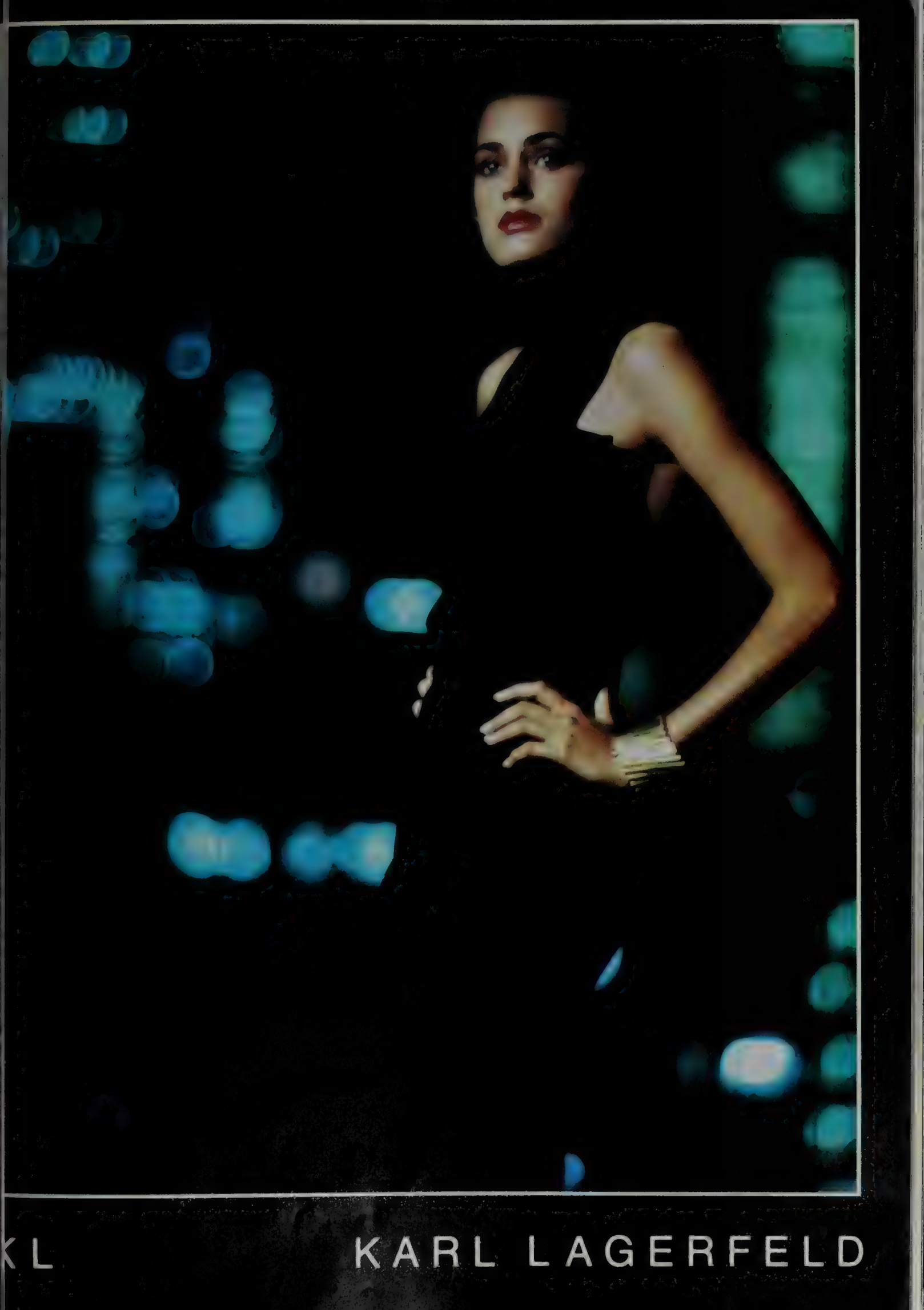
Sales are up, Gottlieb notes, even for collections of short stories, once considered virtually unsalable. Collections that might have sold three or four thousand copies a decade ago now sell twice that number. It's not big money. The average first printing might be anywhere from five to seven thousand copies; the advance can be as little as $3,000. But publishing new writers makes good business sense. They get reviewed; they call attention to the house; and—who knows?—they might even achieve some commercial success.

For the beginning novelist awaiting reviews, the way things get done is utterly mysterious. Actually, even if you've been around the business for years it's mysterious. Generally, though, it works this way: The editor who signed the book up edits the manuscript and prepares it for publication (if he hasn't been fired or moved on to some other house); the publicity department sends out galleys to reviewers and potential sources of blurbs. During the year there are sales conferences—usually in some pleasant locale like Gurney's or the Homestead in Virginia—where editors "present" their books to the sales representatives. If you're lucky, or your editor is influential, or the director of publicity is enthusiastic, your book gets pushed. Strategic phone calls are made; literary editors are nagged. If you're really lucky, the book gets advertised.

Terry Adams at Knopf, who worked on *Flaubert's Parrot*, a novel by the British writer Julian Barnes that Knopf published in March, sent out thirty sets of galleys in quest of blurbs—each w a personal letter to the recipient. He returns from half. Well before publica date, the word was out: Joseph He Fran Lebowitz, Elizabeth Hardwick, John Irving had declared themselves of the novel. It sold 10,000 copies— enough to enrich the author, but eno to make the novel a considerable *suc d'estime*. "You can sell 40,000 copie a book and no one's aware of it," s Gottlieb. "Or you can sell four thous and it's a famous book." He cites example of Bruce Jay Friedman's *Ste* a book that had limited sales but made author's reputation: "It was the right f thousand."

What happens if it's the wr four—or forty—thousand? Many no ists with ten books to their credit great reviews are known only to t relatives. After a brief flurry of publ ty, they return whence they came— campus, the farm, the fifth-floor wa up—doomed to begin another bo Since writing is the worst part of be a writer, this can be a very depress experience.

Meanwhile, in the city-room office *The New York Times Book Review*, e tors harried by ringing phones sit beh walls of galleys writing up reports. the weekly assignment meeting, h around a long oak table, they disc the books assigned them for "p view." A good deal of convivial deb ensues, amid the exchange of what literary critic Isaac Rosenfeld once scribed as "social history." Does reviewer know the author? Is he a frie of the reviewer? Have they ever fac off in a duel? You'd expect reviewe themselves to declare any special int ests, but they rarely do. ("I'd be lighted to review X's new novel," sa Y, depicted in Chapter 9 as a philand ing dipsomaniac.) "When a book ha special voice that an editor doesn't spond to, we turn it over to another e tor for a second opinion—like a doc with a patient," says Mitchel Levit the *Book Review* editor. How does *Book Review* decide what goes on pa 1? "That depends on the review, reviewer, and the book." In a rece issue, new books by Lorrie Moo Stanley Elkin, and Martin Amis front-page billing because "they we three very good reviews of very go books." But there's no predicting wh will end up there. As Wilfrid She



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once noted, "a conspiracy theorist would go slowly mad looking for a design in *The New York Times Book Review*."

Anyway, reviews aren't everything. Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* and T. Gertler's *Elbowing the Seducer* earned tepid notices in the New York *Times*, but people talked about them, and they sold. You never know. "As far as I can tell," Ted Solotaroff speculated in a recent issue of the British literary magazine *Granta*, "the decisive factor is durability." Becoming established as a writer, suggests Solotaroff, who introduced some of the major talents of the seventies in his *New American Review*, requires a tolerance for "uncertainty, rejection, and disappointment." Bobbie Ann Mason, whose stories in *The Atlantic* and *The New Yorker* have lately made her reputation, spent seven years on a novel that was never published. Raymond Carver endured a decade of rejection before Gordon Lish began to publish him in *Esquire*.

For the writer sitting in his room day after day with the manuscript of a first novel, success and failure are equally unreal. David Leavitt, whose book of stories, *Family Dancing*, has become a kind of legend in the literary world, arrived in New York "in my youth—last year," just out of Yale, with two stories sold to *The New Yorker*, a good agent, and a fair amount of confidence. Tall and gangly, with Ivy League spectacles and a mildly deferential air, Leavitt vacillates between awkward innocence and worldly self-assurance—twenty-four going on forty. The initial response to *Family Dancing* was "polite," he recalls. "Reviewers were nice about the book. Then Michiko Kakutani [of the New York *Times*] got her hands on it, and everything changed. Suddenly it was a hot book." *Family Dancing* began "selling wildly"—15,000 copies. The paperback rights went for $27,500. Knopf signed him up for a novel. At twenty-four, Leavitt was making a living as a writer.

In our unbookish culture, making a living as a writer is the same as making it. No one expects to get rich. Writers in Leavitt's circle talk admiringly of his co-op, a studio apartment in a Gre- wich Village high rise. ("Let me sh- you the other wing," he says wr- gesturing toward the bathroom.) "- best thing that can happen, from a pr- tical point of view, is to get a book p- lished and sell it to the movies. I kn- Hollywood has destroyed many a gr- American novelist. Start writing scre- plays and you'll end up languishing - the pool at the Garden of Allah - F. Scott Fitzgerald. Still, writing - first-draft screenplay of your book - one of the rituals of American liter- success. And Hollywood is always - the lookout for new talent. Diane Jo- son did the screenplay for Stanley K- brick's *The Shining*. Raymond Car- did a screenplay for Michael Cimi- Max Apple, the author of a novel, Z- and two highly praised collections, *- Oranging of America* and *Free Ager-* wrote the screenplay for Roger C- man's *Smokey Bites the Dust* and - working on "a version of Spiderman" It's a living.

Every writer I know dreams of ma- ing it big. ("What I really want - to be Bruce Springsteen playing at t- Meadowlands," confessed a novel- whose book had just gotten mixed - views.) But wealth and fame are re- tive. "To me the biggest surprise w- that my book got published at all," sa- Lorrie Moore, whose collection of st- ries, *Self-Help*, was reviewed on t- front page of *The New York Times Bo- Review* by Jay McInerney. When - called on her one Saturday afterno- this summer, she was living in a sub- on Mott Street in Chinatown. The buz- er system didn't work. To get upstair- you had to call her from a pay phone - the neighborhood grocery—whi- could mean a twenty-minute wait. T- phones in the *bodega* were in great d- mand. Men in rumpled suits and whi- shirts open at the neck conducted bus- ness from them, dragging the cord o- onto the sidewalk.

The apartment itself was out of a - other time: an old porcelain bathtub - the kitchen, a dish rack over the bat- tub, an ancient stove. It was the wa- writers lived in the forties, before the-

uch a thing as money. Moore, who es in the writing program at the ersity of Wisconsin during the l year, was as modest as her surlings. "I could have ended up donything," she insisted; her literary r began by chance. "I signed up course called The Romance and ty of Words in high school, and ut in the creative-writing class by ke." It wasn't until after college, she found herself working in a office in Manhattan, that she realwhat she wanted to do with her She promptly applied to several ng programs, got accepted at Cor- and studied under Alison Lurie. recommended me to her agent, sent my stories everywhere; they me back. Finally I decided to send nd the whole collection, and Knopf ht it in three weeks." Now she's hing a novel, editing out phrases l from her stories. "I never thought 'd see the light of day."

Why do so many people submit themselves to a life of such danus uncertainty? There is "someg shabby, precarious, and even en about a writer's life," John Uponce conceded; only the young it glamorous. "After a while it just mes a decision you make," says Henderson, editor of the Pushcart s, who published Mary Gordon, e Anne Phillips, and John Irving fore he was John Irving"). "You de that readers don't matter, that re doing it for yourself." There's ys the chance that your novel will cclaimed as "the new *Catcher in Rye*" (*Bright Lights, Big City*) or most...entertaining long fiction since the early work of Philip Roth" ert Greenfield's *Temple*). But the s aren't good. What it comes down finally, is compulsion, the need to e. "First, try to be something, anyg, else," Lorrie Moore suggests in a called "How to Become a Writ- "A movie star/astronaut. A movie missionary. A movie star/kinderen teacher. President of the World. miserably." Maybe then you're y to become a writer. Maybe. □

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Nonetheless, most wine is not fragile, but exceedingly sturdy. The younger it is, the sturdier it is. It can suffer the slings and arrows of casual, sometimes outrageous, abuse, surviving into delicious maturity if not hoary old age. But it can do so only if it starts out as well-made wine.

The ideal place to store wine is dark (ergo caves and cellars); humid, so that the corks do not dry out and shrink away from the necks of the bottles; cool, so as to prolong its maturation in order to intensify its power; quiet and reverberation-free, to permit evolution of flavors, untroubled by extraneous motion. Of course, wine bottles should be stored on their side or upside down, so as to keep the corks moist.

An ideal environment becomes more important the older one's wines are. If one buys red Bordeaux, Burgundies, or Californias that are older than twenty years, or whites that are older than ten years, it is reckless not to keep them under ideal circumstances. If one buys young Bordeaux, Burgundies, or Californias and keeps them beyond their vintage year for equivalent periods the same is true. Such wine, stored well, will taste fresher than similar wine stored under less than optimal conditions.

The ideal storage temperatures are fifty to fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit for white wines and fifty-five to sixty for reds. Humidity should stay at about 90 percent. The less light—both natural and artificial—the better. Sunlight is worst of all, and because of the closeness of the wavelength of fluorescent light to that of daylight, fluorescent light is more harmful to wine than is incandescent light.

A totally underground cellar is best for storing wine, since subterranean temperatures are constantly at about fifty-five to sixty degrees. A basement, unless it is totally underground, is not necessarily preferable to aboveground storage unless it can be maintained at the desirable constant temperatures. For those wine owners who wish to construct a storage place, a ready-made, walk-in cooler can provide a near-perfect environment at much lower operating costs than are entailed if one tries to insulate and refrigerate a room.

What about less than ideal conditions? I have kept wine in my home in North Carolina for the past twenty-five years, never refrigerat has been stored in closets, or in co of spare rooms, sometimes air-c tioned, sometimes not. Thank none of it has spoiled. The reds c ue to taste better and better. Clos vintages are still closed-in; ripe vin do not taste appreciably riper than of my friends who refrigerate them I have no wines older than twenty years. My whites do mature more r ly than refrigerated whites, but I not to buy whites for laying dow more than two or three years, so makes no difference to me. If I d would refrigerate them. Indeed, be some of my reds are approaching t ty years of age, I intend soon to b walk-in cooler.

For the storage of younger wine ideal refrigerated environment is si unnecessary, as long as tempera where the wine is stored stay b eighty degrees Fahrenheit and abov ty degrees. Within that range, obvi colder is better, but only margin The normal fluctuation of tempera over the year is not harmful, but i temperature in a particular room ca kept reasonably constant, that is room in which to keep the wine.

It is not only expensive red wines benefit from careful storing and a Well-structured, lower-priced reds– pecially the full-bodied California ernets—also age well. Beaulieu V yard's Beau Tour and its slightly expensive Rutherford are good ex ples. The Beau Tour sells for about dollars and is widely available. summer I opened a 1977 vintage w had been stored in violation of e rule in the book, and was bowled by the ripe bouquet and the mature ness of the flavor. Other well-made ranging in price from five to twelve lars that will handsomely repay than ideal cellaring for eight to ten y are the Cabernet Sauvignons of Rut ford Hill, Trefethen, Conn Creek, seph Phelps, Caymus, Raymond, St Leap Wine Cellars, and Louis Mart

So don't buy the conventional dom that insists on the indispensab of ideal storage environments or the ing down only of aristocratic reds. using the natural environment of y own home you can age even inex sive reds gracefully, and reap rich wards of ripeness usually reserved those to the manor born. □


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The Mind's Eye

TRISTAN VOX

On the Metaphysics of the Midriff



ANTHONY RUSSO

The Raj has come to the ballrooms, and therefore to the dressing rooms. The season demands the sari, which is testing the sartorial skills of the fashionable. But this time their expertise at the mirror will avail them very little. The sari does not oblige. They are not adept at all the wrapping, tying, and tossing required to achieve the desired effect. The sari does not "fit"; it must every time be fitted. It is not what we call constructed, by which we mean the physical stubbornness of a garment designed to deceive about the shape of the body. Thus they march uneasily in their costumes, like mummies swaddled in silk and gold thread. It is doubtful that they are at all alive to the meanings woven into the yards that bind them. Take, for example, the midriff. It is the sari's point of most extreme visual danger. The exposure may be more than many can bear. But who would suspect, amidst all the aesthetic anxiety, that these panels of fancy flesh are in their origins metaphysical, that the satraps of society are masquerading at night in nothing less than the Indian theory of being?

Not I, until this summer, when I traveled a few thousand years backward in time and a few hundred miles to the banks of the Potomac. There, in the National Gallery of Art, in an exhibition of the masterpieces of Indian sculpture, I met a yakshi who instructed me in the metaphysics of the midriff. A yakshi is a female spirit of nature, a Dravidian dryad who became absorbed into the great tangle of traditions that became Indian religion. This particular yakshi was sculpted from sandstone sometime in the third century B.C., and was not discovered until early in this century, when erosion along the Ganges brought her divine figure to light. She is life-size, and the most voluptuous carving of a woman that I have ever seen. (The femininity of the Indian sculpture of women is precisely as vivid as the masculinity of the Greek sculpture of men.) The massiveness of her breasts and their forthrightness are startling; but it is in her girth—in her midriff—that understanding must begin.

The yakshi who summered along the Potomac has huge hips hugged too tightly by a ribbed apron worn low. The tightness of the garment has the effect of swelling the flesh above it, which the sculptor has tenderly represented with a couple of folds in the abdomen. Here is an ideal of beauty that brandishes what we call fat. But it is, for all its aggressive corporeality, a spiritual ideal. The distension of the abdomen is designed to give proof of the breath within, which is itself proof of the prana, or the air within the body that stands for the soul. (The Greeks had a like notion, but it never distorted their anatomical dreams.) A distended midriff became a characteristic of the classic Indian figure, male and female; even the potbelly came to have intense iconographic significance in Indian art. The convexity of the stomach, the recurring ridges of mild corpulence, the generosi the body above the hips, are all dence of a physical creature li metaphysically.

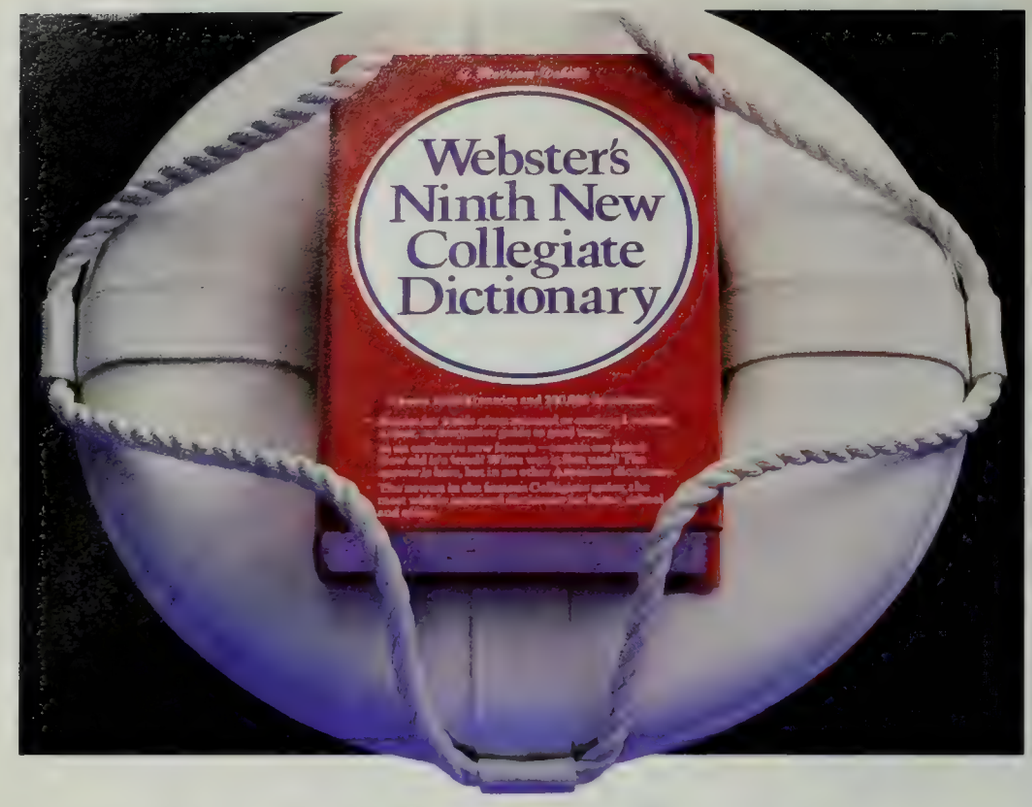
Our Raj revelers are not really worthy for their prana. They do no in any otherworldly manner, and most as if they wished to honor the an doctrine in the breach, they toiled to prevent their midriffs from truding. Their bodies have a differe secular, torsion. It is not merely a the hips, however, that the Indian of womanly beauty startles late-tw eth-century Western eyes. The scho literature on my yakshi explains a her extraordinary structure with w like *bounty* and *abundance* and *feci ty;* and the most developed attribute her body certainly are the attribute the mother. But the globular extre of these burnished sandstone br speak also of pleasure, as do the pr giously developed organs of many c yakshis extant. Some are minor de in attitudes of major harlots—spiri nature with a hand on the hip, set zenly against a stela that seems c like the ancient equivalent of a la post. The devotional uses of these c ings notwithstanding, they are icon the appetites.

A sixth-century Indian writer or codified the dimensions of the In man's desire. "Broad, plump and h hips to support the girdle, and n deep, large and turned to the righ middle with three folds and not ha breasts round, close to each other, e and hard . . . and neck marked with t lines." This is not exactly a sensua of suggestion. The physical attract are to be boldly articulated. Still, In art in its erotic aspects shows someth rather remarkable: that these exagge ed female emblems nonetheless re an atmosphere of mystery, of not b known. There is a strange mixture presence and absence that is hard to count for. Part of the answer lies in effect of gesture. No culture has b more subtle than India's in its fee for the movement of the limbs. Like women of Indian dance, the women Indian sculpture seem both in a situa and out of one. It is this ambiguity gesture that prevents large features fr being crude features, that turns the terest of the viewer of these strident kednesses away from prurience.

The Festival of India has been a



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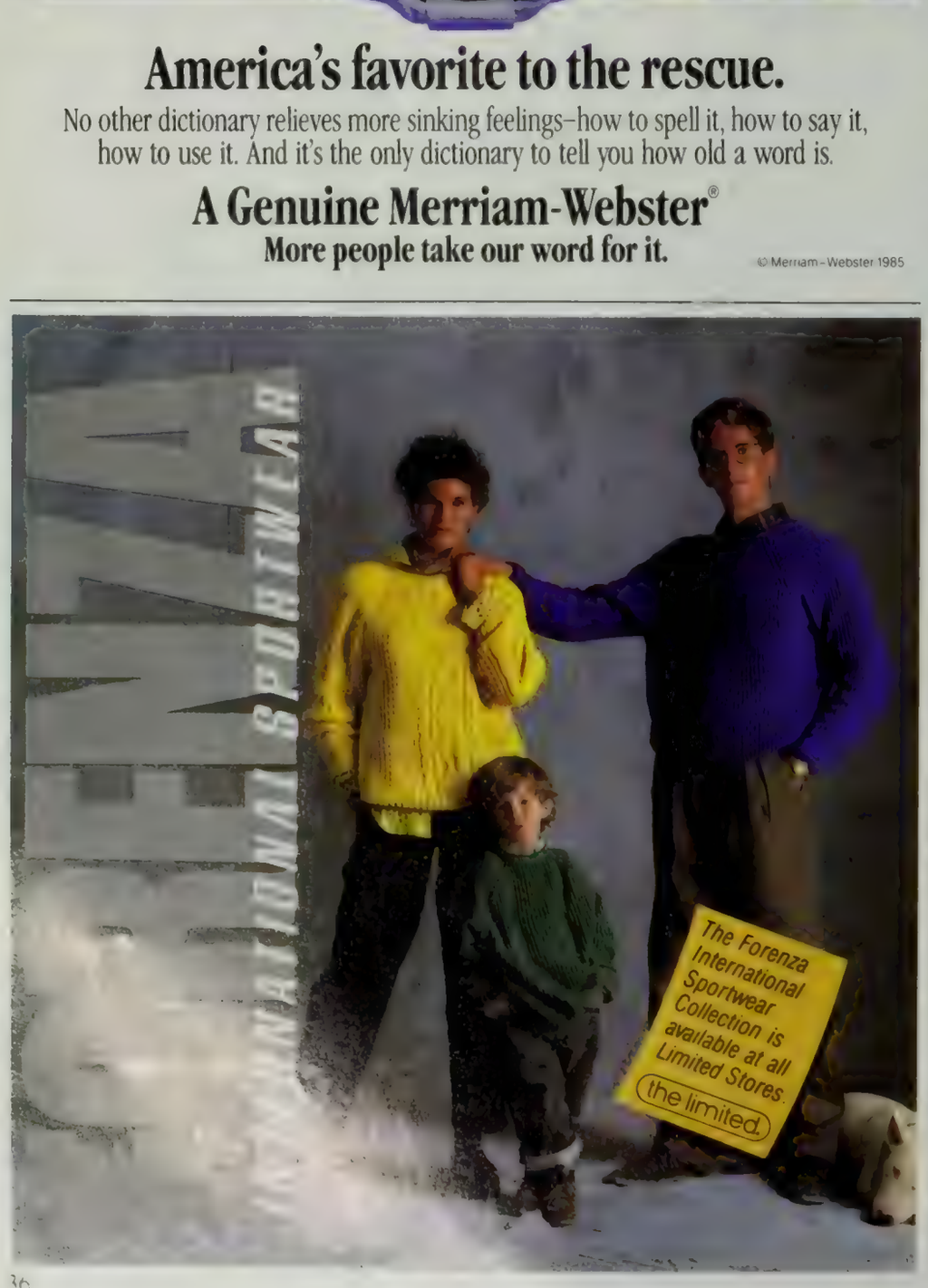
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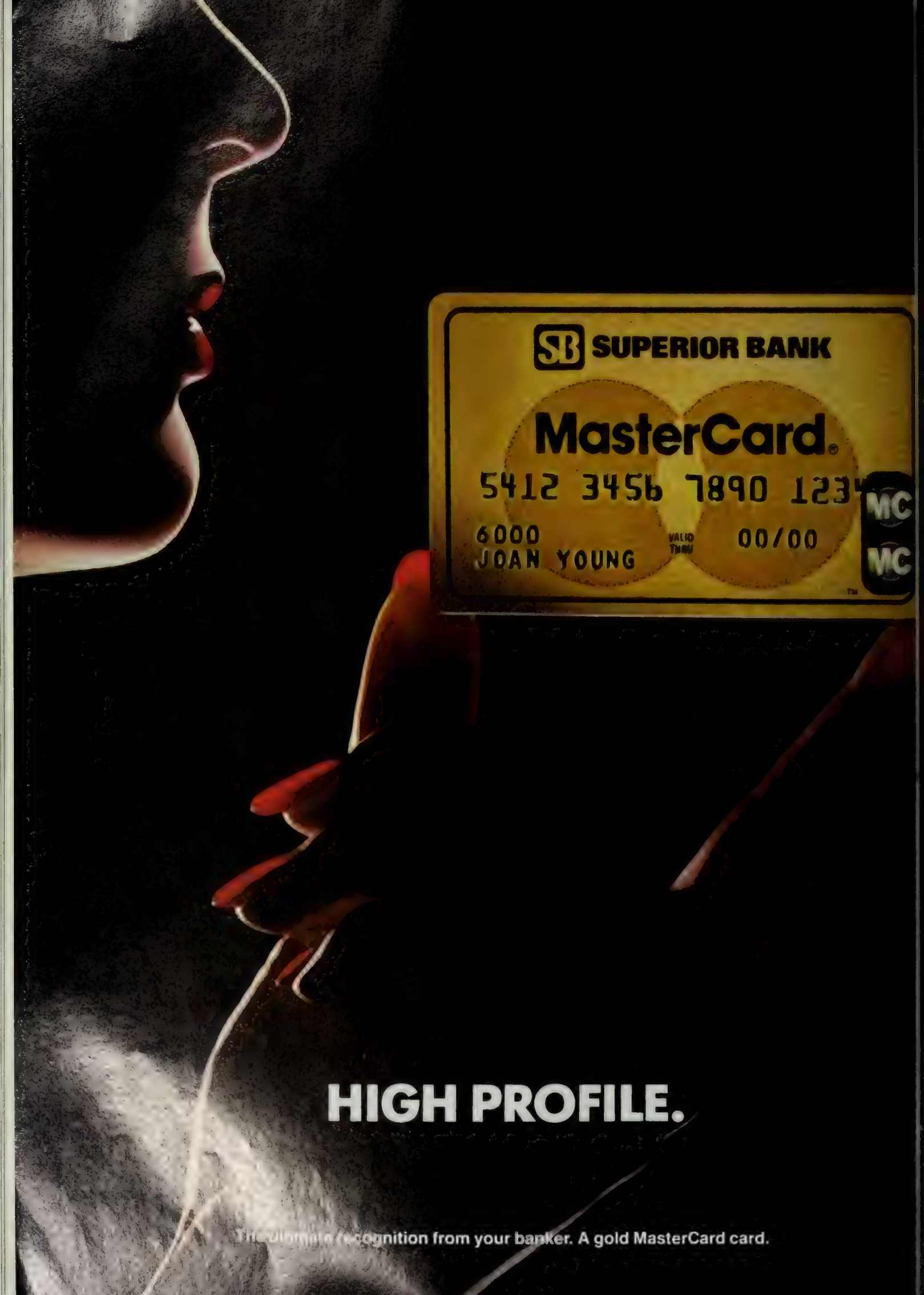
The Mind's Eye

ful occasion for the comparative st of carnality across cultures. But the ercise does not stop with the ideal of woman. The ideal of the man is no startling. In Indian art, the ideal of man is quite the opposite of the idea the woman. Where the woman is c crete, the man is abstract. Where woman is physically elaborate, the n is physically simplified. Where woman is earthly, the man is heaver The reason is plain. The physical pa digm of the man in Indian art, the m figure upon whom the most arduous forts of thinking and making have b expended, is the Buddha.

The classic image of the Buddha (the image in the style known as G dhara, the fine tormented naturali produced in the northwestern regi under the influence of Hellenism) is c man with an almost featureless bo The chest is low and smooth, a m surface; even the bodhisattvas, the ra er more hale spiritual apprentices, denied the definition of muscles. T anatomy of the Buddha is a schema anatomy, intended to denote a man flesh who has escaped the condition flesh. Indeed, the physical attributes the male body have been usurped by physical attributes of the Buddha's vinity, by thirty-two mannered marks transcendence, like the apex of the sk or the spot on the brow. Unlike physical ideal of the woman, the which is an ideal designed for imagi tion, the physical ideal of the man designed for instruction.

So the East is not the West, ev when it visits the West. In the grega ous din of the India boom, howev the full gravity of the difference m be lost. Some differences are too v merely to be enjoyed. They must r tle. There are many avenues to lo and many avenues to heaven: to kn that much is to be "cultured." B there are instants of discovery th make mere "culture" seem easy, th measure divergences so fundamen that ignorance must be admitted. Co gratulations to all the ladies who sw successfully on the dance floor in the saris; but they are swaying in a gre strangeness. □


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VANITIES



A vintage September: Days of wine and poses. Sipping pretty. The grapes of froth. Plastered in Paris. All is Vanities. Nothing is fair.

Illustrations by KEN MARYANSKI

Geist Stories

Suburban terrorism at the New York *Times*

ANYONE strolling through the New York *Times* newsroom can easily spot which filing cabinet belongs to William Geist. It's the one topped by a plastic seashell-and-flamingo diorama. And Geist's briefcase is the only one sporting a press pass for the World Wrestling Federation.

The *Times* is a pretty serious paper: no comic strips (not even *Doonesbury*) and no Wingo. For decades, it consigned humor to the op-ed page, and even that was the armchair variety. Maybe a chuckle, but no guffaws.

Then came Geist.

He'd been at the Chicago *Tribune*'s suburban supplement writing three columns a week, the hands-on kind: harvesting zucchini, schmoozing with hookers, baking a coffee cake at the State Fair (and winning third prize—due to "uneven nut distribution"). But after eight years, still prohibited from moving to the "real" *Trib*, he sent out clips, and the *Times* guffawed.

Though stripped of his informal first-person voice by the *Times* stylebook, Geist has continued to manufacture mirth. In April 1984, after doing more time in suburbia, he successfully lobbied for the "About New York" column originated by Meyer Berger in 1939. It runs Wednesdays and Saturdays in the metro section.

Despite its city bent, the Geist-written column has been regularly making the national edition, and is being reprinted in papers around the country. Geist was recently lunched by Russell Baker, to whom a reader had mistakenly sent a fan letter for "About New York." Rival publications have lunched him too, shopping for some ZeitGeist of their own.

Despite all this [illegible] Geist remains an alien being at the *Times*. When he proposed a Liberace piece, his [illegible] "Oh, no!" But Geist persisted, and it made the front page [illegible] last-minute. "It's tough," he says, "to find a story that says something about New York without saying, 'and that's what makes New York a wacky city!' "



STEPHEN BARKER

William Geist on his urban turf: the roof of the New York *Times*.

Liz Smith's column.

"It's said that I get away with more than anybody else in the building," says carrot-topped Geist with his elongated midwestern vowels. "The way I view it, I'm getting away with half as much as I used to." For instance, his story about busty club queen Dianne Brill ran—but without a photo.

Still, the *Times* let him cover an all-night Hall and Oates videotaping, without once quoting Hall or Oates. And, assigned to cover the marathon, Geist went out to a La-Z-Boy chair store and interviewed lounging customers about the idiocy of long-distance running. Most of the [illegible] ideas are his own, and [illegible]

Geist's files brim with manila folders full of old notes, just in case. For Times Books' *Toward a Safe and Sane Halloween*, the collection of his *Tribune* and *Times* suburban pieces, he was able to retrieve what editors had cut.

Geist, forty, graduated from the University of Illinois in 1968 with a C+ average, and was considering film school when he landed in Vietnam. He'd joined R.O.T.C. to avoid being a foot soldier "and consequently became the only person I knew who *had* to go to Vietnam."

He worried less about [illegible] danger than the boredom. [illegible] he was going to be manni[illegible] dreary radio outpost, Geist [illegible] vinced the army that he w[illegible] great shutterbug and woun[illegible] taking pictures in the fi[illegible] Though he emerged unscat[illegible] he often writes about war: [illegible] versus roach, jogger versus [illegible] walker, Korean deli versus [illegible] Avenue matron.

To cut short his military [illegible] vice, Geist enrolled in jour[illegible] ism school in Missouri, [illegible] went from there to Chica[illegible] marrying his college sw[illegible] heart. Geist, wife, son (ten), [illegible] daughter (five) now live in N[illegible] Jersey, a thirty-five-minute [illegible] ride from midtown. Why? [illegible] cause when hiring him the *Ti*[illegible] suggested, "Live in the s[illegible] urbs. It'll be better."

"It was better," Geist [illegible] mits. "I got a lot of ideas f[illegible] talking to people. You overh[illegible] the latest in lawn technolo[illegible] you really get 'grass roots.' [illegible] as now it would be better [illegible] were living in New York, b[illegible] frankly, I can't afford i[illegible] Even so, his commute pro[illegible] bly helps sustain his outside[illegible] point of view.

Dressed in navy blazer, [illegible] and khakis, Geist wanders i[illegible] scenes, and in calm, Mis[illegible] Rogers–like tones he codd[illegible] and cajoles, his boyish lo[illegible] and smiling blue eyes work[illegible] their magic, bringing out the [illegible] median in the average Joe.

If there's any secret to [illegible] method, he says, it's "hang[illegible] around a *long* time. For one s[illegible] ry, I stood in the appliance [illegible] partment of a store in a shopp[illegible] mall for two days. *Two wh*[illegible] *days*. They thought I was goi[illegible] open up my own store."

Because his ideas often str[illegible] when he's behind the whe[illegible] Geist keeps a legal pad on his [illegible] and scribbles while driving. [illegible] have been known to hit a r[illegible] end," he says, "but there ha[illegible] never been any serious in[illegible] ries." **—David Handelm[illegible]**


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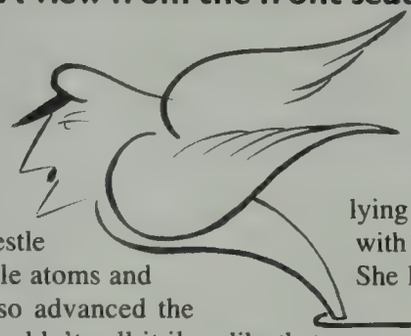

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ust have been two when I
the Club Lingerie the oth-
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Coy Drive, off Mulhol-
nd I remember passing
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driving the limo that night I
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ldenly they all busted
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ne limo over. We were al-
up to Mulholland, near
no's, where Beverly Glen
lens out, and when I
d they jumped from the
d began hooting and hol-
and dancing. I asked why,
ne answer was complicat-
t what I understood was
ne of these guys had just

Limo Scene

A view from the front seat



figured out a new way to wrestle around a couple atoms and make a drug so advanced the government couldn't call it illegal.

Once in a while you'll hear talk of how this town is losing its hold on the industry, but believe me, you won't find technical savvy like this anywhere else in the world.

Three of the development people ran up to Adriano's to celebrate. But the fourth was lying in the backseat with her eyes closed. She looked about as peaceful like that as anyone in a Mohawk can look. I leaned over and asked her why she wasn't celebrating with her development friends. She looked up and whispered real low: "I'm in labor."

Hey, tell me what you'd have done! I know, there was new life pecking its way out of the shell right there on my crushed burgundy velour. But I drive off to the hospital leaving three development execs abandoned in the hills, I can just about kiss my screenwriting career *ciao*.

Well, I once drove a poodle home from Chasen's. And another time I cardiac-massaged some Eastern Cabinet minister back to life after he'd partied a little too much, so if you want to say I maybe saved us from World War III I'm not going to stop you.

But delivering a baby was a first, the kind of challenge that brought out the stuntman in me. I had blankets in the trunk. And, after all, I grew up on a farm.

The birth was perfect. I won't lie to you, my heart is still pounding. But in this town you never want to burn your bridges. **—Stretch**



Marriage bed: Bride and groom and pals before rehearsal dinner.



JONATHAN BECKER

Doyenne Flora Whitney Miller is ushered out.



The groom and cousin Gloria Vanderbilt at the Racquet Club.

Marriage à la Mode

Even Hogarth would have been hard put to capture all the social nuances when Whitney Tower, Jr. (of the Vanderbilt, Whitney, and Tower bloodlines), married Pamela Courtney Franzheim (whose father owns much of Louisiana). Old-fashioned rituals were mixed with more modern Manhattan habits: a boozy Prima Donna bachelor party; a sweaty Area party; a *déshabillé* penthouse schmooze; a black-tie Racquet Club rehearsal dinner; a hurried St. Bartholomew's ceremony; a riotous Metropolitan Club reception. The bride's mother dived for the bouquet.



STEPHEN BARKER

Portrait of the art cop: Robert Volpe in his studio.

Marshal Art

The maverick art cop goes it alone

BETWEEN dealers and stealers, art is the world's most illicitly trafficked commodity after drugs. Only about a third of stolen artworks have ever been photographed; $2 million worth used to disappear from New York City every month; Scotland Yard's and Interpol's art-tracking computers are incompatible; and the recovery rate is under 15 percent.

Art isn't even safe behind the Iron Curtain. Near dawn on November 6, 1983, thieves scaled a stone wall around Budapest's Museum of Fine Arts, climbed a scaffold to the third floor, and stole Raphael's *Esterhazy Madonna* (valued at $20 million), his *Portrait of a Young Man* ($10 million), and five other paintings worth $1 million each—the worst theft in Hungarian history. They left behind a glass cutter and a screwdriver stamped "Made in the U.S.A." The story of the recovery has never been told before.

The perplexed Hungarians quickly called in the art world's Maverick: Bob Volpe, forty-two, America's first art cop—and a little bit of every screen lawman you ever loved.

Volpe's persona crosses painterly bombast with hoodlum street-smarts. His shoot-from-the-hip morality is couched in a loner's style. He dresses in jeans and black leather, and his Dirty Harry attitude offended his N.Y.P.D. superiors. The art world loves him, however. "He definitely presents an out-there image," says Donna Carlson of the Art Dealers Association of America. "But I don't [illegible] tomboy-ant he is. He [illegible] calls." Today, Volpe [illegible] art crime consultant. With his [illegible] an ex-tennis pro, he lives a life right out of *I Spy*, playing his shadowy role to the hilt. He confides that he's even stolen art *back* from robbers and left them with an I.O.U. "Call it reverse acquisition," he smirks.

Growing up in Brooklyn, Volpe built a hard-boiled shell around a sensitive nature. He painted his bedroom black and decorated his leather jacket with such finesse that neighborhood street gangs, who'd normally whomp an artistic loner, let him alone in exchange for his painting gang "colors" on *their* clothes. "That way," he recalls, "they wouldn't break your hands."

Following school, Volpe enlisted in the infantry. Dropped in the woods during war games, his unit was supposed to cross "enemy territory" together. Volpe went solo, inventing the *modus operandi* he uses to this day: "No one looks for a lone guy without a rule book." He got through, but discovered his troop had been captured, and went back to break them out. Caught in the attempt, Volpe refused to sign a confession, did sit-ups when his captors hung him upside down, sang when they locked him in a box, and broke free when he was stripped, soaked, tied to a chair, and tortured with electrical wires. It was his Great Escape.

Gassed out of hiding in the woods a few days later, he got a call from the police. They'd heard of his escapade and said they could use men like him. He went undercover, *à la* Serpico, growing long hair and a Zapata mustache. When his painting talent caused his name to pop up on a police computer, Volpe was asked to join a new art-recovery team. Then "his department support vanished," says Donna Carlson. So Volpe arrested a prominent attorney for a series of thefts and called an unauthorized press conference to announce his feat. Grudgingly, the powers that be reinstated their one-man Art Squad. Somewhere, Clint Eastwood smiled.

The Budapest caper was the last of Volpe's many million-dollar recoveries as a public servant. The State Department gave him the standard *Mission: Impossible* wa Screw up and y on your own. left for Budapes disembarked in don to set up an e route and an inf tion channel. then did Marsha saunter throug Iron Curtain.

Volpe suspe Italians had co ted the crime. " was a certain dar it," he explains was sure the jo been commissi else "why would come behind the Iron Curta Only a rich collector coul for such an adventure; art th much simpler in a free so Since the thieves must known the scaffold wou there to climb and the prim alarm system had been b for a week, he deduced Hungarians had also bee volved. A safe escape route Danube, ran through Buda A riverbank search turned plastic customs bag coded the colors of the Italian flag *carabinieri* were quickly c in to help.

Three Italians and three garians were soon arrested phael's *Young Man* was f buried in the Hungarian c tryside. Gossip from Vo London grapevine focuse tention on a Greek olive-oil chant. An anonymous cal Athens police to an empt where the remaining pain had been abandoned. Ther investigation stalled; the all Greek mastermind stays proclaiming his innocence.

Back in New York, V waited for an attaboy that n came. "Recover two stolen and you get a medal," he si "This? Nothing. I sensed it time. I left." On New Ye Eve, Volpe turned in his sh Marshal Art was alone on streets again.—**Michael G**

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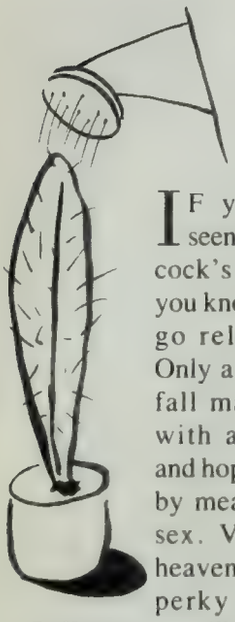
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Virgo

Terminal lanaturneritis



IF you've ever seen Alfred Hitchcock's *Spellbound*, you know about Virgo relationships. Only a Virgo would fall madly in love with an amnesiac and hope to cure him by means of tender sex. Virgos are in heaven playing the perky nurse who fluffs up your pillows and says, "How much better we're looking today!" They just don't ever want you to get the idea that you're well enough to leave St. Virgo's.

They like to boast that nothing ever happens to them, but in fact they all have a terminal case of lanaturneritis. Under their nurse's uniform and cherub's wings, they yearn to be seduced and to appear in lurid headlines, such as NUN TAKES OVERDOSE, LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER BLAMED.

If you're involved with a Virgo, you probably enjoy being yelled at. Remember, their lives are a training ground for sainthood, so the more temptation you put in their path the better. You're going to take the rap for corrupting them in any case.

If you want to please your Virgo, stay medicated and obedient. But if you want to improve your Virgo, be vague and evasive. Help him learn that life is neither a black-and-white newsreel nor a Technicolor musical.

Remember that you're in their life for a purpose: to give a drop of water to a starving cactus. *Be careful not to overwater.*

Current trends: Work will continue to go well for at least six months. You will find that office robots give you free hours for socializing and obsessing.

As Pluto moves through your house of communications, you will learn that even cute little Brownies like you have deep dark secrets. Life would be so easy if you could just burn people out the way they burn out warts, but communication is vital now. Inside you an autistic monkey is shrieking, and though you may feel like beating its little head in, you need to teach that monkey to say please and thank you.

Special note for Virgos born in August: Neptune favors your love life. It's a great time to slip an attractive Capricorn a Mickey and whisk him or her into the tub, because at present Capricorns have just the magic touch of confusion and disorientation that Virgos thrive on. Otherwise, plunge into that creative project you've been dreaming about.

By the end of the year, family anxieties will increase. You'll start sucking your thumb as you hear echoes of those issues your parents used to argue about. By early 1986, partners will help.

Confidential to Sophia Loren: You and all the other Virgos born after September 5 are in the path of a cosmic wind from the planet Uranus. Life for the next few months will be a rite of passage through a fun house—a laugh a minute if you keep an open mind, shock-treatment city if you don't.

Anyone who tells you you're cool right now is a liar. Don't spend a fortune on improvements you can't carry away with you, because the nest you're building is in a tree that could be sold for lumber next week. Every time the phone rings and you think it's Hollywood, it will probably be the hospital, and vice versa.

When it's all over, you'll be like those people on the six o'clock news, standing in front of the rubble after the tornado, saying to the reporter, "Thank God we're all right. Of course we're gonna rebuild. This is our home." **—Michael Lutin**



AMY ARBUS

Conspicuous Coffee Tables

Betty Comden

"Theater in the round" is how Betty Comden describes her coffee table. The stage is set in the library of her Upper East Side town house, where she and Adolph Green spend five hours a day writing the books to Tony-winning Broadway hits, such as *Bells Are Ringing* and *On the Town*, and the movie musical *Singin' in the Rain*—now a Broadway show itself. The table could be a prop from a drawing-room comedy, inlaid with tiles depicting a picturesque English hunting scene. These, however, are upstaged by a colossal coffee-table book of Bakst's Ballets Russes designs. Adolph Green gave it to her as an opening-night present.

"Lots of feet get pushed up against this coffee table," Betty remarks, making light of the show-biz luminaries who have rubbed knees working here. "It's usually strewn with papers and work materials. We're always working on something. We do a great deal of worrying. It's not a restful life. But I wouldn't want it to be."

Betty started writing comedy while performing with Judy Holliday at the Village Vanguard. "We couldn't pay for material, so we started to write. Poverty and hunger are the mother of invention." Today, the reasons have changed, but the show still goes on. Her library is filled with show posters, awards, and other souvenirs of her long and successful career. There are also the artworks collected by her late husband, Steven Kyle, including a fanciful chandelier Betty describes as "the world's largest potato chip."

Playfully regarding her coffee table, Betty Comden recalls one of her first writing assignments. "Do you remember when you were little, at least when I was, there were certain subjects that you wrote little essays about? One of them was If My Desk Could Speak. Well, if my coffee table could speak . . ." Improvising, Betty impersonates the sedentary piece of furniture: "Ah, the things that have happened in this room. I wouldn't know where to begin . . ."

There's a line from *Singin' in the Rain:* "Of course, we talk—don't everybody?" At Betty Comden's house, even the coffee table has the floor. **—Brooks Peters**

Rose's. A 19th-century lime juice—utterly steeped in tradition—that has always found its way into the drinks and cupboards of those who, if anything, prefer to part with tradition.

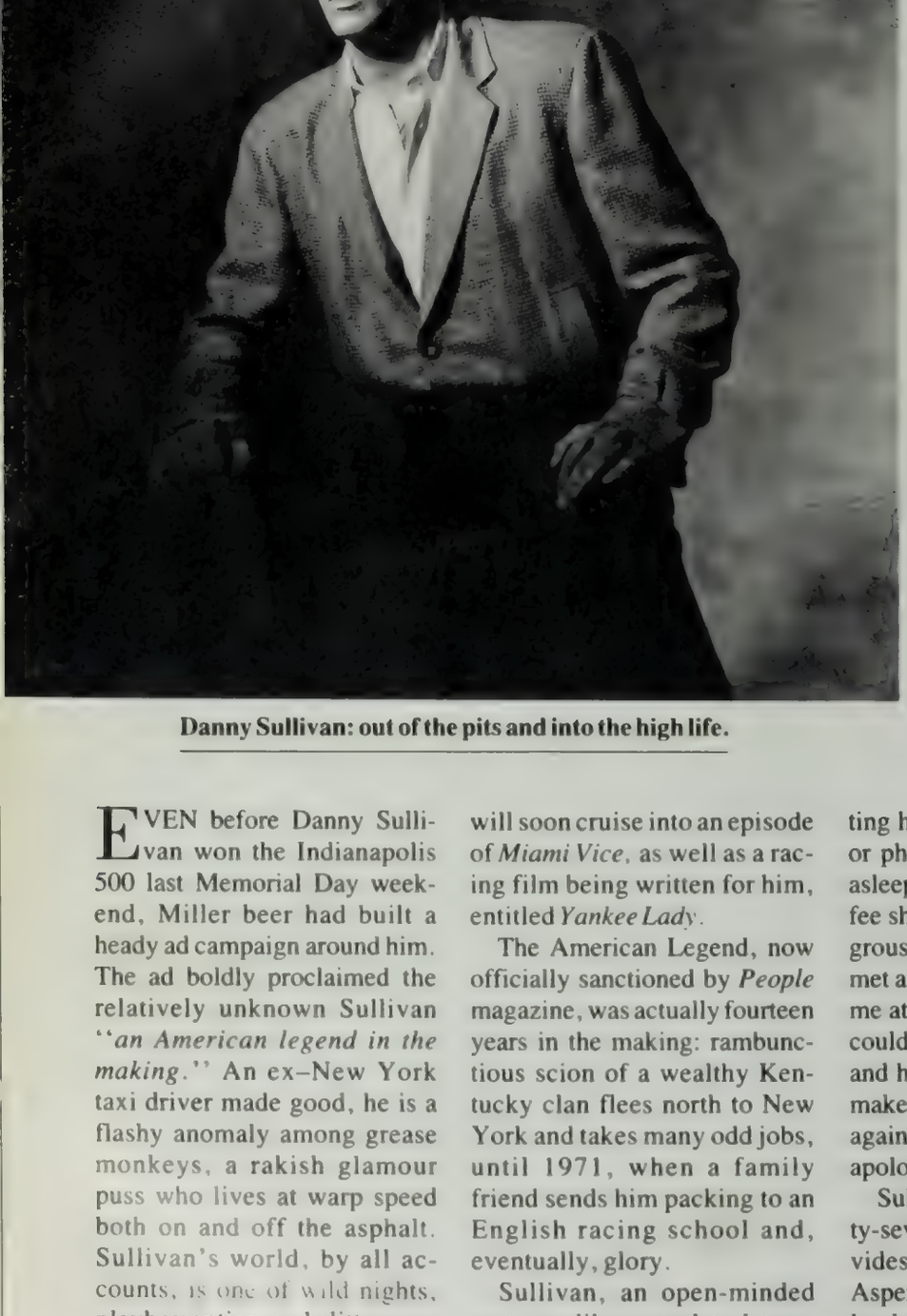
ROSE'S LIME JUICE.



THE UNCOMMON DENOMINATOR.

Sullivan's Travails

Off the track with the fastest playboy on four wheels



Danny Sullivan: out of the pits and into the high life.

EVEN before Danny Sullivan won the Indianapolis 500 last Memorial Day weekend, Miller beer had built a heady ad campaign around him. The ad boldly proclaimed the relatively unknown Sullivan "*an American legend in the making.*" An ex–New York taxi driver made good, he is a flashy anomaly among grease monkeys, a rakish glamour puss who lives at warp speed both on and off the asphalt. Sullivan's world, by all accounts, is one of wild nights, playboy antics, and glittery entourages that feature the likes of Christie Brinkley, Susan Anton, and Victoria Principal. Equipped with a beefcake grin and show-biz schmooze, he will soon cruise into an episode of *Miami Vice*, as well as a racing film being written for him, entitled *Yankee Lady*.

The American Legend, now officially sanctioned by *People* magazine, was actually fourteen years in the making: rambunctious scion of a wealthy Kentucky clan flees north to New York and takes many odd jobs, until 1971, when a family friend sends him packing to an English racing school and, eventually, glory.

Sullivan, an open-minded sort, readily agreed to let me trail him for a few days. We met at the Detroit Grand Prix, where he had come not to race but to fraternize. Afterward, I pursued him through a night of partying in New York prior to his competing in the U.S. Grand Prix at the Meadowlands.

The slowest thing about Danny Sullivan is his drawl. He eats fast, sleeps fast, walks fast. He loves to talk nonchalantly about the sensation of driving the length of a football field in one second. Jaded pit crews gathered around him and listened attentively. "The difference between going 208 and 214 miles per hour is very little," he told an oily gaggle. "You don't really feel it."

A smart dresser, he often wears white, highlighting his tan. At night, he favors the loose, linen styles of Gianni Versace. Sullivan's fashion philosophy: "Hell, I'd rather be naked." His only physical imperfection is decidedly odd: he has no earlobes. Also, as one female admirer noted, "he's shorter than he ought to be."

He never refuses autographs (always dotting his *i*'s with hollow circles) or photo requests, unless he is asleep. One morning in the coffee shop of his Detroit hotel, he groused: "This goddamn girl I met at the track yesterday called me at two A.M. and asked if she could come upstairs to get a kiss and her picture taken. Then, to make it worse, she woke me up again at seven this morning to apologize."

Sullivan travels, he says, forty-seven weeks a year. He divides spare time between his Aspen condo and the Los Angeles home of interior decorator Julie Nini, whom he calls "my *regular* girlfriend." Otherwise, he lives out of a suitcase in such plush hotels as the Plaza Athénée in New York, getting special rates: "I spend a lo dough here. I never get ou under one or two grand— that covers five nights at most!"

Although he doesn't sm Marlboro pays him handson to wear clothing bearing logo. Although he seems to wine spritzers, he will quic switch to a Miller High L whenever photographers pr "I don't wanna be an actor, often stressed, "I wanna b promotions." Said one rac wag, "Danny has a rare qu ty—charisma. He may be best goodwill ambassador sport has ever seen."

He's a media magnet. what was said to have bee "slow" day in Detroit, he sp with two dozen reporters, all ing them anywhere from a m ment to a half-hour. Usua by the fifth question his e glazed over. "He's gett bored with it," a Sullivan c fidant told me. The subject t bores him most is the now mous 360-degree spinout t preceded his crossing the I finish line. Second-most: sl chasing.

Sullivan makes time for a one. For instance, during a pa at the Manhattan video club P vate Eyes, he frequently danc with two women simultaneo ly. Watching this, his physi trainer, Dan Isaacson, shrugg "See, this playboy image h been blown completely out proportion."

His primary dance partn that night were a blonde equ trienne named Vicki and Gre ory Peck's actress daught Cecilia. He exchanged seve long, passionate kisses w both, and, later, when escorti Cecilia Peck to her door in Gr mercy Park, he instructed h limo driver to circle the blo until he reappeared. Climbi back into the car, Sulliv sighed to his fellow passenge "I got to win me a couple mo of these Indy 500s."

—Bill Zehn

The new view of creative living.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN VAUGHAN

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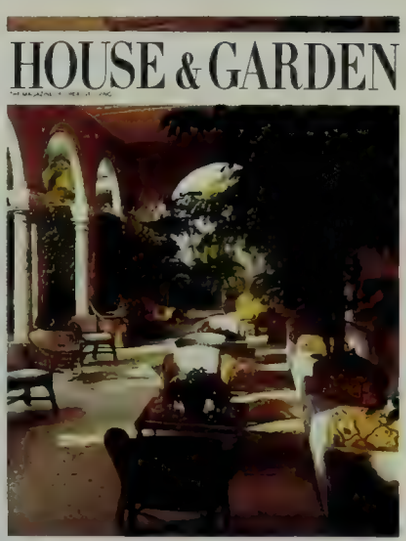
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Trisha Brown, Sylvia Mazzola, Christophe de Menil, and Robert Rauschenberg



Composers Peter Zummo and John Cage

Dance Party

Patricia Kennedy Lawford rested her head on Merce Cunningham's shoulder. Lily Auchincloss and Judy Peabody embraced. Arlene Dahl carried a fur stole. Choreographer Trisha Brown and hostess Christophe de Menil hopped up on chairs, and Robert Rauschenberg toasted the grand relationship between artist and patron. Nancy Graves eyed the cool green lap pool downstairs. The artists and their patrons were at the elegant East Side de Menil town house for cocktails and chitchat preparatory to Trisha Brown's gala benefit on September 17. Ch pagne flowed, smoked t floated by on silver trays. Castelli was delighted to Kitty Carlisle Hart, who in hugged Sylvia Mazzola, hosting with de Menil Rauschenberg. Composer P Zummo swapped tales v John Cage, the new avant-g meeting the old. The dan clustered in groups, like li sculpture. A video of the Tr Brown Dance Company fl ered at the end of the long w room. Nobody fell into pool. —Joan Tedes

Venus Envy

"Everyone here is either Greek or press," said guest number one.

"Everyone except Jerry Zipkin," said guest number two.

"Deep down he's both," said guest number three.

The party: a cocktail reception given at the Metropolitan Club in New York by archaeologist Iris Love and investologist Alexander Papamarkou to celebrate the publication of *The Venus Syndrome: A Four-Step Plan for Improving the Bottom-Heavy Figure*, by Eu nia Chandris of the Greek shipping family.

The Greeks: King Constantine and Queen Anne Marie, Mr. Mrs. Alexander Goulandris, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Athan siades, Mr. and Mrs. George Coumantaros, "the other" Geo Livanos, and Lita Livanos, wife of *the* George Livanos.

The press: Liz Smith, James Brady, Charlotte Curtis, Mort Zu erman, and Ann Getty, whose Grove Press is planning to rev *Evergreen Review*. —B.



The King of the Hellenes and Alecko Papamarkou



Audrey Love and her daughter Iris



Jeannie Chandris flanked by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Getty

Harper's Harpies

It's hell being hounded



ıow it isn't customary for the tor of Harper's *to write to you ıut renewing your subscrip-ı. . . . But* Harper's *in its new n gives me so much pleasure t I cannot imagine a reader o would not find it a source of erest and delight. I expect that tty soon I'll take to accosting ıngers at airport newsstands.*
—Lewis H. Lapham

TIRED of life, tired of love, I fled on camel to the shelter- palms of the Sahara, swig- ıg water from a goatskin blad- as the surrounding dunes did shimmy in the wicky-wacky at.

"What brings you to the des- , blue-eyed brother in sheet of ıite?"

Parking my camel in the cool the oasis, I admired the length my shadow and stood magnif- ently silent.

The bit player in the beggar stume took the hint and melt- into the timeless sands. How uld he understand what had iven me from Manhattan, the nd of my peoples? Oh, I could ıve told him about the devil omen in my life, who drew cir- es on my chest and used my art as a dart board. But I uldn't tell him about the thing at had really exiled me from ew York, the black plague of y existence, the spring in my tapult.

Magazine accosters.

Understand: Demographical- , I am the ideal magazine sub- riber, a baby-boomer with lots f disposable income and anxi- ies that can be exploited from ere to the outpatient clinic. onsequently, every shiny agazine wants me on its sub st. This zeal has led to pushy, uscling excess. Ed Kosner of *New York* magazine pressed me against the wall and tried to interest me in pictures of John Simon and Julie Baumgold in ballet tights performing the pas de deux from *La Stupenda*—"an example," he said, "of the sort of fine entertainment we provide every week in *New York* magazine." One afternoon, I was stuffed into the backseat of a limousine and deposited at the editorial offices of *The New Yorker*. William Shawn, the godfather of soul, gently nudged the latest issue of *The New Yorker* under my nose and said in the kindest voice possible, "Subscribe."

"But I don't want to read any more about Ved Mehta's damned relatives!" I whined, scanning the table of contents. Shawn sighed and buzzed in a pair of fact checkers, who took me into a nearby alcove and worked me over, the thugs.

But the worst, the stalking worst, was Lewis Lapham, the editor of *Harper's*. He was like gum stuck to the bottom of my shoe—I couldn't peel him off with a paint scraper. There I would be at Yankee Stadium, trying to watch Phil Niekro's knuckleball rumba to home plate, and down the aisle would come Lapham in a Yankee-blue apron, yelling, "*Harper's*! Getcher red-hot *Harper's*! Free symposium in every issue!" Or there I would be at the beach, watching Brazilian girls autograph their boyfriends' sun visors with lipstick, when Lapham would materialize in a golf cart wearing one of Ricardo Montalban's white suits from *Fantasy Island*. "Jeem," he would say, "you seet in the hot sun reading *Whiskers: The Little Cat That Could*. A fine book, I'm sure. But have you considered the *Harper's* alternative?" I developed more tics and twitches than David Janssen in *The Fugitive*.

Lewis Lapham, if I may lapse into italics, made my life *a living hell*.

So here I sprawl on my Arabian bunk, watching the flies line up in a V formation on the ceiling in preparation for a bombing run. I haven't felt so mystically blurred and estranged since I crammed for a Coleridge final by eating bad mushrooms. I am definitely weirded-out.

A knock at the door.

I rise, and before me stands a hooded man, heavily mustached, flanked by two of the most collegiate-looking odalisques I've ever seen vertical. "I understand," he says, "that you are a blue-eyed stranger not averse to naked maidens coated in olive oil."

"You heard right, pardner," say I, adjusting my drawl.

"Allow me to introduce Brenda and Jackie." Brenda winks her belly button, and Jackie arches her eyebrows like caterpillars.

"Brenda and Jackie—those are pretty funny names for local members of the Welcome Wagon. What do they do between olive-oil matches?"

"They stock their minds"—he pulls something slick from his sleeve—"with whimsical and helpful facts found every month in the pages of *Harper's* magazine. Yes, after a long hot day nothing is more refreshing than a dip into *Harper's*, which can be purchased. . ."

"It's YOU!" I shout, pulling back the hood to reveal Lewis Lapham's patrician features. Jackie and Brenda—clearly they're summer interns, forced by Lapham to wear bare-midriff harem loungewear. Oh, *très* sordid. Rather than hang around and offer them counseling, I fly to the window and make an airborne mount of my camel, landing between the humps (thank *God*). "Make tracks!" I cry, and into the shimmying dunes we speed.

The last thing I see is Brenda and Jackie rubbing their teary eyes with their tiny fists as the adhesive on Lapham's Jerry Colonna mustache comes slowly unstuck. He looks really, really peeved. **—James Wolcott**



Hilary Estin
Esprit/USA Advertising Manager
Age: 27

I believe in fate, when you really want something you go after it and you get it. When I was little I always wanted to be grown up and get aw... 'r...m my stuffy east coast s... N... w really look forward to hav... s... ...ng the whole family t... S...berian Husk... ...re-ne...rial sl... ...al risks.

Photo: Toscani

Table Talk

yone says Area is "like a Fellini movie"—ex-Fellini. After being swarmed and swamped at lub's party in his honor, the movie maestro es-d to Elaine's and **a bowl of rigatoni.**

Eurotrash Prom: At the first ball of Club Biron Junior International Club spin-off), the girls **all e as Maggie Thatcher** and the boys all came as r Lorre.

for tat: Pace Gallery **stung** Leo Castelli and y Boone with Julian Schnabel's million-dollar defection; ne got even by stealing Pace's top minimalist, Brice den.



A mark, a yen, a buck, or a pound, *Euromoney* magazine is the one you'll find junior investment bankers **photocopying.**

Just when you thought it was safe to take out your macramé planters again, Brenda Bolling (formerly with Mary McFadden) is causing a stir on Seventh Avenue with $2,500 **couturier macramé** dresses that Joan Collins and Diana Vreeland are wearing.

What do Lewis Lapham, Bill Paley, Baroness von Thyssen, and Stavros Niarchos have in **common?** Their Upper East Sides have all been trompe l'oeiled by Brooklyn-based Moroni Associates.

PEN Pushers

Who's afraid of Tobias Wolff?

*WRITERS, editors, and patrons of letters shuttled to shington on a warm weekend onor five writers and a book had slipped into the book-es ignored. Not one critic reviewed this year's PEN/lkner $5,000-award win-*The Barracks Thief *(Ecco ss), and its author, Tobias lff, was genuinely dumb-nded that the novel had final-urfaced with such honor. To ebrate, writer Doris Grum-h threw a buffet party for enty-five at her Capitol Hill house, where Wolff met ger Mudd; David Leavitt* mily Dancing*) made friends h the ebullient Harriet Doerr* ones for Ibarra*); James rdy (*On Glory's Course*) tted with Donald Hays (*The tie Association*). Louise Er-ch brought her newborn ghter, Pallas Antigone Dor-, and Peter Fonda, Jim rer, and Bobbie Ann Mason obbed among others in the mbach garden. The next day party continued in the Eliza-han Great Hall at the Folger kespeare Library between nds of beef and a string trio. e four $1,000 winners read m their books before Toby lff's acceptance speech, ex-pted here.*

"William Butler Yeats spoke his poetry as the social act of a



NESHAN NALTCHAYAN

Toby Olson, Donald Hays, and Toby Wolff

solitary man. I've never heard a better description of the effort to create something out of language, the paradox of being most social when most alone. Language is our meeting place, the sea we all live in. When I watched my children learning to talk I had the sense that they were not so much learning language as being claimed by it, taken into its arms as if it were another parent, and so it is. In the arms of language they will join the family of man. They will learn what has gone before, and they will learn what is left to be done. In language they will learn to laugh, and to grieve, to be consoled in their grief and to console others. In language they will discover who they are. It is the common ground of our humanity.

"But those who take language for their work must accept the purest solitude as the first condition of that work. Language does not bend to the collective will. You have to come to it alone. And even then it may be slow to favor you. But you try anyway. And you keep trying. And if you are lucky, perhaps after all this trying you will be given something to take away with you. But you aren't allowed to keep it. It belongs to everyone. It joins the common store.

"The irony is that most writers, most writers of my acquaintance anyway, are sociable men and women, not at all the kind of people you would suspect of wanting to shut themselves up for hours at a time, day after day, year after year. Who knows why they do it? They probably don't know themselves. But I suspect a reason. My guess is that the unearthly joy of those moments when they are visited with favor, when words come alive in their mouths, makes any temptation to use their lives otherwise seem pale and not worth thinking about.

"And the rest of us feel the power of those moments, too, because the living words are handed on to us and give shape to our lives. They bring us the truth about ourselves, about who we are and where we have been and where we are going. Their power is so great that one of the first things any tyrant does is to bully writers into silence, or murder them, or put them in camps, or force them into exile, where their voices can't be heard. But the true power belongs to them, and in the end they will be heard. That is why we honor Ovid over Caesar, Babel and Solzhenitsyn over Stalin, Lorca over Franco, Shakespeare over any king. So it has always been, and so it will always be." **—Tobias Wolff**

FLASHBACK: *Vanity Fair*, 1927

Then as now: These bobbed Bernices of 1927 look utterly contemporary. The top three could be matron-izing Regine's, the bottom three dis-gracing Area.



THE LINCOLN CUT
This distinctly feminine model somehow suggests the rugged grace of the Great Emancipator. It is immensely popular out West where ladies are still female.



THE FOLLETTE HEAD
This tempestuous arrangement is almost universal in the wide Wisconsin spaces where winds and alfalfa come high. It usually connotes intellect and a radical and restless disposition.



THE WASHINGTON
A perfect coiffure for the Colonial Dame or Daughter of the Revolution, recalling the Father of his country and worn by Mrs. Daggett, the mother of twelve.



THE COOLIDGE COIF
Economy is the key-note of the Coolidge Cut which still achieves a saving grace in its smartness. It lies easy on the brain, looks wise, and means almost nothing.



THE VERY LAST WORD
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THE TUNNEY BRUSH
This fighting bob is a sur character developer. The ver tical tresses with a fine hair line edge require twent minutes of setting-up exer cises, to set them up.

Boyishly Bobbing Along

The Latest Coiffures in New York's Smartest Set

Sketches by BENITO





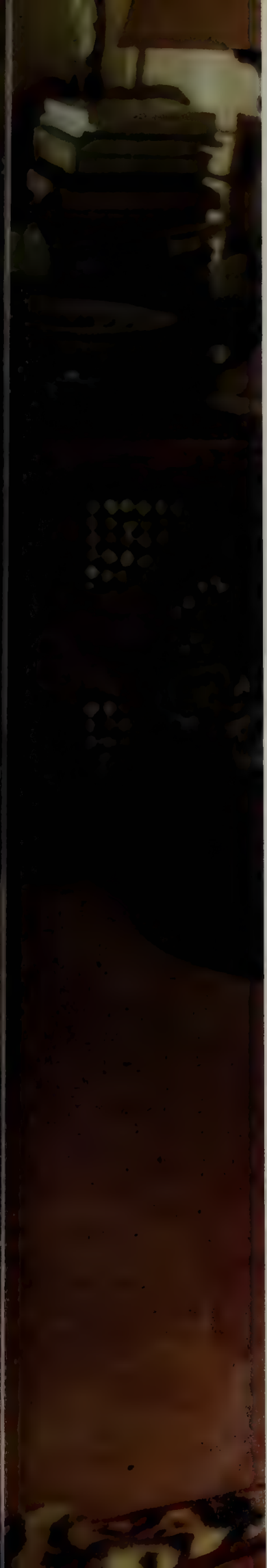
YVES SAINT LAURENT

menswear



YVES SAINT LAURENT
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HAIR BY ALFONSO NOE, MAKEUP BY FRANCESCA TOLOT, AND STYLED BY RAYMOND LEE, ALL FOR CLOUTIER

COOL ANGEL

It's like a movie: after three reels zonked out in the shadow of her father or her lover, our heroine suddenly pulls her psyche together and becomes a star. Anjelica Huston talks to MARIE BRENNER

Anjelica Huston's house is small and as pink as a baby's palm, a rose-colored cottage the exact shade the newly celebrated actress, girlfriend, and daughter says she uses to filter out everything unpleasant in her past. She knows this is self-deception, but it is her way of surviving a history full of private tragedies and public travesties, as well as all those years of being hemmed in by two mighty male egos and known either as John Huston's daughter or as Jack Nicholson's girlfriend. The incidents of her life would have done in a lesser woman: her childhood was an Irish *Haywire*, with a wild and womanizing father who abandoned his exquisite young wife and their two small toddlers to the loneliness of the Irish countryside; then came separation, death, drugs, lassitude, a maiming car crash, and a vicarious existence that left the actress, as she says, "feeling somewhat demoralized and paralyzed" for about one-third of her life.

Anjelica Huston is a child of the picture business, and the events of her life have been ticked off in movie time,

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

not in months and years. She was born during *The African Queen,* her father first held her during *Moulin Rouge,* she started school during *Moby Dick,* her parents' marriage fell apart just after *The Misfits,* and her mother was killed during *The Kremlin Letter.* Her father's way of reaching out to his troubled daughter was to drag her into his world, casting her when she was sixteen in a dismal film called, appropriately enough, *A Walk with Love and Death.* "In retrospect," John Huston told me, "that might have been a mistake."

The mistake was compounded: Anjelica had to grieve for her mother, in her words, "during the promo tour for *Love and Death,*" and then, in classic child-of-Hollywood style, she says, "I simply checked out of life for a long, long time." She hung around New York, modeled, moved to L.A., found Jack Nicholson, moved in with him, dabbled with drugs, and was even charged with drug possession at the time director Roman Polanski was arrested for allegedly raping a thirteen-year-old girl while visiting the Nicholson-Huston household. "That was just after *Cuckoo's Nest,*" a friend of Anjelica's explains.

She fought her way through the thicket of family circumstances and the life of the picture colony in the same way a hero of a John Huston movie does. She took control of her destiny and turned it around, and she did it by returning to the fold, enrolling in acting and dancing classes, taking small parts—"anything so I could work"—until she finally found redemption through her astonishing performance in *Prizzi's Honor,* which was directed by her father and which co-starred Jack Nicholson, her companion of eleven years.

The first shot of her in the picture is startling. She is in black, her face half in shadow, a large hat obscuring her eyes. She is seated in church, a woman in mourning for her life. The camera pauses a beat longer than it might linger on another actress, and underneath the hat you see an expression of toughness mingled with ingenuousness, a child-woman who might be a killer, a don's granddaughter in exile who might grow up to be as powerful as the don. This is the movies as life and life as the movies, a happy Hollywood ending to a problematical Hollywood tale. Deprived of her father, Anjelica became his finest product, finding herself by playing a Mafia princess with a Brooklyn accent and a pink name, Maerose. As Jack Nicholson told me, "*Prizzi's Honor* dropped a lot of dead weight off Anjelica's psyche."

It is morning in Southern California, and Anjelica knows it is morning because she has a reason to get up. She has been up for hours padding through her pink bungalow in a Bel Air canyon. Her feet are bare, her peach toenail polish is chipped. A tall girl with bangs, wearing Levi's and an oversize work shirt, she looks like a darling overgrown Sarah Lawrence student. She is filled with purpose, although slightly twittery, pleased that finally, at age thirty-four, she is able to utter the sentence that is the elixir of Hollywood life: "I'm due at the studio." She is in rehearsal with Michael Jackson and Francis Coppola for a twelve-minute Disney short. "I get to do wonderful things like flying around on harnesses and playing a witch," she says.

Everything suddenly seems new and wonderful to h living alone, working, having a pile of scripts to read, part of real life. "Can you imagine what it was like with Jack, when the phones were always ringing and s were always coming in for him and there were deals made constantly and I couldn't even get a job?" she as

Tentative in her movements, a bit gawky, as if she still feeling her way, Anjelica is what the French call *laide,* extraordinarily beautiful one moment, almost never quite—plain the next. "I have one of those faces, says, "where if I don't keep my chin up, everything lapses and it's a disaster!" Her nose is large, her eye almond-shaped and close together, her neck is long graceful. Not a bit like Maerose, today she's just a girl drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes, chatting about her friend in a nervous vibrato.

In the rose-colored bungalow, all the beloved posses and toys of her childhood are safely locked in place, a c of tiny reminders from an idyllic time. "Look at this pathetic toy bear," she says. "That was in my c house." Now the doll's house also contains the Renaiss angel that used to float above her bed at St. Clerans manor house in Ireland. "She watched over me wher father was away. Oh God, how I cling to my possess It's ridiculous!" Here and there are photos of Nicho one, tiny and out of focus, of him clutching a Lhasa, an a high-school-graduation picture of him with a crew cut a devilish smile.

"Look at these!" Anjelica cries, opening drawers st with dozens of old pictures: of Anjelica and her mother a Clerans, of Anjelica posing with her poodle and ponie peeking out of banisters, or climbing trees, or with childh friends, like Stephen Spender's daughter, Lizzie, or nuns at her convent school. The stills of her father are pa a vast collection of Hustoniana: on tiger shoots or at l fights, in riding boots or in black tie, with John Wayn Humphrey Bogart or John Steinbeck or Jean-Paul Sartre Simone de Beauvoir.

Out of another drawer Anjelica produces a mint copy 1947 *Life* magazine with a Philippe Halsman photo of mother, Ricki Soma, on the cover. Once a dancer in Ge Balanchine's company, the ballerina had the same Mona Lisa gaze her daughter has, with eyebrows shaped cockeyed parentheses. And Anjelica, at times, seems as zen in time as the image of her mother on that *Life* co She seems then to float above her catastrophes, untouche a proper formal education, unresponsive to certain inte questions, as if a fundamental part of her development been arrested by the car crash that killed her mother w Anjelica was seventeen. "Sometimes I look at Anjeli pictures when she was a little girl and I find them hauntin Jack Nicholson has told me. "It is the same Anjelica, same innocence, the person I know today."

Anjelica never questioned the verities of her childhood. think I never asked my father anything, because I was afraid he would tell me the answer," she says, adding, don't think I ever remember seeing my parents share a b room." Why her father abandoned her mother, why stayed in a different house on the grounds when he was

"Can you imagine what it was like living with Jack, when the phones were always ringing and scripts were always coming in for him and there were deals being made constantly and I couldn't even get a job?"

:land, how her mother coped, why they separated, who the enty-nine-year-old male companion was in the car with her other the day she was killed in France—a tangle of mysters remains in the Huston family, out in what Anjelica calls e nebula, soothed by what John Huston calls circumnces, the passage of time.

Anjelica was born into a family where show business was the religion, the family trade, and a part of the genetic ain. Her grandfather was the actor Walter Huston, who arted in vaudeville and married up, to a tough newspaperoman named Rhea Gore, whose grandfather had been a end of Bat Masterson's. Their son, John, was onstage perrming in an Uncle Sam suit by the time he was three. alter and Rhea encouraged his every creative move: John orked as a painter, as a prizefighter, and as a journalist on s mother's newspaper, the *Daily Graphic;* he practiced essage with the Mexican Army and published a story in the *nerican Mercury*. He finally found his true calling when he as hired to work as a screenwriter on a Walter Huston picture. ne movie business became his family, and he became a colctor of people. He was charming, capricious, easily bored. When you are with him you have his undivided attention—ntil he feels the need to move on," Lauren Bacall once said of m. "Then there you are with egg on your face."

"My life is composed of random, tangential, disparate isodes," Huston wrote in his autobiography, *An Open ook*. "Five wives; many liaisons, some more memorable an the marriages. The hunting. The betting. The thoroughreds. Painting, collecting, boxing. Writing, directing, and cting in more than sixty pictures . . . Not one of my wives as been remotely like any of the others. . . . They were a ixed bag: a schoolgirl; a gentlewoman; a motion picture ctress; a ballerina; and a crocodile." Huston's four children would not need to be extraordinarily gifted to see that iere is no mention of them in their father's résumé.

Ricki Soma, the ballerina wife, was also, in her own way, product of show business. Her father, Tony Soma, was the wner of Tony's and Tony's Wife, two New York restauants that were celebrity hangouts—the Elaine's of their day.

As a child, Ricki hung around her father's restaurants and ook in his unconventional bromides and his way of life. My grandfather was a yogi," Anjelica says. "He would and on his head every day reading Shaw and Voltaire and ay the most fantastic things, like 'The tongue is the root of ll life.' " He once told Frank Sinatra, "Always sing with our teeth clenched," and he told his daughter Ricki that he xpected her to write a two-page composition each time she ent to the ballet.

One day during the war, John Huston went to Tony's and heard the thirteen-year-old Ricki complaining about these ballet essays. "I'll take you to the ballet and you won't have to write a thing for me," he told her. They made a date, but before Huston could keep it he was called away to Washington by the government. Years passed. Eventually Ricki went to Hollywood, and there she remet Huston at a dinner party at the Selznicks'. She was nineteen, he was forty-three. "I don't believe we've met," he told her. "Oh yes, you stood me up once." "And that was that," Anjelica says. Years later Evelyn Keyes, who had been married to Huston after the war, wrote: "Is there something appealing about a girlchild growing up to a fuckable age under your nose?"

They married when Ricki was seven months pregnant with Anjelica's brother, Tony, and soon after that Ricki was pregnant again. The Hustons were living in Malibu at the time, and John was "single-minded," as he writes in his autobiography, about his new picture, *The African Queen*. He got Humphrey Bogart on board by getting him drunk at Romanoff's and telling him, "Kid, we'll get Kate Hepburn and we'll make the whole damn thing in the Congo. . . . You and me down there with the king pythons and the bull elephants." Huston was determined to find "the blackest river," even if it was infested with blood flukes, hemispheres away from Malibu, Ricki, and her pregnancy. His only means of communication with the outside world, he said, was a runner who would travel three days from Butiaba. One day when Huston was rehearsing with Hepburn and Bogart, such a runner appeared and handed the director a note. Ricki had had a daughter. "I stuck the paper silently in my pocket," Huston wrote, and he said nothing until at last Hepburn shouted, "John, for heaven's sake, tell us!"

Anjelica Huston was born as a footnote to *The African Queen,* and she remained a footnote in her father's book—six mentions in 373 pages. She was relegated to Ireland with her mother, "who loved beautiful things—fresh-cut flowers, tiny boxes with hidden compartments, potpourris, and the Balenciaga dresses I would watch her put on. I would joke with her, 'Will you leave this to me someday?' "

Then everything changed. Her parents separated. Her mother moved to London when Anjelica was ten, and the child was thrown into a tough lycée, where she was "considered stupid" and held back a grade. Her mother, she remembers, cried a lot of the time. During *The Bible,* Ricki gave birth to Anjelica's sister, Allegra, who bears the Huston name.

Four years later Ricki was in France, traveling with her mystery man. Anjelica says, "I began to get worried. We hadn't heard from her, and she had been calling every day to



Finally she is able to utter the sentence that is the elixir of Hollywood life: "I'm due at the studio."



check on Allegra. I woke up, the telephone was ringing, and it was one of our tutors. He said, 'Your mother is dead.' I will never get over it as long as I live. Oh God,'' she says, her voice splintering with grief and fury. ''Unbelievable. Look at me. Even now I can't talk about it. I was seventeen. I needed her so badly. I remember coming back from the funeral. My mother's houses were always so extravagantly beautiful. When I got back that morning, it was as if everything had died. The entire house was lost, gone, finished. It is hard to describe what it is like when actual objects lose their lives. I went into her closet—all her beautiful Balenciagas I used to crave, it was as if they had gone limp. They didn't even smell like her anymore. I had a need to leave London then, to leave everything behind that reminded me of life with her.''

Looking back, Anjelica believes that her mother was afraid of her father, which is why she didn't fight him when, a year before her death, he insisted on casting Anjelica in *A Walk with Love and Death*. ''Katie Hepburn doesn't object to working with me,'' he said to his daughter when she resisted. And so, awkward and miserable, Anjelica left her mother in London and went on location in Austria, where her father treated her to what Jack Nicholson approvingly calls ''everyman austerity.''

''I think John Huston was just hoping to get his children to the point where they could see that all father-child roles were off, that he was just a man dealing with events,'' Nicholson says. Then he adds chillingly, ''One of the difficulties of being an artist is that you don't want to exclude your family from your life, but you don't want your family and your circumstances to intervene with your art.''

After her mother's death, Anjelica flew to New York and went on the promo tour for the film in an effort to assuage her father—a seventeen-year-old forced into the thinking of her family: the show must go on. ''Anjelica was frantic after Ricki died,'' John Huston says. ''I didn't know how to reach her, what to do. It was a very difficult time.'' Even now when Anjelica thinks about it, she has a hard time untangling her real-life grief from her film-life self-hatred. ''They called me wooden and frozen,'' she says. That's how she became, in her words, ''a bundle of fears,'' which it took *Prizzi's Honor* to untie.

A few years ago Nicholson took Anjelica back to St. Clerans, which Anjelica had not seen since her mother died. Imagine this return to Oz: Jack Nicholson, whom the owners recognized, appearing without warning on the doorstep, saying he was helping the Huston girl look for her roots. ''The new owners wouldn't let us in,'' he says, so he and Anjelica roamed the grounds, where they encountered the Hustons' former gardener. ''He had Irish tears brimming in his eyes,'' Nicholson says, ''and I was with a weepy woman. I had a good time.''

Shortly before the roots trip to St. Clerans, Nicholson had received some astonishing news out of his own past. Having grown up fatherless, he learned that the ''mother'' and ''sister'' who raised him were in fact his grandmother and mother. Nicholson learned this, Anjelica says, ''just after *Chinatown* and during *The Fortune*. *(Continued on page 125)*

PEN Pals

The most tedi
form of entertainment imaginable is a reading,"
mits Kurt Vonnegut, who sat down with Nor
Mailer and William Styron to assemble the e
pairs of writers scheduled to perform this fall
series of fund-raisers for the gigantic PEN Congre
New York this January. "But how much can you
with two guys and a lit stage?" Vonnegut's own p
ner for the evening will be Tom Wolfe, who plan
read "some mercifully short pieces" and then
talk. "We didn't choose the sixteen best writer
America," stresses Vonnegut. "We chose our
best bullshitters."

These evenings don't come cheap. A subsc
tion ticket is a thousand dollars; $50,000 and
get to be a "Leader." But it's for a good cause.
the literary association founded by John Galsw
thy in 1921, has a long history of protecting
rights of poets, essayists, novelists, and editors
over the world—and a long history of sponsor
stormy congresses. This one, on "The Writ
Imagination and the Imagination of the Sta
ought to be as controversial as ever; after all, p
siding over the weeklong event will be PEN's pr
dent, Norman Mailer.

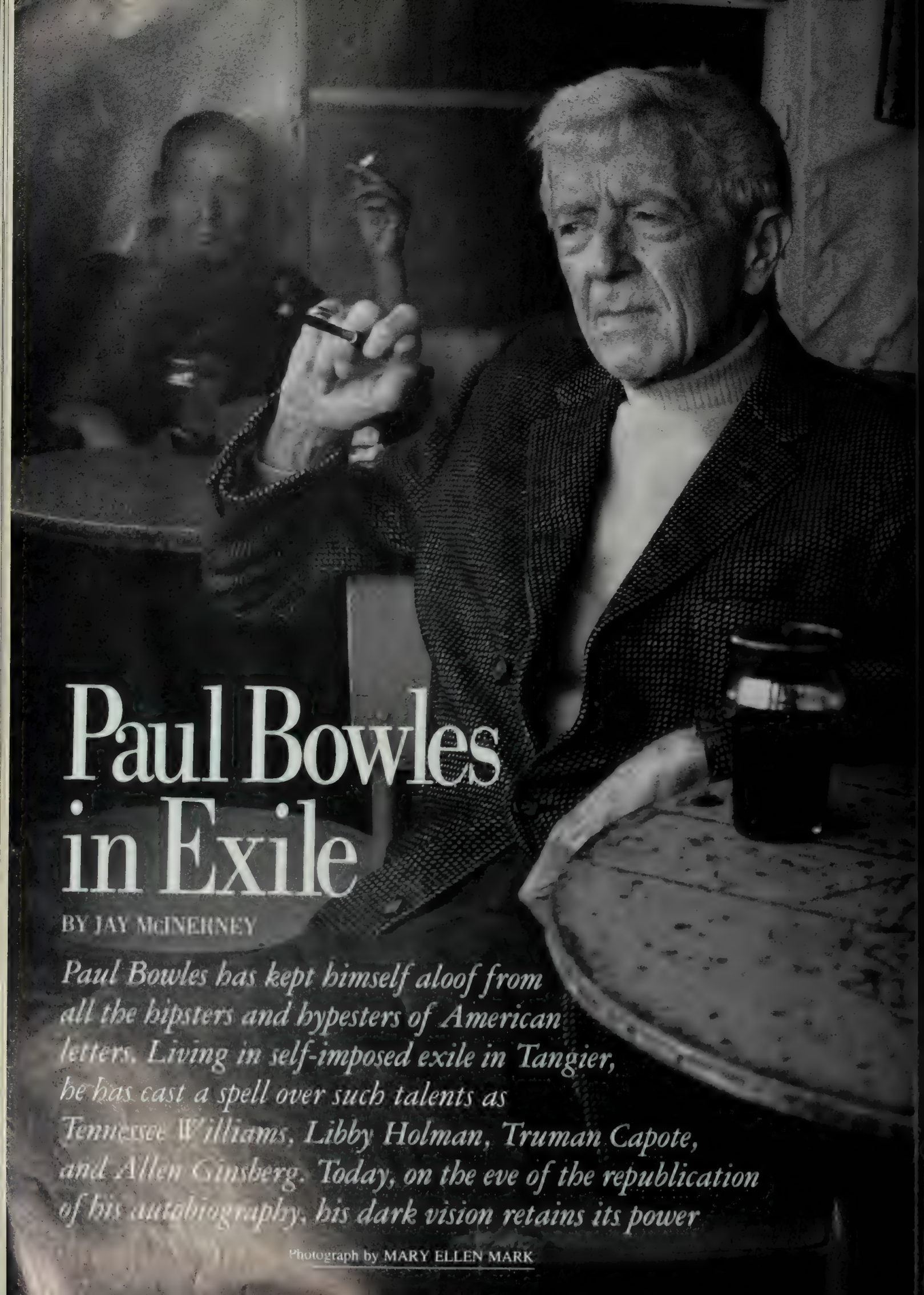
"The PEN Celebration," as the preliminary fall b
efit is billed, could get a little stormy itself, tho
most of the couples are benign enough for Noa
Ark: Isaac Bashevis Singer and Alice Walk
Woody Allen and John Updike (authorities on ar
and Angstrom); Susan Sontag and Joan Didion; S
ron and Arthur Miller; Saul Bellow and Eudora We
Two of them are a little...odd: John Irving and V
liam Buckley and (guess whose idea this was) Ma
and Gore Vidal. Either they've made up since the
torious fisticuffs at Lally Weymouth's party, or the
need a referee. (For further information, call the F
American Center at 212-334-1660.) —JAMES AT



TOM WOLFE and KURT VONNEGUT

Vonnegut and Mailer and Styron have assembled eight pairs of writers to perform at fund-raisers for the next big PEN Congress, which may get a little stormy.

Photograph by RICHARD CORMAN

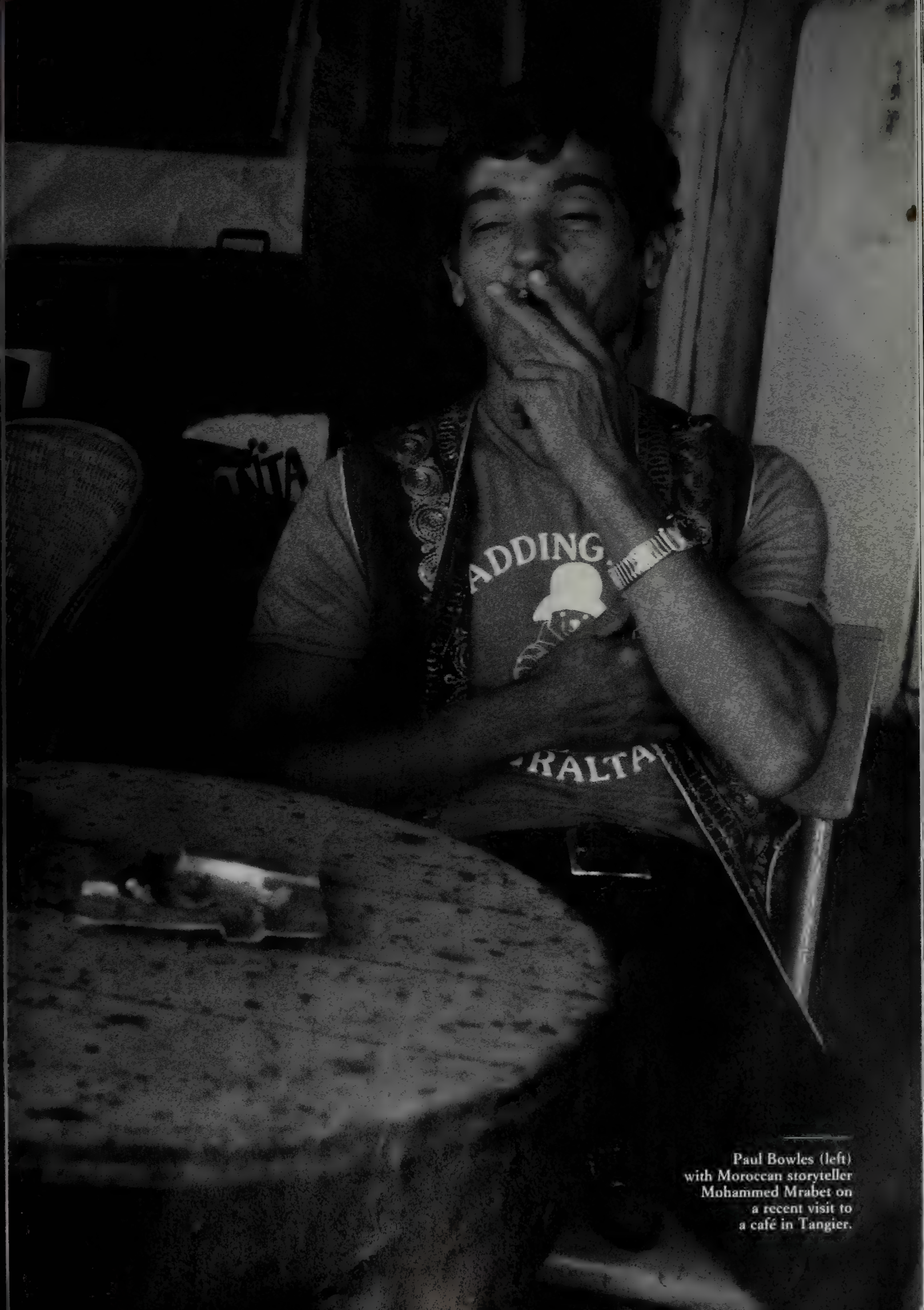


Paul Bowles in Exile

BY JAY McINERNEY

Paul Bowles has kept himself aloof from all the hipsters and hypesters of American letters. Living in self-imposed exile in Tangier, he has cast a spell over such talents as Tennessee Williams, Libby Holman, Truman Capote, and Allen Ginsberg. Today, on the eve of the republication of his autobiography, his dark vision retains its power

Photograph by MARY ELLEN MARK



Paul Bowles (left)
with Moroccan storyteller
Mohammed Mrabet on
a recent visit to
a café in Tangier.



Bowles photographed by Edwin Denby in Fez in the late 1940s.

— GAY.

What makes Bowles's work so different is his refusal to romanticize the exotic—something that the hippies who showed up at his door in the sixties failed to notice.

Paul Bowles opened the world of Hip. He le the murder, the drugs, the incest, the deat the Square . . . the call of the orgy, the en civilization. —Norman Ma

As the faithful poured into the mosque prayer, I searched for the door to a rest rant reputedly just across the street and tr to seem inconspicuous. It was my secc night in Tangier. Men in dark robes hudd on the street corners, lowering their voices as I approach The few women in evidence were upholstered in black fr head to foot and looked like bandit nuns. I came upon entrance gate at which two men in djellabas were eith lounging or standing guard. I tentatively pronounced name of my destination. They looked at each other, nodd and ushered me inside. Even as I stepped forward I w thinking that they were too unkempt and uninviting to doormen, and that the building before me was too dark a sinister for a public place. But I was committed. Advanci into the murky courtyard I heard the two men, both ve large for Moroccans, hissing behind me. I recognized t situation immediately. It had all the ingredients of a Pa Bowles story.

I never found out what the hissing was about. The older the two men caught up with me and led the way to t restaurant. I was relieved but vaguely disappointed, and lat recalled something Bowles had said during the day: Wh can go wrong is always much more interesting than wh goes right.

Paul Bowles's sense of what can go wrong is as acute that of any American writer since Poe. In "A Distant Ep sode," one of his best-known stories, a professor of lingui tics in search of new dialects ventures beyond the walls of desert town one night and descends into a valley settl ment—"an abyss"—realizing as he does that "he ought ask himself why he was doing this irrational thing." H proceeds nonetheless, only to be set upon by nomadic tribe men who beat him, cut out his tongue, and dress him up strings of flattened tin cans to serve as a jester, an object amusement.

In his first and most famous novel, *The Sheltering Sky*, husband and wife travel deeper and deeper into the Sahar their flirtation with danger and their betrayals of each othe finally consummated in madness and death. It's not simpl the subject matter but the pitiless clarity, the unblinking re gard in the face of human frailty and cruelty, that is so dis quieting in Bowles's work. Whereas the terror in Poe seem to arise from an overheated romantic imagination sufferin the torments it bodies forth, Bowles's sensibility is classica in its aloofness, his prose as hard-edged and dazzling as desert landscape at noon.

If Paul Bowles, now seventy-four, were Japanese, h would probably be designated a Living National Treasure; i he were French, he would no doubt be besieged by televisio crews from the literary talk show *Apostrophes*. Given that h is American, we might expect him to be a part of the univer sity curriculum, but his name rarely appears in a course syl labus. Perhaps because he is not representative of a particula period or school of writing, he remains something of a trad

t among writers. Of course, Bowles hasn't exerted him- n the matter of greasing the machinery of celebrity. He never been in this country when a book of his was pub- d, and much of his life has been spent several days' l beyond a poste restante address. More significantly, lark view of the species, as well as his rejection of the *eist* of his age, may be too categorical and severe for tastes. His estimation of human nature is like that of inism without the prospect of salvation.

his month, Ecco Press is reissuing Bowles's autobiogra- *Without Stopping*, which quietly disappeared shortly its publication, in 1972, and has long been out of print. e again available, the book should spark renewed interest owles's work and a reappraisal of his career.

g just southwest of Gibraltar, within sight of Spain, ss the famous strait, Tangier was, when Bowles first saw 1931, an internationally administered city consisting of owded and labyrinthine native quarter—the medina— ounded by a European community. There were only a lful of taxicabs then, Bowles recalls, and many more alyptus trees than there are now, but the latter-day tourist enters the medina will feel much like the protagonist in les's 1952 novel, *Let It Come Down*.

places through which he was passing were like the tortuous idors in dreams. It was impossible to think of them as ts, or even as alleys. There were spaces here and there ng the buildings, that was all, and some of them opened into r spaces and some did not. If he found the right series of nections he could get from one place to the next, but only by g through the buildings themselves. And the buildings seem ave come into existence like plants, chaotic, facing no way, eavy, one growing out of the other.

side the medina, however, the vistas open up: the sky is iant; the Atlantic, mottled blue and green, about to en- nter the Mediterranean, is suddenly visible as one turns corner on a block of white stucco houses.

he day of my first visit to Bowles's apartment, a three- n flat on the top floor of a concrete edifice across from American Consulate, a flock of sheep are grazing in the yard. The living room has a permanent twilight aspect, a fire always burns in the grate, regardless of the tem- ature outside. The sweet aroma of kif pervades the air. ough Bowles has inhabited the apartment for more than nty-five years, it has the provisional look of a temporary ampment—the foyer is crowded with a large stack of cases, and framed paintings by Bowles's friend Brion in lean against a wall. On a small end table lies a shiny volume of Kafka's collected stories, one of the few cts that appear to belong exactly where they are.

"Would you like some tea?" Bowles asks after apologiz- for the weather.

He rises to greet his visitors, of whom there is a steady ux, extending a hand and addressing them in whatever guage is appropriate—French, Spanish, Arabic, or En- h. He is extremely polite and courtly in manner, giving impression of someone who does not take social occa- ns for granted. His dress is rather formal for relaxing at ne: a tie, a cardigan, and a tweed jacket. The black ciga- e holder seems quite natural and unaffected. My first impression, of extreme delicacy, is modified over the course of the afternoon by evidence of a sinewy vigor. A friend of his wrote, "He has the beauty of a fallow deer"; my feeling is that a predator who tried to make a meal of Bowles would find his digestion unpleasantly disrupted. The craggy demeanor and laconic air seem to betray his New Hampshire roots.

On the sofa are two Moroccans: Mohammed Mrabet, one of several illiterate storytellers whose oral tales and novels Bowles has translated into English, and a young musician, who is oiling and polishing a wooden flute. "It's like cleaning a shotgun," Bowles remarks of the process, a whistle in his *s*'s, as he settles onto a cushion. The musician begins to play, filling the room with a breathy, haunting sound. Bowles nods appreciatively. When the music ends, Mrabet is eager to take center stage. He is a handsome man who appears to be in his thirties, although he claims to be fifty-four; Bowles thinks he is in his late forties. Mrabet has the sad-sack aspect of Buster Keaton. He begins to complain about the difficulties of his life, speaking of several of his children who have died. "*Paul, yo he sufrido más que tú. Tú no has sufrido. Yo, yo he sufrido.*" He has suffered, Paul has not. Bowles smiles. The litany is apparently familiar. But when I express my sympathy, Mrabet becomes almost indignant. "*Todo es perfecto*"—everything is perfect—he says, expressing the Islamic belief that all is as Allah wills it. It is clear that Mrabet relishes attention, that he is a born performer, and that Bowles relishes the performances, not least perhaps because he finds in Mrabet something of an alter ego. Mrabet's tales of woe are in keeping with Bowles's somewhat morbid tastes.

The conversation—about Tangier, about music and writing—proceeds in English and Spanish. Rodrigo Rey Rosa, a young Guatemalan writer whose work Bowles is translating, arrives with his girlfriend. Cigarettes are emptied and refilled with kif. Bowles listens to the talk with an intensity that reminds me of a robin poised, head cocked, on a wet lawn; he dips forward suddenly to clarify a point or to dispute an opinion. Asked if he particularly admires any living American writers, Bowles taps his cigarette holder thoughtfully against the lip of an ashtray, then sits back and looks earnestly at the ceiling. Finally he asks, "Is Flannery O'Connor still alive?" When the field is expanded to include South America, he is able to endorse Jorge Luis Borges without hesitation.

When Bowles's friends wish to talk to him, they come to visit, for he has not had a phone in sixteen years. "Who can be bothered?" he says. "You'll be working, or else you're in the bathtub, and the phone rings. You answer and a voice says, '*Allo,* Mohammed?' " One quickly gets the sense that Bowles, having spent most of his life in undeveloped parts of the world—North Africa, Sri Lanka, Central America—does not have much use for high technology. He hates air travel, which is one of the reasons he has not been to the United States since 1968, when he taught college for a semester in California. The suitcases in the foyer bear the yellowing tags of dry-docked steamers.

"I don't particularly like mechanization, pollution, noise—all the things the twentieth century has brought and scattered over the world," he says, his voice soft, his



With his wife, the novelist Jane Bowles, at Merkala Beach, Tangier, photographed by Cecil Beaton in 1949. "She was his muse," says a friend.

accent patrician. "Who does, except those who have made money by it? I can't imagine anyone embracing it."

Bowles's fiction often presents Americans in flight from civilization, looking for escape from the bourgeois ideals of industrial progress and teleological rationality. This is not a unique theme in Western literature, but what makes Bowles's work so different is his tough-mindedness, his refusal to romanticize the exotic—something that the hippies who showed up at his door in the sixties failed to notice. "They would appear here," he remembers, "and say, 'Hey, man, can I crash with you?' I gather I was supposed to be a guru. But I never went in for acting."

Westerners who don djellabas and climb on camels in the hope of a quick spiritual boost are, in Bowles's view, as naïve as Arabs who borrow European customs wholesale.

Bowles's protagonists, seeking the known, often discover the chaos that derlies the civilized mind. Ultimately fiction is concerned not so much with meeting of cultures as with the pee away of layers of acculturation, the st ping of character and humanity to esse elements. He has more in common Samuel Beckett than with T. E. Lawre

Bowles cautions against taking his tion to represent the actual landscape North Africa, and he sometimes speak his long residence in Morocco as if it w purely accidental, a matter of washing on that shore rather than another. But cannot help feeling the symbiosis betw the writer and his adopted environm Though *Without Stopping* is in general of the most unrevealing American aut ographies since Benjamin Franklin Bowles writes frankly in it of his atta ment to Tangier:

> If I am here now, it is only because I was here when I realized to what an extent world had worsened, and that I no lon wanted to travel. In defense of the city I say that so far it has been touched by fewe the negative aspects of contemporary civ zation than most cities of its size. More portant than that, I relish the idea that in night, all around me in my sleep, sorcery burrowing its invisible tunnels in every dir tion, from thousands of senders to thousa of unsuspecting recipients. Spells are be cast, poison is running its course; souls being dispossessed of parasitic pseudo-c sciousnesses that lurk in the unguarded cesses of the mind.
>
> There is drumming out there most nigh It never awakens me; I hear the drums a incorporate them into my dream, like nightly cries of the muezzins. Even if in dream I am in New York, the first *Allah bar!* effaces the backdrop and carries whate er comes next to North Africa, and the dre goes on.

Bowles, a surrealist sympathizer, seems have associated Morocco with the anarchic forces of the u conscious. As an artist, he discovered in North Africa a lan scape and culture which are the objective correlatives of h vision of the psyche.

The population of Tangier represents several cultures a centuries: women in gray djellabas, only their eyes visib between wimple and kerchief; men in business suits; count Berbers driving donkeys along the sidewalk; cabdrivers neo-Italian fashions piloting twenty-year-old Mercedes *gran taxis*. It is still possible to get lost in the medina for qui some time, and if one is obviously confused, obviously tourist, he will soon be set upon by "guides," hustler hashish dealers, and predatory carpet sellers. For the visito the combination of the almost subterranean landscape and th

culture of the place can be very menacing, although les dismisses the likelihood of any real danger.

aul Bowles makes his way around town in a bronze 1967 tang. The day after I arrived, he picked me up at my l for a trip into the hills outside of town. His driver, a tall occan named Abdulwahaid, held the door for me. Life in gier, for an expatriate author living largely on modest lties, is a blend of luxury and deprivation: the equivalent month's rent on a studio apartment in Manhattan pays annual salary of a chauffeur or cook—or buys two ths' supply of scarce firewood for heating, Bowles's big- expense.

bdulwahaid, whose name means "slave of the unique," s at the post office and picks up several airmail letters a small package. Bowles complains about the few stray ds in the sky and then instructs Abdulwahaid to drive p the Montaña Vieja, which winds along a ridge over- cing Tangier and the Atlantic. Cobbles from an old nan highway are still visible in the roadbed. Bowles Abdulwahaid converse in Spanish, both using the fa- iar form of address.

Most of the houses we pass are secluded behind white ls overhung with bougainvillea and other flowering s. "This is my favorite part of town," Bowles says, ning forward in his seat to take in the scenery and the nories, pointing out the villa Tennessee Williams once ed, and then the gate of the house where he and his wife, e, lived in '54, and then the place he stayed in '31, when irst arrived in Tangier.

The son of a Long Island dentist, Bowles is descended n old New England stock. Of his odd and isolated child- d he writes in his autobiography: "At the age of five I never yet even spoken to another child or seen children ying together. My idea of the world was still that of a e inhabited exclusively by adults."

When he was eighteen and already a published poet, he nt, like Poe, to the University of Virginia, but he left hin a year and ran away briefly to Paris, where he sought the community of artists and writers living abroad.

Bowles was twenty years old when he again traveled to is, this time as Aaron Copland's student. Having estab- ed a correspondence with Gertrude Stein, he one day eared at her door with a sheaf of poems. Stein, never cent with her opinions, told him he was no poet and gested he stick to music. When she also suggested Tan- r as a good place to spend the summer, he and Copland ided to go. Bowles contracted typhoid fever on his sec- l visit, that winter, but North Africa continued to draw n back. He spent the following winter in the M'Zab region he Sahara; almost fifteen years later this landscape was to ome the setting, and ultimately the protagonist, of *The ltering Sky*.

Though he continued to travel in Europe and Latin Ameri- Bowles resided mainly in New York during the thirties l forties, becoming a regular at Kirk and Constance As- r's legendary salon, and briefly joining the Communist ty. He supported himself as a composer of theater music, which capacity he collaborated with Orson Welles, Elia zan, William Saroyan, and Tennessee Williams. Bowles



Bowles (left) with Ahmed Yacoubi (center), a Moroccan artist, and Tennessee Williams, snapped by Truman Capote in Portofino, Italy, in the early 1950s.

"I wrote this story and took it around to Tennessee's cabin, and he read it and said, 'Oh, I think it's wonderful, Paul, but you mustn't publish that story— people will think you're a monster.'"

was acclaimed by such peers as Virgil Thomson for his original compositions, including *The Wind Remains,* an opera that in 1943 was conducted by Leonard Bernstein and danced by Merce Cunningham at the Museum of Modern Art. In 1937 he met Jane Auer, a young aspiring writer. They barely knew each other when they decided to take a trip together to Mexico, and within a year they were married.

The marriage was an eccentric one, punctuated by long separations, dual residences, and other partners on both sides—at one point their mutual friend Libby Holman proposed to Paul—but those who knew them both agree that it was a remarkable romance. Bowles's stoicism flickers somewhat when he mentions his deceased wife, whom he usually refers to as Mrs. Bowles. As for Jane, an old friend of hers says, "She used to call him Fluffy and Bubbles. Can you imagine? Paul? That prickly man? It was the most extraordinary thing." That the austere Mr. Bowles would answer to these appellations says much about the intimacy of their relationship. "She was his muse," adds the friend. "You have to understand that."

Bowles had set writing aside when he discovered his talent for music. He credits his wife with inspiring him to return to the typewriter. "I never would have known that I wanted to start writing again if I hadn't been with her when she was writing her first novel," Bowles acknowledges of the time Jane was at work on *Two Serious Ladies*. "I got really interested in the whole process, and thought, I wish I had written this book. I started writing stories about two years after she published her novel."

The urge to write seemed inextricable from the urge to return to North Africa. On the strength of several short stories, Bowles found an agent. Doubleday gave him an advance against a novel, and in the summer of 1947 he sailed to Casablanca. He had only a vague outline in mind of the book he wanted to write, something about three Americans moving across the Sahara. "My idea was that the people would keep moving into the desert," he says, "that one would get ill and die, and at that point it would write itself."

Bowles traveled alone into the Algerian Sahara to work on the novel. "I wrote in bed in hotels in the desert," he says. When he reached the point where Port, the central character in the first half of the novel, becomes sick, Bowles realized that he had come to his crucial juncture. He wanted to describe Port's death from the interior of Port's mind, and to do so he decided to take *majoun,* a potent cannabis confection. "It gave me everything," he says. "Not that day. The day I took it I couldn't have written anything. I was lying flat on my back. I was lying on my back, dying. Not unhappy. Port's death became my death. That more or less broke the ice. I didn't need to take it after that."

The immense domed sky of the Sahara dominates the book. Early on, Port muses, "I often have the sensation when I look at it that it's a solid thing up there, protecting us from what's behind." As he is dying in the desert he sees the sky crack open, and in one of the most convincing and harrowing evocations of death since Tolstoy's *Ivan Ilyich* he looks into the void beyond. From there the novel follows Port's wife, Kit (who people in Tangier will assure you is a ringer for Jane), as she moves into the Sahara, fleeing the memory of her adultery with Port's friend Tunner, purs the primitive and the unknown, surrendering herself Bedouin who rapes her, finally leaving her reason beh Bowles's desert becomes—like Conrad's jungle and El wasteland—a symbolic landscape, emblematic of a worl which individuals are radically isolated from one anothe

Bowles finished *The Sheltering Sky* in nine months. sent it out to Doubleday," he says, "and they refuse They said, 'We asked for a novel.' They didn't consider novel. I had to give back my advance. My agent told later they called the editor on the carpet for having refu the book—only after they saw that it was selling fast. It had to do with sales. They didn't bother to read it."

Eventually another house, New Directions, accepted book; in the meantime Bowles sailed to New York to do score for *Summer and Smoke*. Before he left again for T gier, he persuaded Tennessee Williams to accompany h "As always on a ship, I stayed in the cabin and generall my berth, writing," he says of the journey. "It's a per place to write. I wrote this story and took it around to T nessee's cabin, and he read it and said, 'Oh, I think wonderful, Paul, but you mustn't publish that story—pe will think you're a monster.' " Bowles laughs and adds, was very flattered."

The piece he showed to Williams was to become " Delicate Prey," the title story of his first collection. In i Moungari tribesman who commits an extremely grueso murder is discovered by kinsmen of the victim, who take murderer out into the desert and bury him up to his neck. T tale ends with one of the most striking images in contem rary fiction: "When they had gone the Moungari fell sile to wait through the cold hours for the sun that would br first warmth, then heat, thirst, fire, visions. The next ni he did not know where he was, did not feel the cold. T wind blew dust along the ground into his mouth as he sang

Bowles expresses sympathy for the surrealist notion shocking the bourgeoisie out of its complacency by dredg up the raw material of the unconscious and exposing it daylight. Norman Mailer's apocalyptic assessment of Bowle work places it in this current of literary terrorism. But l one of his characters, Bowles claims that for him writing merely a form of personal therapy. "I don't like the thing write about," he protests when asked why so much of work deals with the dark side of human nature. "It's a ki of exorcism. It doesn't mean that I approve of what goes in the pages of my book—God forbid."

After Tennessee Williams left Tangier, Truman Capo arrived and moved into the hotel in which Paul and Jane we staying. Of Capote, Bowles says dryly, "We did not lack f entertainment at mealtimes."

At this point, in the early fifties, Tangier was assuming t aspect of an international literary salon. The presence of Ja and Paul Bowles served as a magnetic force; then again, li the Americans who had moved to Paris in the twenties, t fashionable refugees landing in Tangier were attracted cheap living and the atmosphere of duty-free morality. Ma homosexuality was openly tolerated in Morocco. The seco sons of English lords—and even first sons facing the burd of steep inheritance taxes—found that their pounds, if th



from the crowded medina: Bowles in a forest outside Tangier.

"Burroughs lay in bed all day, shot heroin, and practiced sharpshooting with a pistol against the wall of his room.... I said to him, 'Why are you shooting your wall, Bill?' He said, 'It's good practice.'"

could smuggle them into Tangier, went far. With life back in the States becoming increasingly puritan, Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, bought a palace in the Casbah and threw lavish parties. The Honorable David Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, presided over the city's social life, as he still does today. A close friend of the Bowleses', Herbert once promised to marry Jane if anything ever happened to Paul.

Bowles, neither a joiner nor an avid partygoer, continued to travel, write, and compose. In 1955 he completed *The Spider's House,* which presciently depicted the Moroccan struggle for independence, and which remains invaluable, aside from its novelistic virtues, for its sympathetic insights into Islamic culture and postcolonial politics.

In the mid-fifties Bowles began to encounter members of the Beat movement. He first met William S. Burroughs in the spring of 1954. "He was living down in the medina, in a brothel," says Bowles. "He lay in bed all day, shot heroin, and practiced sharpshooting with a pistol against the wall of his room. I saw the wall, all pockmarked with bullet holes. I said to him, 'Why are you shooting your wall, Bill?' He said, 'It's good practice.' I didn't get to know him until '55, '56. He was writing *Naked Lunch.*"

I ask Bowles about Burroughs's claim that he did not remember writing *Naked Lunch,* that he came out of a junk coma one day and it was simply there. "He ought to remem-

ber it," Bowles answers. "It was all over the floor. There were hundreds of pages of yellow foolscap all over the floor, month after month, with heel prints on them, rat droppings, bits of old sandwiches, sardines. It was filthy. I said, 'What is all that, Bill?' He said, 'That's what I'm working on.' 'Do you have a copy of it?' I asked. 'No,' he said." Bowles manages a convincing imitation of Burroughs's harsh midwestern growl. "I couldn't help myself from saying, 'Why don't you pick it up?' Candy bar in hand, he said, 'Oh, it'll get picked up someday.' As he finished a page, he'd just throw it on the floor."

Jack Kerouac was in Tangier in 1956, but Bowles, who was in Portugal at the time, did not meet him. When Allen Ginsberg arrived, Bowles was again away, this time in Sri Lanka. "Jane wrote a wonderful letter," he remembers, "telling me that Ginsberg had called up. She'd never heard of him. He said, in his brash fashion, 'Hello, this is Allen Ginsberg, the bop poet.' She said, 'The what?' He said, 'The bop poet.' And she said, 'I got the poet, but the *what* poet?' He said, '*Bop, bop, bop.*' And she said, 'All right.' Then he said, 'Do you believe in God, Jane?' And she said, 'I'm certainly not going to discuss it on the telephone. You'd better wait until Paul gets home.' "

Ginsberg was traveling with Alan Ansen and Peter Orlovsky. Soon after they arrived, Ginsberg and Ansen began sorting through the papers on Burroughs's floor. "I used to go over to Bill's apartment," says Bowles, "and they would all be sitting there, and Allen, who hasn't got a good reading voice, would be reading out loud. Bill wouldn't read it out loud. Hearing Allen Ginsberg read it, it wasn't very impressive. Have you heard him?" Bowles begins to drone a nasal Buddhist raga. "Anyway, Bill is wonderful reading his own stuff, but he wouldn't—I don't know why. He didn't think it existed yet. It was on the floor. So they put it together, and it spelled *mother*. Once it was published and I was able to read it cover to cover, I liked it. I read it three times. I think Bill's the greatest American humorist. I wish he'd concentrate on humor."

Bowles is frequently lumped in with the Beats in surveys of American literature, but his relation to the movement is a little like that of Manet to the Impressionists; Bowles stood between the European modernists and the Beats, an elder patron with an affinity for Beat ideals. "I was never part of a group," Bowles says, "but I felt sympathy for the Beats. I approved of their existence as a group. It seemed a new thing. I thought it was careless, though. There's a certain amount of carelessness in the writing of all those people." The fastidious craftsman shakes his head and smiles ruefully. "Jane said, 'I think they've all *just* read Céline.' "

When asked if he and others in the Tangier literary community ever discussed their work together, Bowles replies emphatically, "No. Bill and I talked about the dollar and what it was worth, or who had invaded whom with what justification. Nobody ever talks about his work except a few maniac writers, some that shouldn't even write. They're generally the ones who talk about their writing." Clearly, Bowles has not spent much time on campus recently, and I don't want to be the one to tell him that talking about writing is the growth industry of publishing and the humanities.

I ask Bowles if he and [illegible] ever *(Continued on page 131)*

SPOTLIGHT

Shining Ardor

There's a dist
echo of the ballet in Snowdon's picture. The c
seur noble accepting the gamine with natural
thority into his embrace, the woman folding he
into the body of the man toward whom she se
to have rushed—you can almost hear Tchail
sky's strings. No doubt you *can* hear them
something like them, in *White Nights*, the film
occasioned the Baryshnikov-Rossellini combust
(It will be released in November.) In the film,
ryshnikov is a Russian ballet star who defects
then finds himself trapped in the Soviet Un
Gregory Hines is an American tap dancer who
quit the U.S. for life in Russia. Rossellini is Hin
Russian wife.

The surprise in the photograph of the couple
not merely in the quantity of the skin but in
feeling of detachment from all the public and
vate complications of its subjects' lives. Here is
prince of the theater far away from anything th
rical, the woman in the cosmetics ads far av
from anything cosmetic. It is a scene of utter
shevelment. Their pallor persuades; this is a
image of intimacy. Well, maybe there is someth
a bit too un-camera-shy about his eyes; but
whose first starring role this is, seems a little ge
inely lost. In any event, she is in knowing har
She has found protection with a physical gen
White Nights is a kind of thriller of the sensibilit
drama about artistic purity and political sordidn
and the faces of the stars are appropriately s
ous. Still, it would be good to see Baryshnikov
Rossellini smile. They have reason to.—TRISTAN



MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV and ISABELLA ROSSELLINI

Here is the prince of the theater far away from anything theatrical, the woman in the cosmetics ads far away from anything cosmetic.

Photograph by SNOWDON



Thiebaud in his San Francisco kitchen with one of his signature cake paintings; *opposite page*, a detail of *Dark Candy Apples*, 1983, from his recent series of darker still lifes.

POST-POP MASTER

A traveling retrospective of Wayne Thiebaud's paintings and drawings (1961 through 1984) opens this month at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, demonstrating once again that this California painter has always been as different from his Benday-pop brethren as he is from the hordes of brea beating demi-painters now claiming to have revived the ve art that he has been practicing—evenly, methodically, b never dispassionately—for thirty-five years.

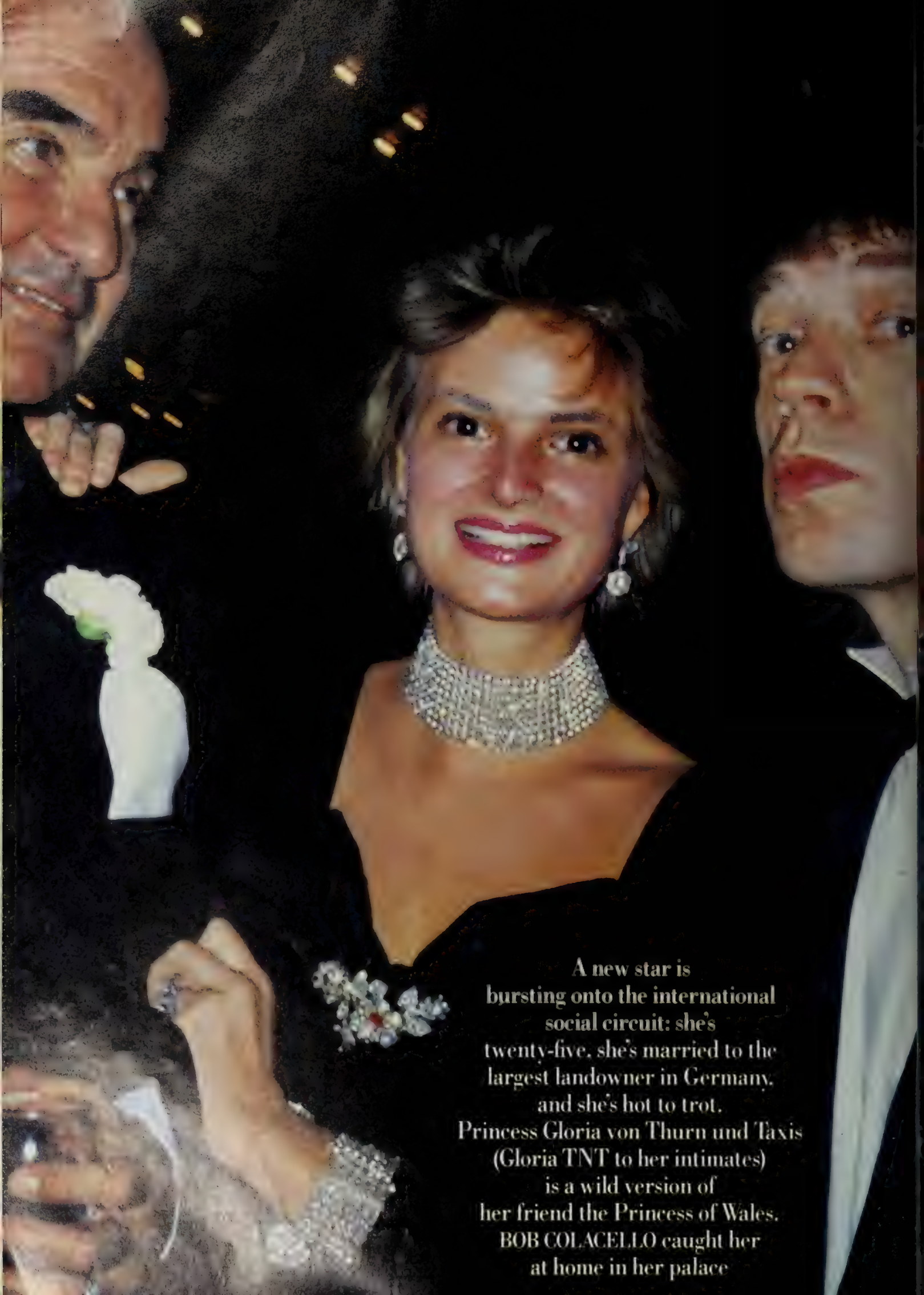
When pop hit, Thiebaud was past forty and had alrea ripened a painting mode that was anything but avant-garde: st lifes and street scenes overlaid with a discreet veneer of abstra expressionism. But rather than allowing his depicted objects dissolve into abstraction, Thiebaud decided to push for clari

Photograph by BONNIE SCHIFFMAN



in his famous cake paintings of the 1960s, subject and paint melded to the apotheosis of meaning and method envisioned by the abstract expressionists. Many regarded these early pictures as typical pop banality swathed in gooey-slick wrapping, but the artist never felt like one of that banana bunch.

Although twenty years of still lifes constitute the main body of his work, the last ten years of San Francisco cityscapes have enhanced Thiebaud's post-cake reputation. His latest series of darker landscapes and still lifes should secure his place as an American master. Wayne Thiebaud, sixty-four, is old enough and savvy enough to use the word *existential* without blushing, and it is this adjective that he attributes to his new pictures. With their quiet bravado, these paintings will once again raise questions about his place within or without the putative mainstream. "My reaction to being out of the mainstream," he concludes, "is that I'm not out of the mainstream." Five centuries of great painters would agree with the man. **—Peter Plagens**



A new star is bursting onto the international social circuit: she's twenty-five, she's married to the largest landowner in Germany, and she's hot to trot. Princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis (Gloria TNT to her intimates) is a wild version of her friend the Princess of Wales. BOB COLACELLO caught her at home in her palace



Princess Gloria: *Left,* glittering at a Parisian soirée earlier this summer, flanked by her husband and Mick Jagger; and, *right,* talking on the telephone and taking tea from one of her seventy-five personal servants in the Smoking Room of Regensburg Palace.

THE DYNAMITE SOCIALITE

PRINCESS TNT OF BAVARIA

Photographs by KAREN RADKAI





Paris, late January: It is *haute couture* week in the French capital and São Schlumberger, the wife of the retired oil-services magnate, has decided to kick off the social swirl with a Sunday lunch in honor of her old friend Prince Johannes von Thurn und Taxis and his young wife, Princess Gloria, who is shopping the couture for the first time. With her Buster Brown haircut and schoolgirl frock, her eager eyes and willful chin, Princess Gloria could pass for a child of twelve—if she weren't wearing such a huge ruby ring. As the waiters pour Louis Roederer Cristal champagne into gold-engraved goblets, Princess Gloria rises to tell a tale about a left-wing cabdriver who gave her a hard time the previous afternoon going from the Plaza Athénée to the Ritz.

"You rotten rich," the cabdriver shouted at her. "Always going from one expensive hotel to another!"

"Listen," she told him, "I'm a German socialist and I couldn't agree with you more. *Vive la république!*"

The assorted titles and tycoons seated under São Schlumberger's Picassos and Matisses find the story and its teller *très charmantes*. Only the Duchess of Orléans, whose father-in-law is the Bourbon pretender to the empty throne of France, is not amused. But then, the Bourbons have always been rivals of the Hapsburgs, the Holy Roman Emperors to whom the Thurn und Taxises owe their fortune and title in the first place. And among the aristocrats of old Europe, history is merely a long-running soap opera with the same names starring century after century: not *Dynasty*, but dynasties.

During the following week it is difficult not to notice Princess Gloria. At Chanel she whistles as Jerry Hall comes down the runway. At Dior she asks an Arab princess for her telephone number. On her way into an American Embassy reception she tells a marine guard, "The way you hold your gun turns me on." One afternoon we meet for drinks at the Ritz. "Darling," she says, "I must run now to dress for an early dinner with the wine Jews." As my face falls, she quickly adds, "Don't take me wrong—Elie and Liliane de Rothschild are our best friends. We get along *great*. We tell them all the new Jewish jokes and they tell us all the new German jokes."

New York, October: It is rather a grand gathering, even for Park Avenue, the dinner that Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Michael of Greece and Denmark are giving for Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess von Thurn und Taxis. Among the guests are the exiled Empress of Iran, Farah Diba, with a lady-in-waiting, Prince Jean of Luxembourg, the Earl of Warwick, Sir James Goldsmith, and, representing the American aristocracy, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Peabody, the former sporting the only Mondale-Ferraro button to be seen in Zip Code 10021 during the last presidential campaign.

Though her hair is still cut like a boy's and she wears no makeup, Princess Gloria is ablaze with diamonds and pearls. At Prince Michael's table, there is much comment, especially among the American ladies, about the astonishing splendor of the young princess's rocks and shells. Our host, adept

Of Meissen men: Their Serene Highnesses Gloria and Johannes lunching in the dining room of their private apartments.

at the high European art of transforming biography into table talk, explains that the Thurn und Taxises, unlike much of the German nobility, opposed Hitler from first to last, and that after the war, thanks to both his friendship with General Patton and his own brilliant business instincts, Prince Johannes tripled the family fortune.

"Johannes and Gloria," Prince Michael says, "live on a scale matched only by the Queen of England and the Queen of Holland. In fact, their schloss in Regensburg is much larger than Buckingham Palace. And you should see the way it is kept up. My dears, there isn't a *corner* where you couldn't eat off the floor."

At this dinner it is Prince Johannes who stands to make a speech. Prince Johannes is an imposing figure, tall and stout, with an equally imposing deep, gruff voice. In the hand-finished buttonhole of his dark wool suit is, as always, a bright-red carnation, a bit of whimsy offsetting the stern and formal façade. He begins, properly enough, with a toast, "To Your Imperial Highness, the Shahbanou of Iran"—this being a world where titles are forever, even after the revolution. But then he takes a curious turn. Knowing full well that "intimately" means more in America than it does on the Continent, he declares, "I will not reveal that I knew your husband, the shahanshah, the king of kings, *intimately* in Saint Moritz. Nor will I reveal that I knew the Qajars intimately as well." The Qajar dynasty was overthrown by the shah's father, and royal eyebrows rise toward royal hairlines as Prince Johannes continues: "Just as I will not reveal that I knew the Rockefellers intimately, and the Astors, and that great man, Lee Thaw's husband, who published the memoirs of another great man, who I will *not* reveal I knew intimately, Winston Churchill. . . ." The late Lawrence Copley Thaw was a banker, not a book publisher, but his widow, coughing dryly across the dining room, is not about to interrupt the serene thought process of a serene highness. Suddenly, mid-sentence, Prince Johannes sits down.

There is a moment of palpable awkwardness, and then comes the voice of Princess Gloria, loud and clear and full of fun. "You have just witnessed postmodern theater," she announces. Farah Diba smiles, the eyebrows of Luxembourg and Greece descend, tension gives way to laughter as Linda Janklow jokes, "Sure beats Broadway." Once again, Princess Gloria is a hit.

Princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis is twenty-five. Her husband, Prince Johannes, aged fifty-nine, is the largest landowner in West Germany. They live in a five-hundred-room palace in Regensburg, a small Bavarian city near the Czech border, with their children, Princess Maria Theresia, four, Princess Elisabeth, three, and Inheritor-Prince Albert, two, and a staff of seventy-five personal servants, including a brigade of liveried footmen. An additional four hundred or so employees assist the prince with his various businesses, which range from a bank and a brewery to a computer-components company; tend to the formal park which descends to the Danube; maintain the Gothic cloister, the Neo-Gothic crypt, the Baroque library, with its 200,000 rare volumes, the coach museum, the largest collection of china in Europe, and the biggest stamp collection in the world. This last possession is most appropriate, considering that the Thurn und Taxises started out in life, way back in the fifteenth century, as postmasters, first for the papacy and then for the entire Holy Roman Empire—"From Denmark to Sicily, from Portugal to Poland," as the present prince is fond of saying.

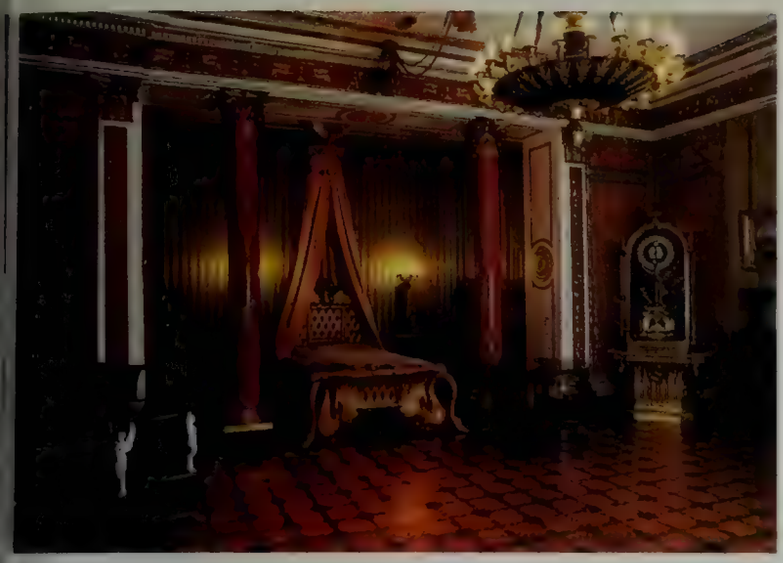
The present princess, however, can hardly be called a postman's wife. Nor does she fit the conventional concept of tedious Teuton *mit* tiara—stiff, stuffy, and humorless. Indeed, since her marriage to Prince Johannes in 1980, little Gloria has become quite the sparkler on the international social circuit, a rising star from the slopes of Saint Moritz, where the Thurn und Taxises stay at Baron Thyssen's chalet, to the hills of Holmby, where luminaries like Betsy Bloomingdale toss them lunches and dinners. Gloria's nickname, by the way, is Princess TNT.

She was born Countess Mariae Gloria Ferdinanda Joachima Josephine Wilhelmine Huberta von Schönburg-Glauchau, in Stuttgart, West Germany, on February 23, 196. Her mother is a Hungarian noblewoman, and the senior line of her father's family are princes of the Holy Roman Empire, which makes Gloria a distant cousin of her husband and one of the very few women suitable to be his wife, since Thurn und Taxis tradition limits inheritance to those who marry members of other Roman Catholic princely houses. Although she was to the manor born, the little countess did not grow up in a manor house.

"My father is from the eastern side of Germany, Saxonia," Princess Gloria says. "His family lost all their property and had to flee. He worked as a journalist, and we moved around quite a lot. We even lived in Somalia, Africa, for five years. Finally, my father got a steady job in Munich, and that's where I stayed until I met Johannes."

It is just another Wednesday afternoon at Regensburg Palace. Princess Gloria is wearing a navy-and-white Chanel suit, a single strand of pearls, a Rolex watch, and absolutely no makeup. Her light-brown hair has grown into a quasi-pageboy, and her dark, determined eyes shine like onyx. We lunch in the family dining room, a large, square room done in the style of a deluxe salon in a five-star hotel—except for the portraits of various Württembergs and Fürstenbergs, of course. Two footmen, unliveried, stand at attention behind the high-backed chairs of Prince Johannes and Princess Gloria, while Princess Maria Theresia and Princess Elisabeth run about playfully. The menu progresses from cream of broccoli soup through boiled beef and potatoes with a side dish of creamed spinach topped with fried quails' eggs to salad and cheese and baked bananas with hot chocolate sauce. Coffee and bonbons follow in the family sitting room, another relatively informal mix of grand hotel furnishings and ancestral portraits, plus all the latest in stereo and video equipment. On the dot of three, the prince goes off to a business meeting somewhere in the village-size palace; the princess proceeds to the nursery to check on Inheritor-Prince Albert before his afternoon nap.

The nursery—a hundred-foot-long playroom filled with toys, games, and stuffed animals, and suites for the children and their servants off that—is larger than Susan Gutfreund's new apartment. Princess Gloria sits on a baby Louis Quinz







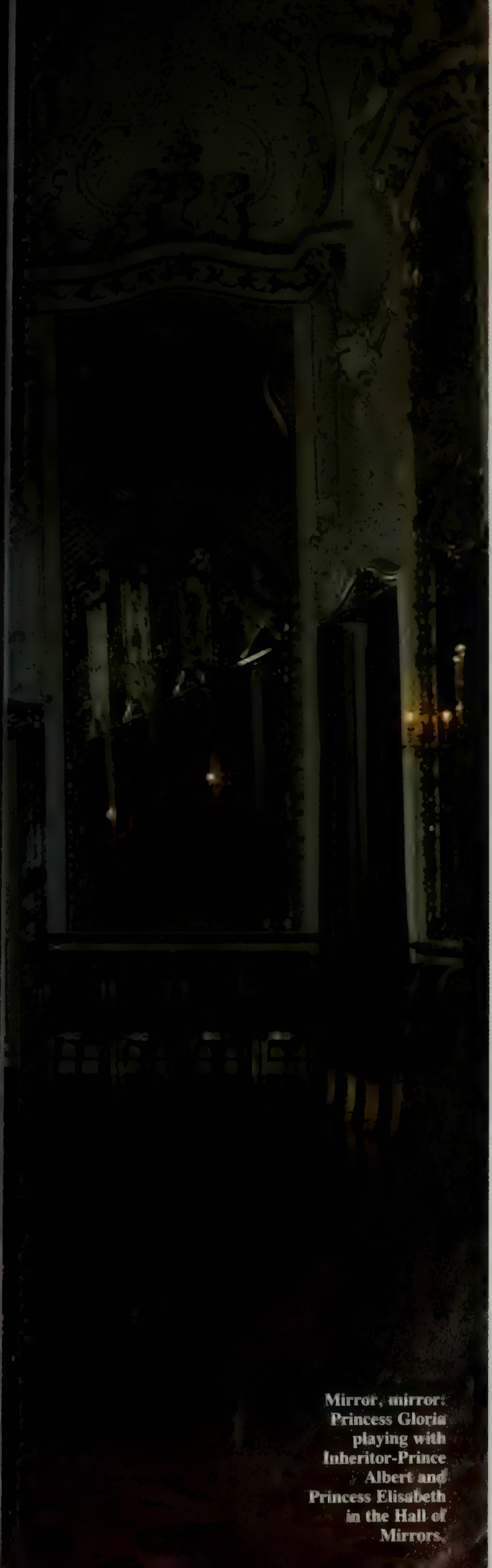
Palace in wonderland: *Above*, visiting royalty might sleep in the Green Room; *above, right*, Princesses Maria Theresia and Elisabeth playing with the marzipan christening cradle of their little brother, Inheritor-Prince Albert; *right*, one of the palace's five hundred clocks, one in each room, which are looked after by a full-time clock servant; *below, right*, the hundred-foot-long Nursery Hall; *below*, Inheritor-Prince Albert, two, in the Yellow Room.

Gloria von Thurn und Taxis doesn't have a private plane: "I'm not too chic to sit with other people in the first-class compartment."









Mirror, mirror: Princess Gloria playing with Inheritor-Prince Albert and Princess Elisabeth in the Hall of Mirrors.

chair, all white-and-gold-and-turquoise chintz, bouncing Inheritor-Prince Albert on her knee. On a matching baby Louis Quinze table, among the dolls and coloring books, is an engraved New Year's card from the four-year-old son of Adnan Khashoggi, the billionaire Saudi arms dealer, to the Thurn und Taxis kids. Its message: "Peace and Season's Greetings from Ali Khashoggi."

"Palace life," Princess Gloria says, continuing to tell me about growing up noble but not rich, "was not something strange for me. My father, being a journalist, wasn't the richest, but we were always staying with cousins who still live in castles and still have money. Well, nobody in our family is as rich as Johannes. But *who* is as rich as Johannes in Germany? I mean, who?"

Money has always been the basis of the power, and glamour, of the Thurn und Taxis family. They were monopolists before they were barons, and in 1695, when Emperor Leopold I bestowed upon Eugene Alexander von Thurn und Taxis the title of Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, many said it was because the emperor owed his postmaster so much *gelt*. Just as today some insist that Prince Johannes married his Schönburg-Glauchau cousin because in order to inherit he not only had to marry a princess but also had to produce a male heir before his father's death. Thanks to Gloria, he did: Albert was born two months before Prince Karl August's death.

But one shouldn't rush to assume that theirs is essentially a marriage of convenience. To see them together, laughing at each other's jokes, tickling the children on the sofa, enjoying the corny rituals of family life, it is obvious that they were meant to be married. They seem to be soul mates, co-conspirators in an offbeat alliance based on shared traits of cleverness and quickness, equally impatient with anything and anyone not as bright or fast as they are.

Princess Gloria claims that it was love at first sight. They had *seen* each other over the years at the weddings and funerals of the interlocking royal families of Europe, but Gloria and Johannes "really" met in Munich, at the Universitätsreitschule, a fashionable café where college kids sip coffee or beer and look through a wall of windows at young girls practicing dressage in the riding school next door. "I was sitting with a couple of school friends," Princess Gloria says, "and I asked him, 'Uncle Johannes, why don't you join our table.' That's where we had our first communicative conversation. We decided to have dinner together and then lunch together and then dinner together again. We didn't want to leave each other anymore.

"After about two or three weeks," she says, "Johannes wanted to take me to South America. I didn't want to finish school anyway. I wanted to go to acting school. I had already prepared my roles to get in. . ."

Which roles?

"One was the Madwoman of Chaillot—I'm much too young for that, but I like the idea. But I said to myself, 'The hell with it. For what do I go to this acting school? I'd rather go to South America, because who knows when I can go next.' So I left everything and I went with him. I really fell in love with him strongly. He took me to Brazil, and from Brazil he took me to Saint Moritz, and then he wanted to marry me. So my decision to go to South America instead of school was

the right one. I wouldn't tell that to my children, but. . ."

She laughs her hearty laugh, and goes on: "When I fell in love, really, and I wanted to have children with him, for me it was sure that I wanted to marry him. But, *of course,* we *never* spoke of marriage, because you can imagine that a millionaire of fifty-two years old had the biggest complex of women wanting to marry him. That was the reason why he spent half the year in South America, because nobody there knew he was rich, and he could go with girls, any girls, and he didn't have this horror that the girls wanted to make children with him and marry him. I knew, of course, that he had this complex, so I kept my mouth shut and never talked about marriage with him. And also I couldn't give a damn, because I was only nineteen and who wants to marry at nineteen anyway? But I was sure that he was the man of my life. I mean, the moment you want to have children with somebody, that's it. And you don't have to be together for five years to know that you're made to love each other forever—this comes in a few minutes. The same with him, although he never told me that he wanted me to marry him until the moment. . .until very shortly before the marriage. Because he didn't want to spoil it and because of his complex. We only knew each other three months and everybody knew we had found each other."

Their wedding, on May 31, 1980, in Regensburg, was the talk of certain circles for months before and after. "Usually you get married where the girl comes from," Princess Gloria says, "but since my father has only a villa in Munich, it was much nicer to do it here. It was an incredibly grand party. Johannes's friends came from all over the world." Gloria wore a couture gown by Valentino, topped by Marie Antoinette's diamond crown. A French friend who attended the lavish fête recalls, "It was really something to see. Half the Rothschilds were there, and then all those Prussian counts and barons covered with medals and Iron Crosses."

Some of Prince Johannes's friends were surprised that he married at all, cousin or no cousin, inheritance or no inheritance. Long famous for his carefree carousing on three or four continents, he seemed to relish the role of rebel prince. *(Continued on page 126)*

Avedon Goes Wes

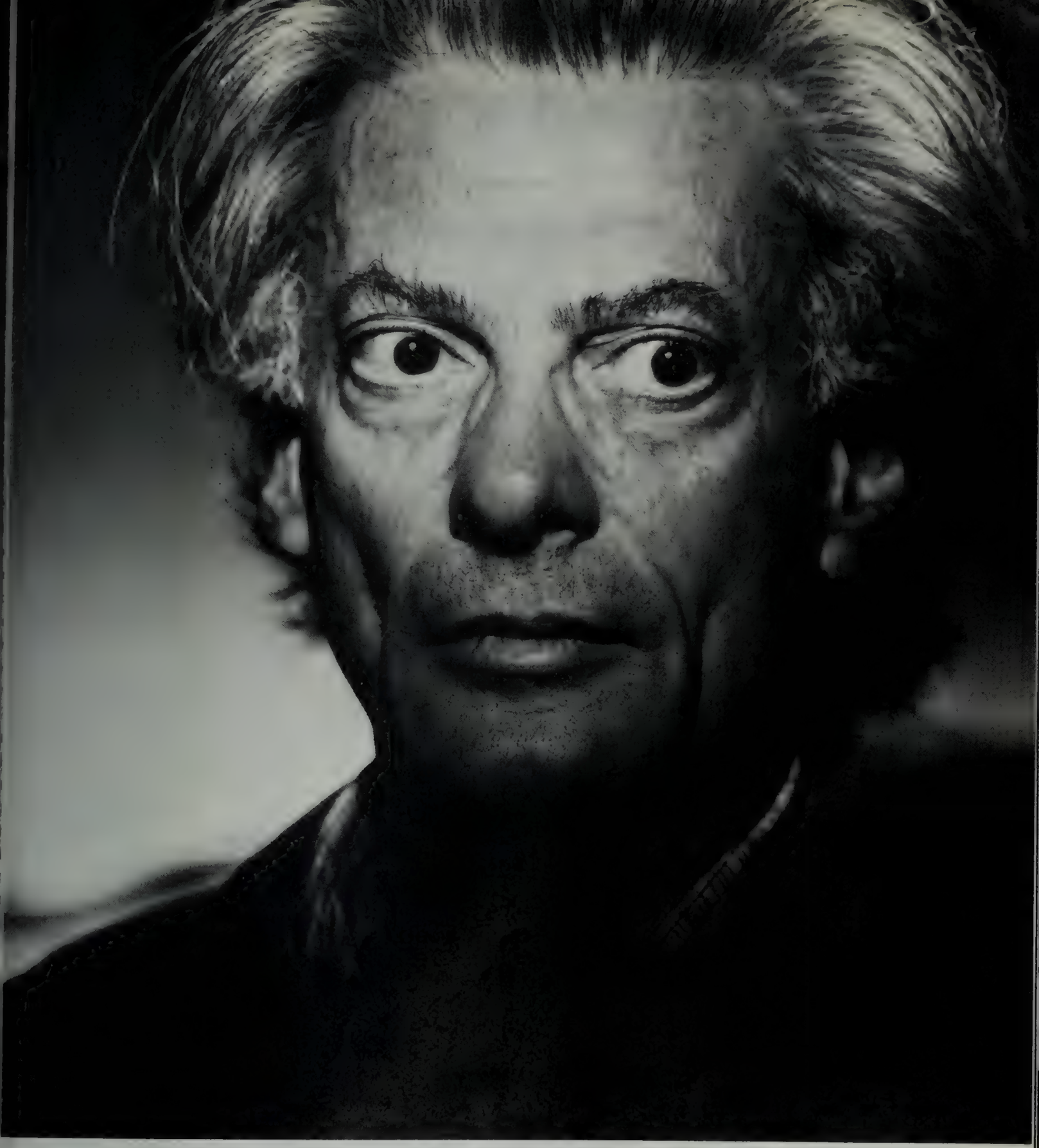
During the 1950s, R
ard Avedon (restless, thoughtful, aspiring) lifted his eyes from
models and the fine clothes and went looking for America. M
recently, his search has yielded "In the American West," a tra
ing exhibition opening this month at the Amon Carter Museur
Fort Worth. How far Avedon has journeyed. His first portr
were of performers, and he captured them this way: *You are w
you do so well.* Before Avedon's camera, contralto Marian And
son was all lips and lungs—one breathy song. Later, he got me
or seemed to: noon-glint lighting revealed every wrinkle, pc
mark, and sag. Dorothy Parker, Ezra Pound, Carson McCuller
Avedon inspected them, and found them terribly mortal. Time
softened Avedon's pictures. It now seems quite clear that he
never out to mythologize some and devastate others, but rathe
assemble, like August Sander before him, a portrait of a natio

In the last five years, Avedon has turned his gaze west, tak
photographs in the Rockies and the Panhandle and on the plo
"going to truck stops, stockyards, walking through the crowds
fair, looking for the faces I wanted to photograph." Among
120 images that make up "In the American West"—a book
soon be available from Abrams—there are no portraits of Ho
ton socialites, the Bass brothers, or the young chefs of Aspen,
faces of the New West. Nor of the old West or the wild W
Avedon now knows that his portraiture cannot create roma
but can only reveal that which has been dashed. "In the Ameri
West" is not even about a place, really; the faces can be glimp
throughout the country. Avedon has photographed those with
place, hope, new frontier, or Manifest Destiny.

Drifters and carnies, the unemployed and soon-to-be-phas
out, Avedon's subjects are on the fringes and in the shadows
"postindustrial" America. And he refuses to condescend; ther
no pity, no poetry, no second-rate sentiment. The white backdr
and mute-plain lighting banish all sense of time and place fr
the photographs—and why not? History, hurtling forward, fue
by progress, has sideswiped these Americans. And the slow, sl
view-camera process has, as always, worn away that most re
ient mask, the smile.

Avedon (wary, reflective, mild) calls these latest portraits
"opinion." He says, "None of them are truth." But a truth they c
The faces, placid in repose, have about them a freighted sadn
that is not theirs alone. And in the best of the pictures—of ni
year-old B. J. Van Fleet of Ennis, Montana; of Wilbur Powell,
stolid, timeworn rancher—the eyes in these faces search beyo
the camera's lens for contact with posterity: *In this time, in
land, this is who we were.*

—GERALD MARZOR

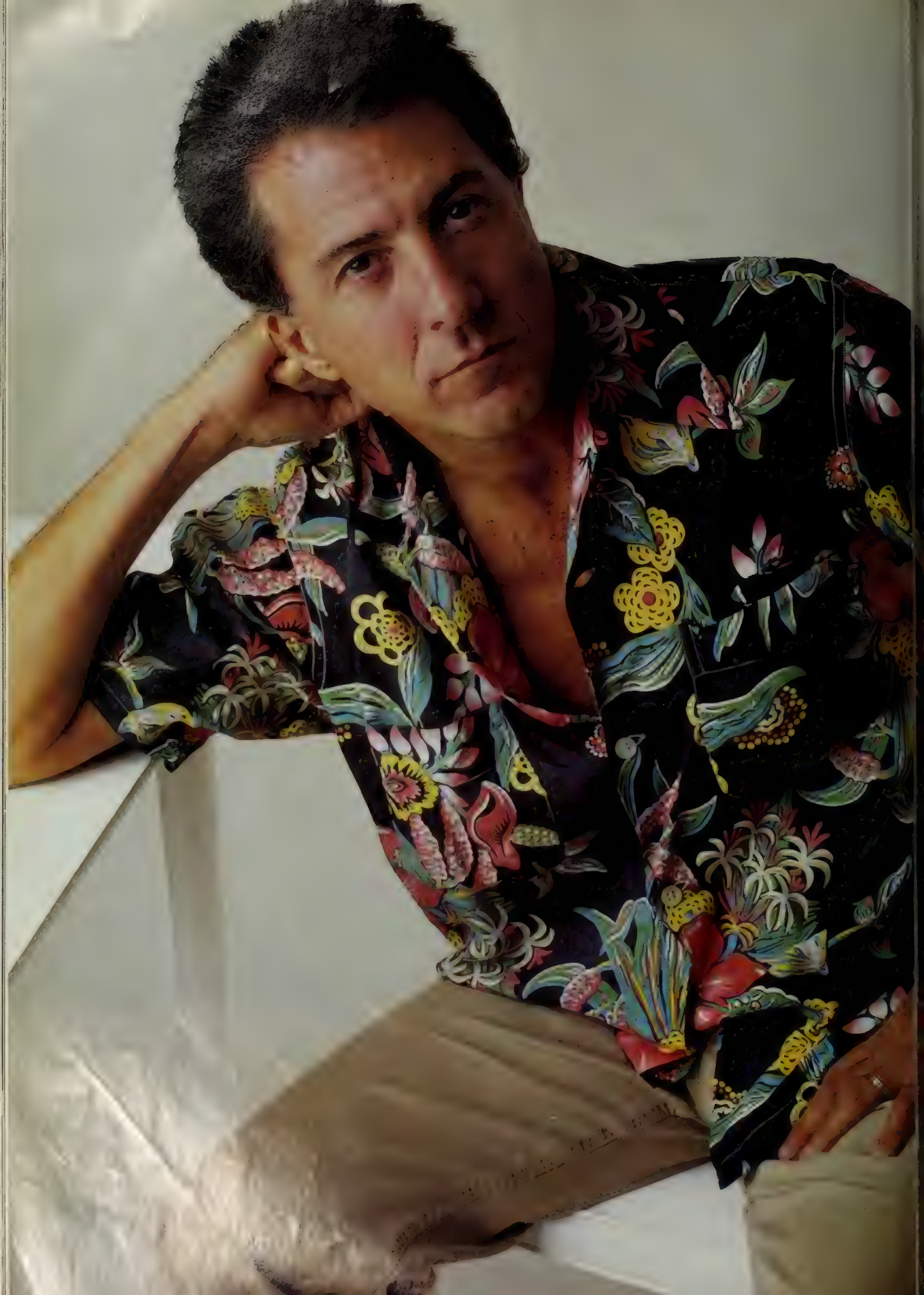


For Hiro, who began as his assistant in the 1950s, Avedon's portrait was "one of the most difficult assignments I ever did. I knew him too well."

RICHARD AVEDON

Avedon now knows that his portraiture cannot create romance but can only reveal that which has been dashed.

Photograph by HIRO





STYLED BY SHEVA FRUITMAN

Dustin Hoffman hits the screen again this month. The small screen, that is, in CBS's version of his Broadway smash, Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman.* Here, STEPHEN SCHIFF explores the legendarily "difficult" Dustin's technique—and how it consistently takes him to the top of the acting class. Following that, Hoffman and Miller talk about the production

Dustin's Class Act

He stands a hair over five feet six, and his nose is a honker; his voice sounds like chickens underwater. When he shuffles into a room the stooped shoulders and thrust neck put one in mind of a sleepy gnu. But let this unprepossessing creature decide to make a movie and studio heads will spring from their swivel chairs, producers will sweat and pray into their cellular phones. If Dustin Hoffman wants to act in your movie or play, you know two things: that you are about to spend a season in hell, and that when it's all finished what you've made will have greatness in it. There are quicker movie actors, and God knows there are easier ones to get along with. But there are none better.

Most of us remember seeing him for the first time in 1967 when, gulping and tweeting, he contemplated the silky leg of Anne Bancroft in *The Graduate*. Even before that, however, Arthur Miller knew who he was. Three years earlier, when he was a fledgling actor, Hoffman had stage-managed an Off Broadway production of Miller's *A View from the Bridge,* and the director, Ulu Grosbard, had singled him out; Dusty, Grosbard had said, should do Miller's *Death of a Salesman* someday—he'd make a great Willy Loman. That someday came last year, when Hoffman and Miller mounted a successful new *Salesman* on Broadway. And this month a film version of that production, redesigned by Tony Walton and directed by Volker Schlöndorff, comes to television as a three-hour CBS special. It's not just another televised play; it's a new work, more refined than the Broadway show, and more

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

touching. One feels Hoffman's stubborn drive behind it (with Miller, he acted as executive producer); it has his jitters, his whine, his awkward fervency. He has done with this straw-hat-trail war-horse what he has wanted to do with every vehicle he's ever worked in: he has made it his own.

The need to *possess* a work has bedeviled Hoffman throughout his career. If he is known as "difficult"—and he is, he is—that's because, as he puts it, "nobody really wants to collaborate. We'd all like to be able to do it ourselves and not have to be diplomatic and talk somebody into why you think what you think. I mean it's like being in front of a canvas and some guy next to you is saying, 'No, use only this color and don't mix it with that.' Each person really believes he's right, and, as a matter of fact, they both are. We'll both paint it brilliantly, but we'll paint it differently."

In the wake of *Tootsie* and *Kramer vs. Kramer,* he is among the most "bankable" actors in Hollywood (for his next film, a comedy to be written and directed by Elaine May and co-starring Warren Beatty, his salary is rumored to be $6 million). He has won the right to brook no opposition. "The picture's the most important thing," he says. "Someone once said to me, 'Isn't friendship more important?' and I said, 'No. The friendship is gravy. We didn't go in here to improve our friendship. We didn't both sign the contract to work on our relationship. We signed the contract to make as good a movie as we could.' " Ulu Grosbard, the man who pointed him out to Miller that day in 1964 and remained his friend for the next fourteen years, was called in to direct him in the movie *Straight Time;* by the film's release in 1978, the two were no longer speaking. And though *Tootsie* was the best and most successful film Sydney Pollack ever directed, he later confessed that he would work with Hoffman again only "after a long rest, maybe."

"That was a tough marriage," Hoffman admits. "I'd been with the *Tootsie* project for three years. And Sydney's the kind who is, I don't know—authoritarian. He just wanted to say, 'Now I'm taking over. Now you act.' I had carried the thing, and I told him, 'I can't do that.' So we conflicted. But in crucial areas it was very compatible. Watching the daily rushes, we never disagreed on what was the best take or what didn't work. And that is probably the most uncomfortable situation. By the time you get in the rushes, if you're suddenly sitting next to a director who likes the take most that you like least and vice versa—that's bloody. It's like being married to someone and you disagree on how your kids should be brought up and what school they should go to. It's a blood war."

The rushes afford Hoffman the kind of feedback a stage actor gets from an audience. "I don't care what anybody tells you," he says, "you have to act in front of people. That's what an acting class is: you get up and do a scene and have the other actors, twenty of them or so, sitting there, and in a way you've hired an audience. In film, the rushes help me a lot. Because by the time you get to that stage where you're shooting, you start seeing a lot of stuff you don't like. It's like being a sculptor, you know, putting that piece of clay up there and playing around with it and knocking out stuff. What I'm left with winds up being the character." And what does he knock out? "Acting. Every time the seams show. When you see acting, you try to get rid of it. And then you get surprised. I mean in *Tootsie* I couldn't have l more surprised to see that woman I played turn out that I would have guessed that she would wind up with a flamboyant personality. But a kind of shy thing crept in, I think it had to do with how self-conscious I was abou way I looked—that I wasn't as attractive as I wanted to be matter what sex you are, you want to be glamorous."

Amid such intense self-examination and role play where does Dustin Hoffman find Dustin Hoffman? He se to view himself the way an athlete might, as a body, a v cle, an instrument. "The first thing I say when I look in mirror in the morning," he remarks, "is: 'Did I eat too m last night? Is it showing on my face? Have I been worl out enough every day? Am I retarding the aging proces much as possible? Gee, those circles I had under my eyes gone now.' Or 'Where did that one come from? It wa there before.' You're not *seeing* yourself, you're *looking* things. In a sense it's like looking at your own rushes e day. You know, are my seams showing?"

One begins to see where the infamous "difficulties" lie. "The directors that I like best," he says, "are kind that don't march up and down in front of the can before the take, but the kind that get lost, you know, bec part of the scenery. And yet they're very strongly th because they know where to put the camera." On the Hoffman likes to participate in other performances. "I the side of the camera during the other actor's close-up," says. "And I'm in a sense directing because I know what actor's going for and I'm trying to help him reach it. You to piss him off if he's supposed to be pissed off. Try to m him. Try to make him laugh if it's funny." And if the fil director doesn't go for such shenanigans? "Well, th where you have to have an agreement with the director fore you start. Otherwise it's hard for me. I mean if he do it, fine. I'll go sit in my room and relax. But, you kn if I feel that I can do it better. . ." A pause as he searches tact—"then it's tough."

Some directors love Hoffman's meddling. "I have worked with a better actor, or a more generous actor," s Robert Benton, who directed him in *Kramer vs. Kram* "Dustin began working with Justin Henry [who played son in the film] from the beginning. And on the set, Du became a father to him. He would discipline the child. A he would coach Justin through the scenes. He was as resp sible for the best of Justin's performance as I was, proba more so. Dustin will tell you, and it's true, that he gives best performance when he's not in front of the camera."

But Hoffman is not among those actors who "becom their roles, who maintain a characterization offscreen as wel on. "I always think it should be the opposite," he says. other words, that's for the audience to do. That's not our wo In *Death of a Salesman,* John Malkovich doesn't beco Biff to me; when we're off, it's not Willy and Biff, it's Du and John. Our work is to stay as close to the bone as we can find out how we can get to each other and kick off each othe don't know who Willy Loman is. He is whoever the acto that's playing him. And I don't know who he is when I playing him. I mean I'm playing as close to myself as I can

Yet Hoffman's performance in the television version of *Death of a Salesman* seems definitive—not *a* Willy Loman, but *the* Willy Loman: at times he seems bigger than the play itself. And this may be a good thing, for even in its latest incarnation *Salesman* is not the Great American Drama it's cracked up to be. It still shudders under all that populist "poetry," under those hambone theatrical devices—the second-act revelation, for instance, and the tycoon brother, Ben, whose shade keeps showing up in a Big Daddy suit to dispense Dale Carnegie homilies. *Salesman* is repetitive; it has longueurs. There's something sleazily self-aggrandizing about its huffing and puffing over how "attention must be paid." After all, if honor is due Willy Loman, it must certainly be due the script that hatched him. So *Death of a Salesman* browbeats its audience; it makes one feel guilty—even inhumane—for not applauding.

But as a piece of drama, the thing moves. For all his piety and cornball humanism, Miller is a crafty scene builder; he knows how to zip from concord to conflict and back in a way that startles the audience and roils its emotions. *Salesman* works musically; it's as schmaltzy and compelling as a Tchaikovsky symphony, and Dustin Hoffman knows how to play it. He is one of a very few actors who have mastered both stage and screen, and who understand the difference between them. His performance in the TV film hasn't merely been toned down from his Broadway stint; it's been reconceived. This new Willy groans his lines, pumping them out from a well of fatigue. He's a man whose engine is on the fritz, like the Chevrolet he both adores and reviles—a jalopy tootling heedlessly toward the junk heap, developing new rattles and squeaks at every turn. If a dying machine has to work harder to cover the territory, Hoffman makes Willy scurry, his little feet hammering like pistons, his mind racing toward the end of a thought, hitting a wall, and then bouncing away. He's cheerful and feisty and loud, because he's a salesman trying to sell the whole world on his lie—trying to distract himself and everyone around him from the knowledge that he's running on empty.

Lee J. Cobb's brawny, lugubrious portrayal was certainly the definitive Willy of the fifties, but *Death of a Salesman* looked like a very different play then. During the first decade or two after the play's initial staging in 1949, Willy's yearning to be a hotshot salesman could seem perfectly plausible, because America was a manufacturing giant selling brave new goods to a hungry world. Hoffman's dinky, shuffling "shrimp" is a Willy for the eighties, for an age of paper pushers and greenmailers and arbitrage tycoons. Services and systems are now the great American products, and a salesman can no longer even dream, as Willy has dreamed, of being a proud warrior in freedom's front rank. These days he's just a foot soldier in the retreating army of big industry. If Cobb's performance was about gigantic disappointment, about dreaming big and failing, Hoffman's is about starting small and shrinking, about being minuscule in an age of small aspirations, small expectations, small giants. His Willy Loman is what happens to The Graduate when he finds he can't even make a killing in plastics.



"The picture's the most important thing. Someone once said to me, 'Isn't friendship more important?' and I said, 'No... We didn't sign the contract to work on our relationship.'"

DUSTIN HOFFMAN and ARTHUR MILLER A Conversation

Hoffman and Miller had just finished editing the film version of Death of a Salesman *when* Vanity Fair *asked them to talk about their work together. The conversation took place in Hoffman's Fifth Avenue office, and while he waited for Miller to arrive, Hoffman entertained himself and the room at large—a secretary, a publicist, an editor from the magazine—with comments on the activity in the street below his window. "Some of the best-looking girls in the world walk down that street," he chortled, peering through a large pair of binoculars kept on hand, apparently for just this purpose. The monologue about the girls continued for several minutes, until Miller loped dutifully into the room. He slouched in a corner armchair. Hoffman perched beside him, animated and expansive.*







D.H. Arthur, this play was written before there was a tube, although there were movies. Did you think then that it might be seen anywhere besides the stage?

A.M. No. Never. But it was made into a film in 1951. Freddie March did that one. And then it was made into an abbreviated television thing with Lee Cobb.

D.H. I might interject that there was no attempt made at that time to find out if Arthur Miller was interested in doing the screenplay of his own play. You were box-office poison then, weren't you? The New York writer is box-office poison.

A.M. What they wanted was a Hollywood movie, which was more or less what they got. They chopped off all the climaxes, almost like a lawn mower. Don't ask me why. In Hollywood they always tried to destroy the quality of a play. They would pretend that it was a movie. Sometimes it worked out. But it's very difficult to deal with this play, for the simple reason that already on the stage it has filmmaking elements in it. The way the time changes, the locales, the way people appear and disappear.

D.H. It's a screenplay rhythmically. Steven Spielberg said to me that when you're in the audience watching this play you are the editor, you decide where you should be focusing. So the trick was to translate that onto film and not destroy the play. In other words, not cut it

A.M. Nothing was cut from the play this time. I think I added one line. But you get the feeling you're watching a film event. That's really due to the director, Volker Schlöndorff, and Tony Walton's scenery.

V.F. Did you have something definite in mind for Walton?

A.M. I knew we shouldn't be in a literally real Brooklyn ho It's the idea of a house.

D.H. The reason for that is that this is not the story of Linda Willy Loman and their sons, Biff and Happy. This i story of the family America. In '45 we won the war and everyt was supposed to be incredible after that. The American Dream supposed to work. By 1949 there were a lot of people shakir this country. What makes the play exciting is that it hits in rev We are shaking again right now. The country is shaking.

A.M. Yes, curious about that. It has become a contempo work. It's more up-to-date now.

D.H. This play was the first play I ever read. I had n thought about acting. I was studying to be a pianist. B high school I took an acting class and liked it, and my brother g me a book of the seventeen best American plays. The first play *Death of a Salesman*. Something happened to me when I read play that had never happened to me before. It had nothing to with acting, it had to do with my family, and I simply could not about that to anyone. I would just go off into corners and weeping. The play is still an emotional experience for me. sense I can't talk about the play without mourning Willy Loma

V.F. Now that you've done the play so many times, haven't gotten used to it?

D.H. You can't get used to something that you can't get rig

V.F. Do you think you've gotten it right in the film? Can you your performance into the perfect one?

A.M. You get the best you can do that week, that's all.

D.H. You are not allowed to do a retake today unless you down on your knees and cough up something akin t point. Every day that you want to shoot over is, what, fifty gra We shot this play in twenty-five days. A hundred and seventy pa in twenty-five days. I never did anything like that before in my li

But it was a pleasure to be in the ring with this play. That's w you feel like. You get in the ring with this heavyweight champ that really is your adversary, because it calls out your limitatio You have to do it a certain way. You cannot do this play on a st

ger than an hour and six minutes. If you go over you're doing nething wrong. Now, when you get on film you've got to cut that ılf, because a minute in life is five minutes on the stage and ten ıutes on film. That's just the nature of it.

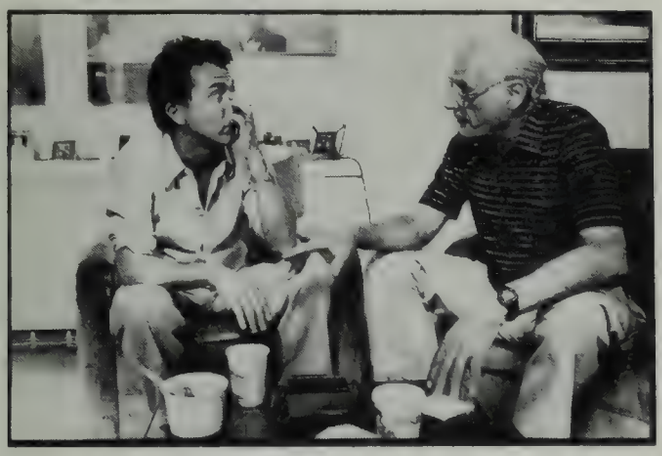
.M. In this production we attempted to make something that won't oppress you with the fact that you're watching a y on television.

).H. We remind you from time to time that you are watching something that was written as a play. But at the same time ı are sitting at the kitchen table with this family. You can brush ir skin. It's magic. It's akin to Fellini's *Roma*, where at one point re is a huge horrible car crash out on a freeway. And when you that on film it's like you're right there on a freeway watching a rible car crash. But Fellini did it inside a studio.

F. Did the performances prepared for the Broadway stage have to be adjusted a lot for the film version?

..M. They can't use the vocal levels they used on the stage.







).H. It looks like you're doing *Macbeth* or *Lear* suddenly.

..M. John Malkovich didn't raise his voice very much on-stage, so there wasn't very far for him to go. But the rest them had to create the same emotion at a much lower vocal level. ıe microphone is six inches over your head, you know.

).H. A play is written to reach the last person in the last balco-ny. Usually playwrights have a particular penchant for the ies up there. So suddenly it's redundant to act the way that you d on the stage. I'd like to do it on the stage again in about a year d a half. I think it's one of those things it would be nice not to er let go of. It would be great to do it when I don't have to put on akeup—just walk in off the street onto the stage.

..M. I don't know of any actor who could do that. Actors that age would be dead after the first act. Cobb was thirty-ven when he did it, although everybody thinks he was sixty-five. nstage he wasn't old-looking at all. You look on the screen fifteen ars older than Lee did.

).H. Well, if you were writing the play now, you would not make Willy Loman sixty-three years old. Now your aver-ge life span is seventy-four. But nothing is old today, unless they n't fix it on the surgery table.

What makes the play really exciting to attempt, or to see, for that atter, is that if it succeeds the audience is not aware of all this chnical stuff we're talking about. The guys in the saloon are going be watching something that looks like they're in somebody's home. And in fact that's the audience we want to reach. As Arthur says, the audience that you really want to reach when you write a play today can't afford to go anywhere near the theater. You know, Art directed the play in China just before this. And, my God, how many times did he hear, "The Chinese aren't going to emotionally go for this play. What the fuck do the Chinese care about the capitalist dream, or nightmare, or whatever?" But they jumped on it.

A.M. The play is a tragedy of a believer. I guess that's what makes Willy so familiar a person. Most people in most countries to some degree go along with what's happening. They try within the parameters given to succeed. In China they originally thought they could stand apart from the play as a critique of capitalism. But the more we rehearsed the show, the more they saw it was about China too. In the beginning they played it with almost a satiric edge—as to Willy's claims for himself, for his optimism about selling stuff, and so on. Then the satiric edge vanished and they really began to take him seriously. As one of them said, "We are a people with so many illusions." Look what happened in the Cultural Revolution. They spent ten years chasing a dream and destroying the whole country, on a completely optimistic basis. The key line in the play is that Willy never made a lot of money and his name was never in the paper, but you've got to pay attention to him. And that's just the way they felt.

D.H. You do love Willy. He's an innocent. And a great American. All he wants to do is to use his hands on a house, rebuild it. Willy Loman at three in the morning, or whatever it is, on the last night of his life is out there not only planting a garden but at various times *fixing* his house. And if I was allowed to be as pompous as I wanted, I would say that the reason people were so affected by this play when we did it on the stage is because this country today is outside in the middle of the night with a hammer and a nail fixing a shingle on its house. There's something moving about the people in this country today feeling totally helpless in terms of where we're going, just helpless.

Do you know what I used to do? In the Broadhurst Theatre there were plenty of places where I got offstage. Linda had a tremendous aria, or Biff or Happy. Usually *one* of us was onstage. So they had a chair in the back for me. That's how I would rest. And I would look through the canvas. For some reason the lighting made it possible to see the audience extremely clearly. And there was always one guy in the second row sleeping. But he was sleeping after the first scene. Sometimes he was sleeping ten minutes into it. So I chose to believe that those were the guys who right away they said, "That guy Willy, that's *me*. So good night." Because it was that kind of a sleep. It was like falling asleep on the analyst's couch. But I used to watch that audience, man, and I'll tell you, I'll never forget it. I mean they sat forward. It was wonderful. Every age. If I ever do it again I'm going to secrete a documentary-film camera to be able to get that. It really is an experience. □



Heavy Furnitur

For the light of hea
Lagerfeld's autun
collection features a
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Hat motif: last seas
it was hats in the shape of pa
tries; this time it's hats in t
form of chairs. Mr. Lagerfel
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Photographs by DANIEL JOUANNEAU



Above: *Red plush banquette hat with green ostrich feather potted palm, by Karl Lagerfeld, $230. Hats throughout from Martha, New York City and Palm Beach; Colitz, Millburn, New Jersey; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; and Maxfield, Los Angeles. Black crepe cocktail dress by Karl Lagerfeld, $900 from Sara Fredericks, Boston, and the Karl Lagerfeld boutique, Denver. Accessories throughout by Karl Lagerfeld.* Opposite page: *Floral-silk-covered Napoleon III fireside chair hat by Karl Lagerfeld, $219. Silk chair print Nehru jacket and pants by Karl Lagerfeld, $1,700, to order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Chair brooch by Ugo Correani for Karl Lagerfeld.*



Opposite: Hair by Karl Lagerfeld, NYC. Hayley Mills' cocktail dress by Karl Lagerfeld, $975 from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. Hair by Paul Hardwick, Florida. Norman Mauro, Dallas, and Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. Shoes by Walter Steiger for Karl Lagerfeld. Clutch by Walter Steiger, N.Y.C. Hair for Christian Dior Lingerie by Vivian



rquoise velvet armchair hat by Karl Lagerfeld, $207. Upholstered evening dress by Karl Lagerfeld, $4,000 from the Karl Lagerfeld boutique
nver, and to order from Elizabeth Arden, N.Y.C., and Sara Fredericks, Boston. Shoes by Sidonie Lanza from a selection at Lana Lee, N.Y.C.
l Beverly Hills. Silk hose by Gerbe, $35 from Lania, N.Y.C. Styled by Marie-Paul Pellé. Hair by Lynn Bertin. Makeup by Michel Delamo

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., editor of *The American Spectator,* is the studiedly old-fashioned darling of the political right. His recognizable—if somewhat shrill—voice will probably be even more noticeable in Washington after the magazine's imminent move there from the Indiana heartland. Profile by STEPHEN SCHIFF

Spectator Sport

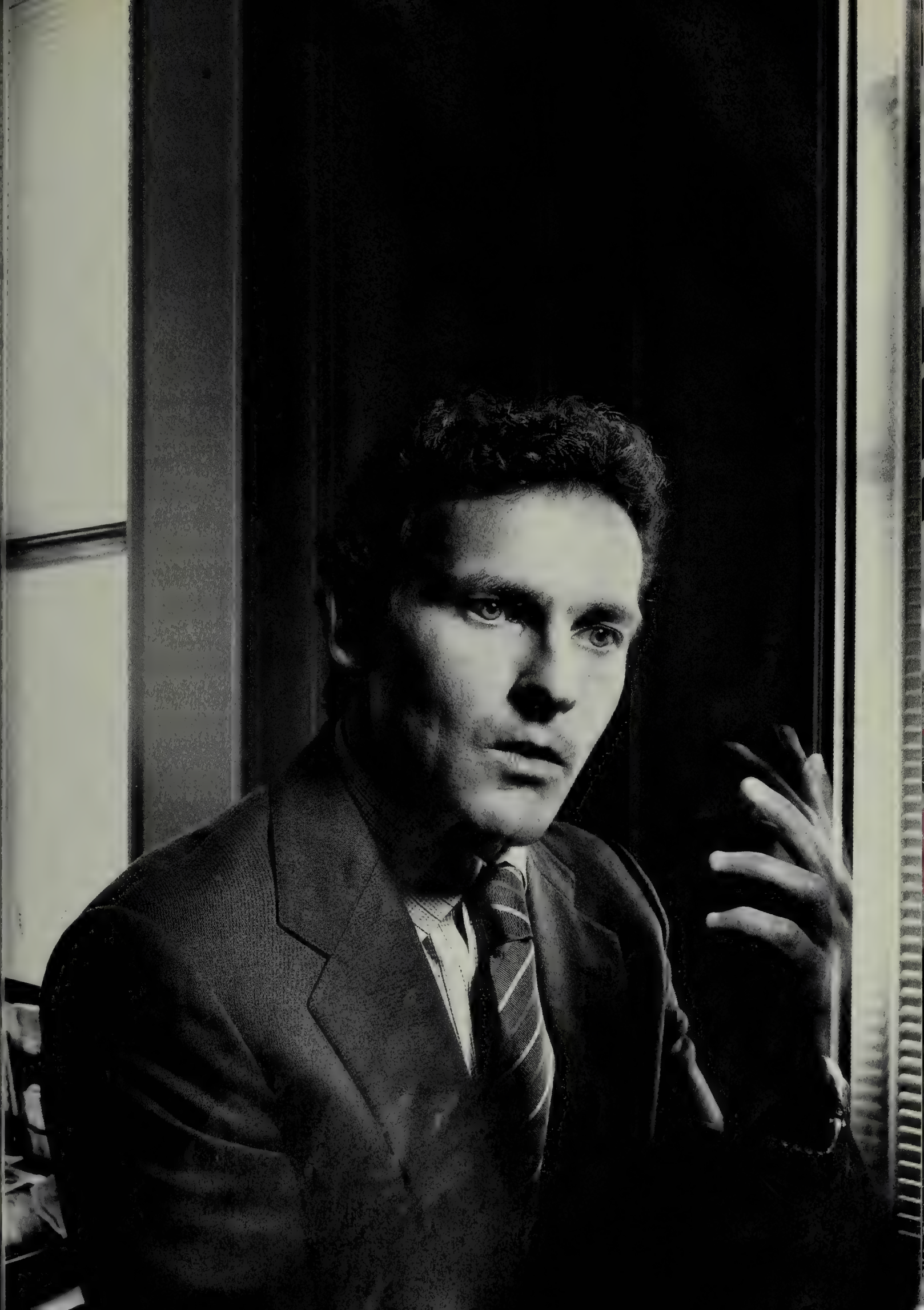
A hubbub has broken out at Washington's posh Madison Hotel—crackpots swarm the lobby; zealots preach on the mezzanine. And in the midst of it all, Bob Tyrrell (pronounced TEER-uhl) is receiving salaams as though he were the crown prince of conservatism. He looks the part—tan, dauntingly fit, natty in his charcoal-gray pin-striped suit. "Did you like my speech, Bob?" barks Jeane Kirkpatrick as she and her retinue sweep past. "Great, Jeane," yells Tyrrell, though he didn't actually catch her lecture. The hound-faced U.S. secretary of education, William J. Bennett, shambles by, and Tyrrell congratulates him on giving a fine talk, which he also missed. Norman Podhoretz, Midge Decter, Irving Kristol, Michael Novak, Sidney Hook—half the conservative brain trust is here for a stern anti-Commie seminar. "The reason I've been missing these lectures is that I've been up in my room, writing about Madonna," Tyrrell confides, rather proudly. "I don't know anything about pop music, but I know she can't sing. And then I've got to give this speech this afternoon on 'Popular Culture and the Suicide of the West.' I don't even believe in the suicide of the West—it's too rational an act." Tyrrell's voice is high-pitched, boyish, peppery. As he strolls toward the elevators, he whistles a familiar tune. Not "Material Girl." "Für Elise."

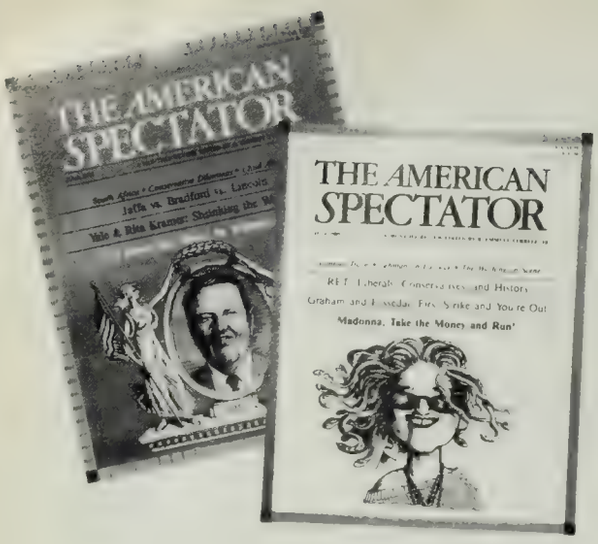
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., prides himself on his disdain for the culture around him, on his reverence for Beethoven and Aristotle and Hemingway. "Where is the great literature of the Republic?" he laments. "It's not coming from those shanty intellectuals Mailer and Vidal." At forty-one, Tyrrell is himself the author of two volumes of prolix invective—*Public Nuisances* (1979) and *The Liberal Crack-Up* (1984)—and a syndicated Washington *Post* column. But his power derives mostly from his position as the founder and editor of *The American Spectator,* a monthly journal of conservative opinion. "Read by the best" is the magazine's motto, and though it still loses $500,000 a year and its circulation hovers just above 40,000, it counts among its fans a slew of Washington potentates—among them Pat Buchanan, William Casey (who was once Tyrrell's lawyer), Daniel Patrick Moynihan, David Brinkley, Richard Nixon, George Shultz, and Henry Kissinger. "I read it regularly and consistently," says Alexander Haig, "and I would like to see more time spent on it by people in government. Sometimes it becomes excessively cute. But most often I find myself saying 'Amen.' "

When General Haig refers to the magazine's cuteness, he's talking about the twisty prose of its editor. The editorials are culled from Tyrrell's Washington *Post* column, and he writes *The American Spectator*'s most popular feature, "The Continuing Crisis," a jocular, knowing summation of the previous months' weirdest events. In a typical "Crisis," Tyrrell's narration will flit, apparently without method, from a celebration of Bach to the drunken-driving arrest of a Minnesota archbishop, from a denunciation of the homeless to a reverie on the oscular abilities of Atlantic City's "kissing bandit"—all in an intentionally archaic style borrowed from his idols, H. L. Mencken, George Je Nathan, and Malcolm Muggeridg Tom Wolfe has called Tyrrell "the fu niest political essayist in years," a Jeane Kirkpatrick has dubbed him major neoconservative voice of the ne generation." Yet the articles seem to written in code. People aren't peop they're mountebanks, yokels, pathe cos, and galoots. Their thought is pis posh, flapdoodle, rumble-bumble, claptrap; its effect is to flummox. A disaster is a hecatomb, and nothing b gins when it can auspicate. Read length, especially in *The Liberal Crac Up,* Tyrrell's paint-by-number prose suffocating, claustrophobic; the sar twenty-dollar coinages turn up on pa after page, the thrusts and parries repe themselves, the voice grows shrill.

Even so, the nugget-size portions t magazine serves up (the journalist He drik Hertzberg has decried them "Chicken McMencken") can make l musings seem rather stylish. *The Ame can Spectator*'s tabloid format remin one of the stately *New York Review Books,* as do the David Levine–like c icatures by Elliott Banfield. Most of t other illustrations are Victorian pe and-ink lampoons, and there are quai regular features praising American s loons or offering an award to the read who can Find the Fattest Bishop. A aura of Anglophile dandyism shimme round the magazine. And though Ty rell and his journal reside in, of places, Bloomington, Indiana, Crov Prince Bob makes a perfect right-wi dandy. "He's an unusually flashy a high-living character for an intellectu of any kind," says his friend Ben Stei

Photograph by NEIL SELKIRK





Tyrrell prides himself on his disdain for the culture around him, on his reverence for Beethoven and Aristotle and Hemingway. "Where is the great literature of the Republic?" he laments. "It's not coming from those shanty intellectuals Mailer and Vidal."

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a screenwriter who once wrote speeches for Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. "He really lives the life of a hot young producer in Hollywood. Bob loves to eat in good restaurants, and he's a connoisseur—in a very abstracted way—of beautiful women. For a while, he and I were the only two conservative writers in the country who drove a Porsche." Tyrrell cracks frisky one-liners in an Indiana twang; he plays a mean game of handball; he reads *Car and Driver* (and now owns a Mercedes); he name-drops with aplomb. Standing next to me at the conference, he talks about his good friend Nixon, his great pal Buckley, his beloved Jeane. A speaker makes a hefty point, and Tyrrell's eyes glitter. "I've been saying that for five years in my column," he bubbles. "And no one at the Washington *Post* will listen to me."

But conservatives are listening to Tyrrell, mostly because young people are. "I think Tyrrell has had an enormous influence on students," says Adam Meyerson, the editor of the conservative *Policy Review* and a former managing editor of *The American Spectator*. "There are a tremendous number of conservative college newspapers now, and the best ones are almost all modeled on *The American Spectator*. Bob Tyrrell is able to convey a sense that you can be rebellious and sort of old-fashioned and respectable at the same time."

Tyrrell's approach is a far cry from the fuddy-duddy grumping of Jerry Falwell and Pat Buchanan, and even of tweedy neoconservatives like Kristol and Podhoretz. The left, meanwhile, strikes many young people as boring, even square. Isn't liberalism, after all, the province of losers and bleeding hearts, of earnest hayseeds like Walter [illegible] and George McGovern, of professors who still listen to the Grateful Dead? "Who wants to defend an orthodoxy?" says Tom Wolfe, who may be the king of the new right-wing dandies (though he claims, as do many closet conservatives, to be merely "a democrat with a small *d*"). "So much of what we call liberalism has been institutionalized, has been built into the fabric of government. And that's why young liberals can sound very stodgy." To Michael Kinsley, the editor of *The New Republic*, Tyrrell is "the pioneer American version of what in England they call the Young Fogies." There, flaming youth avoid the flaccid liberal *New Statesman* and instead devour the tart, if heartless, conservative *Spectator*. And so here. *The Nation* is out. *The American Spectator* is in. Insouciant, prankish, athletic, and vaguely epicurean, Bob Tyrrell makes the loony right look hip.

Now here he is at the dais, ready for his big speech. As the fulsome introduction winds on, Tyrrell chews his nails, scowls, beetles his brow. With so august a crowd before him, he seems to shrink into himself, the steel-blue eyes darting madly. Yet as he begins, he sounds breezy, confident; the jokes shoot from his lips in a bracing spray. He knows how to handle a group like this. They love his slams against the liberals; they love his dimply smile. A moment later, however, a restiveness swirls through the crowd. What is Tyrrell saying? His speech has grown muddled; it meanders; it has no edge. His mind keeps jumping the track. "It's because of the breakup of liberalism that I think you'll find popular culture so particularly crazy today," he announces. "I mean I was never, I don't know a great deal about Glenn Miller, but I think Glenn Miller was a little more attractive to the ear than Madonna. So [illegible] wind down, I say that the position [illegible] popular culture in the world today is [illegible] place where a lot of money might [illegible] made but not much that's memorable [illegible] produced. And I say that because t[illegible] point of view that has influenced it [illegible] demented. Thank you." The applau[illegible] is notably restrained. Later, Tyrrell [illegible] subdued and broody; he can't get t[illegible] speech off his mind. "Isn't it unbelie[illegible]able how those goddamn intellectuals[illegible] I was told to speak for ten minutes," h[illegible] sputters. "I didn't prepare a goddan[illegible] paper or anything." How he must yea[illegible] to get back, back home to Indiana.

Bloomington, Indiana, is a colle[illegible] town, green and snoozy ar[illegible] chockablock with pizza parlor[illegible] Folks around here remember when *Tim*[illegible] magazine named Bob Tyrrell one [illegible] "50 Faces for America's Future" ba[illegible] in 1979; some recall how the U.S. Ja[illegible] cees chose him as one of "America[illegible] Ten Outstanding Young Men" [illegible] 1978. And, yes, some recollect th[illegible] time he hired an older student to po[illegible] as a liberal Columbia professor durin[illegible] a campus debate and then hired som[illegible] one else to throw a pie in his face—[illegible] that prank hit the newspapers all th[illegible] way up in Chicago.

Tyrrell and his magazine may hav[illegible] grown since then, but they haven[illegible] gone; *The American Spectator*'s Sparta[illegible] offices are still over on West Sixt[illegible] Street, wedged between the Rusti[illegible] Touch knickknack store and Betty Jea[illegible] candy and greeting cards. And Bob sti[illegible] lives in town with his wife, Judy, an[illegible] his three kids, in a thirteen-room ranc[illegible] house with terraced patios and a bu[illegible] bling backyard fountain. Inside, there[illegible] a sprightly Raoul Dufy picture, a dictio[illegible] nary sent by William F. Buckley "wit[illegible]

ction and persiflage," and framed tographs of Richard Nixon and Mal- n Muggeridge. Tyrrell is known for dinner parties he throws here, which small and extremely convivial; he is known for mixing a diabolical Ital- cocktail called a Negroni.

He arrived in Bloomington in 1961, son of a Chicago salesman and the ndson of a tycoon, a manufacturer made a killing in gas ranges and in real estate. Recruited for the ious Indiana University swim team, rell stayed on to get an M.A. in his-. But in 1967 he grew disturbed by rise of campus radicalism, especial- when an S.D.S. member was elected dent-body president. "I thought 'd set up our own political party," he s, "and become the first campus to eat the New Left. And every politi- party needs a magazine." The one rell invented was then called *The Al- native,* and though it featured re- nts of pieces by Barry Goldwater and lton Friedman, along with gaga inter- ws with William Buckley and Irving stol, most of it was written by Tyr- himself. His clotted style was al- dy evident, in articles sometimes ned George Nathan (the twenties dra- critic), George Washington Plunkitt e Tammany Hall boss), and, occa- nally, Sam Giancana (the Chicago gster).

n 1970 Tyrrell took the magazine na- nal; he and his two pals Ron Burr o is still its publisher) and John aron" Von Kannon (now at the ht-wing Heritage Foundation) moved ir home and offices to a ramshackle mhouse outside town, which they ted for seventy-five dollars a month named The Establishment. "Bob ed to party and drink and have a good e," Von Kannon remembers. "He didn't take himself as seriously then as he does now." But Tyrrell was assiduously courting the mandarins of the right—albeit not with the sophistication they were accustomed to. "The bathroom at The Establishment," Von Kannon says, "was just a disaster. There were toadstools growing out from around the toilet. And Pat Moynihan and Bill Buckley both had the same reaction when they walked in there: they walked right back out and took a leak off the front porch."

Yet the Buckleys and the Moynihans and the Kristols continued to take an interest in Tyrrell and his magazine. "In the early seventies," recalls Adam Meyerson, "here were these people like Irving Kristol and Edward Banfield and so on who were real powerful intellects whom no one was paying attention to; the students were denouncing them. And here was this bright, brash young guy from Indiana who'd come and sit on their laps and ask them to tell him everything they knew. He did this with Richard Nixon in the mid-seventies, when nobody was talking to Richard Nixon. And afterwards when Nixon wanted to come back and again talk to journalists and intellectuals, the person who organized his re-emergence was Bob Tyrrell."

Tyrrell has always been scrupulously deferential to his mentors. Yet his magazine has made a fetish of irreverence, and Tyrrell infuses his Bloomington fiefdom with an air of grad-school naughtiness. One typical *American Spectator* tradition is the Saturday Evening Club, a knockoff of Mencken's old Saturday Night Club. As Von Kannon recalls, "the Saturday Evening Club met once a month on a Tuesday. We had our corporation song: 'I am a one hundred percent American, I am, God damn, I am!' I was the Kapellmeister. We just drank beer, told lies, and sang." The magazine's editors, who are required to wear jackets and ties in the office, are frequently deputized for extracurricular activities—like picking Tyrrell up at the handball courts, or cleaning his backyard goldfish pond. The crown prince rules here, and not all his sapling serfs have liked it. "Bob would attract young talent and then he would make their lives miserable," says a former editor, "because Bob is one of these people that needs sycophants. For me it was very disillusioning. You know, no man is a hero to his valet, and I didn't want to be his valet and find that out."

The American Spectator has become a kind of boot camp for young right-wingers. "Bob tried to inject a certain macho into conservatism, and that attracted me," says Wladyslaw Pleszczynski, the magazine's current managing editor. "The conservative image on campus used to be a bunch of nerds, the brainy weirdos who couldn't get a date. Bob made conservatism funny and iconoclastic; he showed that conservatives could be coordinated, vigorous, good athletes." During the seventies and early eighties, *The American Spectator* was the spawning ground for the second generation of conservatives and neoconservatives, the ones who now hold posts in the Reagan administration and on the more staid publications of the right. Often they are the sons and daughters of the right-wing elite: three of Norman Podhoretz and Midge Decter's children, and the children's spouses (including Steven Munson, of the Committee for the Free World, and Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams); William Kristol; Christopher Buckley; and Ben Stein (son of Herbert).

Unlike the *(Continued on page 131)*

THE SIXTIES RETURN

They zapped, they zizzled: the power of the sixties is electrifying a whole new Youthquake. PHILIP NORMAN explains

The sixties are back: if you doubt it, run your hand along this row of dresses in a trendy downtown New York store. Here is a deep-turquoise number with a bow at the back, pining for a girdle and a smooch from Bobby Vinton. Here is a hectic thing in synthetic flower power, yearning to fling its arms about on the *Laugh-In* dance podium. Here is a shimmyish party piece barely strapped to its hanger. One chord from Buffalo Springfield and you feel it would just frug off.

Open almost any fashion magazine and see the layouts cribbed from Vreeland's *Vogue*, the models in their Stephen Sprouse minis leaping and high-kicking as the Beatles did on record jackets twenty years ago. Observe how, like children banished to bed but surreptitiously returning, there are caftans, Afros, platform shoes, paisley shirts, and mirror-embroidered Afghan waistcoats once more in our midst. The same is true of Tina Turner, Ray Davies, Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, and Crosby, Stills and Nash. If you doubt the sixties are back, merely visit one of the brand-new (but so reminiscent) pure-white, pine-floored spaces in SoHo or South Kensington and notice how the crowds part and what a sigh goes up when an *artist* walks through the door.

People who lived through them, and those who did not, can argue about the sixties into infinity. But on one point all must agree. The sixties were the time of the young. The seventies and the eighties, until now, have been the time of the would-be young. It has been an epoch dominated by balding rock stars, by politicians resorting to hair dye, by Fonda-at-forty mania, Kenny Rogers mania, pope mania, and the question "How does Joan Collins do it at her age?" Where the sixties are coming back most strongly and vitally is in a notion all but obliterated by fifteen years' worth of menopausal megastars—that the best thing you can possibly be in this world is nineteen years old.

The simple fact is that, contrary to widespread belief, children accept more often than they reject the characteristics of their



Shades of *Sgt. Pepper:* The rock group Blacklight Chameleons. *Clockwise from top:* Bill Ebauer, Andrea Mathews, Dino Sorbello, Noreen Lewis.

Photographs by MARY ELLEN MARK



You can argue about the sixties into infinity. But on one point all must agree. The sixties were the time of the young.

ReBecca Moore, a seventeen-year-old free spirit, in the bathroom of the Palladium club in New York.

ents. Babies born and reared in the whaleboned and cor-
ed early fifties came naturally to adulthood in the late
enties as yuppies, constricted in imagination if not phy-
ue. As a perfect reflection of early-eighties money-grub-
g, status-seeking conservatism, the yuppies still hold
rmous sway. But they cannot hold on to it forever. The
eighties will belong to babies born in the mid-sixties—
babies one sees in films of rock festivals, wrapped in
nespun blankets or playing with soap bubbles. It is the
neration conceived amid psychedelic light shows in silver-
né bedrooms to the strains of *Sgt. Pepper*. It is the gener-
on breast-fed by a social order which, however illusory
soon corrupted, gave credence while it could to the
portant words *love* and *peace*.

met reBecca Moore in the Waverly Coffee Shop, close
to New York University. ReBecca is seventeen. She
s close-cropped hair, darted with gold, and eyes out-
ed in pale purple. That day she wore a blue happi coat,
T-shirt inscribed "The Paper," and patent-leather
oes embellished with fat bunches of Christmas tinsel.
one of this is what you notice first about reBecca.
rst of all you notice her expression, which is as open,
rm, and cloudless as ideal spring weather.

Her parents, Peter and Barbara Moore, were New York
ties archetypes. Peter worked as an art photographer. Bar-
ra knew the inner circle of avant-garde artists and perform-
s—John Cage, Philip Glass, Yoko Ono, Charlotte Moor-
an. One of reBecca's earliest memories is of being taken to
Easter cello recital by Moorman, who had, for the occa-
on, covered herself in chocolate.

ReBecca's free and easy upbringing among child-spirited
sthetes brought about an inevitable reaction. "When I was
out seven I stopped bringing my school friends to our
use. It always took so long to explain to them what the
ings were that we had on our walls. Being brought up
nong artists, I never had anything to say to kids my own
ge. So I decided to go normal. For my eighth birthday, I
ked for a preppy shirt. I really tried for three or four years
be like other kids, just hanging out, going to movies...
hen, when I was in the sixth or seventh grade, my mother
me back from Europe with some bright-pink hair dye. I
ave in and used some of it. My mother was *so* happy..."

Now reBecca makes movies with a camera her father gave
er and appears in multimedia art shows. She borrows all her
nother's sixties clothes, and some of her father's. She cares
ttle for money or becoming famous and says she would give
p her art if the chance to do more tangible good came along.
he marches and demonstrates for the same principles her
arents espoused—as well as the new young people's con-
ern, animal rights. "It comes back to me what I heard
eople say when I was little—about love and peace, and how
his world is something that has to be shared."

The new sixties look is, even more than the old, a stylistic potpourri. Though literal reincarnations of both the mod nd the hippie can be seen among young crowds in New ork and London, the smarter way is to forage, jackdawlike, mong the decade's relics, adding them to layers of existing



Boutique owner Patricia Field
(middle right) and her psychedelic staff.
Clockwise from bottom: Debbie Jacobs, Richard Alvarez, Michel Viau.

nostalgia for the forties and fifties and the still-prevalent ironies of punk. "I like the way kids pick and choose the best of what we had," says Aggie Markowitz, a good-humored thirty-nine-year-old who runs a café on Prince Street in New York. "Like the peace symbol that was sacred to us. The kids now wear it just as an ornament. That bothered me until I realized it's just like 1968, when I wore a World War I army jacket and it drove my mother wild because she remembered seeing men in those jackets selling apples on the street in 1938. To me it was just something John Lennon wore."

In the sixties, wearing a Day-Glo peace sign that glimmered through the Stars and Stripes on her back, Aggie Markowitz marched and chanted with the best of them. When she reflects now on that wild insurrection, it all seems to have been made absurdly easy by the society under attack. "Your rent was thirty-nine dollars a month. You *could* care about the other guy on the block. You could go on a march and call in to work the next day and say, 'Hey, I got teargassed, I'll be in tomorrow,' and your boss just said, 'O.K.' Any kid who tried that now would be out on the street in five seconds."

Certainly, it was economic fear as much as the long aftershocks of Vietnam and Watergate that virtually extinguished political conscience on American college campuses from the mid-seventies onward and caused youth in the early eighties to become bleak-faced young adults in business suits, hurrying from their corporate treadmill to their health clubs, and from their sodium-free dinners to their early, celibate beds.

American students twenty years *(Continued on page 129)*

FATAL CHARM

PART TWO

DOMINICK DUNNE continues his investigation into the social web of Claus von Bülow, probing deeper into the shadowy cast of characters

For the eight weeks that the trial of Danish socialite Claus von Bülow, for twice attempting to murder his heiress wife by insulin injection, mesmerized the country, a related development of the strange case ran its parallel course. Nowhere was the scent of rot more pervasive than in the minimally publicized story of a Providence parish priest, Father Philip Magaldi, and his onetime companion David Marriott, an unemployed mystery man who drove around in limousines and who was happy to show anyone who cared to look Xeroxed copies of his hotel bills from Puerto Rican resorts, which he claimed were paid for by Claus von Bülow. Why, people wondered, if von Bülow was innocent, would he have involved himself in such an unsavory atmosphere?

Let us backtrack.

On July 21, 1983, Father Magaldi, on the stationery of Saint Anthony Church, 5 Gibbs Street, North Providence, Rhode Island, wrote and signed the following statement in the presence of a notary.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

. . . I wish to state that I am ready to testify, if necessary, and under oath, that DAVID MARRIOTT did in fact discuss with me in professional consultation, his delivering to Mr. Claus von Bülow's stepson, Alexander [von Auersperg], packages which he thought contained drapery materials from his friend Gilbert [Jackson] in Boston, but on one occasion a package which he opened contained drugs which were delivered to the Newport mansion and accepted by Mrs. Sunny von Bülow who stated Alexander was not home but she had been expecting the package.

My reason in writing this affidavit is that in the event of accident or death, I wish to leave testimony as to the veracity of the statements made to me by DAVID MARRIOTT and also that as his counselor in spiritual matters, I advised him to inform Mr. Claus von Bülow and his lawyers as to what he knew concerning drug involvement by Alexander. I intend to speak with Mr. Roberts, the Attorney General of the State of Rhode Island, concerning these matters in August.

Five days later, on white watermarked stationery bearing the engraved address 960 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York, Claus von Bülow wrote Father Magaldi a letter that was quoted in the New York *Post* by gossip columnist Cindy Adams at the conclusion of the second trial. It reads in part:

Dear Father Magaldi,

I want to thank you for your kindness and courage in braving the storm and the airport delays, and then coming to meet me in New York. Had I been able to contact you in Boston I would gladly ha faced those problems myself.

We were however rewarded with a ve enjoyable evening, and I am grateful you.

I want to repeat my wish to consult wi you in finding an acceptable charity f donating the royalties of my book. T total profits, including film right could be anything between $500,000 a $1,000,000. . . . I will be happy to me with you in Providence, Boston or Ne York at your convenience.

On September 30, 1983, Father M galdi, in a document notarized by h attorney, William A. Dimitri, Jr. (wh later became the attorney for von Bi low's mistress, Andrea Reynolds), mad the following statement:

In addition to my affidavit I wish to sta something which I feel is too delicate matter to come before the media and pul lic at this time.

I refer to pictures shown me by Davi Marriott in which Alexander is engaged homosexual activity with an unidentifie male whom David told me was Gilbe Jackson.

Because these pictures in my estimatio served no purpose and were patently po nographic, I destroyed them. However can state that I recognized Alexander i the picture but cannot verify that the oth was Gilbert Jackson since I have neve seen him.

Illustration by MARC BOXER

In actuality, Father Magaldi had nev- met Alexander von Auersperg, and exander von Auersperg had never t Gilbert Jackson, who was murdered 1978, and therefore no such porno- aphic pictures ever existed for Father agaldi to destroy. In other, more exot- areas of his life, Father Magaldi trav- d in the netherworld of Boston under alias Paul Marino. It was in this role at he had met David Marriott, in the eyhound bus terminal in 1977, and t in the spiritual capacity he claimed his affidavit. David Marriott told me at he did not know his benefactor was Catholic priest until Magaldi was in a inor automobile accident several years ter their friendship began and his true entity came out.

Marriott, who participated in prepar- g these and other affidavits besmirch- g the names of Claus von Bülow's ife, Sunny, and his stepson, Alexan- r von Auersperg, later claimed that ey were all lies and that he had been id by von Bülow for his part in the ception. Furthermore, Marriott had cretly tape-recorded conversations ith Father Magaldi, von Bülow, and ndrea Reynolds to attempt to support s claim. On one tape that I listened , Father Magaldi and Marriott dis- ss von Bülow's alleged offer to help e priest be elevated to bishop. On nother there is talk about getting the te Raymond Patriarca, the Mafia ieftain of Providence, to get a drug ealer serving time in jail to say that lexander von Auersperg had been ne of his customers.

This murky matter played no part in laus von Bülow's second trial in Prov- lence. However, there were frequent mors that Father Magaldi, who is a opular priest in the city, was about to e indicted for lying in a sworn state- ent he had given in 1983 to help von ülow get a new trial, and that may ave been the principal reason why dge Corinne Grande insisted that the ry be sequestered for the eight weeks f the trial, especially since several of e members were acquainted with Fa- er Magaldi. The priest was not indict- d until after the jury had retired to eliberate, and the contents of the sealed dictment were not made known.

On the day before the jury returned its



CLAUS VON BÜLOW: After the trial he returned to his old arrogance as he fielded questions from reporters he no longer needed to court.

verdict, Claus von Bülow and Father Magaldi met—perhaps by accident, perhaps by design—in the lobby of the Biltmore Plaza Hotel. The encounter took place at seven o'clock on a Sunday morning and was witnessed by one of the bellmen, who used to serve as an altar boy for Father Magaldi. The priest, the bellman told me, had made the fifteen-minute drive from North Providence to buy the Sunday papers at the newsstand in the lobby of the hotel. Just as he arrived, the elevator doors opened and von Bülow emerged to walk Mrs. Reynolds's golden retriever, Tiger Lily. The encounter between the two men was brief, but the bellman was sure they had exchanged a few words.

That night, twelve members of the media who had covered the trial gathered for a farewell dinner in a Providence restaurant. Their conversation never strayed far from the subject that had held them together for nearly nine weeks—the trial. They discussed the fact that once again Claus von Bülow had not taken the stand, and they felt that it had been a foregone conclusion in the defense strategy from the start that he was never going to. The defense was aware that the prosecution was in possession of an exhaustive report by a European private-detective agency on the life of von Bülow before his marriage to Sunny, and a clever prosecutor, given the opportunity to examine the defendant directly, would have been able to ask many potentially embarrassing questions. Another topic of conversation was Judge Corinne Grande, whose frequent rulings favorable to the defense raised questions of her impartiality. In what was certainly the most controversial ruling of the trial, Judge Grande had agreed with von Bülow's lawyers that the testimony of G. Morris Gurley, Sunny's banker at the Chemical Bank in New York, should be barred. Gurley would certainly have testified that, according to a prenuptial agreement, von Bülow would receive nothing from his wife in a divorce. However, according to her will, he would inherit $14 million if she died.

I repeated a story I had heard that afternoon from someone who had been present at an exchange between Mr. Gurley and Alexandra Isles in the witness room. Mrs. Isles had just completed her testimony when Gurley was informed that he would not be called to the stand. Gurley was stunned. So was Mrs. Isles. "I can't believe they're not letting you testify," she told him. "I wasn't the motive, Morris. The money was the motive. He had me for free."

Late in the evening someone came up with the idea, since there were twelve of us, of pretending to be a jury and voting a verdict, not as we anticipated the jury would vote but as we would vote if we were members of the jury and knew everything we knew rather than what Judge Grande had selected for us to know. The waitress brought a pad and pencils, and each person cast his vote. Our verdict, we all agreed, would remain our secret.

During the four days the jury was out deliberating, Claus von Bülow wandered up and down the crowded corridors of the courthouse, chain-smoking Vantage cigarettes and behaving like a genial host at a liquorless cocktail party, moving from one group of reporters to another with his endless supply of anecdotes. He even took time to call his most consistently loyal friend, the art historian John Richardson, to ask when he planned to leave for London. Monday week, he was told. He asked Richardson if he would take twelve large bags of potato chips to Paul Getty, Jr., who loved potato chips, but only the American kind.

On Monday morning, while waiting for the jury to reappear, von Bülow was tense and withdrawn. In the minutes before the jury entered, Barbara Nevins, a popular CBS reporter, leaned over from the press box and asked him if he had any final words before the verdict was delivered. In an uncharacteristic gesture, von Bülow raised the middle finger of his left hand to her.

"Is that for me, Mr. von Bülow, or for the press in general?" asked Miss Nevins. Thinking better of his gesture, he pretended that he had meant to scratch his forehead. At that moment the jury entered.

The proceedings were swift. The verdict was, predictably, Not Guilty on both charges. Von Bülow bowed his head for an instant and blinked back a tear. Then he and his lawyer Thomas Puccio nodded to each other without emotion. The courtroom was strangely mute despite a few cheers from elderly Clausettes in the back of the room. Ve little of the ecstasy that accompanies vindication was present, except in t histrionics of Mrs. Reynolds, who moment had finally come, and s played it to the hilt. Flanked by two her favorite reporters and directly in li with the television camera, she rais her diamond-ringed fingers to her di mond-earringed ears and wept.

During the triumphant press confe ence after the trial, von Bülow, su rounded by seven lawyers glowing wi the flush of victory, returned to his c arrogance as he fielded questions fro media representatives he no long needed to court. Following a char pagne visit with the jury that had acqu ted him, he and Mrs. Reynolds return to New York. Even in his moment victory, dramatic rumors preceded h arrival. At Mortimer's restaurant, French visitor said that if Claus h been found guilty, there was a plan spirit him out of the country on the p vate jet of a vastly rich Texan.

"If I took you down to our beach a you started asking people, the tw hundred of us who have dinner a swim and play golf together, y would find nearly everybody will say did it," Mrs. John Slocum, a member Newport society whose pedigree go back twelve generations, told a reporter week before von Bülow was acquitte "And I'll tell you something else," s added, "people are afraid of Claus."

A few days after the trial, I went Newport to check out the scene, a found that the battle lines between t pro– and anti–von Bülow factions r mained drawn, and seemed possib even fiercer than ever. On the fro page of the Newport *Daily News*, Mr Slocum crossed swords with Mrs. Jo Nicholas Brown, who had been von B low's staunchest defender in Newpo society from the beginning, in their r spective damnation and praise of Jud Grande and the verdict. In the same ar cle Mrs. Claiborne Pell, the wife Senator Pell of Rhode Island, said s was "delighted" that von Bülow h walked from the courthouse a free ma while Hugh D. Auchincloss, the ste brother of Jacqueline Kennedy Onass who had once written a letter in von B low's behalf to help him gain membe ship in the Knickerbocker Club, h harsh words for the verdict, t



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judge, and his former friend.

At the exclusive Clambake Club, Russell Aitken, the widower of Sunny von Bülow's mother, Annie-Laurie Aitken, stared ahead stone-faced as Mr. and Mrs. John Winslow, who had once said that the Aitkens would not be welcome at Bailey's Beach if Claus were acquitted, were seated nearby with their party. The Winslows were equally stone-faced.

Russell Aitken's dislike of his stepson-in-law is ferocious, and it predates the two charges of attempted murder by insulin injection. Standing on the terrace of Champs Soleil, the Bellevue Avenue estate he inherited from his late wife, which rivals, perhaps even surpasses, Clarendon Court in splendor, Mr. Aitken recalled for me the first time he and his wife ever met Claus von Bülow. It was in 1966 in London, in the lounge of Claridge's hotel, when von Bülow was a suitor for Sunny, who had just divorced Prince Alfie von Auersperg. Von Bülow arrived for the meeting with Sunny's parents with his head covered in bandages, explaining that he had been in an automobile accident. Later Mr. and Mrs. Aitken heard from Sunny that the truth was rather different: his head was bandaged because he had just had his first hair-transplant operation.

Behind Russell Aitken, on the rolling lawns of the French manor house, a new croquet court was under construction, which promises to be the handsomest croquet court on the Eastern Seaboard. A respected sculptor, he had had one of his own artworks installed on a wall overlooking the new court. Mr. Aitken interrupted his tour to continue our conversation about his stepson-in-law. "He is an extremely dangerous man," he said, "because he's a Cambridge-educated con man with legal training. He is totally amoral, greedy as a wolverine, cold-blooded as a snake. And I apologize to the snake."

"May I quote you saying that, Mr. Aitken?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed," he replied.

While von Bülow saved himself for an exclusive interview with Barbara Walters on *20/20*, his mistress did a saturation booking on the television shows. Back in Providence, Judge Grande defended herself against a barrage of criticism that she had let a guilty man walk free. 'I DIDN'T HELP CLAUS BEAT RAP,' went one headline. Out in Seattle, Jennie Bülow, the elderly widow of Frits Bülow, Claus von Bülow's long-dead maternal grandfather, from whom he acquired his name when he changed it from Borberg, made no secret of her dissatisfaction with both the judge and the verdict.

In New York, von Bülow announced that he would visit Sunny at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center for the first time in four years as a gesture of his continuing love for her. Later, seated in the library of his wife's Fifth Avenue apartment, he met with Barbara Walters, as he had met with her at the conclusion of his first trial. He talked about his desire to go back to work. "I was never going to divorce Sunny because of any other woman," he told her. "I was going to divorce Sunny because she didn't tolerate my work." At the end of the interview, Miss Walters announced that von Bülow would soon be leaving for England to begin work for Paul Getty, Jr., the son of his former boss.

Getty, who was very possibly the donor of both von Bülow's bail money and his defense fund, is fifty-two years old and makes his home in England. He recently gave $63 million to the National Gallery in London. In 1984, according to *Fortune* magazine, he had an income from the Getty trust of $110 million. A virtual recluse, Getty is said to be a registered drug addict in England. His second wife, Talitha Pol, a popular member of the jet set, died in her husband's penthouse apartment in Rome of a massive overdose of heroin in 1971. To this day many of her friends insist that the fatal injection was not self-administered. The oldest of Getty's five children, John Paul III, lost an ear during his kidnapping in Italy in 1973. He later suffered a methadone-induced stroke that left him blind and crippled. Getty's youngest child, Tara Gabriel Galaxy Gramaphone Getty, seventeen, the son of Talitha, is at present engaged in legal proceedings against the $4 billion Getty trust.

In the ongoing controversy that constantly surrounds him, von Bülow for some reason denied to reporter Ellen Fleysher during a news conference an item in Liz Smith's syndicated column saying that he and Mrs. Reynolds had posed for *Vanity Fair* ma- zine and photographer Helmut Ne- dressed in black leather. "No, I t- you've got the wrong case," he told reporter. Liz Smith, quick to respo- printed in her column two days la- "Once you see Claus inside the ma- zine in his black leather jacket, I w- you to tell me how we can believe a- thing he says."

The same day that Liz Smith q- tioned von Bülow's veracity, the N- York *Times* reported that the indictn- against Father Magaldi in Providence been unsealed and that the priest charged with perjury and conspiring obstruct justice to affect the outcom- Claus von Bülow's appeal. Early morning the telephone rang in my N- York apartment. It was Mrs. Reyno- Displeased with the latest developm- in the media, she accused me of plan- the story in Liz Smith's column to att- publicity for my article in *Vanity Fai*

"Do you have any fear of being s- poenaed in the Father Magaldi case? asked her.

"They wouldn't subpoena me c- their dead bodies," replied Mrs. Re- olds.

"Why?"

"I can totally demolish Mr. Ma- ott," she said. There was ice in voice.

I asked her if it was true that she von Bülow were only waiting for return of his passport so that they co- get out of the country before they w- subpoenaed. She angrily denied to that they had played any part in the fa- affidavits.

Von Bülow now got on the line, his anger equaled that of Mrs. Re- olds. "I suggest you talk with Profes- Dershowitz at Harvard," he told sternly.

"Let me give you his telephone nu- ber," snapped Mrs. Reynolds, "to s- you the seventy-five cents it will c- you to dial information."

The burning question was, wo- Claus von Bülow's acquittal g- him automatic use of his cor- tose wife's $3.5 million ann- income, minus, of course, the h- million dollars a year it costs to ma- tain her in Columbia-Presbyter- Medical Center? If so, his access the money was not immediate, a- civil litigation *(Continued on page 1*

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ARTS FAIR

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Shock Valued

by Pepe Karmel

"It's work which might seem exceedingly eccentric, or just weird and marginal." Rosalind Krauss is talking about the pictures in "L'Amour Fou: Photography and Surrealism," opening this month at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C. Like most big exhibitions these days, "L'Amour Fou" is a group enterprise, curated by both Krauss and Corcoran associate director Jane Livingston. But it's Krauss's participation that promises art-world controversy.

Co-editor of the radical journal *October*, professor at the City University of New York, author of the recently published *The Originality of the Avant-Garde and Other Modernist Myths*, Krauss is perhaps the fiercest and most effective critic of today's art establishment, leaving a trail of fuming scholars wherever she turns her pen. Inevitably, her most frequent target is the museum that symbolizes the alliance between the avant-garde and the ruling class. "I'm not necessarily interested in making war on the Museum of Modern Art," Krauss insists, but the record suggests otherwise.

In 1981 Krauss and *October* greeted MoMA's blockbuster Picasso show with a special issue, "Art World Follies." When MoMA put together its big "Primitivism" show last year, Krauss was asked to contribute to the catalogue (which she did), and was also invited to speak at a conference that accompanied the exhibition. But she used the podium to launch a blistering attack on the show, anyway.

Photography has long been regarded as a minor aspect of surrealism, but Krauss is planning to change all that. "The history of surrealism has been a mess," she says, "partly because it's been written from the point of view of museum art—from the point of vie painting and sculpture." The fa says Krauss, that "the surrealist were very hostile to the idea of They thought that 'art' was inev hostage to bourgeois values," and drawn to photography specifically cause it *didn't* seem too arty. It w unpretentious way of capturing spectacle of the street, the sudden rition of the unpredictable. "The realists are courting chance," K explains.

The official leader of the surre was André Breton, poet of the ' velous," theorist of "convu beauty." But, for Krauss, Bre ideas don't fully explain surr photography. While many of the realists' photographs were sex even pornographic—in subject, ton was a terrible prude. His dict al leadership led to an open confl 1929, when a group of importar fectors started an alternative surr journal, entitled simply *Documen* editor, Georges Bataille, is the hero of Krauss's revised histo surrealism.

A critic and medieval scholar taille's essays on art, anthropology losophy, and psychoanalysis sport titles as "The Solar Anus" and Deviations of Nature." His fascir with the Marquis de Sade was shar many surrealist photographers, ir ing Man Ray, whose *Monume*



© 1985 BY GILBERTE BRASSAI

Transformed by the surrealist lens: *opposite page*, Breton's *The Serpent* (circa 1936), and, *above*, Brassaï's *Nude* (1933).

A. F. de Sade (1933) shows an in-rted, phallic cross superimposed on : image of female buttocks. Krauss esses the influence within surrealism Bataille's concept of *bassesse*—the aseness" of the instincts, symbolized "low" body parts like the anus or foot. And Jacques-André Boiffard's angely disturbing close-ups of toes d fingers, it turns out, re done on commission illustrations for Ba-lle's 1929 article "The g Toe."

The Corcoran exhibition ems sharply focused on an gressively distorted vision the female body. In a assaï nude of 1933, for in-nce, the woman's upper rso is reduced to a long aft, while her hips swell to spherical forms at the aft's base. It is, as Krauss ints out, a woman's body hat looks like a phallus." r Krauss, such an image ustrates the surrealist fas-nation with the "fetish," a term which allowed the surrealists to fuse anthropology with Freud's revolutionary ideas about sexuality and psychology. The fetish—this displaced image of the phallus—paradoxically becomes the indispensable point of desire.

The images in "L'Amour Fou" may be more shocking than some museum-goers—or curators—are ready for. Though the show is traveling to San Francisco, Paris, and London, it's not going to New York. "I offered this exhibition to John Szarkowski [MoMA photography-department head], and he was absolutely appalled by the idea," says Krauss. Szarkowski himself claims that he turned the show down simply because MoMA was still in the midst of its renovation program when Krauss and Livingston got in touch with him, several years ago. "It's a pity the show isn't coming here," says Szarkowski. If Krauss and Livingston are angry, well, "some people work harder with a grievance."



STEPHEN BARKER

Critic-curator Rosalind Krauss on her latest campaign.

Meanwhile, Krauss herself has come under attack from a completely different quarter. Her new book, mentioned above, recently received a slashing review from Craig Owens, once a star of the *October* circle and now an editor at *Art in*

America. Though the art world was taken aback, Krauss herself seems unfazed. "Craig is accusing me of having claimed to be in the theoretical vanguard and then not living up to it. I say to that: phooey!" The very point of her book, she says, is to debunk the idea of an artistic vanguard or avant-garde. "Craig's done this little matricidal public event, and that's fine," she adds. "I hope it's good for him."

Which leaves one thinking that when it comes to aggression, art critics could show the surrealists a thing or two. □

DANCE

Trans-Atlantic Ferri

by Julie Kavanagh

The most striking thing about Alessandra Ferri in the beginning—when she was seventeen and had just joined the corps of the Royal Ballet—was her extraordinary plasticity. With sky-piercing arabesques and a back as supple as willow cane, she had a line so beautiful it would have made a choreographer out of a lumberjack. In 1982, when Ferri had been with the company for less than two years, she was cast as Mary Vetsera, the doomed mistress of Crown Prince Rudolf, in Kenneth MacMillan's *Mayerling*. And with her first performance in a principal role she became a star.

Last year MacMillan chose Ferri for the lead in the television version of his *Romeo and Juliet*, causing considerable pique among the Royal's senior ballerinas. But Ferri is young and Italian, and she was the earthy, modern Juliet that MacMillan wanted. His *Romeo*, created in 1965, had been inspired by Franco Zeffirelli's revolutionary production at the Old Vic in 1960, and Ferri shaped her performance after that of Olivia Hussey in Zeffirelli's film of the play. "Hers was the only Juliet I agreed with," Ferri says. Vivacious, sexually responsive, resourceful, willful—Ferri's Juliet questions and fights back. "None of that would have happened to her if she'd been shy."

This month Ferri is performing Juliet for the first time in New York, and for the first time as a principal dancer with American Ballet Theatre. Mikhail Baryshnikov, A.B.T.'s artistic director, invited her to join the company last February, on the night of her debut as Odette in Zeffirelli's production of *Swan Lake* at La Scala. "From my point of view, she's one of the few exciting dancers around," Baryshnikov says. "She has a dramatic sense that is natural and unforced." Ferri decided to leave the Royal Ballet, provisionally, for a season.

Ferri is MacMillan's protégée and the successor to Lynn Seymour as his muse, so when MacMillan went to New York last year to become A.B.T.'s artistic associate it was widely assu that she would not be long in follov him. Seymour was the prime inspira for MacMillan's Juliet, both dramat ly and choreographically. It was body that shaped the dance: all t headlong dives and turned-in re were made in homage to her exquisi expressive legs and feet. While ph cally very different from Seym Ferri has inherited the same slig swaybacked legs and dramatic ins that extend the arabesque line inc nitely by arching upward like a si blade. The steps made for S mour twenty years ago s revivified every time Ferri forms the role.

Not unreasonably, Ferri sists the comparison to S mour, whom she never perform. "I'm not a second a one, I'm me." But they l have been able to interpret M Millan's wishes with unca intuition. "Lynn and I ra spoke about what we were ing, and it's the same v Alex," he says. Although has yet to develop Seymo gift for playing with nua within a phrase, Ferri is a markably musical dancer wi quality of enjambment to phrasing that gives fluency fervor to MacMillan's great matic duets. She seems fearl never interrupting the mus impetus to anticipate a risky

Ferri has the body of a mine, yet with her black bro flashing eyes, and Kinski- lips there is a definite voluptuous about her. Frederick Ashton recogn this Esmeralda quality when he cast as the Gypsy girl in *The Two Pige* and five of her roles in MacMill ballets present her as a temptress. Anna II in his television version of *Seven Deadly Sins* she dances the zling "Lust" duet wearing stock and suspenders.) But she also brin childlike air to these roles; her se tiveness is offset with innocence. a combination that Zeffirelli pri when he worked with her in Milan love those passionate Italian eyes can suddenly open wide with purit



ANDREW MACPHERSON

A.B.T.'s newest import, Alessandra Ferri.

Ferri danced Odette to Carla Fracci's
lile in Zeffirelli's controversial pro-
ction of *Swan Lake*, the idea being to
ghten the contrast between pure and
fane love by having two ballerinas
ice the lead. Her performance won
considerable acclaim and enormous
miration from Zeffirelli, who has be-
me a friend. "She has the quality
ich for me is an alarm that goes *ting!*
lent at work here. I found it in Callas,
agnani, Hussey, Taylor. . . Each time
peak with her, I see the ghosts of all
se ladies."

Ferri has been identified as a "Mac-
illan dancer," which in England
eans "unclassical," since his style
storts the academically pure, Fon-
yn-derived English line, so she
atched her young colleagues at the
yal cut their teeth on the classics
hile she wasn't given similar
ances. Too late to prevent her from
aving, she was cast in the fourth act
La Bayadère in July, and even in
rly rehearsals was surprising herself
th the ease with which she could
ckle it. "I used to believe I couldn't
things, because everyone kept tell-
g me that I lack technique."

One of her main reasons for going to
.B.T., she says, is to be thrown in
nt of an audience expecting technical
cks. Ferri feels she needs to be tough-
and risk more. "Dancers in the Royal
allet have become very complacent
out technique—everyone is happy
ith just two pirouettes. I'm going be-
use I'm not like that."

There are some who will say that
rri is deserting a sinking ship. The
oyal Ballet was criticized vehemently
d unanimously this spring when a re-
val of *Ballet Imperial* mercilessly ex-
sed the company's decline in stan-
rds. Her departure is a loss to them,
t the chances are she will be back. In
e meantime, Ferri's future looks rosy.
fter *Romeo* she will dance in a new
allet MacMillan is creating for her and
aryshnikov, and there is the prospect
Giselle in the spring.

"Time will tell how she will work
t in the classics," says Baryshnikov.
Everything is in her hands." But as
lacMillan notes optimistically,
Americans won't have seen anyone
ke her since Gelsey Kirkland." □

DESIGN

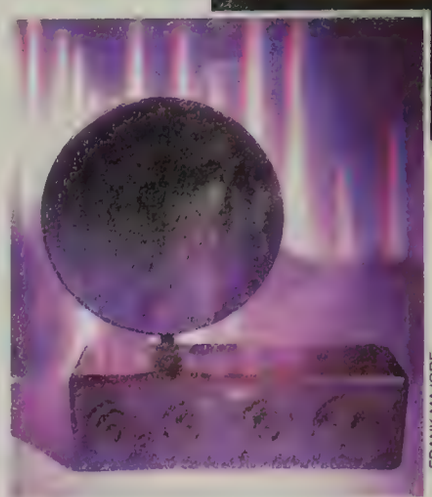
Style Shifts

by Douglas Davis

"High style" has always been a loaded term, not to say concept. In the early days of this republic it was associated with the aristocratic courts of Europe—and condemned. To some extent, it still is. But the creators of images and slogans designed to sell us everything from clothes, furniture, and cars to videocassette recorders and personal computers shamelessly indulge in the lure of highborn elegance. Certainly this contradiction of the democratic ethic explains why American culture regularly returns to "low style"—to the cheap, the popular, the mass-produced. But the glorification of "pop" always originates in the elite. In the sixties, the buyers and idolaters of Warhol, Lichtenstein, and Rosenquist were the Limousine Left and Right, not those whose culture pop supposedly glorified, the suburbanites in the middle. They were and are buying pre-framed reproductions of Degas and Monet. And when postmodern architects like Michael Graves and Robert A. M. Stern reached back in the seventies to borrow from baroque and rococo excess, the "people" were just learning to love their split-level houses and streamlined (rip-off) Bauhaus chairs and tables.

This fatal and fascinating contradiction is barely noticed in the Whitney Museum's lavish tribute to American taste in "High Styles: Twentieth-Century American Design" (September 19 through February 16), which relentlessly parades out every style and designer with the slightest claim to textbook status from 1900 to the present. It is a good-natured exhibition, pleased with itself, its subject, and the hundreds of objects on display. Most of all, it is enthralled by its own lack of focus, summed up by the museum's decision to ask five outside experts to organize the installations and write the cata-





FRANK MAJORE

Samplings of high style: a 1950s Noguchi lamp; a Graves chair, 1981; and an Atwater Kent radio, 1925.

logue's essays on five different periods. "American design . . . is seen not as a linear progression," writes chief curator Lisa Phillips, in a rare moment of understatement, "but rather as a fractured and discontinuous amalgam . . . embracing style's fundamental ambiguity, relativity, and plurality."

On one level, "High Styles" is correct to behave as it does. The first retrospective tribute paid to American design by an American art museum *ought* to be American—that is, sensuous, democratic, devoid of selectivity and sustained, serious themes. (Leave criticism, reservations, morbidity to the Europeans.) And the Whitney hangs out everybody and everything—George Maher, Charles Rohlfs, Frank Lloyd Wright, the Buffalo Pottery Company, the Atwater Kent Radio Company, Marcel Breuer, Elsie de Wolfe, Charles Eames, Raymond Hood, Raymond Loewy, Richard Neutra, Philip Johnson, Isamu Noguchi, Eero Saarinen, Wendell Castle, Frank Gehry, Richard Meier, and Robert Wilson, not to say the arts-and-crafts movement, early modernism, the Prairie School, middle modernism, Art Moderne, Art Deco, late modernism, postmodernism, and pop art in all its applied modes. Everything is stashed in "period" rooms assembled by the urbane Robert Venturi, the father, in effect, of the self-indulgent, pop-inspired postmodern style (a style whose excesses he now rejects). There is a sumptuous turn-of-the-century glass-and-gold fireplace surround by Maher; a compact and sleek 1925 radio by Atwater Kent that openly displays its inner workings; a lithe, paper-shaded lamp by Noguchi from the fifties; a boxy, segmented, atypical Eames tilt-back lounge chair; and a thick-legged armchair by Graves with bird's-eye-maple veneer that harks back to the richly decorated tables and chairs made eighty years ago that begin the exhibition.

But intellect and common sense tell us there is more to high style than the random rise and fall of surface styles, than ogling and staring, than poring over a catalogue which simply confirms that first this happened, then that. Here and there Phillips acknowledges that these styles are linked to socioeconomic conditions, which she seems to mean the rise of consumerism and mass-production techniques. Two of the essays, by David Gebhard (on the twenties era) and Esther McCoy (on the postwar era), make valiant attempts to link streams of objects to deeply felt cultural trends—in Gebhard's case the use of the past as a romantic respite from industrialism, and in McCoy's the new obsession with engineering and efficiency. Their motives are sound. Even if the answers provided by meteoric shifts in style are frivolous, the questions asked by the market—that is, the buyers—aren't. *Who am I? Where do I live? What does my life mean? Where am I? Where is the world headed?* In his seminal book *The Fashion System* (never mentioned in the Whitney publication; Tom Wolfe, of course, is), Roland Barthes argues that style is a signifier in desperate search of a signified—that is, a meaning. Nothing is more profound than this search, whose province includes how we dress and live, as well as what we read or collect. In the thirties the "modern" style was reviled by Stalin and Hitler at once. They correctly sensed that it suggested a new, alternative road. They knew it meant more than simply another whim or commodity. High style, despite all we have been told, is a matter of high seriousness. □

THEATER

High-Scoring Lloyd Webber

by Sylviane Gold

This month's opening of *Song & Dance* brings a slew of venerable names to Broadway: cuter-than-cute Bernadette Peters to sing; the New York City Ballet's gifted Peter Martins, in his first Broadway outing, to choreograph; another City Ballet product, Christopher d'Amboise, to dance; the Tony-winning Richard Maltby, Jr., to direct. But of the names, none packs more box-off wallop than that of the composer, A drew Lloyd Webber.

His track record is staggering: *Je Christ Superstar, Joseph and the Am ing Technicolor Dreamcoat, Evi Cats,* and, in London, *Starlight press*. At thirty-seven, he's a multin lionaire, collecting royalties from far-flung musical empire that inclu productions of his shows around globe, cast albums in numerous l guages, London's Palace Theat which he owns, and recordings of compositions by innumerable artis Every time you hear "Memory" on elevator, you're also hearing anot coin clinking into the Lloyd Webb coffer.

His uncanny knack for coming with melodies that insinuate themsel into our consciousness—even in ele tors—is only part of the reason for phenomenal popularity. The long-lin anthemic swellings of his most famil tunes—"I Don't Know How to Lo Him" and "Don't Cry for Me, Arger na," both written with lyricist T Rice—seem to satisfy a craving for b important songs that once upon a ti came from opera scores and Rodg and Hammerstein musicals but that one else writes anymore. (Consid "We Are the World," which w *meant* as an anthem. Although it hit t mark with its lyrics, musically it wa mere ditty. Hum it; then hum "Mem ry." Case closed.)

Lloyd Webber's success is also t result of an incredible facility for sl ping in and out of musical idioms. H earliest work, *Joseph,* is virtually an a thology of pop styles: there's an El growler, a calypso bounce, a country ment, and a sentimental French cha son, each sounding like the template its genre. While his later musicals a not quite as eclectic, they, too, are f of seductive and overt borrowings. *Superstar,* Herod razzes Jesus with perky rag; in *Evita,* a Latin serena serves to spirit the heroine to Buen Aires; and in *Cats,* Lloyd Webber placed the extended English music-h number in the London version with miniature Puccini opera for Americ audiences.



MICHAEL OWENS

Andrew Lloyd Webber at his English country house with his wife, the soprano Sarah Brightman.

A musical glibness makes it hard to npoint a specific Lloyd Webber yle. He has said that his most per-nal work to date is in *Requiem,* the ass he composed in 1984 after the ath of his father. Recorded by con-ctor Lorin Maazel, with soloists acido Domingo and Sarah Bright-an (Mrs. Lloyd Webber), *Requiem* is "serious" work that gets airplay on serious" music stations. Yet it, too, full of passages that sound like mething else: Stravinsky disso-nces, Verdi marches, Britten arias. oyd Webber would have no problem rning out a song that sounded like ephen Sondheim or Jerry Herman, it it would be hard for them to return e favor. Nevertheless, Lloyd Web-r's supple melodies do always leave hind a familiar, lingering perfume, e scent of music we all know and ve. And *Song & Dance* will probably ovide elevator riders with another utch of Lloyd Webber war-horses.

Still, like all his other musicals, this ie is fraught with risk and based on a ss than weak theatrical premise. It's vo separate pieces tied together with a in thread of plot. Moreover, the first act is a sung monologue, and the second is a ballet. But who is going to tell the man who got hit musicals out of the Old and New Testaments, old Argentinean newspapers, old poems by T. S. Eliot, and old American railroad trains that a one-woman song cycle and a ballet are not going to pack a Broadway house?

Originally known as "Tell Me on a Sunday," the first act is a musical diary following the amorous ups and downs of a romantic Englishwoman in the United States. English singer Marti Webb got a hit album out of it, and sang it on British television. (Brightman sang it for American broadcast.) But "Tell Me on a Sunday" wasn't meant to be staged.

Neither was the second act, which began life as "Variations," Lloyd Webber's gift to his cellist brother. It's yet another set of variations on the famously varied Paganini A-Minor Caprice, and it, too, became a hit album in Britain.

These two unrelated, freestanding pieces were combined as *Song & Dance: A Concert for the Theatre* in London in 1982. Despite a comfortable two-year run, the show did not impress American critics. So for Broadway *Song & Dance* has undergone some radical revisions. The two halves have been connected, however tenuously: the boy who dances in Act Two is now one of the lovers who are sung about in Act One. The choreography is all new, there's a new director, and the stars, Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise, are American, not British.

Even if the critics don't come round, the show could well be a sellout. But it won't be because of the name recognition that helped *Superstar* and *Evita* overcome tepid reviews—those two shows were best-selling albums even before rehearsals began. And it won't be because of the novelty appeal of people playing cats or trains. All this show has going for it is what Lloyd Webber and his collaborators have given it. It may be enough. □

MOVIES

Grim Peeper

by Stephen Schiff

I've always liked the *idea* of Paul Schrader: the Calvinist intellectual who never saw a movie until he was eighteen, the Mark David Chapman–like critic who wrote *Taxi Driver* as an act of autobiography, the "daring" director drawn to kinky sex and kinky crime. As his new movie, *Mishima,* demonstrates, the idea of Schrader is far more tantalizing than the real thing. His films promise naughty thrills—they're about gigolos and porno kittens, gangsters and prostitutes. But once the ringmaster has lured us inside, we discover we've been dragged to an *auto da fé.* Schrader is the dour Torquemada of the movies, lowering the boom on transgressors, punishing the lustful and the pleasure-seeking in the name of transcendence—and, whenever possible, drawing blood.

Schrader's may be the most peculiarly repellent sensibility now at work in the cinema (always excepting Jann

BENNO FRIEDMAN



Paul Schrader, the director who lures with the promise of naughty things.

Wenner's, of course): everything human is alien to him. True, he packs sex into his films. But it isn't alluring sex—it has no pulse, no heat. Wherever he spies lust without love, Schrader plunges into a vengeful frenzy—"To the rack with them!" he shrieks, flapping his ebony cape. In *American Gigolo*, the hero's lubricious life-style gets him thrown in jail, not because he's guilty of any crime, but because he's Guilty, or, as the movie puts it, "guilty as sin." And in *Cat People*, sex actually kills; worse, it leaves a trail of yucky primeval ooze—take *that*, infidels.

Yet there is a place for the body in this grim scheme. Flesh is useful because it can be mortified. Of course, the movies have always been in love with masochism—think of *Ben-Hur* or *On the Waterfront*, think of *Rambo*. But Schrader doesn't love it for its looks; he loves it for its mind. To him, self-flagellation is the thinking man's path to redemption. So in *The Yakuza*, the first picture made from a Schrader screenplay, Robert Mitchum proves his nobility by ceremonially slicing off half his pinkie. And now, in *Mishima*, Schrader fills the screen with characters who beg their lovers to lacerate them; who pump iron like crazy, the better to pose as Saint Sebastian; and who finally commit joyous seppuku as Philip Glass's score writhes in ecstasy. If it weren't so turgid, *Mishima* would be a campy howl. (And talk about masochism—Schrader actually filmed the thing in Japanese.)

"I came to Mishima," says Schrader, "because he was the type of character I might have invented if he had not existed." Born in Tokyo in 1925, Yukio Mishima was a great novelist, and also a terrible actor, a homosexual (as well as a husband and father), a bodybuilder, a film director, a narcissist, something of a sicko, and the leader of his own private right-wing army, which was hell-bent on returning Japan to imperial glory. By the time he seized a Tokyo military garrison in 1970 and committed hara-kiri, he had become perhaps the most famous Japanese cultural figure of the century. Schrader has managed to make him a bore. His film is a sort of cinematic encyclopedia entry; you come away knowing a lot about Mishima without ever feeling you've touched the man, without ever experiencing his life as drama. Afterward, I found myself thinking, Wouldn't that make a great movie?

Mishima is certainly some kind of feat. It's three movies in one, made in three contrasting styles. There's a framing story—a chronicle of the writer's last day—which Schrader has shot using washy color and a jumpy, Cos Gavras-like camera. Meanwhile, so ber black-and-white flashbacks deli the biographical details, using a st tatami-level camera reminiscent of Sch der's idol Yasujiro Ozu. Finally we vignettes from three Mishima novels, very stylized and theatrical, filmed in l ing Schradercolor—which is to s whorehouse reds, chic slate blues, and rid oranges. The acting in these quences is noisily Kabuki, and the se by the splendidly publicized desig Eiko Ishioka, are at once eye-poppi and incongruous—whenever they ca on, I felt like ordering the sushi deluxe

Somewhere amid the mayhem, the f Japanese actor Ken Ogata can be spott laboring mightily to make Mishima se imposing yet affable. All in vain. M *shima* is less an act of biography than criticism, and Schrader has made his su ject safe for general consumption by tu ing his search for self into ringi abstractions. The cop-out is built into t film's structure. Partly to satisfy Mis ma's widow, Schrader has eliminated t more scabrous details of Mishima's l from the biographical sections; the lick ish bits appear only in the scenes from t novels. But isn't that the approa Schrader generally takes anyway? Li the father in *Hardcore* and the voodo crossed lovers in *Cat People*, his hero can live amid lust and decadence only they themselves remain pure, virgin undefiled. For Schrader, Mishima c write about twisted passion, but mustn't be caught enjoying any.

Paul Schrader is an unlikely morali He's not impassioned; he doesn't gi off a fervent, righteous glow. I do think he even believes he's moralizin More likely he imagines himself follo ing certain lofty literary precedents Dante and Beatrice in particular—forging inspirational myths of glorio and transcendent love. Yet behind t artsy flourishes, Schrader's screen voi sounds crabbed, frightened. In his mo ies, he peeps through keyholes, but never gets up the nerve to turn the doo knob. As *Mishima* lumbers wearily and fro, from the biographical sectio to the novel excerpts and back, you c almost hear Paul Schrader whispering the background: "I can't look. I can look. O.K., I'll look." □

TELEVISION

Précis TV

by D.C. Denison

The television tease is probably the most compressed video-art form—quickest, tightest, snappiest thirty onds on the networks. It's sort of TV ku, very compact and slightly puz-ng: there's a chase, a car crash, some ll-dressed people yelling at each oth- and then it's over. On to the theme ng, the aerial shots of oil fields, and rest of the show.

A teaser is meant to hook an audi-ce, and this month, with the premiere more than a dozen new shows, these lf-minute miniatures take on a desper-, feverish intensity. "We have to ab the viewer right away," says mes Conway, super-ing producer of *Holly-od Beat*, which will ve its premiere on ABC the end of the month. We want him to say, hat's funny. I like these ys. If that's the first min-e, I'm going to watch the st of it.' "





Tease-frames: *Hollywood Beat* and *Dallas*.

The stakes aren't quite that gh on the more established ows. It's difficult to imagine millions viewers tuning out *Dallas* because is week's teaser is only so-so. Still, en these teasers do have a certain en-ging, irresistible appeal. They are el-ant exercises in the art of elision—a oss between a sports-highlight film d a music video. And, unlike the rest the prime-time-television industry, aser editors play the broadcast game cording to their own peculiar, slightly ogical rules.

Like: Mislead the audience. Teaser aftsmen are surprisingly unapologetic this point. "We sometimes try to ase a totally different story than the e that exists in the show," says Jerry emple, who creates teasers for MTM Productions. "In fact, this year the producers of *Remington Steele* decided that they did not want to give away any of the plot in the teaser. So we manufacture a scenario."

How? Temple obliges. "Say the two main characters on *Remington Steele* have an argument. We'll tease that so people think that 'oh, they're going to have a big fight this week,' when the show is about something completely different."

Weapon display is an important element of action-show teasers. In a recent *A-Team* teaser, there were seven scenes; in five of them someone was holding either a gun or some kind of cannon. Yet these weapons are seldom fired before the main title. "The network programming and standards-and-practices department will usually not allow brutality out of context," according to James Ashton, director of broadcast promotion for Universal Television. "But it's always changing. For years at CBS you could point a gun at someone on a teaser, but not fire; now you can fire a gun, but you can't show the person getting shot. They think that in the show you can see the situation resolves itself and the hero survives, but on a teaser a kid sees his hero get shot and there's no resolution."

The tie grab or blouse rip is another teaser standard. This kind of sartorial violence is necessary with the evening soaps, like *Dynasty*, because they just don't have the action-show pyrotechnics to work with. "Basically, on the *Dynasty* teasers we're just working with dialogue," says associate producer John Moranville. "That's what makes it a challenge." Moranville used to work on *Vegas*, an action show. "We had a lot of fun with those teasers," he says. "We took things so out of context that it looked like everyone was going to get killed every week."

Which brings us to one final rule: Leave your main character in jeopardy at the end of the teaser. Ashton—who supervises teaser production for *Murder, She Wrote; Airwolf; Simon & Simon; Magnum, P.I.;* and *Miami Vice*—takes this convention very seriously. Last season at the end of a *Simon & Simon* teaser, one of the brothers apparently perished in a fiery race-car crash. An hour later, on a teaser for *Magnum, P.I.*, the episode's central character, T.C., crashed his helicopter. Within five seconds he was on a hospital bed in a coma; by the end, twenty seconds later, they were talking about turning off the life-support machines. □

BOOKS

Tyler-Made

by James Wolcott

Almost alone among American novelists, Anne Tyler is drawn to the shy, the methodical, the anal-retentive. Her characters aren't beer-commercial yuppies, swinging their briefcases into the future and playing softball for laughs. No, they're more like common, finicky birds, brown of feather and afraid to test the wind. Migration for them is a stream of traffic above their heads; they're staying put. Tyler seems to half-admire the anxious inertia of her

characters' lives, the edgy drift of their days, the drab, shadowed cool of their nests. (Baltimore, Tyler's home, is where their nests are scattered.) But if she enjoys clocking every quirk in their routine, she also enjoys hiding a rubber mouse in the soap dish, just to keep things hopping. Macon Leary, the hero of Anne Tyler's roomy new novel, *The Accidental Tourist* (Knopf), is a man who likes his soap dish tidy. He comes from a family of neatnik nuts—his sister, Rose, "had a kitchen that was so completely alphabetized, you'd find the allspice next to the ant poison." The novel takes its title from the popular travel guides Macon writes for businessmen who loathe traveling. Like his white-bread readers, Macon is vaguely xenophobic; he distrusts strange currencies, exotic dishes, and dusky intrusions (seeing Arab children chase each other around the spittoons of a London hotel, "Macon had the feeling he'd got even more hopelessly lost than usual and ended up in Cairo"). His logo is a winged armchair—the perfect symbol for all of Tyler's grounded birds! Aptly named, Leary is leery of everything unfamiliar. Given his druthers, he would mope through life sealed in a huge plastic Baggie, insulated from all that is weird, foreign, and messy-smelly. Disinfectant he could dab behind his ears like cologne.

Like Felix Unger, Macon Leary has been ordered into the lifeboat by his long-suffering wife and set adrift. Only he has no Oscar Madison to turn to. When Macon began poking around the house like a Lonely Guy, eating hot buttered popcorn for breakfast and grape-stomping his dirty laundry in the bathtub, I knew [illegible] was going to be [illegible] the puppeteer of Tyler's *Morgan's Passing*. Marching into Macon's life is a dog trainer named Muriel, and she, too, comes equipped with a laugh track. With her loud voice and mile-a-minute speech, toothpick legs, and electroshock frizz, Muriel could be one of Carol Burnett's poor relations from the *Mama's Family* series (she's like a younger, savvier Eunice). But then Tyler pulls the string. When Muriel is trying to tame Macon's snappish dog, he suddenly makes a foaming-mouth lunge—and she jerks the dog's leash until his eyeballs roll white. "He landed in a boneless heap, his legs crumpling beneath him and his head flopping over." The dog survives, but all of the novel's slack tension has suddenly been yanked taut. It's as if Tyler has put us on notice: Don't get too cozy, reader; I can yank *your* chain, too.

The Accidental Tourist is a mixed bag of goodies. It has the only genuinely funny cabdriver scene I've ever read, a wonderful set of twins who always greet Macon with a singsong "Hey there, Macon," and a dawning sense of sunlight-in-every-room happiness. In his book, *Shock Value*, John Waters (the director of such Baltimore classics as *Pink Flamingos* and *Polyester*) describes how on hot summer nights his Baltimore neighbors would drag their televisions out on the front lawn to watch TV from their lounge chairs. Tyler's Baltimore is at first more wintry and withdrawn ("Macon glanced in windows and saw people slumped in flowered armchairs, lit blue and shivery by their TV sets"), but eventually the chill lifts off the crabgrass.

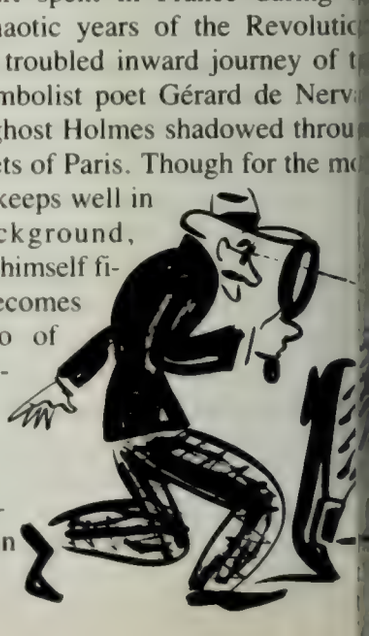
John Updike, who more than anyone else has helped establish Tyler's critical reputation, noted in a review of *Earthly Possessions* that Tyler's heroines are "women admirably active in the details of living yet alarmingly passive in the large curve of their lives." This can't be said of Muriel. She's a boomerang, a pistol, a doer. She takes Macon by the scruff and shakes the sawdust from his head. She may say "eck cetera" and dress like a sonic boom, but she has Macon's number—does she ever.

If anything could be said against *The Accidental Tourist*, it's that it's almost too complete an entertainment package, laughter and tears all tied together with a pink-ribbon happy ending. Yet it would be a mistake to write the book off as a *Terms of Endearment* for the cle[illegible]er. On another occasion Updike o[illegible]served, "The illusion of free will, il[illegible]sion or not, is necessary to a novel; e[illegible]citement and import derive from the [illegible]ality of human decision." Happiness [illegible] *The Accidental Tourist* hinges upon [illegible] decision, and Tyler doesn't make it [illegible] easy one. She bends the curve of l[illegible] into a dramatic angle. □

Hot Type

Richard Holmes subtitled his mag[illegible]terial biography of Shelley "T[illegible] Pursuit." He wasn't merely writing t[illegible] poet's life; he was haunting it. His *Sh[illegible]ley* was a biography told from withi[illegible] the history of a doomed, stubborn te[illegible]perament more than a chronology of h[illegible] days. Holmes had followed Shelley[illegible] tortuous path through Italy, tracki[illegible] down every *pensione* where the po[illegible] and his entourage had ever staye[illegible] armed with the poems and an old ed[illegible]tion of the letters. There's no mus[illegible] odor of the stacks about his *Shelley;* [illegible] emanates the hot, vine-fragrant Med[illegible]terranean air of the poet's adopted lan[illegible]

Footsteps (Viking) is largely the d[illegible]tillation of impressions recorded duri[illegible] the chronicling of others' lives. In fo[illegible] chapters, he recounts his pursuit [illegible] Shelley; his efforts as a boy of eighte[illegible] to retrace Robert Louis Stevenson's jou[illegible]ney through the Massif Central (*Trave[illegible] with a Donkey*); the time Mary Wo[illegible]stonecraft spent in France during t[illegible] most chaotic years of the Revolutio[illegible] and the troubled inward journey of t[illegible] mad symbolist poet Gérard de Nerva[illegible] whose ghost Holmes shadowed throu[illegible] the streets of Paris. Though for the mo[illegible] part he keeps well in the background, Holmes himself finally becomes the hero of this extraordinary book. Tramping down



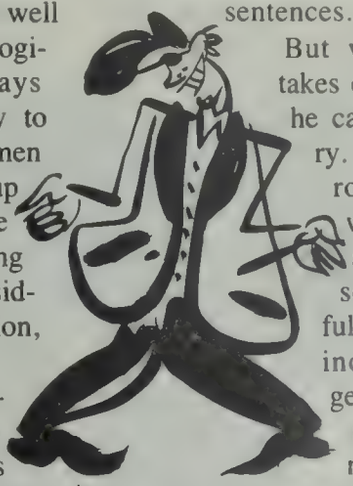
eserted road on Stevenson's itiner- "the dusty track glowing eerily te under the moon"; wandering on beach at Lerici, where Shelley wned; studying the stars, as Nerval before him, from the rooftop of his is atelier, Holmes is everywhere the nger, the self-exiled archivist, a ness to the once living dramas of dead. "You would never catch m," he laments. "But maybe, if were lucky, you might write about pursuit of that fleeting figure in h a way as to bring it alive in the sent." No one has ever done it better. —*James Atlas*



Bear biologists, bush pilots, blue-jeaned docs, and back-country turbine tinkerers: the subjects of John McPhee's *Table of Contents* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) might well ve as a career guide for the ecologi- ly committed. In these essays nich hip-hop from New Jersey to aska to Maine), men and women h granite principles and lace-up ots address themselves to the blems of saving energy or saving es. They manage this with consid- ble ingenuity, and, on occasion, stantial profits.

It's the ingenuity that tickles Mc- ee. He applauds the pilot who fers to scribble his own records fuel added and time elapsed than rely a gauge. And yet the author is no ddite. He equally applauds the pros- tors who sluice streams through fab- designed to catch tiny particles of ld. The Greeks preferred sheepskin; e prospectors like AstroTurf. cPhee's topics—like New Jersey— y seem unpromising at first glance, t he adeptly uncovers mysteries in e dullest landscapes, like bear dens the heavily mortgaged rocks of a Po- no vacation-housing development. ll, one longs for the occasional ob- eperous subject, a few outbursts of rsonality: if not a villain, then at ast an Otto (the chef of McPhee's mous "Brigade de Cuisine" essay). e adversaries in *Table of Contents*— e doctors in "Heirs of General Prac- tice" who disparage the dedicated and denim-clad family practitioners—are there only in quotes. We never get to see their clothes or their bedside manners. If McPhee's chosen characters are as sterling as they seem, surely they wouldn't suffer by closer comparison. —*Ariel Swartley*

From the Who's Pete Townshend, the Ur–rock 'n' roller most given to self-analysis, comes *Horse's Neck* (Houghton Mifflin), a collection of riffs, one-shots, and B sides packaged by the man who invented the rock opera. It's a sort of concept volume, complete with poetic prologue, whose apparent purpose is to set straight all us chumps eager for the hotel-wrecking, nymphet-pronging lowdown. The real quest of rock 'n' roll, according to Townshend, is transcendent, mystical beauty, and to prove it he sews adjectives like sequins all over his sentences.



But when Townshend takes off his guru robes, he can tell a good story. The smoke-filled rooms of celebrity wherein all women are willing (though sometimes resentfully so) and where increasingly outrageous acts are necessary to try the thickness of the insulated glass are casually illuminated in "Ropes" and "Tonight's the Night." The adolescent *manqué*'s voluble self-surrender to the crazy, haunted darknesses of alcohol and lust is pathetically detailed in "Champagne on the Terraces" and "The Plate."

Townshend, who once persuaded us to revere the glandular explosions accompanying puberty as a religious experience (particularly as expressed by a guitar smashed at concert's end), has not lost the ability to make his most romantic obsessions seem reasonable. Indeed, though the author of *Horse's Neck* frequently shows himself to be a horse's etc., he speaks for the aging members of the "Hope I die before I get old" generation better, perhaps, than we would like to admit. —*A.S.*

Night-Table Reading

Who reads what between the sheets



MURIEL SPARK (writer): *The Tenth Man*, by Graham Greene (Simon and Schuster). "When I get a Graham Greene book, I go to my room and lock myself in."



CINDY SHERMAN (photographer): *Tales from the One Thousand and One Nights*, translated by N. J. Dawood (Penguin). "I'm using the tales as research for my work."



RUSSELL BAKER (humorist): *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), and *archy & mehitabel*, by Don Marquis (Anchor). "I'm putting together an anthology of light verse. Marquis is far superior to Eliot."



CHRISTOPHER DURANG (playwright): The Bible (King James Version). "Sheer delight. I hope Reagan finds a way to force us by law to follow its precepts."

Fatal Charm

(Continued from page 112) loomed that could tie up Sunny's fortune for years. In the meantime, unless Sunny dies and von Bülow inherits the $14 million that he is guaranteed in her will, he will have to make do with the interest on the $2 million trust his wife gave to the Metropolitan Opera, which amounts to $120,000 a year before taxes. There was talk in the first week of his freedom that money was tight.

Despite the wide coverage of von Bülow's acquittal across the country, the accolades of victory were spare in New York. The jewelry designer Kenneth Jay Lane entertained von Bülow and Mrs. Reynolds at a lunch in their honor—cold curried chicken, pasta salad, raspberries and blueberries with crème fraîche—and the guest list included John Richardson, Giorgio co-owner Gale Hayman, the English film star Rachel Ward, her husband, Australian actor Bryan Brown, and her mother, Claire Ward, longtime companion of von Bülow's great friend Lord Lambton, a former parliamentary undersecretary for the Royal Air Force who was forced to resign after his involvement in a government sex scandal. The lunch coincided with the announcement in the New York *Times* of Father Magaldi's indictment, and one guest reported that the atmosphere was subdued.

While von Bülow waited for his passport to be returned, he and Mrs. Reynolds became—for them, at least—almost socially invisible. They lunched quietly at Le Cirque with their staunch ally Alice Mason, the New York realtor and hostess. On another occasion Mrs. Reynolds entertained two members of the press at lunch at the Four Seasons. They attended a coming-out party given in honor of two daughters of the family with whom Cosima had lived during the first trial. For some reason they did not once venture into Mortimer's, the Upper East Side restaurant that had become their favorite haunt between trials.

Mrs. Reynolds told friends she was writing a mini-series based on the trial. Von Bülow made plans with his publisher for his autobiography and, according to one friend, made arrangements for a face-lift. Together t visited the Livingston Manor hous Mrs. Reynolds's about-to-be-for husband, Sheldon Reynolds, to loo trees she had planted and pick clothes she had left there. A witn to the scene reported that von low's attitude to Mrs. Reynolds chilly.

Alexandra Isles declined to be in viewed at the end of the t "We all have our own ways of sur ing," she wrote me. "Mine is to tr put it out of my head and get on v other things. I know you will un stand that an interview somet keeps it all 'unfinished business,' here is a bit of irony you are welc to use: It was my father who, in Danish underground, got little C Borberg (in his boy scout unifor out of Denmark."

The participants began to scatter. ria Schrallhammer, after twe eight years of service with Su Crawford von Auersperg von Bü and her children, retired and returne Germany the day after the verdict.



von Bülow, eighteen, threw her- into the hectic whirl of a summer of utante parties. Alexander von rsperg returned to his job in the re- nent division of E. F. Hutton. Ala issl, pregnant with her second l, began work on a documentary about victims of homicide. Togeth- Ala and Alexander, through the mical Bank, which handles the for- s of their mother and grandmother, in the process of establishing two or foundations. One will provide ls for the solace of the families of icide victims and for changes in slation to allow victims' rights to ate with the rights of criminals. A nd foundation, commemorating their parents, will be for medical arch in the field of comas. G. ris Gurley, the bank officer who not allowed to testify at the trial, charge of overseeing the founda- s.

on Bülow did not visit his wife at umbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. weeks after the acquittal, his pass- was returned to him, and for the time in five years he was free to el abroad. The next day he and Mrs. Reynolds left New York. They did not fly first-class. He stopped in London to visit friends. Mrs. Reynolds, after a one-day stopover in London, went on to Geneva to visit her father. A few days later they rendezvoused at the Grand Hotel e la Pace in the Italian spa of Montecatini Terme.

The third act of the von Bülow affair is still to be played. Will Father Magaldi be tried for lying in a sworn statement he gave to help von Bülow get a new trial? Will David Marriott, who once said and later recanted that he had delivered drugs, needles, and a hypodermic syringe to Clarendon Court, testify against his former friend and benefactor? Will Claus von Bülow and Mrs. Reynolds be called to testify at Father Magaldi's trial? Will the relationship of von Bülow and Mrs. Reynolds sustain the serenity of his acquittal, with or without Sunny's income of $3.5 million a year? Will New York and London society receive the couple back into the charmed circles at the top?

The drama seems a long way from the final curtain. □

ool Angel

ntinued from page 66) and he was re mystified than anything else."

'Life is not psychotherapy," Nichol- says. "Sometimes you have to w when not to ask too many ques- ns." Anjelica was reared with the ne philosophy.

When Nicholson first met Anjelica, was like the Prince giving Snow ite love's first kiss. "He called jelica 'Mine,' as a nickname," her nd Darlene Vare says. "At a party, ack lost sight of her he would say, here is Mine?' " For her part, jelica was ready to fall in love. She I just ended a disastrous relation- p with a photographer named Bob hardson, a three-year debacle that und up, as she says, "with this cra- idea that my father had that we all deep-sea fishing together in Puerto llarta for a few days."

'When I met Jack," Anjelica says, was tired. I wanted to rest. I took a t for a year, and that, insidiously, ned into two or three." Nicholson k one look at the crippled beauty d realized that she was "pure class," and that she had a father whom he admired, the dream director for a fatherless actor. It was a perfect fit for all three of them. "I think we should marry this man," John Huston would tell his daughter, and Anjelica would mimic his stentorian tones as he said it. What a duo Nicholson and Huston make, in a father-son affinity that must be as complicated as it is comforting for Anjelica, who has resisted the notion of marriage, turned down Nicholson's gifts of extravagant jewelry, a friend says, and propelled herself out of his aerie into her own little pink house.

She had good reason to. The stories of Nicholson's exploits are as common as those of her father's. There was also the larger problem of trying to reconcile the mantle of her grandeur and the insecurity of an actor's fame. "Anjelica and I had a lot of clarifications and adjustments we had to make," Nicholson says. "At first it was hard for her to understand all the rubs, the attention that came my way, the fame. She thought she could un-

"How to tell you how much YS means to me? Not hard at all. I just tell you how breathlessly I await each copy, how enthusiastically I tell my friends about it, how quickly I devour the contents. I have thoroughly enjoyed each copy since its first appearance in my mailbox . . . I thank you for sending YS to me so I can resubscribe to not only your magazine but to your philosophy of the erotic."

JOYCE WOODY
Lincoln Park MI

Yellow Silk
Journal of Erotic Arts



"All persuasions; no brutality."

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Cool Angel

derstand it because she had grown up with it, but it is those situations which you think you can handle that often are the most difficult. It was hard to work out the living arrangements, how to be in tandem and still have your freedom, how not to react when a person says they are going to pick you up at ten and then they don't appear till three."

At first, Nicholson says, "Anjelica was filled with such debilitating self-judgments I called her Anjelica the Moan." Not working and afraid to go back to class, she was in a terrible car crash that required her to undergo plastic surgery. She recuperated in Nicholson's house, but he was away working on *Postman,* and she remembers waking up one night with convulsions "and not being able to get anybody on the phone because they had all turned off their phones because they were tired of dealing with me."

At one point she left Nicholson for Ryan O'Neal. During another break-up, when Nicholson was in Aspen, Roman Polanski made love to a thirteen-year-old girl in the house. Anjelica was home, or came home, she says, in time to see "Roman and his cameras" but not to notice that he and the young girl were in the TV room.

The next day Polanski showed up with the police. Anjelica did not answer the door. Polanski writes in his autobiography, *Roman,* that he "scaled the fence." Anjelica opened a first-floor window, and Polanski said, "I'm with the police. They have a search warrant." The officers found a pinch of coke in her purse and some grass in a bedroom drawer, and they took her and Polanski to the West L.A. precinct. Polanski later wrote that he felt "slightly bitter" that Anjelica Huston had been granted full immunity in return for "undertaking to give evidence for the prosecution."

"It is illegal to testify 'against' or 'for' anyone," Anjelica declares with the ferocity of Maerose. "I just told the truth. I didn't say anything negative about Roman. This was an error in judgment against me which I still resent." Clearly, Polanski's bitterness had passed by the time his book was published, or maybe he did not want to appear to hold a grudge against John Huston's daughter. "Roman signed his book to me, 'No hard feelings,' which I thought was rather sweet," Anjelica says.

She is riding in a car down Sunset Boulevard, with the morning sun dappling her arms, igniting her dozen gold bracelets and her Rolex watch. She is on her way to work, and she is talking about drugs, how the fact of who takes them and who doesn't is "blown out of all proportion." She says taking drugs is a part of California life. "It all has to do with not being busy," she says. "That's w people turn to drugs."

Anjelica is now very busy and Nicholson says, "less emotionally sieged. She and John are no lo dancing around an old argument. course, I don't see as much of her. she is much less touchy about much she wants to see me."

Wardrobe is waiting with a rac clothes suitable for a star: pink pink Kamali, inky feather boas, a slink of maroon-and-green silk p mas. Staff waits too—makeup, h and designers in attendance. Anjel who modeled for years in New Y knows exactly what to do. She hits rack, settles on an oversize tux, p it on, and begins to mug as she t dles the lapels. "This is for *le* sn ing or maybe *le* wedding." Then spots a wisp of black velvet, as so as one of her mother's Balencia She drapes it over herself and is im diately transformed. She is back a Clerans playing dress-up, mal faces as if no one were around. eyes narrow and she is suddenly mean as a moll; then immedia she's as insouciant as Gigi. No beatific grace comes over her f pure "quattrocento Madonna," as father used to describe her mot and for a beat it is as if Ricki S had entered the room. "This is n Anjelica Huston says softly, an that tiny moment you can see imag life, the assumption of her birthr at last. □

Dynamite Socialite

(Continued from page 88) His highly sardonic, even surreal sense of humor had become legendary. But there was method to his madness: his wicked jokes were usually aimed at the pretentious and the pompous, of which there is no shortage in the jet set and high society. At a black-tie dinner in Newport, given by the reigning *grande dame,* Mrs. John Slocum, the prince responded to her perfectly serious speech about inviting only second-generation-or-older Newporters to her house by noting that his grandfather refused to have servants in his house who had been in the family for less than four generations. "It is a pleasure to see," Prince Johannes concluded, "that the traditional conservative values so revered by my grandfather are being maintained here in Newport by you, my dear Mrs. Scrotum."

At another fancy party, in Paris, he turned to his dinner partner, the wife of a South American metals king, and asked, "*Who* is that pre-Columbian troll?" When she informed him that the man in question was her husband, Prince Johannes replied, "Well, I can see you didn't marry him for his looks." Then there was the case of the pushy socialite who pushed her finger into his face one time too many: Prince Johannes bit it.

"Yes, Johannes was very aggressive at one point," Princess Gloria says. "He was just so frustrated because he had so many people around him who he felt were with him just because o money and his position. And aft while, if you don't find a good wo you feel lonely. It's very normal. he's slowly coming back to his u self. Evelyn Lambert, a great Ame lady who lives in Venice, said to m know Johannes for thirty-five y and he is now like when I first met He had changed so much, but than you, thanks to you. . .' "

Life does seem normal, or at lea normal as life lived on that scale ca at Regensburg Palace the three da am there. One night there is a fo dinner party for thirty German ind alists, bankers, and politicians. P Johannes is the gracious host and lo the manor, charming his guests

ıusing anecdotes about the history of ; schloss. Princess Gloria, in black lvet and diamonds, is the perfect stess, chatting up the violet-haired ves of the executives and legislators ım Frankfurt and Bonn. Throughout : long, businessy evening she dis- ays the cool control of an old pro, or actress playing a part she's always inted.

"People always ask me," she says, 'Did you have to learn to handle all s?' No, I didn't have to, because Jonnes likes the natural way I do things. ou cannot imagine the stiffness and ldness that was the ambience here. I alized that right away, and I tried my st to make people feel a bit more cozy nice. And then when the children me, I always employed the children th the society—like yesterday eveng—because people usually feel very tight when they come here, and the ildren help to make it more easy- ing."

As she talks, Inheritor-Prince Albert happily playing with the plastic case my tape cassette. Mama adds, "I ve a hell of a lot of responsibility, but hannes never made me feel that. He ways made me feel that everything ayed the same: you are still a young rl and you have to keep natural. He ver pushed me into anything. So I ver had the feeling that a great deal anged in my life, because he never ade me feel like that, which is very ever."

Cleverness, as noted, is a trait the ince and princess share, and while incess Gloria may instinctively know hat she is doing, she is also clever ough to realize that she has a lot to arn. She spends many afternoons in egensburg continuing, in a private, incesslike way, the education she inrrupted when she flew off to Rio with Uncle Johannes." Professors from the niversity of Regensburg come to the alace to instruct her in history, ecoomics, and theology. "I'm a Catho-," she says, "but I hardly know the ible. And I want to study the Koran, nd then the Dead Book of Nepal. here is so much one doesn't know. We ave a very, very good professor of edicine at the university here, and I m looking forward to learning some- ing about medicine—that's the next ep." Palace experts in furniture, ronzes, and paintings teach her about ıe family treasures. She also has such friends as the philosopher Ulrich Hommes and the behavioral sociologist Irenaus Eibl-Eibesfeldt, who "comes once in a while to see me. He shows me his new films from Papua New Guinea or the Amazon, and then we talk for *hours*."

The Thurn und Taxises spend six months of the year in Regensburg. They own ten other castles and palaces in Bavaria and Württemberg, though, as Princess Gloria puts it, "lived-in castles, where we actually go and stay, it's only four." (There were once forty, but those in East Germany and Czechoslovakia were confiscated by the Communists.) Each winter they spend two months in Brazil, where Prince Johannes inherited vast landholdings from his mother, an infanta of Portugal. For the month of February they're in Saint Moritz, and last New Year's found them at Adnan Khashoggi's villa in Marbella. In October they come to the Pierre in New York, and they also make frequent hops to Paris and London. They keep an apartment in Munich, where "we only go for the opera and theater," Princess Gloria says. "I'm not so much into Munich society. Paris, London—those are my cities. And New York is fascinating to me because of the art world."

Despite all this traveling, the Thurn und Taxises don't have a private plane, though they certainly could afford one. "Johannes thinks why do we have to," Princess Gloria explains. "It's just to show off. I'm not too chic to sit with other people in the first-class compartment. On the contrary, I enjoy it. You don't know how many nice people I have met in airports, so I always like flying commercial."

She also enjoys her rather frequent contacts with the royal families of Europe. "Somehow we are all related," she says. "Johannes is related to the Spanish, the French. . .I like our kind once in a while, but I'm very outgoing and curious and I also like a mixed society. I couldn't stand to be with only intellectuals or only freaked-out people. I want a mixture. I want the best of everything."

Of course, she has the best of everything, but there is a certain price to pay. "I am much freer than the Princess of Wales," she says of her contemporary. "I don't have the press behind me all the time, and I don't have so many official things to do. But still, it's not like America, where you can do what you

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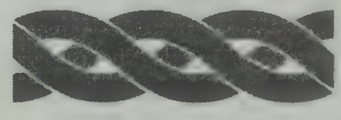
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want and see who you like and say what you want. You are in some ways restricted. For example, only the motorbike: when I first said I wanted to ride a motorbike, it was a shock. People here couldn't believe it: What? The princess rides on a motorbike! I had such a tough time to make those people understand that I need it just to go once a week in the summer for a ride somewhere, and to be just a normal somebody else. Shall we take a little tour of the schloss?"

Our little tour lasts three hours, at the end of which, exhausted, overdosing on *objets d'art,* I have seen only one-third of the palace. As we walk, Princess Gloria talks.

In the Hall of Mirrors, which looks as Versailles as it sounds, she talks about politics: "I am very interested in politics, but I say a woman has to do politics in her house first. You have to see that your husband and your children are happy, and then you can do foreign policy." We wander through the Winter Garden, where palms and ferns thrive though there's snow on the ground outside, and take a look at the Throne Room, which does indeed contain a throne, elevated on a dais, in case a king or queen should visit.

"This is the Wittelsbach family," Princess Gloria says, pointing at a large group portrait in the Baroque Room, an orgy of crimson and gilt. "All the brothers and sisters of Empress Elisabeth of Austria. This girl, the older sister, is Johannes's great-grandmother. She was supposed to marry the emperor, but the emperor saw the sixteen-year-old Elisabeth and rather fancied her, so the older sister only married Prince von Thurn und Taxis. She became very rich, but she wasn't the empress, and that always made her a bit...unhappy.

"People ask me," she says in the Porcelain Room, a riot of Orientalia, " 'Do your girls have to marry princes?' And I say, 'Of course, I try to influence them, but it doesn't have to be.' If my daughter is happy with a boy who is not a prince and is not very rich, I am happy as well. All I want is that people are self-content. That is the most important thing in life, to be happy with what you have."

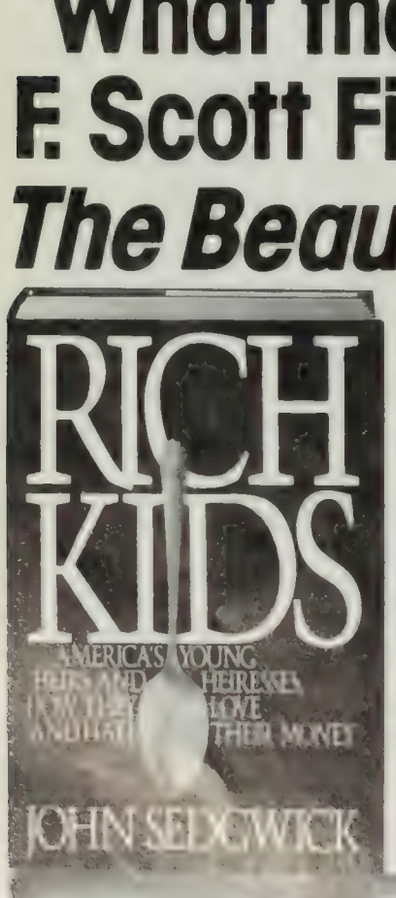
Could Princess Gloria be happy without the tapestries and tureens, without the chandeliers and clocks, the Palm Room, the Yellow Room, and the Smoking Room, which we pass through in rapid succession, almost bored by these endlessly sumptuous salons crammed full of bibelots—could she be happy without her pile of possessions? "Yes, I could be," she answers. "Because I didn't live on a large budget before I married. And I enjoy life so much. I'm not attached to material things. I'm not attached to jewelry. I always call it 'the business thing' because I have to put it on for official things, but I don't need it." She pauses, and adds, "But if you ask me this question thirty years from now, I'm not sure I would say yes. Because you get used to wealth, you get used to good living, very, very quickly."

"Now I'm going to take you to the apartments of Johannes's grandfather and grandmother," she says. "Time stopped there in 1875. Nothing has been changed since. And the marvelous thing is the Love Staircase. It comes right down in front of his bedroom and that is how they used to communicate. I took Lamia Khashoggi all over the schloss, and she loved the Love Staircase the best. She couldn't believe it. And Khashoggi said, 'Why don't you rent this place? You could get millions!' "

Adnan Khashoggi and his twenty-eight-year-old Italian-born second wife, Lamia, are the new best friends of the Thurn und Taxises, who know everyone there is to know in the stratospheric circles of the seriously rich: Agnelli, Niarchos, the Aga Khan, the brothers Flick. But Princess Gloria considers Liliane de Rothschild, wife of the banker and vintner, her closest *confidante:* "She is a teacher for me. She teaches me culture, paintings, carpets, objects. I'm going to Russia with her in March, to Moscow and Leningrad. You know, I don't have many friends. I'd rather have five or six friends, instead of fifty or sixty half-friends. And if I like a person, I don't give a damn why that person wants to know me. People say, 'Oh, they're just your friends because of money.' Well, if that's the only thing you can give them, it's your own fault.

"Way down there," she says in the Hall of Armaments, "is the coach museum and the church. We have a private chapel, but we also go to the church once in a while for the people to know

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: we're there. Am I religious? Oh, d, I'm so religious you cannot imag-. But I always say that it's not impor-t to follow the rules, and if you ow the rules and do bad things, it's n worse. Don't follow the rules, but a good person and thank God for at you have—that's my philosophy. wn here we have a bowling alley. d then here is a little solarium where annes gets his tan.

'I swim every day,'' she says beside Olympic-size indoor pool, ''but not much. Have you heard the joke about rich man who lost all his money, he said to his wife, 'Listen, if you knew how to cook, we could get rid of the chef.' And his wife said, 'Yes, and if you knew how to make love, we could get rid of the chauffeur.' ''

Princess Gloria laughs and laughs and laughs. And then she is off, down a long stone hall lined with glass cases filled with antique muskets. With the help of her social secretary and two maids, she will pack before dinner, because the next morning she must catch a very early Lufthansa flight from Munich to London for lunch at Kensington Palace with Prince Charles and Princess Diana. ''Yes,'' she says, ''just the three of us.'' □

he Sixties Return

ntinued from page 107) ago sent ir conscience across the Atlantic to linate Europe. In the eighties, that len is drifting the other way. Huge inuclear demonstrations by young ple in West Germany and the rebirth the almost extinct British Campaign Nuclear Disarmament seem to have yed a part in piercing the shrink-pped complacency of yuppiedom. e Reagan administration's activities Central America have been, albeit atedly, perceived to be as grotesque heir equivocating manner as Kenne-s and Johnson's huge and naïvely bashed misdeeds in Vietnam. In one y, today's American students have a re unselfish concern than even their ties counterparts for the world's op-ssed. The recent demonstrations in United States against South African rtheid have exceeded any during the ties among British students, who ght be thought to have had a more ect involvement in the matter.

Student activists today will have to be re prudent than their sixties proto-es. The trend of official reprisal un-Margaret Thatcher—whose methods sident Reagan so fulsomely ad-res—is making sixties batons and r gas seem honest and straightfor-rd by comparison. Currently in Brit-the brave women blockading the enham Common nuclear arsenal are ject not only to violent physical at-k but to intensive psychological ha-sment. Concerned young mothers l students have been branded as loo-lesbians with a sly ferocity the Deep uth in 1963 could hardly have sur-ssed.

America's new young pressure groups seem already to be absorbing the lesson of prudence. ''I was going by Rutgers the other day,'' says Bob Gruen, Yoko Ono's ''family'' photographer. ''There was a big student sit-in over investments in South Africa. It looked just like the old days—only, the kids had their lawyers with them. They'd locked the student union and were sitting down outside. They had groundsheets, there was a rock band starting up, there was free food—the lettuce, the chick-peas, the tomatoes, just like in the sixties. But these kids, while they were sitting in, kept on working. They were doing their homework.''

The renewed energy given off by pop music these past two years best illustrates the ascendancy of the young over the would-be young. For myself, I would cheerfully tie up four-fifths of seventies pop in one great glittering, hollow package and drop it into the depths of the North Atlantic. In the seventies, the magic went out of music and into machinery: a language of rebellion and iconoclasm became an almost universal commercial shorthand whose catchpenny clichés could be invoked to sell anything from tampons to the Selective Service.

The genuine young talents that streamed back onto the charts in the early eighties still look twenty years behind them for their ultimate accolade: all pop music forever will be judged against the benchmark of the Beatles. The claim monotonously repeated through the seventies on behalf of this or that vacuous

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The Sixties Return

arena filler can finally be justified in the case of Michael Jackson. Not since the Fab Four at their apogee has a performer sent out such stylistic shock waves, or proved, amid all the distracting fuss, to be so acutely talented. Then came Prince, an antidote to Jackson in the same way the Stones were to the Beatles. Then came Cyndi Lauper, keening like Janis. New British bands are pouring into America in quantities unheard of since the '64 Invasion. Despite the overall melancholy wafted from Britain to America, London is back almost at its 1966 apex of innovation, sound, and style.

The eras of sixties pop from sharkskin to psychedelia are reflected—often simultaneously—in almost every teenage band waiting to burst out of the garage. So is a belief all but lost until punk rock screamed it alive again: that music can be played for enjoyment only. The nihilistic rage of the late-seventies punk bands has in many cases softened to a gentle nostalgia for the Hamburg Beatles, the untroubled Beach Boys, the Ventures, the Surfaris, the Beau Brummels. Especially for British boys, resigned to eternal unemployment, the surf idyll is even more potent than twenty years ago—the sun, the sea, the hot-rod cars, and nothing to think about but dancing on the beach.

I visited Dino Sorbello, twenty-seven, and Bobby Belfiore, twenty-four, in their railroad apartment, just off Avenue B, in New York. Railroad apartments have narrow passages with recessed compartments, like old passenger berths, which at Dino and Bobby's glimmer mysteriously with psychedelic bulbs, the reflection of vintage guitar faces, and the sheen of multi-patterned clothes.

Dino and Bobby were dressed alike, in black turtleneck sweaters and medieval-looking Beatle boots. Both are "putting together" bands and trying, despite massive discouragement, to lead the same easy, bohemian lives that John Lennon and Stu Sutcliffe once led in Gambier Terrace, in Liverpool. Between them they possess a large collection of old E.P. records, a female store-window dummy in a flower-power mini-dress, a black cat, and those sleep- [illegible] partments full of sixties clothes. Dino's paisley shirts occupy an entire rail. He brought out his prize possession: a paisley Nehru jacket patterned red and gold. "It came from Canada," he said reverently. "It was *new*. It had been lying at the back of some store all these years."

What eighties pop has most conspicuously failed to do is comment with any of the power and passion of sixties pop on the world which young people see mishappening around them. With a few exceptions—notably this year's praiseworthy collective efforts for the Ethiopian famine—pop remains a medium of almost total self-absorption and selfishness. The times cry out for a new Dylan, a new Baez, even a new Peter, Paul and Mary. "The music we listened to seemed to be in step with everything that went down," Aggie Markowitz says. "Whatever it was, you always wondered who'd be first to run off and write the song."

Today it is more a question of who will be first to run off and paint the picture. In New York, artists like Keith Haring, Kenny Scharf, and Francesco Clemente enjoy a level of pop-star celebrity that even Hockney—even Warhol—scarcely knew. The childlike, subversive works that climbed down from subway billboards into chic galleries are as instantly translatable as music once was into the fashion and feeling of the street. While researching this article, I was given a tour through the basement of the Palladium club, where murals by Kenny Scharf surround a psychedelic sitting-out area for those fatigued by the disco din above. Scharf's Cyclops-eyed wrenches and vacuum-cleaner heads rear up on every side: the very pay phones are encrusted with purple and green dinosaurs, apparently engaged in copulation. In the corridor, where shirt necks turn ghastly violet, primeval whiskers seem to sprout between the strata of shocking pink. My eyes felt rather like my ears did twenty years ago, when I first heard a song by the Lovin' Spoonful.

Haring most of all, in his waifish way, touches pop music's old extremes of cult leadership, commercial opportunism, empty glamour, and abrasive social concern. Even while his little men still haunt the subways, mainstream print stores sell his graffiti-daubed Richard Avedon picture of Brooke Shields. After leaving Palladium, I visited Patricia Field, owner o famously imaginative boutique Eighth Street. My ostensible reas was to check on a bin full of vinta platform shoes which were selling f at fifteen dollars per pair. I ask Field if she thought the spirit as w as the look of the sixties might be viving. She pointed to her ponytail male assistant, whose T-shirt b Keith Haring's little man and t words "Free South Africa."

Art and aesthetic conscience info the best of the new publications put by young teams which now prolifer on Manhattan's newsstands. In *S* there may at last be a music magazine challenge *Rolling Stone* (whose edit the onetime sixties idealist Jann W ner, recently issued an edict forbiddi his employees to maintain potted pla in their offices). *Details* chronicles renaissance in the East Village, that hippie heaven, and the creative netw that climbed from the Mudd Club pinnacles as disparate as *Miami V* and *Desperately Seeking Susan*. M notably, there is the *Paper*, an inno tive monthly, sold for fifty cents, wh contributors and supporters exte through all the melding downto spheres of art, fashion, and design. T *Paper*'s sixties issue—featuring org of op-art dots and SoHo matinee id posing as a punk James Bond Emma Peel—is already a collecto item.

Merely to look at the fun and tal in downtown New York is to member how the sixties began. T began with just such a few small clu stores, and galleries, and just such huge helping of buoyant nerve. One members, too, that for all their "lau ing free will," as Timothy Leary cal it, sixties children always needed slig ly older, marginally wiser spirits counsel and rally them. The cult of guru is also coming back. In any da club of the moment where the rainbo suited young painters gather, you as likely as not see Andy Warhol's ver cockade. A quintessentially sixt figure like Ray Davies, after years burial beneath that epitaph, now fi young aficionados studying Kinks ly as breathlessly as their forebears *The Lord of the Rings*. If you were in the sixties, you can come out of closet. And you may well be astonish by the result.

ne Sixties Return

Patricia Field in her shy way is a u to the young designers whose ks fill her store. Among the new tal- she has consistently encouraged is lré Walker, a twenty-year-old Ja- can-born designer who spent his y childhood in London and now s (with his beautician mother) in oklyn. He is tall, elegant, and exhi- atingly silly. At the star-studded ning of Palladium he was to be seen ing around dressed like a Muslim holy man, with a knapsack on his back. Each dress or coat he designs is cut in one great swirl that can be laid flat on the ground, yet enfolds the wearer in soft curves and undulations. His was the dress maxiskirted at the front, mini'd at the back. The uniqueness of his vision—and his humor—can seriously be compared to early Coco Chanel.

Last spring, *Women's Wear Daily* reviewed one of the shows André Walker puts on with the help of Patricia Field, his downtown friends, his mother, and his supporters at the *Paper*. The collection so impressed *WWD* that a follow-up picture feature was arranged. But when the paper's representative arrived at the photo session he complained that the makeup André had given the model was too outrageous: he refused to shoot the clothes unless it was toned down. The designer, showing laudable strength of character, refused to dilute his work. The picture session was called off.

The young still have to break the grip of the would-be young. But they will. They always do. When they do it this time, maybe they can make the sixties last. □

ul Bowles in Exile

ntinued from page 76) talked about r work with each other. "When it s finished we did," he says. "Some- es Jane discussed it in the middle of ting. It wasn't really a discussion— would call me from the next room l say, 'What genus is the canary?' or actly how do you build a cantilever dge?' I said, 'Does it matter how it s built? The word *cantilever* tells the ole story.' She said, 'I've got to w how it was made.' In the end she ply spoke of a bridge going across gorge. She had to build the bridge ore she could talk about it.

'We would work in hotels when we re traveling. We would have adjoin- rooms. She'd be in her bed work- , and I'd be in my bed working. e'd call out, 'Is it *i-e* or *e-i*?' " wles smiles at the memory.

In 1957 Jane Bowles suffered a oke from which she was never to re- ver. Until her death, in 1973 at a clin- in Spain, she was afflicted with impaired vision, aphasia, seizures, and depression. In the sixties Paul Bowles turned increasingly to translation, virtually inventing a new genre when he began to transcribe and translate the tales of Moroccan storytellers, among them—in addition to Mrabet—Larbi Layachi and Ahmed Yacoubi. "The real reason I started translating," Bowles explains, "was that Mrs. Bowles was ill and I couldn't write, because I would only have twenty minutes and then I would be called downstairs. One needs solitude and privacy and more or less unlimited time to write novels."

Solitude seems an unlikely prospect for Bowles these days. In the morning he works on his translations, his correspondence, and his own short stories, but in the afternoon the visitors—a Danish architect, a French journalist, a British novelist, the semi-resident Mrabet—come and stay to chat, drink tea, and smoke kif. Though Bowles no longer goes out at night, he is a vivid presence in the English-speaking community, which gathers at Guita's, the restaurant across from the mosque. They argue about his work, which has for better or worse put a version of their experience on the map, and about his marriage, as if Jane and Paul had just left the room. But Bowles is a private man, with a reserved, almost impersonal interest in his neighbors. As the titles of his novels—*The Sheltering Sky, Let It Come Down, Up Above the World*—suggest, his is an aerial, cosmic point of view, that of an observer looking down from a great height.

When asked if there is a specific message in his fiction, Bowles snorts derisively and examines his cigarette holder as if reading an inscription. Three days later, on an expedition some thirty miles south of Tangier, he surveys the new cinder-block suburbs of a fishing village in which he once lived. "Here's my message," he says, then pauses and smiles. "Everything gets worse." □

pectator Sport

ontinued from page 103) original ocons, who began on the left and ved rightward after long and painful l-searching, the stalwart sprigs who epped at *The American Spectator* re born doctrinaire. For them, con- vatism is received wisdom; they've cepted it without testing or analyzing and their cavalier certainty is some- at unnerving. Given a Republican ministration and an electorate that has ifted to the right, they view them- lves as the heirs to power. They are furiated by what they regard as the last bastions of stick-in-the-mud liberalism, the media and the universities. And they seem to regard Tyrrell the way a young aristocrat might regard his nanny—with gratitude, of course, but not much respect. "They are so certain of the intellectual rectitude of their thought," says William Buckley, somewhat admiringly, "that they sort of mildly disdain people who disagree, as a scientist would disdain somebody who hadn't caught on to the Copernican revolution. Whereas Tyrrell and I still give off the old beleaguered feeling—and therefore the need for a lot of haymakers."

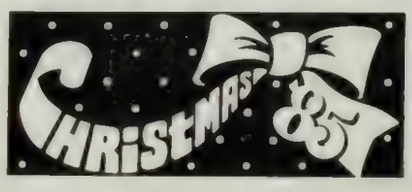
As his former wards enter the faster, chic-er worlds of East Coast conservatism, they speak of Tyrrell as though he were a Stella Dallas figure—a rube. "He's provincial," sniffs one. "He knows he's supposed to drop names, but he often doesn't know which ones to drop—he's always citing his good friend Peregrine Worsthorne [associate editor of the London *Sunday Telegraph*]. And who ever heard of *him?* You don't get anywhere dropping the name of Pere- *(Continued on page 137)*

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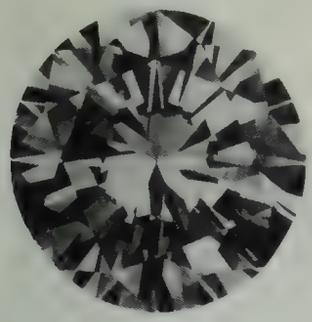
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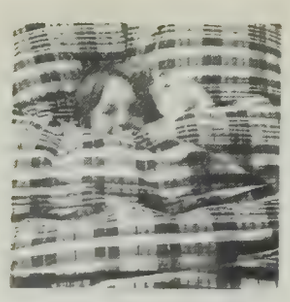


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ectator Sport

itinued from page 131) grine sthorne. Among the serious peo- on the right, Bob is like a relative have to tolerate." Then, too, Tyr- s didacticism has lost its fangs. It one thing when Jimmy Carter was ffice and Tyrrell's tender minions not yet gained footholds in the erican power structure. Then the n prince was able to cast himself gadfly, a debunker slashing away public nuisances" from Bob Dy- to Henry Kissinger. He may not been the right-wing Swift he gined himself to be, but he could ainly pass for a conservative Abbie fman. Unfortunately, Tyrrell likes ald Reagan, likes his administra- , likes the old *American Spec-* contributors whom Reagan has ided with positions. "He's a big with a big sense of the world," Tyrrell, and his columns ooze rences to "our amazing Presi- t," "our suave President," and e Reagan administration's path to y."

Bereft of easy targets, Tyrrell has resorted to attacks on ideas, on what he calls "New Age Liberalism," which consists mostly of the fringe enthusiasms that America's younger liberals flirted with in the post-hippie seventies before moving on—saving the snail darter, deinstitutionalizing the insane, and so forth. With ideas, Tyrrell is not so deft. Under the umbrella of New Age Liberalism he lumps such disparate (not to say opposed) figures as Jane Fonda and Lyndon Johnson, Susan Brownmiller and Walter Mondale, Jesse Jackson and Irving Howe. And he can be wildly fuzzy and wrongheaded on the issues. When I ask him about his stand on abortion, for instance, he says, "Society got along for a long time without abortion and without birth control. Now we have birth control, which strikes me as very humane, so why do we need abortion? Is birth control not grisly enough?" A moment later, he is talking about America's treatment of its Indians. "The Indians were a reactionary, backward people who believed in the kind of thing that enlightened people would oppose if it came from Rome," he says. "What were we going to do, allow these people to range over hundreds and thousands of miles while people we brought over here wanted to eat?"

Tyrrell has frequently brought such pontifications to television—not an easy thing to do from Bloomington, Indiana. ABC's *Nightline* called him one afternoon and asked if he could get to Washington in time for that night's show; it was impossible, of course, and Tyrrell's appearance fell through. Whether or not that incident was, as some claim, the last straw, he and *The American Spectator* are moving to Washington—or, rather, nearby Virginia, where "we're hoping to find some of the working-class people that we found here, more salt of the earth." It's a controversial change; some think the magazine will lose its freshness, its "Bloomington edge." But Bob Tyrrell has been feeling neglected in Indiana. When I ask him what his ambitions are, he replies, only half in jest, "I want to be one of the fifty future leaders of America. And I want to know why *Time* magazine didn't review my book after saying I was going to be one of the fifty future leaders of America. What did they think, I went in the wrong direction? What did they *expect* me to lead, the Green Bay Packers?" □

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Out to Lunch

with Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert,
who squabble over billing at the pizza parlor with BILL ZEHME

Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert had acquiesced to meet me for lunch on one condition: they didn't want to talk about movies. The prospect sounded refreshing. The scuffling film critics of the Chicago *Tribune* and the Chicago *Sun-Times*, respectively, have been yammering about cinema for nearly a decade now, on their entertaining syndicated television program, *At the Movies*, and before that on PBS's original *Sneak Previews*. Ebert suggested we go to his private club, the Cliff Dwellers. Siskel scoffed, insisting on his favorite pizzeria, Father and Son, which also happens to be Ebert's favorite. "Gene and I *can* agree on some things," said Ebert, rather maturely.

Recognized nationally for its ethereal "thin and crispy" pizza crust, Father and Son is anchored in a Chicago blue-collar neighborhood, a few miles from the lakefront area where both Siskel and Ebert reside. Siskel, who is the taller and balder of the two, arrived first, wearing an old checked shirt and faded jeans. "Roger is always seven minutes late," he said, ordering a pitcher of diet Coke. "This is for us," he told me. "The big guy will want a pitcher of his own."

Seven minutes later, the bespectacled Ebert walked in, his girth tucked snugly into a bright Hawaiian shirt, and genially announced that he had eaten a Father and Son pizza the night before. Siskel eyed me knowingly. They then began to argue over who first discovered the place. I cut in, wondering whether they lunched together often. "Never," said Siskel, "although I would eat lunch with him every day *here*." "Sure," said Ebert, "at different times."

After Ebert sipped from his cola glass, a pained expression creased his face. "The new Coke," he moaned, irritably. "I object to the sweetness."

Siskel nodded and said, "The one thing I like in a soft drink is sort of a grease-cutting quality. The old Coke burned right through rich food. I loved that." Within seconds, the owner of the establishment grandly placed a six-pack of old Coke before the critics, followed by fresh ice-filled glasses. "I *hate* shaved ice," Siskel said abruptly. Ebert chuckled and explained, "It always spills down his shirtfront when he's trying to get to that last drop."



MICHAEL WEINSTEIN

"Now, this pizza makes a statement," bellowed Ebert, right. "*Eat me!*"

A seventeen-inch sausage-and-mushroom pizza was decided on quickly and without incident, which was something of a relief. "That's what makes a critic, Gene," patronized Ebert. "You know what you like. It's the same with movies: those poor people who dope around, they look at our show, and we tell them *sausage and mushroom*, and they say, 'Thank you, our minds are at rest!' " They chortled together at this.

"The irony," said Ebert, "is that so many people around the country talk about thick Chicago-style pan pizza. But in Chicago, I think, more people like thin crust. It's what I was raised on." Siskel waxed nostalgic over his first pizza. "I was six years old," he recalled. "It was one of the most miraculous things I'd ever seen. There was something almost dangerous about it. Exotic. Nighttime."

"Listen to him describe a pizza," said Ebert. "When he sees a thriller, he's *really* overwhelmed. I just came back from L.A., where I ate at Spago. They have a good pizza, but it doesn't have soul. Duck and goat cheese—I wouldn't call it a pizza..."

"It's a canapé," sniffed Siskel. Moments later, our pizza arrived, steaming. Ebert bellowed: "Now, this pizza makes a statement: *Eat me!*" They tore into it. "These are the pieces I love," said Siskel, pointing along the circumference. Ebert piped, "Oh, that's me, too. I like the little edge pieces the best." I was told to eat only from the center, if I knew what was good for me.

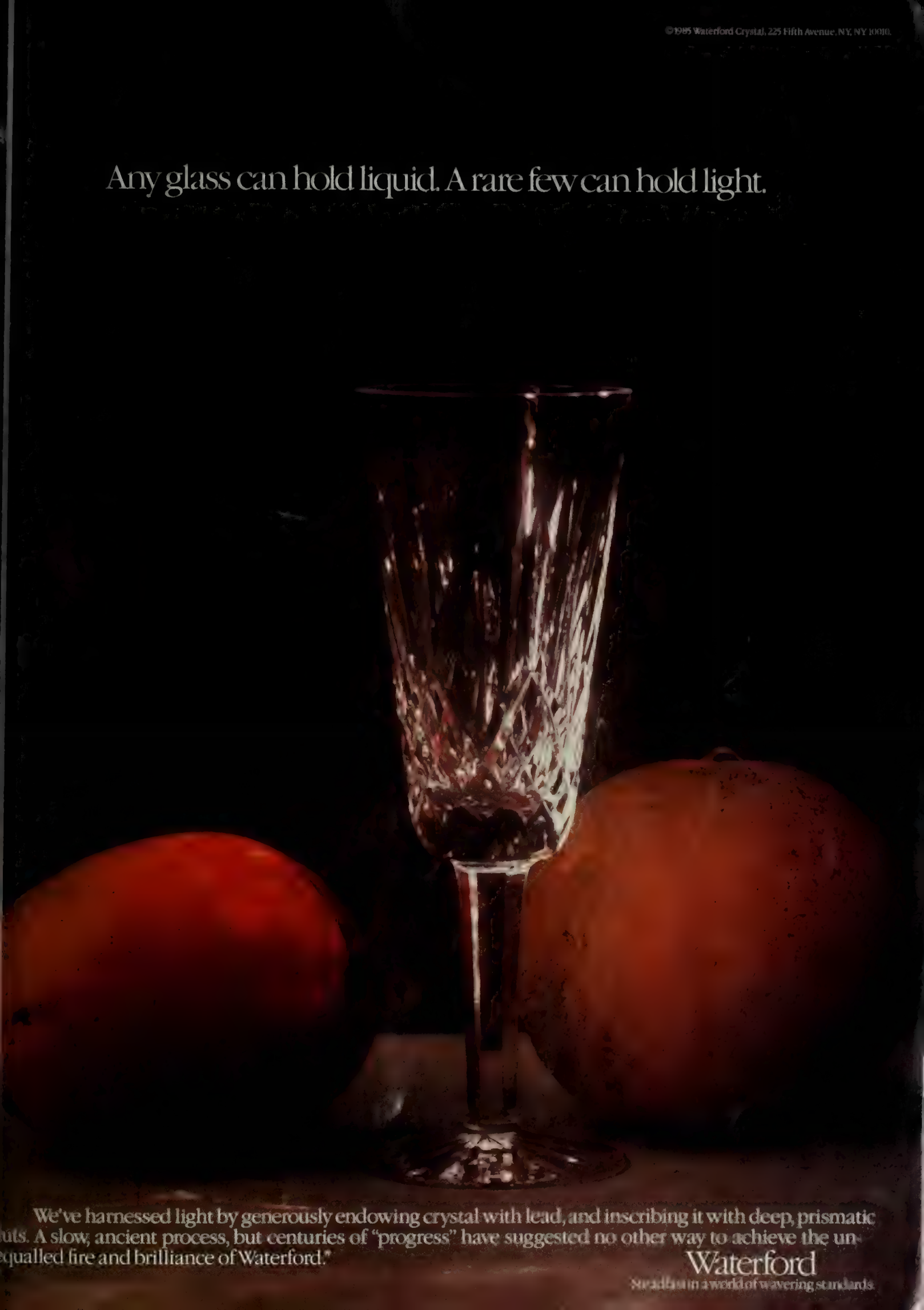
"How about this?" Siskel said suddenly. "Come up with a pizza that's all outer edges." "A doughnut pizza!" exclaimed Ebert giddily. "Listen, I think I've invented something here. A doughnut-shaped pizza with nothing in the middle! Each piece has two edges!" A kitchen employee was immediately dispatched to create one.

"This moment," crowed Ebert, "could be as important as the day Procter & Gamble the Ivory soap floated." Siskel fretted: "Doughnut pizza sounds like pizza with doughnuts on it." "What about the Roger and Gene Pizza?" offered Ebert. "The Gene and Roger Pizza is even better," said Siskel. "Waitaminute," said Ebert, "it's *my* year to go first—we flipped a coin!"

They humbly settled on the Double-Edged Pizza Ring just before the prototype was brought out. They then began bickering over who had hatched the idea. "It's the symbiosis of two great minds," Ebert concluded. Siskel smiled and added, "If we can do this for the pizza industry in one hour, think what we could do for the movies." □

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Vanities

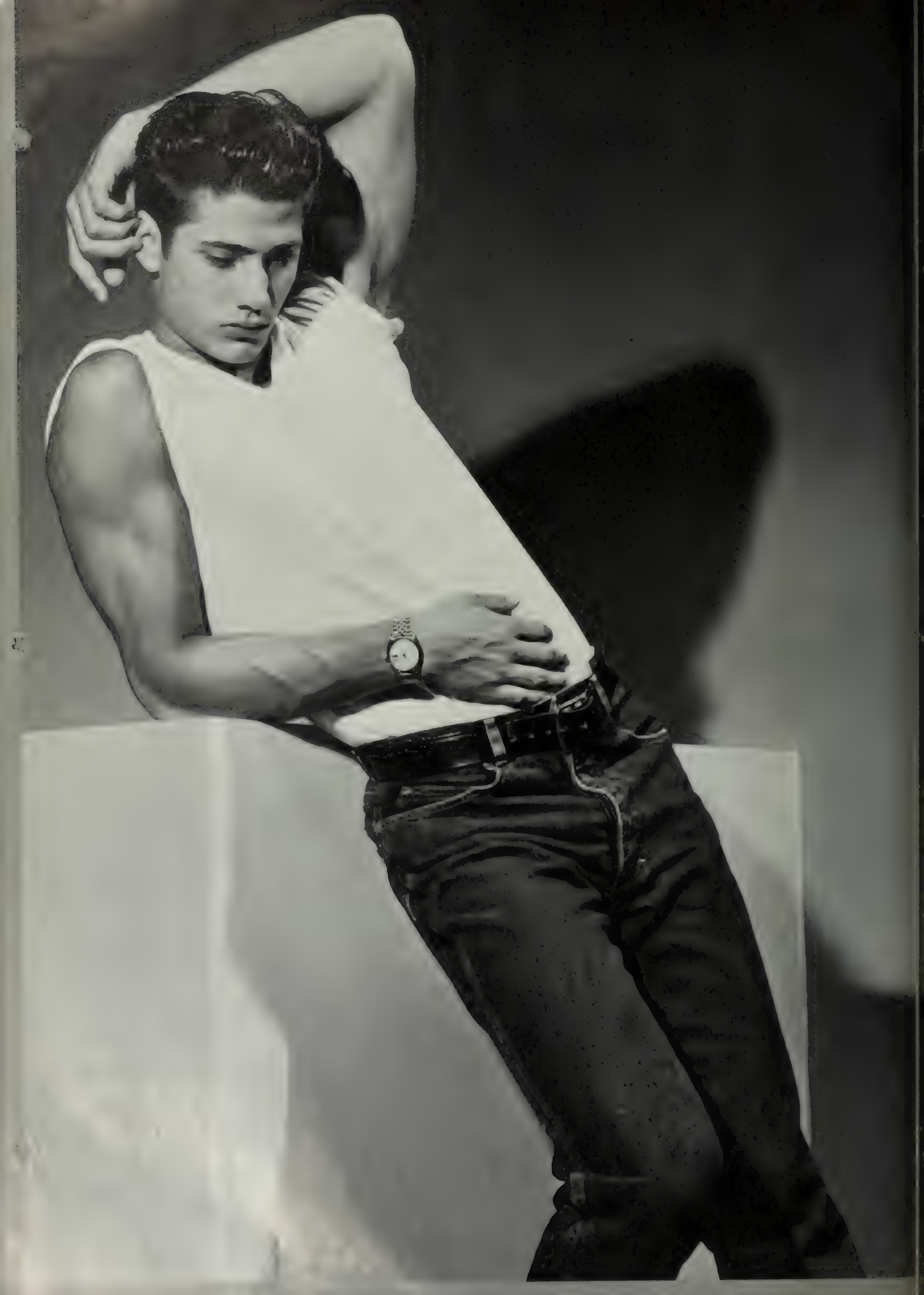
Stretch parks . . . A double **Spielberger** . . . **Libra**-rated lady . . . Plimpton-**a-go-go** . . . **Literary** luau . . . **Back scratchers** . . . **Tune-up**holstery . . . **Agnes** deified . . . **Iman's** coffee table . . . A **million-dollar** lawn sale . . . The **noble** art of rock 'n' roll . . . Table **talk** . . . Flashback to the **torrid tango** **41**

Arts Fair

Dance: Bauhaus **ballet** and a British **boy wonder** . . . Music: Classical-**performance tests** . . . Architecture: Mark Mack's **material world** . . . Photography: New frightful frames from **Cindy Sherman** . . . Stage: Light sorcerer **Jennifer Tipton** . . . Movies: *Plenty*'s **winning Streep** . . . Books: **Wilfrid Sheed's** ancestral tome . . . More **hot type** . . . Night-table reading **108**

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T I F U L



BEAUTIFUL
THE NEW FRAGRANCE FROM ESTĒE LAUDER

EDITOR'S LETTER

TRANSATLANTICA



This issue of *Vanity Fair* celebrates the invasion of English taste taking place in Washington next month, when the Prince and Princess of Wales arrive to celebrate the resplendent "Treasure Houses of Britain" exhibition at the National Gallery. Believe me, no one resisted the idea more than I.

From 1979 to 1983 I was the editor of Britain's social magazine the *Tatler*. By the time I left, I had OD'd on debs and duchesses and their overstuffed houses. In fact, I'd OD'd on England in general, and I couldn't wait to flee "this septic isle." I dreamed of huge white lofts in Manhattan sparsely populated with graffiti art and trapezoid fifties furniture. O my America! My new-found-land! I yearned for a brave new world.

But it was not to be. The English-taste invasion had already beaten me to it. Every time I go out to dinner I find myself aggressed by chintz. All the big white lofts have turned into mock-ups of the Duke of Beaufort's drawing room with library veneers and designer dog hairs. Fly-fishing manuals replace the art-photography books—along with back numbers of *Private Eye* magazine and novels by tasteful English spinsters like Anita Brookner and Barbara Pym. When *Architectural Digest*, the bible of high glitz and peach mirror, came out with a country-house special in June, I knew the battle was over. English taste was here to stay.

I have to admit it was fun going home to England as an American tourist. Staying at the Ritz I felt hilariously rich, and as I raced down Bond Street with an overheated credit card I began to understand what Americans see in the Old Country.

In fact, once you've lived on both sides of the Atlantic, it's impossible to be content with either. One becomes haunted with the perfect place called Transatlantica, which is somewhere in between. Its population shares England's civility and America's energy, England's irony and America's optimism, England's coziness and America's breadth, England's sense of the past and America's belief in the future. Whichever side you settle, your sensibilities are forevermore on the frequent flier's program.

My mission in London was to catch up on what has happened to the Princess of Wales since her marriage: the results of my research are on page 58. I arrived, appropriately enough, on the eve of the royal-wedding anniversary. Four years before, I had been sitting on NBC's platform in the trees outside Buckingham Palace alongside Tom Brokaw and Jane Pauley on the *Today* show's "Royal Wedding Special." Brokaw, as I recall, was not a natural royalist. "Let's talk about the size of Lady Diana's feet," he said during one commercial break. "I mean, she's got gunboats down there." But even Brokaw fell silent when the royal coach glittered past on the sun-blurred monitor. It was a moment of pure romance.

If the princess, as joint patron of the exhibition, is the keynote of the issue, Auberon Waugh's piece about what it's really like to live in an English country house, on page 66, is the grace note. One of the pleasures of commissioning this month was the excuse it gave to let you hear his uniquely English voice in *Vanity Fair*. Waugh, the son of Evelyn, is the most entertaining crab in England. His diary in *Private Eye* and his column in *The Spectator* are required reading in Britain. We have been friends since I was nineteen, when, as an Oxford undergraduate, I went to interview him on my first journalistic assignment in a series called "Oxford Supermen" for the university magazine *Isis*. After the list of sportsmen, captains of industry, and other overachievers that preceded him, the Young Fogey Waugh was considered an odd choice, but I had just read his wildly funny excoriation in *The Spectator* of a pretentious novel by John Berger and longed to shake the hand of the assassin. Like everyone who knows and loves Bron, as he prefers to be known, I was surprised to find the lethal squire of Combe Florey House so gentle and reserved in person. Only a light, churchmanlike giggle gives away the seething anarchy beneath. We became pen-friends and corresponded indiscreetly for ten years. It is pleasing to know that this summer his eighteen-year-old daughter, Daisy Waugh, started work on the copydesk of the *Tatler*.

In fact, putting this October issue together made me spend a lot of time in Transatlantica. To amend Robert Browning: "Oh, to be in England now that England's *here*."

Tina Brown

Editor in chief



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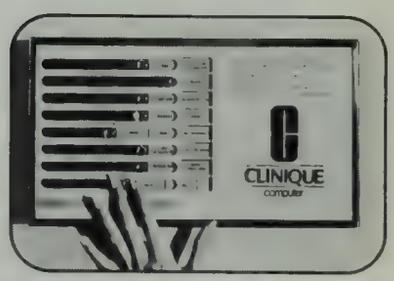
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Javier Arroyuelo is an Argentinean playwright living in Paris. He writes on fashion for French *Vogue*, and previously co-authored a column for *Interview*. He is at work on a novel about "the Paris fashion jungle."



Susan Cheever is the author of three novels and *Home Before Dark*, her memoir of her father, John Cheever. She has been a writer for *Newsweek*, and her articles have appeared widely in newspapers and in other magazines.



Alain Elkann is a best-selling Italian novelist and the Paris correspondent for the Italian magazine *Nuovi Argomenti*. His articles and short fiction have been published in *Vogue*, *Le Monde*, and *Corriere della Sera*.



Veronica Geng's satirical pieces appear often in *The New Yorker*, and her reviews of books and films have been published elsewhere. *Partners*, her collection of humor, is now out in paperback from Harper & Row.



Antony Lambton's *Elizabeth & Alexandra*, a historical novel about royal sisters in czarist Russia, is due from E. P. Dutton in the spring. Lord Lambton, the author also of *Snow and Other Stories*, has lived in Italy since 1973.



Robert Lenzner is the Boston *Globe*'s New York correspondent and a contributor to *The Economist*. His book, *Getty: The Richest Man in the World*, is due this winter from Little, Brown and, in Britain, from Hutchinson.



Rafael Lopez-Sanchez lives in New York and Paris with his wife, Paloma Picasso. He has collaborated with Javier Arroyuelo in writing plays, articles for French *Vogue*, and the former *Interview* column "Out in Paris."



David Mamet's play *Glengarry Glen Ross* won a 1984 Pulitzer Prize. *The Shawl*, excerpted in this issue, will be performed in New York this fall. Mr. Mamet is writing a screenplay about Eliot Ness and the Untouchables.



Auberon Waugh is a columnist for the British magazines *Private Eye* and *The Spectator*. His books include novels, memoirs, collected essays, and *The Last Word: An Eyewitness Account of the Trial of Jeremy Thorpe*.


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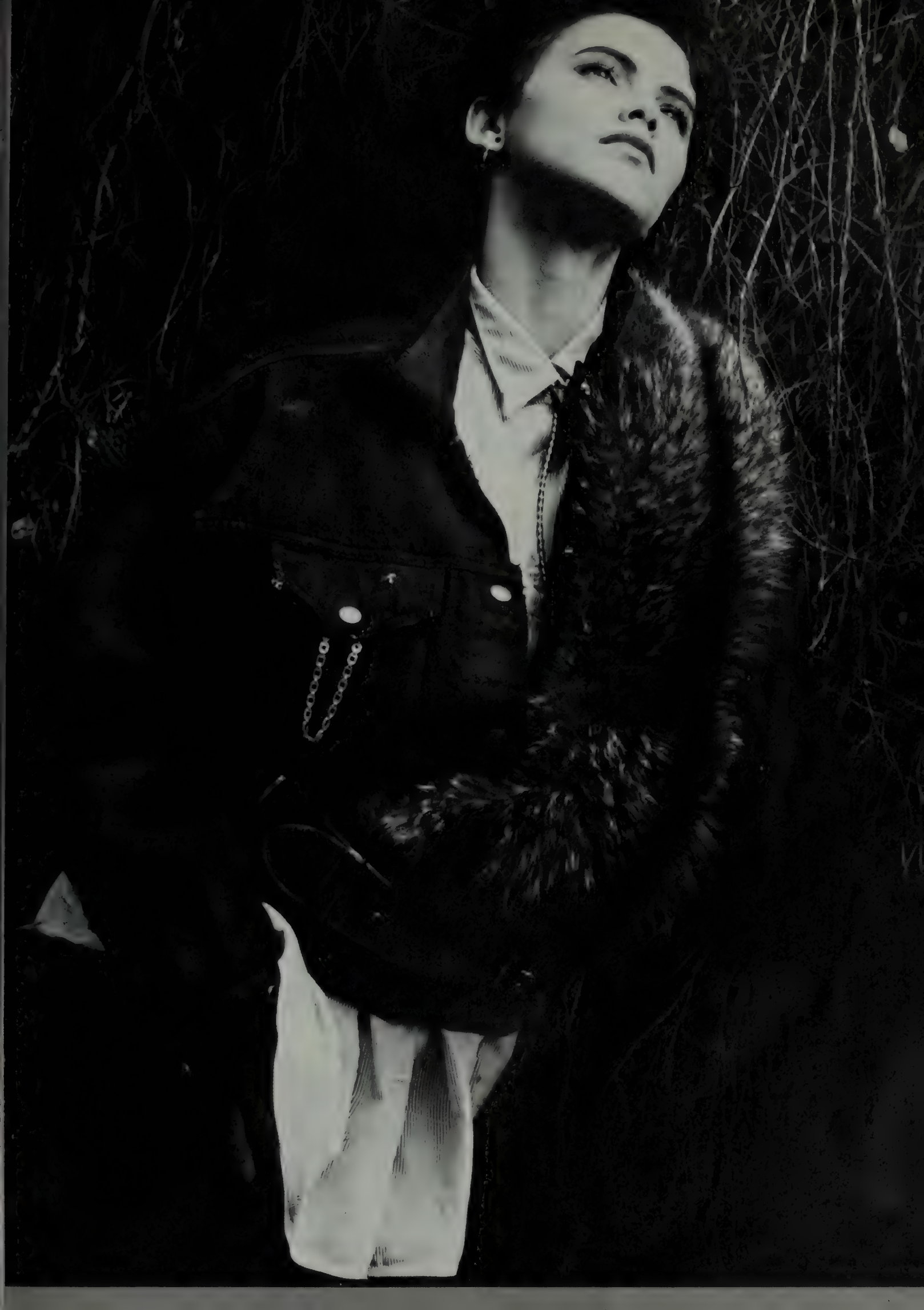


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Mixed Media

JAMES WOLCOTT



ANTHONY RUSSO

Bob Dylan Beyond Thunderdome

Watching Mick Jagger flash his titties on the Live Aid broadcast, I thought, Well, the teen titans of the sixties and seventies have held up pretty well, considering. True, the Beach Boys threaten to pop a valve every time they crank up for one last falsetto (when they sing "Help Me, Rhonda," it sounds as if they're calling for a nurse), and Stephen Stills and David Crosby, flattening notes in their sleep, resemble papa bears who have spooned too much porridge. But Jagger has kept his girlish figure, David Bowie has a hickory-switch swish and snap, Pete Townshend can still execute power chords without throwing his arm out of whack, and Robert Plant has stored enough lung power to touch off avalanches and reroute birds in flight. Most amazing of all is Tina Turner, the unrefrigerated Lena Horne of soul rock. Their appearances at Live Aid were a tribute to talent, perseverance, and sensible eating.

Then at the end of the evening Jack Nicholson, cool as lemonade, appeared on the screen to introduce the show's final biggie. "Some artists' work speaks for itself; some artists' work speaks for a generation," he said. So welcome "one of the great voices of freedom. . . the transcendent Bob Dylan!"

Flanked by Keith Richards and Ron Wood of the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan did not appear transcendent. Cigarettes stuck in their yaps, Keith and Woody themselves looked weedy and self-incinerating, but the goofy grins creasing their faces as strings broke and guitar picks fell placed them in the land of the living. Dylan—Dylan was his own golem, a phantom of wax, burning mission, and words of resurrection. His complexion was dead of color and his beard clung sickly to his skin. Gleaming perspiration coated his face so thickly that it was as if the clear plastic mask he had worn in *Renaldo & Clara* had melted.

Reviewing *Renaldo & Clara,* Dylan's 1978 hippie-messiah home movie, Pauline Kael observed, "He is overpoweringly present, yet he is never in direct contact with us—not even when he performs." And that was true of Dylan at Live Aid. Intense close-ups bounced off his deflector shields. It was impossible to take a reading on his eyes, impossible to know who was at home in his head. Bob Dylan rigs every performance, no matter how direct, with decoys and trip wires. His welcome mat is set above a trapdoor.

Dylan's mini-set at Live Aid was anticlimactic but not a fiasco. First he dusted off an old prairie howl from his folkie protest days called "Ballad of Hollis Brown," a doomy lament about how poverty leads to family slaughter on a South Dakota farm. It was a message number that Dylan amplified by remarking how nice it would be if some of the proceeds from Live Aid were skimmed to pay off the mortgages of American farmers. His next song—"When the Ship Comes In," with its stress on the lyric "The whole wide world is watching"—was also apropos. But Dylan's delivery was rushed and spitting, Keith and Woody kept fishing in their pockets for their car keys, and "Blowin' in the Wind," the closing a them, was given such rickety treatme that floodwaters rushed between t slats. This was a hootenanny that h lost its hoot. A supporting belief w missing.

When Jack Nicholson called Dyl the voice of a generation, couldn't have meant the white ki cheering the video monitors at Li Aid. They're too young to have Dylan lyrics tattooed on their memories. Bru Springsteen is the hammer striking the hearts, the electronic scoreboard which they check America's standin To them, Bob Dylan is a rasp of stat encoded with esoteric prophecies a ready come to pass. He's history, babe

Not that Dylan hasn't tried to bridg the gap. His most recent album, *Empi Burlesque,* is a throwback to the blu eyed-gospel revivalism of *Street-Leg* (1978), but with more accessible lov lyrics and social commentary, and few er myths on horseback. The album eve has a video shot by Paul "Mishima Schrader in Tokyo, which features blue wig falling in slow motion down flight of stairs and Dylan, pudgy, de bauched, gesturing with his big thumbs (This, too, echoes *Street-Legal,* whos back cover showed Dylan in whit clown makeup and a Las Vegas ente tainer's horror outfit, complete wit vest and puffed sleeves. Like Elvis a the end, Dylan appeared incarcerated i his own soft flesh.) *Empire Burlesqu* has been hailed as a comeback for Dy lan (which isn't saying much—he's ha more comebacks than the *Saturday Re view*), and it opened well on the charts But it doesn't have a song as mobilize and image-packed as *Street-Legal*' "Changing of the Guards," and his leg endary phrasing has become rote and in sincere. When Dylan professes love o *Empire Burlesque,* he's as full of plaste as a pissing cupid. "I could be learning you could be yearning. . ."—yech. And something has queered Dylan's voice. Except on *Nashville Skyline,* where his tonsils were drenched i peach syrup, Dylan's voice has always been nasal, and over the years it hasn' mellowed or developed nicks of character (as, say, Willie Nelson's has). It's simply climbed higher in his sinuses. Vocally, soul resides in the throat and chest and diaphragm. So when Dylan croons and woos on *Empire Burlesque,*



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As always, he had something for her: an antique cameo och. "It was your mother's," he said. "I know she'd want you ave it." Then she tried to put her feelings into words.

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he sounds not romantically expansive but pinched and whiny. He's locked his soul in a small upper vault.

The sixties were Bob Dylan's Thunderdome. The girlish taper of his pale fingers on the cover of *Highway 61 Revisited,* his angry-genius glare, the cloudburst of words accompanied by lightning, the Tiny Tim hat and trailing scarf, the congested perceptions of *Blonde on Blonde,* and the eerie clean-swept calms of *John Wesley Harding*—it was a great movie, this blaze of vision, and no wonder everyone wanted to be in it. (A desire exploited by Dylan in *Renaldo & Clara,* where he turned even Joan Baez and Sam Shepard into camp followers.) It's tempting to explain the failure of Dylan's later career by saying that he went off like Mad Max into the desert and found God, and God looked like Bob Dylan. Dylan certainly behaved as if he were the messiah he had been searching for in *Renaldo & Clara,* and his born-again-Christian stance proved to be the most damaging conversion since the Jewish cabalistic messiah Sabbatai Zevi bowed to the blade and embraced Islam in 1666.

Dylan's born-again trilogy—*Slow Train Coming, Saved, Shot of Love*—did a dismal swan dive, and Dylan is said to have retreated somewhat into Judaism. But as the explanation for Dylan's decline, religion won't do. From the beginning he has played the role of mystic bard, and accusatory songs such as "Like a Rolling Stone" and "Ballad of a Thin Man" indicate that he has always been a man of the Old Testament, quick to judge, quick to scourge. All born-again Christianity did was enable Dylan to make his religious bombast more shrill and programmatic. He could now break stone tablets over our heathen heads.

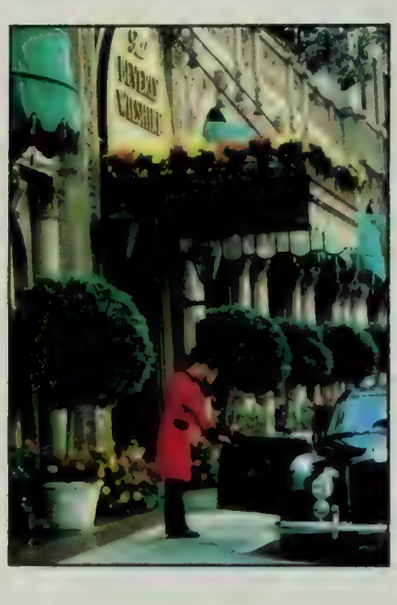
The reason for Dylan's artistic fade may be closer to home and bed. Bob Dylan may be one of the last visionary rhymers to require the services of a muse. Since Dylan went electric, a gallery of raven-haired women wearing smoke rings for halos have haunted the foreground of his love songs and provided a dreamy, broody depth. (Joan Baez, of course, was the folkie Madonna for Dylan's acoustic phase.) Supreme among these inscrutable divinities was Dylan's wife, Sara, who blew in like a sultry breeze in *Renaldo & Clara* and tried to wilt Bob's curly locks. Dylan openly declared his debt and devotion to Sara on *Desire,* and that declaration—"Sara," in which he confides that he wrote "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" for her in the Chelsea Hotel—is one of Dylan's most dubious and emotionally forced numbers. Even the critic Wilfrid Mellers, whose recent book, *A Darker Shade of Pale,* tries to insert Shelley's heart into Dylan's chest cavity, catches a whiff of falsity in "Sara": "The effect of both words and music is discomforting. Perhaps it is only with hindsight that one feels that Dylan may be trying too hard to assert the truth of his marriage."

By "hindsight," Mellers is referring to the fact that Dylan's marriage later broke up, acrimoniously. The divorce cost Dylan plenty, but Mellers shies away from speculating on the psychic cost. "Biography is not our concern and is ultimately irrelevant to an artist's work." Dat so? Well, to indulge in crass speculation: *Empire Burlesque,* which features a dark-haired Bianca Jaggerish young woman on the back cover, can be seen as an attempt to conjure a new Sara figure and seek reconciliation with his flown muse. "Come baby, find me, come baby, remind me of where I once begun," he petitions on "Emotionally Yours." The problem, as in "Sara," is that he loads on so much sweet talk that you don't believe a word he moos.

Perhaps Dylan, stocky and removed, and Jagger, scrawny and in your face, aren't so far apart after all. In the absence of inspiration, professionalism and old habits seize the reins, and Dylan and Jagger are both determined to be inexhaustible. "You want each new record to be your best, but you know you're going to write more songs and make another album anyway," Dylan told *Rolling Stone* in 1978. In that sense *Empire Burlesque* is impressive, even inspiring. On it Dylan sounds vigorous, disciplined, refreshed; he hasn't allowed rust to slow his wheels. My God, he sounds as if he could go on grinding out this crap *forever.* □



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Book Marks

JAMES ATLAS



Fast Food for Thought

Leafing through Peter Ackroyd's recent biography of T. S. Eliot in my local bookshop, I glanced at the price—$24.95—and tried to remember who I knew at Simon and Schuster. I mean, a substantial new book on Eliot is something you want to own, but who has that kind of money? Fortunately, no one in the book biz ever actually goes out and buys a book. "You see a book you want and you think, I'll call someone up," admits Gary Fisketjon, a senior editor at Random House. Few who work in this ill-paid profession can afford such luxuries. But if people whose livelihood depends on getting other people to buy books won't buy them, who will?

Publishing, not exactly a business known for its financial acumen, is finally getting around to this rather basic problem. Literature has a new look. You can see a conspicuous instance of it on the covers of Random House's Vintage Contemporaries line, launched by Fisketjon and two colleagues in the fall of 1984. The covers exude a uniformly hip, Art Deco aura: bright colors, blocky print, a geometric logo. "I told the art director to make the covers look like record albums," Fisketjon says. That casual suggestion was a stroke of marketing genius.

Penguin's new Contemporary American Fiction list, supervised by Patricia Mulcahy and Kathryn Court, is equally distinctive visually. The hoodlums in a parking lot overlooking the city on the cover of Richard Price's *The Wanderers;* the spouting fish in front of a pink southern hotel on Frederick Barthelme's *Second Marriage;* the eerie rural landscape on Ernest Hebert's *Whisper My Name:* there's something playful and campy in these images that evokes a whole era. They speak to a generation brought up on rock music, old movies, and a heavy dose of hallucinogens.

Gary Fisketjon is a long-haired, Camel-smoking young man who bummed around the country with his Williams classmate (and Vintage Contemporaries author) Jay McInerney before settling down at Random House in the late seventies. Unlike most editors in this gentleman's profession, he's very shrewd about business. "Hardcover books just cost too much," he says. "Nobody buys them. And even paperbacks are getting expensive. So how do you sell books?" His own answer was to give his list an image and to price the books low enough ("$4.95 to $6.95 and I'll be damned if I'll go over that") to reach a large audience. So far, he's been right. Of the first twelve titles in the series, ten have gone back for second printings; sales have averaged 21,000 copies—a very respectable figure for a literary book.

The new look reflects changes in the landscape of American literature. You won't find books about academic life, heroes who've read Henry James, or the New York literary scene on the Vintage Contemporaries list. What you will find are many exemplary specimens of the six-pack genre lately made famous by

Raymond Carver. The bookish types who used to dominate the novel—Bellow's Herzog, Updike's Bech, Roth's Zuckerman—have given way to the kind of people you see at the checkout counter of a 7-Eleven late at night. The desperate drifters in Richard Ford's *A Piece of My Heart,* the tough-talking crooks in James Crumley's *Dancing Bear,* the southern crackers in Barry Hannah's *Airships:* these are the yahoos of current American literature. Not that everyone on Fisketjon's list is a crazy. Janet Hobhouse's *Dancing in the Dark* is full of worldly New York types, and the characters in *The Debut,* an early novel by the suddenly popular British novelist Anita Brookner, have probably never seen a roadhouse in their lives. By and large, though, it's a pretty unruly crowd—the writer as redneck.

Penguin's list, with nearly seventy-five titles, is more eclectic. It ranges from best-sellers like Gail Godwin and Harriet Doerr to relative unknowns like James Wilcox and Sheila Ballantyne. Both houses resurrect out-of-print classics; Penguin is reprinting Grace Paley and Donald Barthelme, Vintage has Frederick Exley and Peter Matthiessen on its list. But they're also concentrating on new talent; Penguin bought Bret Easton Ellis's novel, *Less than Zero,* about the zonked-out, under-twenty set in the wealthier precincts of L.A., for nearly six figures.

In a way, though, the significance of the new Vintage and Penguin lists is more cultural than literary. What their MTV-like covers proclaim is that serious literature by new and unknown writers has a wider market than the traditional, educated, book-buying elite. For the price of a movie, packaged in attractive, eye-catching editions, these books seem made for the Woodstock generation. Today's novels for the readers of today.

Whether the books will last is another matter. They're all impressive achievements, if you're grading on a curve. I doubt many of them are candidates for the Library of America, those somber volumes of Hawthorne, Melville, and other nineteenth-century classics now being selected by a committee of scholars. But then maybe the whole idea of the "classic," the book that survives over time, is obsolete; in a society where so much is disposable, why should literature be made to last? As Gary Fisketjon puts it, "there's been a changing of the guard." □

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The Mind's Eye

TRISTAN VOX

Carl and Nora and Jack and Meryl



ANTHONY RUSSO

The secret is in a period of decline. It has been corrupted by its currency. One of the consequences of the media's marauding of American society is that the pleasures of gossip have become fewer than the indignities. It is beneath dignity, after all, to know the secrets of strangers. To be sure, the possession of a secret is a legitimate thrill of human association. And secrets are always premised on the existence of strangers. There must be a social division; it is the fact's forbiddenness to others that imparts its special delicacy. What all can know, none would want to.

But now all can know. American society used to consist of a collection of communities, each with its standards of excellence and its structure of rewards, within which information about those unknown to you had a specific meaning. The strangers whose secrets you learned still stood in some natural relation to you; they were of the same profession or the same church or the same sport or even only of the same place, people you might see and meet. No more. Now the grapevine is the size of the whole society. The work of the media has been to erase the social divisions that give gossip its edge. Now there are only two communities—the community of celebrity and the community of obscurity.

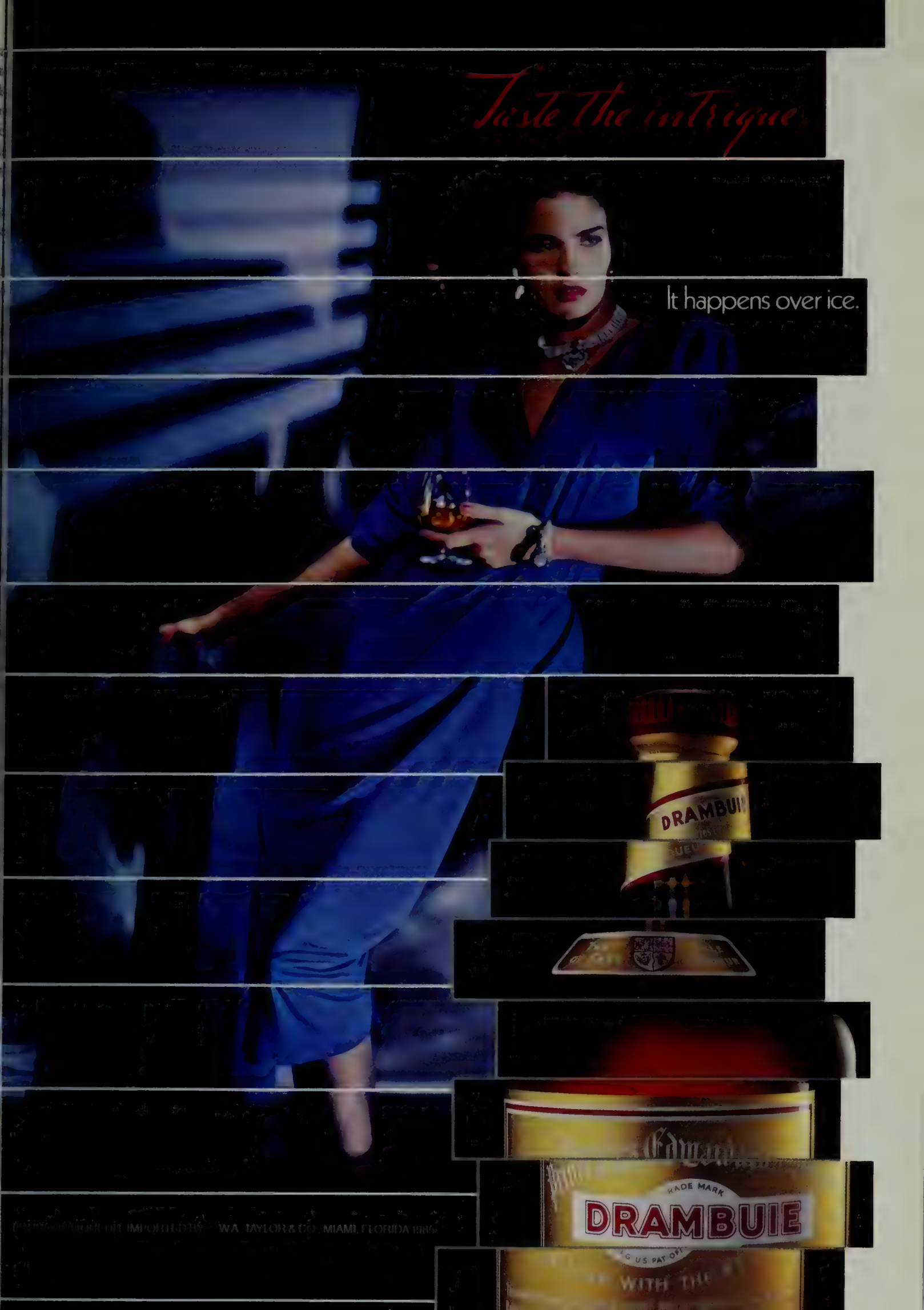
Celebrities begin their fame by being something, an actor or a businessman or a journalist—which is how fame in a society without an aristocracy of birth begins—but quickly they become famous for being themselves. They cannot long maintain the distinction between privacy and publicity. This culture makes the choice easy; it rewards the celebrity handsomely for his or her exhibitionism. The marketers of indiscretions are ready and resourceful, and the consumers of indiscretions are insatiable. Anybody's dirt can make it to anybody's kitchen. The media have tricked millions of people into thinking they are insiders. But of course there cannot be millions of insiders. In fact, if I know it, it cannot be a secret: this is the honest conclusion to draw about one's relation to privileged information in a frantically outer-directed society.

Which brings me to the person who has broken creative new ground in the cold and coarse use of the contemporary opportunities for gossip. A few years ago Nora Ephron (hereinafter referred to as The Wife) published *Heartburn*, a novel apparently designed to exact vengeance for the infidelity of Carl Bernstein (hereinafter referred to as The Husband). The book, which read as if it had been written by a wounded Joan Rivers, sold brilliantly on the strength of such drolleries as "the man is capable of having sex with a venetian blind." In the course of her literary vengeance, The Wife reproduced for the reading masses all the moldy corners of her failure in love, all the dark little details of her marriage. It was a supreme example of the shamelessness of contemporary America self-promotion. The Wife correctly understood that if she was prepared to destroy her own dignity she could destro The Husband's dignity, too. The pric must have seemed worth paying whil the mistress's sheets were still warm Anyway, The Wife could count on swift reduction in the price. What sh would lose in dignity she would mak up in celebrity.

But hell hath no fury like a woma with an agent scorned. There is now t be a movie. It is well into production Meryl Streep plays The Wife, Jac Nicholson plays The Husband. The di rector is Mike Nichols, the ultimate ar biter of urbanity. The screenwriter i Nora Ephron. A good time is guaran teed for all. And why not? Success wit a movie often follows success with book. Of course, it is worth noting tha rarely has adultery been so kind to th cuckolded wife. The Husband's mis creancy turns out to have been a goo career move for her. Still, she is argu ably in the right. He betrayed her, an turning one's life into profits is the ad mired American way.

Except that The Husband and Th Wife have children. And nobody is to young to be affected by a movie. Wha this means, concretely, is that one after noon during their wonder years the chil dren and all their friends will sit befor a screen and watch their father be dis graced by their mother, and since th moral cognition of children is generall sound, they will watch their mother dis gracing herself as well. They are th victims, the innocent victims, of he transactions. Is *that* a price too high t pay for the perquisites of further fame The Husband protested that it is. The po sition of The Wife was a mystery unti last May, when a protracted legal negoti ation issued in a mutually acceptabl agreement for settlement and divorce.

The agreement includes a rider calle Attachment A. It is a document o intense anthropological importance; his torians of American manners in the lat twentieth century will make good use o it. Attachment A is about the delicat question of the children and the movie In it The Wife graciously concedes t The Husband that he "will be portraye at all times as a caring, loving and con scientious father," that he may provid her and Nichols with "written com


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The Mind's Eye

ments'' after a careful reading of th screenplay, and that ''any children of th major characters depicted in the movi will be female.'' (Presumably she think her own little boys will be fooled.)

Then there appears a sentence so ir credible that it is difficult to believe that mother could put her signature to it. (Or father, for that matter; had she straye and he written a book and a movie, th moral situation would be exactly th same.) ''I am aware,'' The Wife admits ''that a movie based upon the Book raise the possibility of causing our childre harm, however slight.'' Nothing less. is followed by this: ''It is my intention, a I am sure it is Carl's, that every reasor able effort will be made by both of us t avoid any detrimental effects or harm t our children from the Book and/or th Movie.'' Very clever, that affecting mer tion of ''Carl.'' Unfortunately, Carl is nc making the movie. Nora is.

In its friendly way, the Washingto *Post* made The Husband look mor hapless in its report of the settlement b suggesting that he had become a collab orator in his own vilification. The trut is that all the provisions for The Hus band's power over the movie are mean ingless. The power was, and is, Th Wife's. It was her book and it is he movie. If her notarized concern for he children is genuine, there is still some thing that can be done. She can stop th movie, on the grounds that enough i enough. Otherwise, she will have au thored not merely a novel and a scrip but one of the most indecent exploita tions of celebrity in recent memory.

Of course, like all the new America gossip, the turpitude of The Husban was none of my business, or yours. Th Wife, however, changed that. She cre ated the book and the movie for th judgment of strangers. And so they wil judge. About the book a moral am biguity may linger; the woman wa wronged. But not about the movie. Th infidelity of a husband toward a wife i banal compared with the infidelity of a mother toward her children. Here i Carl Bernstein and adultery; there i Nora Ephron and child abuse. It is nc contest. □

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Of all red-wine grapes—possibly all grapes irrespective of color—the Pinot Noir is the most difficult from which to coax fine wine. In only one spot in the world—the Burgundy region in France (some would say only a forty-kilometer stretch in Burgundy called the Côte de Nuits)—has that grape produced wine of acknowledged world-class greatness over time. Even in what must be assumed to be its most favored habitat it can vary in quality to a startling degree from year to year. It is a demanding grape, one that insists on ideally cool temperatures and just the right amount of sun, and that yields its best wine only if handled gingerly from the time it is plucked all the way through the fermentation and aging cycles. Pinot Noirs are like the little girl with the curl right in the middle of her forehead. When they are good, they can be very, very good, and when they are unimpressive, they can be distinctly so.

Twenty years ago, there were at most a dozen California producers of Pinot Noirs, and virtually none in the states of Washington and Oregon. They were mainly the grand old vineyards—Louis M. Martini, Sebastiani, J. Pedroncelli, Beaulieu. Things have now changed, although in terms of quality Pinot Noirs are still ten years behind other grapes in the U.S. Wine-makers in America wisely chose to build their base solidly with the less finicky Cabernet Sauvignon and Chardonnay.

In the 1985 National Restaurant Association Wine Classic, sixty-five different Pinot Noirs—including several vineyard-designated bottlings from individual wineries—were entered. Some of them are very good wines indeed, but the variability in quality is, just as it is in Burgundy, wider than that for wines made from Cabernet Sauvignon grapes. Yet the truth is that not only is the quantity of Pinot Noirs much greater than it was even ten years ago but the overall quality is much higher, too.

To sample a range of available Pinot Noirs this summer, I assembled two groups of knowledgeable wine collectors. We tasted twenty-one Pinot Noirs—nine from California and twelve from Oregon. While there were individual preferences for particular wines, the consensus judgments were overwhelming. The following stood out as significantly better than all the rest:

1981 Chalone (Monterey County, California). A bouquet of tobacco infused with a beautiful perfume and a flavor of ripe cherries—fruity, tannic, and remarkably complex for Pinot Noir.

1982 Calera Jensen (San Benito County, California). A rich Pinot bouquet, powerful dark-cherry fruit, slightly smoky in taste, with a long lovely finish.

1982 Calera Selleck. A bouquet of ripe berries, with hints of rose petals and lavender, and intense, complex fruit flavors.

1983 Eyrie Vineyards (Yamhill County, Oregon). A striking bouquet of buttery Pinot Noir fruit and an intense flavor of cherries, dry not sweet, with a

'chewiness'' not detected in any of the other wines.

1982 Eyrie Reserve. A soft bouquet and generous rich, ripe Pinot Noir flavors.

1981 Eyrie Reserve. A more generous bouquet and elegant, complex, but less fruity flavors than the other two Eyries.

1982 Acacia Winery Lake (Napa Valley, Carneros region). A closed-in bouquet, but lush, well-knit, and well-balanced smoky cherry flavors.

To provide a benchmark against which the younger wines might be measured, we also tasted a 1975 Chalone. As expected, it was a magnificent wine—not yet at its peak, but rich, deep, and ripe in flavor, as well as powerfully perfumed.

What is worth noting about the list of winners is that they are dominated by wineries that have been producing Pinot Noirs for quite a while. Chalone has been the monarch of U.S. Pinot Noirs for more than fifteen years; its ripe vintages easily hold their own against great Burgundies in good years. Eyrie was the earliest Oregon winery to produce high-quality Pinot Noir. Its first vintage was 1970. Calera began later, planting its first vines in 1975 and producing its first vintage in 1978. Calera's owner, Josh Jensen, like Richard Graff of Chalone, had scouted the entire state of California for years before finding in the mountains east of Monterey the limestone-based vineyards both of them regard as essential for growing the best Pinot Noir grapes. Acacia also started late and has been focusing its principal energies on Pinot Noirs and Chardonnays. It produced five different vineyard-designated Pinot Noirs in 1982. Three of these vineyards are situated in mountainous regions, and the fourth—Winery Lake—is in the hilly Carneros region in Napa. All of these wines are produced in cooler climates than most of the Pinot Noirs that didn't make the winners list.

Alas, all are expensive too, ranging from about $15 for the Acacia Winery Lake to $24.95 for the Calera Selleck. Many of the lower-priced Pinot Noirs may indeed be consumed with pleasure, but not one of them was as good as many Cabernet Sauvignons costing less. The best Pinot Noirs are surely worth tasting and laying down; they will be magnificent in ten years. But for the shorter run, or for daily drinking, I'd buy a Cabernet. □

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letter from Italy

ALAIN ELKANN



ANTHONY RUSSO

The Rome-Milan Axis

Perhaps the only thing Italians still agree about is that Dante Alighieri is the greatest poet who ever lived. This may have something to do with the fact that Dante believed "three" to be the perfect number; it could be said that Italian life "works," without being perfect, thanks to the magic number three. For instance, any Italian who has an interesting job or a prominent role in the country is inevitably tied to three cities: (1) his native city; (2) Rome, because it's the capital; and (3) Milan, the city of business and trade. Such Italians are forced to live constantly in an imaginary elevator (which often works badly: planes and trains are frequently on strike, the airports are socked in by fog, the traffic on the superhighways is terrible), because certain things can be done only in Rome and others only in Milan.

At first sight, Rome and Milan don't seem to have changed much over the years. Stendhal would still prefer Milan, the European city, shrouded in fog during the winter, music-loving, open to trade, seat of a brilliant society, full of people whose life ethic is work and enterprise. Claude Lorrain, Corot, or Turner would still prefer to paint the sunsets and the pink-blue dawns of Rome, where you breathe an air already almost African. Milan: [illegible] parks, dominated by oaks and horse chestnuts. Rome: city of walks and gardens with palm trees and azaleas. Milan: austere city, where no one would suspect the lushness of the gardens behind the sober façades of the buildings. Rome: a lascivious and opulent city, where you hear the sound of fountains and bells, where everything seems public.

You can say that Rome is a "*ville d'eaux,*" too beautiful a place to work in. In Milan, and also in other northern cities like Genoa and Turin, they say contemptuously that Rome has no fog, as if to say the Romans are not to be taken seriously.

The Milanese publisher Leonardo Mondadori, whose work makes him a regular commuter between Milan and Rome, points out that he has to go to Rome often "because, even if publishing and television are concentrated in Milan, the writers, the movie people, and the politicians are in Rome. Going to Rome is always enjoyable, even if the traffic is maddening, the people are never punctual, and the working hours are different. In Rome the siesta lasts until five in the afternoon, and then people work from five until nine, whereas in Milan offices close at six at the latest. In Rome, even though I get a lot of work done, I always feel I'm on vacation."

In the last few years Rome has been trying to catch up with Milan as an industrial city. Great efforts have been made to create industrial zones, like the one in Pomezia, and even the state-owned firms with headquarters in Rome are trying—with some success—to overcome their reputation for inefficiency. But the change will be slow, because by tradition the Romans are used to being officials or shopkeepers, not entrepreneurs. Rome has never had a real bourgeoisie.

Milan, too, is changing. The great palaces of the center of the city are no longer the homes only of the industrial dynasties, the families of steel, rubber, paper, but are inhabited also by publishers, couturiers, architects, intellectuals, television personalities, journalists. Milan has become the crucial "go-between" city in the business world, and thus it is more international than ever. The Grand Hotel et de Milan, an old hotel on the centrally located Via Manzoni, is a few blocks from La Scala and is famous as the place where Giuseppe Verdi died. Today it is a favorite with commuters from Rome, but you also encounter Japanese there, Americans, Germans, Australians, all in Milan seeking ideas in the fields of design, advertising, fashion.

The wife of a young Milanese tycoon whose house has become a gathering place for both the literary and the art worlds insists that nowadays the Milanese salons are as important as the more famous ones of Rome. To put together the production of a new film, or to form a new Cabinet, to participate in the bestowing of a literary prize, to know what's happening in the editor's office of a newspaper, it's a good idea to have entrée to the salons in both cities.

The writer Enzo Siciliano, a longtime Roman resident, says that "the chief thing distinguishing Rome and Milan is their different ways of being Catholic cities in a Catholic country. Even if Rome is notoriously the seat of the church, Rome's Catholicism is a show, a political Catholicism as the church's capital. But Milan is a city of solid Catholic principles, a frugal Catholicism, healthy, based on an ethic of work and family, prudence and parsimony. It's no accident that the greatest Italian writer and Catholic of the nineteenth century was Alessandro Manzoni, born of a great Milanese family. So, absurd as it may sound, I would say that Rome is a secular, cynical city, while Milan is a Catholic, principled city. This is why art and literature seem to flourish better in Rome. There can be no art without confusion, without unbelief. In Milan they are too tidy, too observant. That's why Rome resembles New York more than Milan does. New York is a disorder-



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Letter from Italy

ly city, chaotic, full of contradictions, n based on good common sense."

The historian Giordano Bruno Gue ri, author of a recent best-selling life Saint Maria Goretti, like many Tusca has chosen to live in Milan, and h moved his wife, the Roman writer Ga de Beaumont, to his adopted city. "Wh I think," Guerri says, "is that Rome a Milan are equally unpleasant cities, bo incomplete, and yet for some strange hi torical reason they complete each othe Milan is industry and economy; Ron is beauty and political power. Mila our only international city, offers sec rity; Rome is all making do. Both a necessary. If they were to merge, th result would be a new Paris." Guer insists that in Italy nobody feels conte in either of these cities, and this is wh Italians are attached to the third point the triangle, the hometown.

Only when an Italian is abroad, esp cially in Paris, London, or Ne York, does he feel simply Italian. Paris, at various roundtables organize by the Centre Pompidou and other inst tutions, you can find adoptive Milanes like Gae Aulenti, Vittorio Gregott Giorgio Strehler, Umberto Eco, wit adoptive Romans like Alberto Moravi Leonardo Sciascia, Paolo Portoghes Bernardo Bertolucci, Marcello Mas troianni. Here they all feel just Italia the way that many ex-terrorists do, i the political asylum granted by Mitte rand. Other Italians, mostly painters have lofts in New York and are enjoy ing an American success—artists lik Francesco Clemente and Sandro Chia who were launched in Italy by a "Ro man" dealer from Turin, Gian Enz Sperone, a friend of Leo Castelli's.

But to get back to the triangle: eve though we are talking about the Rome Milan axis, the provinces cannot b overlooked. You can't say that Turin Genoa, Verona, Padua, Parma, Venice Florence, Bologna, Naples, Palermo etc. are provincial cities. These cities— like many others—were all capitals o grand duchies and republics, principali ties and kingdoms; today they don't jus have great masterpieces, churches, an palaces, they are also important indus

ial realities. While medium-size industries have shifted toward the Marches and the Veneto region, Turin, after all, has the Fiat colossus, which is expanding into publishing and the art world. Already an important partner in the Rizzoli publishing group, Fiat recently bought Palazzo Grassi in Venice, with plans to transform it into the Italian equivalent of the Beaubourg or MoMA. And from Los Angeles they have brought the former Beaubourg curator Pontus Hulten, who has a host of plans, including an inaugural show devoted to futurism.

But in Bologna too, Eugenio Riccomini is preparing a great Morandi show; in Venice, at the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, the Guggenheim Foundation is more active than ever. And the list could go on, from one city to another, with the paradoxical observation that, of them all, the least active when it comes to art exhibitions are Rome and Milan.

In both these cities they talk about fashion shows for the new collections. But where are these showings more important, in Rome or Milan? Which are more choreographic? Those of Giorgio Armani in the basement theater of his atelier-*palazzo* in Milan? Or Valentino's shows of high fashion on a summer night in a Roman piazza? Is the Milanese school of architecture more advanced than the Roman? Is the Roman literary magazine *Nuovi Argomenti*, edited by Alberto Moravia, Leonardo Sciascia, and Enzo Siciliano (and, until his death, Pier Paolo Pasolini), more significant than the avant-garde Milanese review, *Alfabeta*, whose editors include Umberto Eco?

The Rome-Milan axis also witnesses great battles among industrialists, with Carlo De Benedetti and Giovanni Agnelli as protagonists; the two tycoons of Turin fight to see who can buy more firms, who can outstrip the other in France and the U.S. Both Giovanni Agnelli and Carlo De Benedetti have houses near Milan and in Rome.

What about political power?

Today the prime minister, Bettino Craxi (Socialist), is a Milanese of Sicil-

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letter from Italy

ian origin who lives in Rome. No one could be more Roman than the indomitable Giulio Andreotti, minister in almost every Cabinet since the end of the war. The Republican Giovanni Spadolini (former prime minister), a Florentine who lives in Rome but recently stood for election in Milan, declared that real political power in Italy will belong to the man who controls the city of Saint Ambrose, Manzoni, and La Scala.

In Rome you eat fettuccine and artichokes "alla Giudia" at Piperno in the old ghetto, or mozzarella, puntarelle (a special salad), chicory, and young lamb at Fortunato al Pantheon, or at Nino near Piazza di Spagna, and at Il Matriciano. These are the restaurants where you run into political figures and leading actors. In Milan you eat a salad of artichokes and Parmesan, spring risotto, and delicate salads of crab and avocado at Bice, a Tuscan restaurant, where you run into the leaders of fashion, publishing, advertising. After the theater you eat a pizza at Santa Lucia. Journalists seem to prefer Il Rigolo.

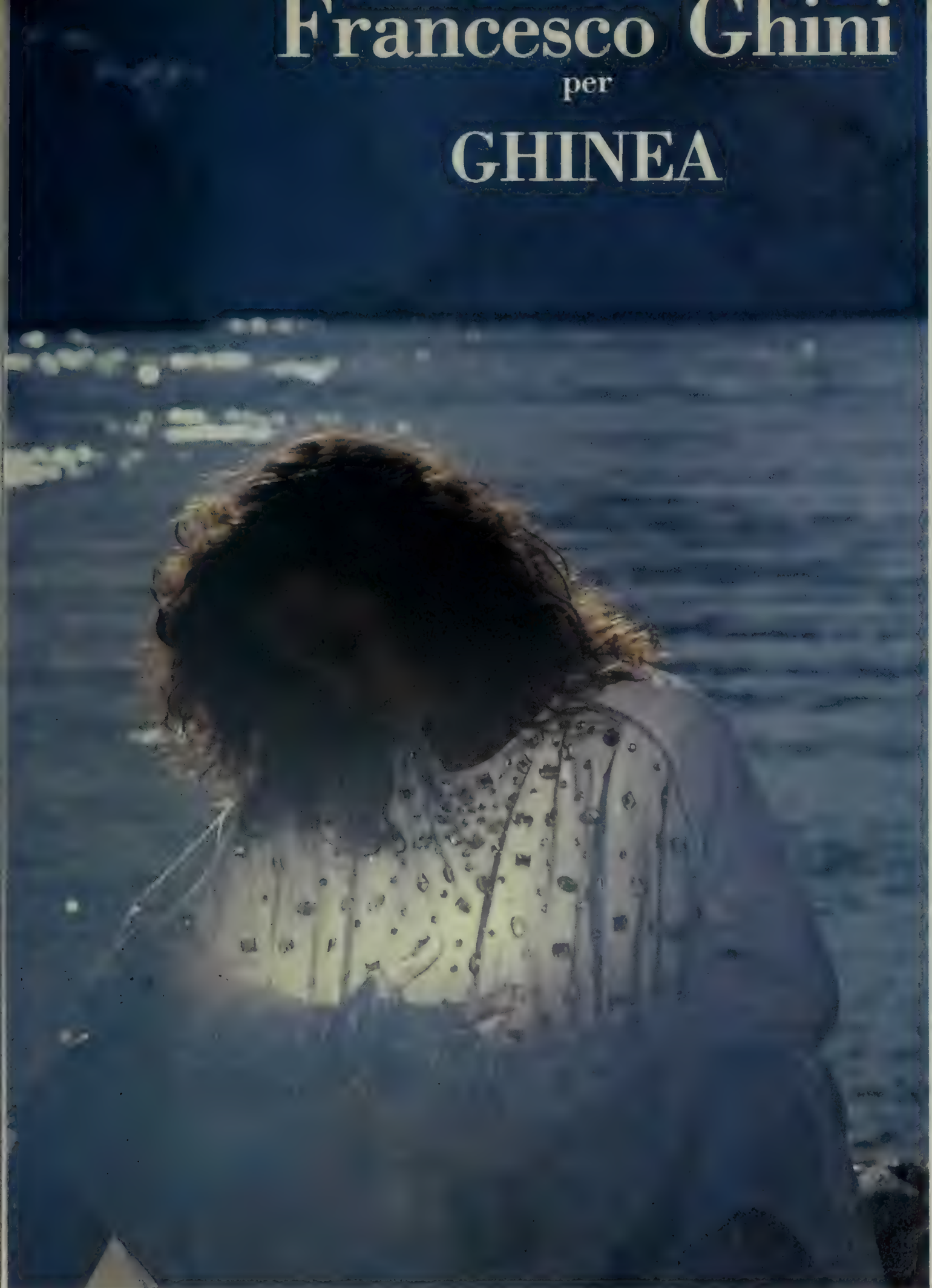
In Rome, commuters on a certain level stay at the Hotel d'Inghilterra, the Plaza, the Gregoriana, or the Raphael (once Craxi's home away from home); in Milan, besides the Grand Hotel et de Milan, it's the Cavour or the Manzoni. There are those who keep their family and home in Rome but work in Milan; those who teach in Messina, have a home in Milan, but are consultants to an important Roman bank. Others live in Brussels or Paris, but their girlfriend is in Naples. One could be the mayor of a small Tuscan town, a senator from Turin, and live in Rome and the rest of the world. But among all of these Italians there is a certain sense of solidarity. It isn't just the solidarity of pizza and minestrone and spaghetti—there are deep gastronomic divisions among Italians. If Milan is the extreme frontier of a European Italy, and Rome is the beginning of an African Italy, there is a distillation of these two Italys, spiced with all the provincial cities, large and small. For a certain *air du temps* is formed, a certain way of living, a certain way of having an Italian style. ☐

Translated from the Italian by William Weaver

Francesco Ghini

per

GHINEA



a Torie Steele boutique

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VANITIES



Three cheers for October: *Ménage à trois*. Three's company. Trio con brio. Three sheets to the wind. Gleesome threesome. Three little prigs. All is Vanities. Nothing is fair.

Illustrations by KEN MARYANSKI

Maybe They're Amazed

Two Spielbergers to go

MOST of this season's anthology TV series—*The Twilight Zone*, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*—sound like retreads



RAUL VEGA

Phil: "a great time."

picked up at the Holiday Inn School of Television (where the best surprise is no surprise). NBC's *Amazing Stories*, however, promises freshness. It is produced by the hardest-working man in pop culture, Steven Spielberg, who also directs a few of the episodes. Among the other big-name directors Spielberg has assembled are Martin Scorsese, Clint Eastwood, Burt Reynolds, Timothy Hutton, Peter (*2010*) Hyams, and Irvin (*The Empire Strikes Back*) Kershner. The two newcomers are Philip Joanou and Lesli Glatter (see below). None of the twenty-two episodes will be screened for the press. All of this has generated an enormous wave of anticipation: expect the Shock of the New from *Amazing Stories*, not the Schlock of the Used.

Philip Joanou (twenty-three, fresh from U.S.C. film school and immediately signed up by Disney to write and direct three pictures, he is making "Santa '85" for *Amazing Stories*, a mod Christmas myth): "I'm having a great time. I think



RAUL VEGA

Lesli: "intensely dramatic."

that Clint Eastwood and Martin Scorsese got to the scripts first and said, 'Two sets . . . all interiors . . . I'll take it. Give the ones with all the locations and special effects to the kids.' And that's great. I love problem solving, because that's what makes directing for me. I've got everything all set up so that when something goes wrong I'll be prepared for it and my crew will be in the trenches with me and we'll solve it together. Of course, we could end up with a *Heaven's Gate* kinda thing here. I can s it now—'First-timer's T show goes 10 million over bu get. Lew Wasserman forced sell MCA Records to CBS.' "

Lesli Glatter (thirty-thre her first movie, *Tales of Mee ing and Parting*, was nomina ed for the 1984 best-short-fil Oscar; she is making "No D at the Beach," about your World War II soldiers, f *Amazing Stories*): "I thir what's great about *Amazi Stories* is that it's not copyi anything, or remaking show The stories are so complete different, but the wonderf thing about them is the co necting thread. The stories a about something extraordina happening in everyday live and that provides the latitude go from being very funny deeply, intensely dramati That's what attracted me to because I'm really not that i terested in working in telev sion." **—Elvis Mitch**

Limo Scene

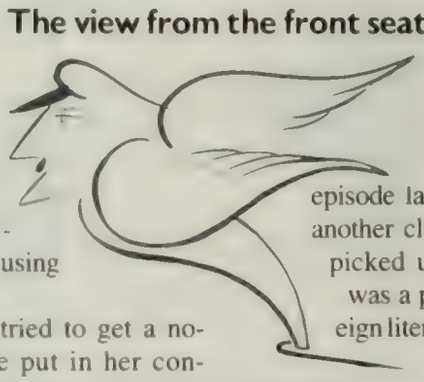
The view from the front seat

I DON'T think there's a single other spot in the world where the word *professional* means as much as it does here in Hollywood.

Just before sunrise yesterday I picked up a spectacularly talented young actress in Benedict Canyon, and the whole way into the lot she sat in the backseat doing the aerobics from her soon-to-be-released cassette and crying her pretty blue eyes out.

Usually my role is to just shut up and drive the limo, but I feel a professional—limo driver or studio head—is someone who's not afraid to use initiative.

"I heard you just got an on-air commitment from the network," I said with a cheery smile. Sure enough, she brightened up a little and brightened and began doing some arm circles and her story just tumbled out: Once upon a time she had a lot of high regard for the male co-star in her current series but lately, in love scenes, he had been kissing her open-mouthed and using his tongue.



When she tried to get a no-tongue clause put in her contract, the studio said no. She had taken it to arbitration and she'd lost there too.

"And I even have a piece of the show!" she said. She cried all the way to work. Every day.

But my point is, when the cameras rolled, you couldn't tell a thing. Now, you name me a single other job anywhere where an individual has to submit to being kissed like that, take after take, to make an honest buck. That's what I mean about professionalism.

I wound up telling this whole episode later yesterday to another client, who I had picked up at LAX. He was a professor of foreign literature at I think it was England University.

Seems that while on his leave he had discovered three weight-lifting, six-foot-four-inch, 230-pound identical blonde female triplets named the Hun Sisters. It was the find of a career, and naturally he was in town to pitch movie ideas around them.

He handed a picture up to the front seat as I accelerated onto the 405. I took one look at the Hun Sisters and told him to begin looking for tax shelters. Hey—all three had *super* definition!

"I am only doing this on one condition," he said. He w wearing a three-piece suit! will never allow these innoce girls to be corrupted by this ho rible business."

Well, that's when I told hi about my Crying Princess th morning. About professionalis Hollywood-style. I also told him did a little screenwriting and th I'd go futuristic with the Hun Si ters—World War V or VI—he pick a number—but definitely n a back-in-time kind of thing.

He looked at me funny. Y can tell in two seconds if a m knows story. He didn't kno story.

"Well, that way," I had to e plain, "you're buying yours some chains and glossy bla leather, not some drab hides."

He smiled for the first tim He said maybe I'd like a da with the Hun Sisters.

I tried not to act insulted.

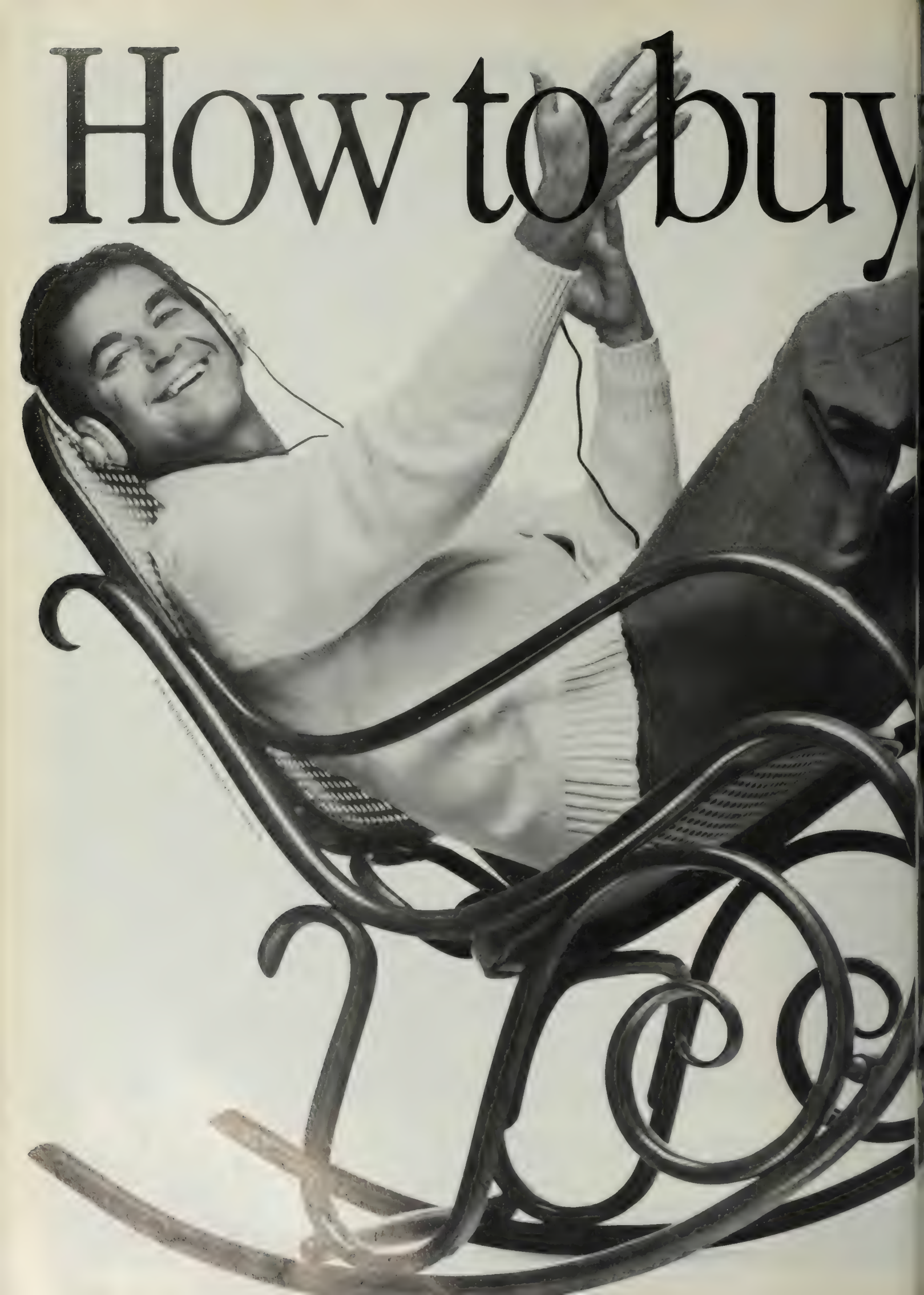
"Better yet," I said, "let make it a meeting." **—Stret**

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Astrology

The Libra-rated lady

WHY do Libra men get such a kick out of their pushy mothers? Probably for the same reason that Libra gals always go for the guy with the deer carcass on his fender and a shotgun in the backseat. Because they're into aggression, that's why. They were exposed to it in early life, and it continues to draw them. Whenever a lamp gets broken over somebody's head, look for a Libra in the crowd.

"Aggressive? Who? Me?" cries Martina Navratilova as she takes on Chris Evert Lloyd for the sixty-sixth time and beats her.

In fact, they are peace seekers, but there can be no peace without war, and they want you to wage it. They always get *you* to pick the fight and go after them with a hatchet—at which point *they* are genuinely shocked and hurt and inform you that they will be ready to talk peaceably as soon as *you* have control of yourself.

The odd thing is, we associate romantic Libra with ideal relationships. However, it's not just a couple of fancy movie stars whirling across a dance floor. It's also the bared-teeth battle in the dressing room over whose name appears first on the marquee. It is an eternal tango of dominance and submission. Even the astrological symbol for Libra is a picture of two people, one lying supine, the other prostrate, fanny in the air.

So if you feel that you're ready to deal with atavistic rage, hit on a Libra. You can be rough and mean, just remember to apologize. On the other hand, don't be too nice, or they really can't stand it.

Current trends: Libras are crazy these days moving decimal points back and forth and suing their own sisters. The biggest philosophical question for them right now is: How many pairs of slacks can you cram into one suitcase?

Beware of greed, Libras. People have been known to choke on ham sandwiches, especially when they tried to get the pickle in at the same time.

By late April, bad news and good news. The bad news is that if you're not married you'll be desperate to be, and if you are you'll want to be single. Everything will hinge on who rejects whom. Here's a secret mantra for the dependency crises you will have to face in '86: Bye-bye, baby.

The good news is that you'll be unloading some baggage that went out of style twenty years ago. And for the rest of '85 you'll be a 10 socially, riding down the avenue on a rose-covered float. So have a ball.

Confidential to Joyce Brothers: Even the most well balanced of us will exhibit extremes from time to time. It's only natural and normal to have feelings of withdrawal and selfishness, and 1985 has proved that you're no exception. Your Venus in Scorpio is showing. That's Mrs. Ex-wife brandishing a rolling pin in an alimony fight. It's also the dieter who goes from nine thousand calories a day to nine hundred. At best it's a psychic healer wearing a gardenia. At worst it's the queen of the spiders.

Try to modernize your thinking. Inject a little cosmic insight into your learned knowledge. Change your glasses.

Communication with siblings and people close to us can be challenging. Thanks to Uranus, someone you never thought you'd hear from will probably contact you. Besides me, that is. Tensions that have existed for years will be released if you can just shift one rigid point of view a little. Good luck.

—Michael Lutin

George Plimpton: Party Anima

The Paper Lion shakes his booty. JAMES WOLCOTT fantasizes



George 'n' Andy

WE kids at *Vanity Fair* think George Plimpton is the coolest. America knows and loves him as the stork with the patrician chuckle who wore shoulder pads in *Paper Lion*, edits *The Paris Review*, and each summer glues on snow-white whiskers and tours the country in *Mark Twain Tonight!* But we kittens at *Vanity Fair* know Plimpton best as a man who loves to push the furniture against the wall, kic off his loafers, and get the sock hop going. Area, Palladium, the De Drop Inn—these are only a few of the places we have caught M Plimpton grooving and frugging, surrounded by finger-poppin young people. "These kids today, God love 'em, they keep me youn with their crazy dances and nutty lin go." Plimpton is no longer content t call every disco his rec room. In a su prise announcement, Plimpton has ur veiled plans to launch his own T dance show. "First there was Dic Clark's *American Bandstand*," Plimp ton told a press conference at Sardi' "Then there was Don Cornelius's *Sou Train*. Then there was *Dance Feve* with what's his name with the funn hair. And now there is. . . *George Plimpton's Platter Par-tay*." "Party?" we asked. "No, *Par-tay*," Plimpton corrected. "I prefer the Prince pronunciation: 'Git down and par-tay.' " Ignoring the shocked silence of the assembled, Plimpton elaborated: "Each week I will spin the latest discs and insert the latest videos and watch these crazy kids do their thing. The show will allow me to groove to all the new sounds and yet remain stationary." Lifting at his trouser legs, Plimpton explained: "These old bean poles ain't what they used to be."



George 'n' Earl Blackwell



George 'n' Jay McInerne

"Will you still be touring in *Mark Twain Tonight!*?" we asked, an everyone bolted for the buffet to throw sandwiches.

George Plimpton's Platter Par-tay. Be there or be square.



George 'n' Gloria Steinem hoisted by Bev (*Pumping Iron II*) Francis


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DOMINIQUE NABOKOV



John Irving and son Colin



Kurt Vonnegut and Betty Friedan



Carl Bernstein and son Jacob

Sons and Lovers

John Irving was there with his son Colin (aged twenty), Carl Bernstein was there with his son Jacob (aged six), and others came with friends and lovers (ages undisclosed), to Kaylie Jones's twenty-fifth-birthday party in Bridgehampton. Kaylie is the daughter of novelist James Jones; her first novel, *As Soon as It Rains*, will be published in the spring by Doubleday, where her mother, Gloria, is an editor. Other literary luminaries glowing at the buffet or on the rock-'n'-roll dance floor included Shana Alexander, Randolph Hearst, Jr., William Gaddis, and Mrs. John Steinbeck.



Kaylie Jones and Adolph Green



Joseph Heller and Gloria Jones



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—*Vonnegut on Irving's* Setting Free the Bea

"You will be everlastingly grateful to Russell Baker, who, in r vealing his secrets, makes you proud of your own."

—*William Manchester on Russell Baker's* Growing U

"Absolutely magnificent. . . It's one of those books you devo line by line and word by word and finally hate to see end."

—*Baker on Manchester's* The Last Li

—Howard Kapl

The Cadillac Couch

Postmodern upholstery

[F you never made
L love in the backseat
f a 1950s Cadillac and
ave felt deprived there-
y of one of the industri-
l age's primal experi-
nces, a remedy is at
and. Thanks to a pair
f Santa Fe artisans, you
an now enjoy that plea-
ıre, in the privacy of
our own home, for a
ıere $10,000 (partner
ot included).

The duo, Sherry
tein and Jody Nor-
kog, have invented the
'adillac Couch—a fully opera-
onal leather sofa set between
airs of authentic 1950s tail-
ghts and tail fins, gleaming
ith nostalgia and the glow of
wenty hand-rubbed coats of
ıcquer. When the pilot couch,
'hich took three years of week-
nds to create, sold for $8,000
ıe first day it was shown in a
anta Fe gallery, the inventors
id not immediately set up an as-
embly line in Detroit. "But it
ot our attention," Norskog says.

The first couch, black with
lack upholstery, was bought by
Santa Fe polo aficionado, Abel
avis. In the year since then,
peeding up the production



DOUGLAS KENT HALL

Exhausted: Jody Norskog and Sherry Stein park themselves on their Cadillac Couch.

time, Norskog and Stein have sold two more: a metallic-gray-and-black leather job, bought by the Tavelli Gallery in Aspen, and a red-on-red number, sold to poster designer Julius Freedman of Louisville. Their fourth—a prized 1959 ("Those had the largest tail fins") in white on white—is waiting for the next buyer to come along and kick its casters.

The creators—Stein designs leather and suede clothing, Norskog is an industrial designer—prowl the salvage yards of the Southwest for their raw materials. The first four couches were made from cars found in Santa Fe and nearby Espanola, New Mexico, lowrider capital of the world. They bought the junker Caddies for about $200 each, cut off the back ends with an acetylene torch, sold the remainders as scrap metal for $35 per. But recently they hit the mother lode. They found a mortician in Grapevine, Texas, with seventy old Cadillacs, and he sold them a dozen. (The cars had been collected by another Texas man, later institutionalized.) The Texas dozen, dismembered like chicken parts, now line the fence of Norskog's backyard, bumper to bumper, fin to fin.

Authentic replacements for broken taillights and damaged chrome come from classified ads in *Hemmings Motor News*. "There's a whole network of old-parts people," Norskog says. "We don't tell them what we're doing."

On the way to Grapevine for the dozen old Caddies, Stein and Norskog paid due respect to the famous Cadillac Ranch, on Interstate 40 near Amarillo, ten red Caddies growing out of the earth, fins skyward. And while delivering couch number three to Louisville, they made a pilgrimage to Graceland, to view Elvis Presley's 1955 pink.

"Next we plan to do the ten greatest Cadillacs," Norskog says. "The greatest fins ever—'52 to '61, in our opinion."

"But we want to branch out," Stein says. "We plan to do an armoire. Out of a '56. Front end."

In response to an obvious question, Norskog replies: "We both drive Jap vehicles."

And would they ever consider making a Ford Couch? Or a Chevy Couch? Norskog hesitates. "Only if someone commissions us. To save a part of an old car they were fond of."

He made it sound like stuffing Grandma. **—Robert Mayer**





Through De Mille

The three ages of Agnes de Mille—Degas dancer (1929), *Rodeo* star (1942), and *grande dame* of American dance—captured in photographs from "The De Mille Dynasty Exhibition," a retrospective of the theater, film, and dance work from three generations of the family, opening on October 25 at, aptly, the Century City Shopping Center, L.A.



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AMY ARBUS

Conspicuous Coffee Tables

Iman

nan. The name alone grabs you, forces you to take notice. In her ative Somalia, it means magnet. No wonder Peter Beard was awn to her ten years ago on the streets of Nairobi, and turned Iman to an international star of the modeling world. As she recalls, "I as just walking, minding my business. He wasn't." Today her ast Side brownstone is filled with treasures of the Dark Continent, ost notably her coffee table—a zebra-skin drum on which rests a alinese tea set designed for her by Issey Miyake.

Wife of basketball star Spencer Haywood, and mother of Zulekha 'precious"), seven, Iman is more than just a great beauty. She presents the U.N. for special projects and is active in Ethiopian mine relief, eager to spread the word that the solution to the enturies-old drought must be ecological measures, not simply mon- or food: "Nobody is thinking about long-term relief: land assis- nce, health care, stabilization of population. It's this amount of nd and this amount of people. You can feed them, but if you don't anything about the land, they're just going to have another rought." Iman is insulted by the recent rash of charity drives, most otably Warm, a fund-raiser sponsored by the modeling business: They'll have a fashion show so they can go to sleep thinking, I've one a good deed. That means feeding someone one day and not nowing where their food will come from the next! They're doing it r themselves! I am not going to be a part of cocktail talk, some .R. trip." She glances momentarily at the African painting behind er, a memento of her roots—a memento mori. "It hits right home. his thing hits me right at home."

Last year, Iman endured her own misfortune, a severe car crash hile in a taxi. "Some fool just ran the red light and hit us. Broke alf my face, my ribs, my collarbone, and everything." She has me through it unscarred, attributing the accident to fate: "I felt for months before it happened to me. Like somebody out there lling you you're messing up. When you start a negative circle, ou have nowhere to go. You can't stop it, or break it. You just ave to finish the circle, close it, and start another. I knew that it as going to be one hell of a closing." **—Brooks Peters**

Newport on the Block

The $1.2 million lawn sale

IT'S easy to forget Ma and Pa Kettle plunked down in front of the house selling eggbeaters and used lawn-mower parts when Christie's puts on its equivalent of a lawn sale—a tented house sale of Citizen Kane proportions on ninety-two of Rhode Island's most yearned-after acres of voluptuous green lawns sweeping down to the sea. Gardeners get blisters just looking at the topiary at Gray Craig—the estate of the late Archbold van Beuren, founder and publisher of *Cue* magazine, and Standard Oil heir.

The two-day sale began with cocktails on the terrace for such Newport neighbors as Hugh Auchincloss, the Van Alens, the Slocums, and Countess Szapary, and ended with Christie's pulling in a cool $1,217,304 for the van Beuren family. Everything went—from model ships to chandeliers, pillows to pillboxes. Even the well-embedded garden fountains and sundial were tagged and sold.


RON MANVILLE

Lot 233, *La Rimembranza* (1879).

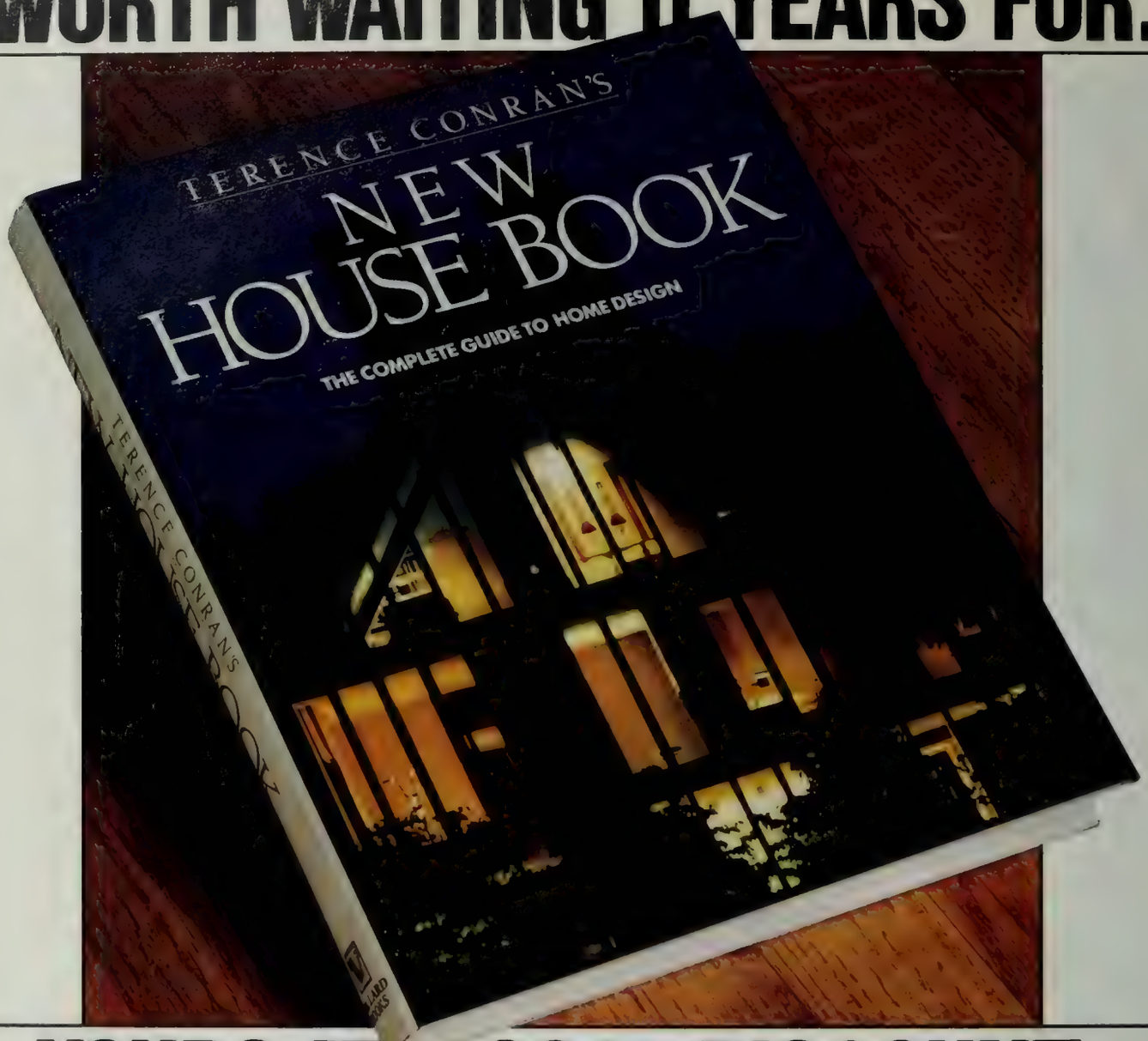
With its huge pink-and-white striped tents, the sale looked like a St. George's graduation dinner dance, but actually it was all Park Avenue business in the grass. The Christie's efficiency brigade of girls in silk and pearls marshaled AT&T office phones, computers, and video equipment to record prices that mostly doubled the catalogue estimates. Private collectors grumbled that dealers were driving up prices, and vice versa. Among the dealers were Stair & Co., Alan Hartman, and J. N. Bartfield, and they came, like most everything these days, from New York, London, and Palm Beach. The "society people" chose to stay at home and bid by phone, but Newport mayor Patrick Kirby was there taking it all in, and Mary, Lady Rothermere, peeked in and out.

During lunch breaks, pastel-attired participants, their drivers and dogs lined up for six-dollar roast-beef-and-Boursin sandwiches in a cordoned-off portion of the lower lawn set up with pink-linen-covered tables. Past the Porta-Johns, where the property rolled down toward the Sound, three disgruntled interior decorators in matching khaki shorts and pink-rimmed spectacles lounged on a beached yellow inflatable raft. "Just shows what mediocre stuff will do if it's hyped well enough," sniffed one, inspecting his fingernails. "For Queen Anne card tables, no less."

Meanwhile, back at the mansion, it was dark and dusty inside, and people who'd missed the viewing threaded their way through the labyrinthine rooms piled high with rolled-up rugs, stacks of chairs, Ming vases, mah-jongg sets, and grandfather clocks.

The next day the Christie's crew packed everything up, helping buyers load up their Oldsmobiles and Jaguars, dismantled all the cables, and locked up. When the last car pulled out of the long drive, Gray Craig stood bare—its riches redistributed among the rich. **—Mira Stout**

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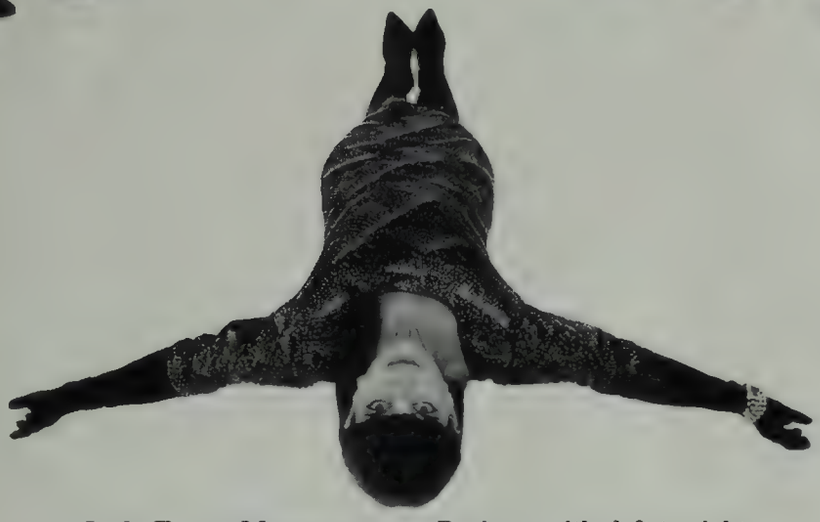
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Peer Group

The British invasion of aristocratic pop





ANDREW MACPHERSON

Lady Teresa Manners means Business with, left to right, the Marquess of Worcester, Tony Hambro, Lord John Somerset, Pickford Sykes, Ed Deane, Russell Kneath, Bill Lovelady, Nick Allan, Matthew Carse, Lord Michael Cecil, and Valentine Lindsay.

WHEN the elders of the British aristocy troop into Washingn for the upcoming Treasure Houses of itain" exhibition, they ed no longer worry at their children are up n their absence. Of the ee classic vices, sex d drugs and rock 'n' l, only the last still lds sway among the tid young.

Sex has always been n as a tiresome means a praiseworthy end—procreation of baby stocrats. During the ly eighties, drug probns were rife among ny young aristos, such the Duke of Marlborgh's son and the Duke Devonshire's daugh-. But now, somewhat latedly, rock 'n' roll s taken over.

The blue-blooded nd the Business "Conction" will be playing New York and Palm ach this fall. Recently ned to Hippodrome cords, its fourteen embers include the Marquess Worcester and Lord John merset, both sons of the Duke Beaufort (stately home: Badminton House); Lord Michael Cecil, son of the Marquess of Salisbury (stately homes: Hatfield House and Cranborne Manor); and lead singer and sex symbol Lady Teresa Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland (stately homes: Belvoir Castle and Haddon Hall).

Before receiving attention as a pop singer, Lady Teresa, twenty-two, attracted other publicity. Last year she modeled for a pinup calendar, and in 1983 she was charged with dangerous driving, having been caught in "a passionate embrace" with her passenger while driving down a highway. Her nickname, appropriately, is "Terror-raiser."

The Business "Connection" employs four professional musicians, in very much the same way the aristocrats who masterminded the Charge of the Light Brigade employed professional soldiers. Reaction to its concerts has been mixed. The Duke of Norfolk, seventy, accompanying his old friend the Duke of Rutland, sixty-six, to one concert, was spied placing his fingers discreetly in his ears before exiting early. For him, all is now lost: even Princess Diana, the storefront of her generation, has expressed her passion for Duran Duran and Dire Straits. **—Craig Brown**

Table Talk



ndrew Lack, producer of CBS's *West 57th*, can't ar to watch his own **TV tabloid:** "I'm never hap- with the work when I'm finished with . . . You're going to give yourself an ulcer if you atch, so I'd rather not."

ity lights: Though Jay McInerney says he gave up **.Y.C. limelife** for the charms of small-town liv- g, the big city's bright lights still wink at him: his w apartment is a stone's throw from Club A.

adies as unlike as Fran Lebowitz and Marisa Berson showed up at the Pierre to **lunch** Joan Cols's new line of millinery: "Hats cover a multitude sins," said La Bitch, "particularly my hair."

owling for scholars: Novelist Russell Banks, poet Mark Strand, d bookworm James Atlas got some **sartorial advice** from the lane pervisor at the Third Annual Writers Community Bowling Tournament: "Remember, bowling shirts are to be worn *outside* your pants."

The Scarlet Letter: Architects Jordan Gruzen, Bob Stern, and Charles Gwathmey all wore red paper *A*'s around their necks at one of the fund-raising parties for East Hampton's Guild Hall. At Carl Bernstein's benefit dinner, $100 bought drinks and a pot of pâté, and **a bowl of fish chowder** next door at John Scanlon's.

Pink-haired fashion designer Zandra Rhodes has been hired to customize a batch of Renault 5 cars for a British dealer. The **hot-pink Rhodesters** are accessorized with matching pink overalls and pink tools (for changing pink flats).

Why was a ton and a half of sand dumped in Columbus Circle? For Carl Reiner to beach-party with **Miss Universe.** Later, the scraped-up sand refilled the Gulf + Western building's 252 standing ashtrays.

FLASHBACK: *Vanity Fair,* 1917



This bongo-bongo bango couple, drawn by Fish, was tripping the light fandango the first time the Argentinean tango swept New York onto its feet. (*Tango Argentino* is back in town this month; see page 94.) Describing "the whispering darkness" of a nightclub, one heady *V.F.* caption waxed atmospheric about this *el tango traicion*'s "sombre effectiveness has already set London and Paris murmuring in pleased horror." It expected a favorable reaction in New York City too, from "that vast, tired section of Gotham which parks its opera hats and diamond heels in the nightclubs of an early dawn...for duchesses and bootleggers alike weep and fret at this poignant dance-drama."

Illustration by FISH


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RALPH LAUREN



ANGLO-MANIA

Stand by for an aristocratic orgy of Stubbs, marmalade, battered tweeds, and big slobbering dogs. Washington is girding its loins for the National Gallery of Art's major exhibition, "The Treasure Houses of Britain." More than two hundred stately homes have been raided to give America a guided tour of the ultimate countryseat: the Van Dyck from Broadlands, the Maximilian armor from Warwick Castle, Catherine the Great's Wedgwood tureen from Shugborough, the Rainbow Portrait of Elizabeth I from Hatfield House, the Chippendale commode from Harewood House, and more, much more. So, to get you in the mood for the arrival of its patrons, the Prince and Princess of Wales, we request the pleasure of your company in a thirty-page romp through some of the less obvious corridors of English country life. Don't forget to bring your Burberry.

Above: The Grosvenor Hunt (detail), by George Stubbs, from the collection of the Duke of Westminster.

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED

How has marriage changed Princess Diana?
by TINA BROWN



DATELINE LONDON

When the Prince and Princess of Wales arrive in Washington next month, they step into intense curiosity about the state of their marriage. Magazines and newspapers in every capital crackle with backstairs backchat about the princess's autocratic ways. *She* has banished all his old friends. *She* has made him give up shooting. *She* throws slippers at him when she can't get his attention. *She* spends all his money on clothes. *She* forces him to live on poached eggs and spinach. *She* keeps sacking his staff. Certainly forty members of their household have resigned, including his private secretary, Edward Adeane, whose family had served the monarchy since Queen Victoria. The debonair Prince of Wales, His



THE PRINCESS OF WALES The nursery-school teacher makes her debut in 1981, *above, left. Right*, the royal personage in a pensive moment on the Italian tour.



Royal Highness, Duke of Cornwall, heir to the throne, is, it seems, pussy-whipped from here to eternity.

Can it be true? Is it possible that the girl they picked to be the Royal Mouse of Windsor has turned into Alexis Carrington in the space of four years? In the TV age it is irresistible to see such snippets of royal family life as a long-playing soap opera. Like the Ewings, most of them live in the same square mile of the royal ranch of Kensington Palace—the Wales apartments near Princess Margaret's and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's, and next door to Prince and Princess Michael of Kent's.

Even in the country they choose to live on top of each other in the "Tally-ho Ridge" of huntin' Gloucestershire. Recent episodes of the royal soap have starred Princess Michael, the Wagnerian blonde married to Prince Charles's cousin. She's the one whose father was revealed to be an SS officer and who, in a second burst of bad luck, was caught emerging from an Eaton Square apartment in a red wig followed by Texas millionaire John Ward Hunt. Another episode featured the royal-christening row when Princess Diana did not invite Princess Anne to be a godmother to Prince Harry. Anne snubbed the ceremony and spent the day shooting rabbits instead. (Her ratings recovered during her tour of India, when she was recast as Dame Peggy Ashcroft in *The Jewel in the Crown*.)

Back at Buck House, the Queen and Prince Philip are not amused by all this. *They're* concerned about what is happening to the future King of England since he got married. As it happens, it's a lot more interesting and complex than a scenario from Aaron Spelling Productions. Only a novelist like George Eliot, who understood that character is destiny, could fully capture the nuances of how the royal couple are acting on each other under a very peculiar set of circumstances.

A curious role reversal has taken place in the marriage.

Princess Diana, the shy introvert unable to cope with public life, has emerged as the star of the world's stage. Prince Charles, the public star unable to enjoy a satisfying private life, has made peace at last with his inner self. While he withdraws into his inner world, his wife withdraws into her outer world. Her panic attacks come when she is left alone and adulation-free on wet days at Balmoral:





DIANA GOES *DYNASTY*
Dressing for success on the royal tours of Italy and Canada.

his come when his father tells him he must stop being such a wimp and behave like a future king. What they share is an increasing loss of reality. Ironically, both are alienated by the change in the other.

To understand why this has happened, one has to look behind the public images.

Prince Charles has for decades been presented as Action Man, jumping out of helicopters and being kissed by beauty queens in Australia. The truth is, he was always a lonely, eccentric figure haunted by self-doubt. Like the Queen, he had to work hard on his appeal, and he developed a dry sense of humor to cope with it all. He kept sane with the rigors of physical exercise and a battery of ballsy blondes who brought in refreshing gusts from the world outside. Lady Diana Spencer in 1980 was very different from most of the women Prince Charles had been attracted to in the past. Even though he looked so painfully conservative, he's always had a streak of bohemianism, however crushed by royal life. He liked the flamboyant girls of the seventies who put him in touch with that streak: Sabrina Guinness, who worked in Hollywood as Tatum O'Neal's nanny; Lady Jane Wellesley, an independent-minded BBC journalist; Davina Sheffield, who went off on adventurous volunteer work to Vietnam. All were good, punchy company.

In 1980, Prince Charles was on the rebound from his affair with Anna "Whiplash" Wallace. Wallace was a dangerous version of Lady Diana—tall, blonde, but a reckless horsewoman. Prince Charles was sexually obsessed by her and would probably have married her if the press hadn't revealed her past. Shortly afterward she unceremoniously dumped him.

It was following the Wallace debacle that Prince Charles began to see that he must snap up the shy little sister of his friend Sarah Spencer because the chances of another eligible virgin coming his way were slim. She was not very bright, but she had a sweet nature. At school her chief academic accolades were the Leggatt Cup for Helpfulness and the Palmer Cup for Pets' Corner (for being kind to her guinea pig, Peanuts). If he passed her up he would find himself like a royal Roman Polanski dating thirteen-year-old girls when he was forty. The press, led by Nigel Dempster, had corralled poor Lady Diana and were howling for a happy ending. His family wanted it. The public wanted it. Like the last Prince of Wales, he liked to confide in married women, and his two favorites, Lady Tryon and Camilla Parker-Bowles, wanted it. They had met the blushing little Spencer girl and deduced she was not going to give them any trouble. Better her than another fiery number like Anna Wallace. Prince Charles was exhausted. He proposed.

But Diana's famed shyness was one of her most misleading character traits. It is not the bashfulness of youth, but the statement of her whole style of operating. The generation gap between the royal couple is far more profound than a matter of age. It is the yawning sensibility gap between the Me generation and the yuppie generation. The Princess of Wales is mentally and emotionally light-years away from the career girls, the rebels, the bolters, the experimenters Prince Charles associated with in his dancing years. She is one of the new school of born-again old-fashioned girls who play it safe and breed early. Post-feminist, post-verbal, her femininity is modeled on a fifties concept of passive power. The style is all summed up by her voice, which is flat, almost gruff, with half-swallowed vowels—"Pritz Chuls" for Prince Charles, "yaw" for yes, "hice" for house. When, at a dance at Broadlands, an overenthusiastic American millionaire told her, "Your Royal Highness, I'd love a signed photograph of you," she barked, "Tough luck." With the voice goes a total absence of intellectual curiosity. Another hallmark of the type is a streak of quiet tenacity, developed, no doubt, from the age of six, when her homelife was shattered by her mother's departure with a wallpaper tycoon. She is a female type we don't often meet in the modern novel, but the Victorians knew her well. In *Middlemarch* she appears as Rosamond Vincy, the exquisite blonde with the swan's neck whose decorous extravagance in the face of her husband's pleas to desist finally breaks his spirit.

Diana's passive power chimes very well with the needs of modern royalty. What is required is an image, a symbol, a charismatic focus for Britain's inchoate feelings of nationhood in a gloomy period of history. Like the Queen Mother, another iron mouse, Diana's uninterpretative mind did not pause to analyze



Princess Diana, the introvert unable to cope with public life, has emerged as the star of the world's stage



PRINCESS POWER
Diana watches Charles play polo at Smith's Lawn, Windsor, flanked by Estée Lauder (left) and Betty Kenward, alias "Jennifer," the British society columnist (far right).

the mechanism of her own appeal, but she knew how to use it instinctively. That's why she began her extraordinary physical transformation from mouse to movie star. When Charles and Diana announced their engagement in 1981, they had scarcely had time to get to know each other. He had done his duty and hoped it would work out. But his feelings changed subsequently in Australia, when he saw the image of the girl he'd left behind flowering on the front page of every newspaper. Royal biographer Anthony Holden tells me that on that tour he watched Prince Charles fall in love with her before his very eyes.

Shortly after their marriage I met the Prince and Princess of Wales at a black-tie dinner at the American Embassy in London. It was Diana's most beguiling moment, when the star quality was emerging but the schoolgirl was still there. We were asked to form up in groups of four to be introduced. The playwright Tom Stoppard was in my group. It was the first time I'd ever seen him lost for words. She came first, pure and fresh and charmingly angular in her choker and senior-prom manner. She was wearing a pale-blue dress that seemed to have been spun out of moonbeams, and her skin had the pink sheen of a cultured pearl. She was startlingly more self-possessed than when I'd met her a year before, leading the small talk with a slightly pointed chin, gallantly keeping it afloat. I told her I had come back from a wonderful trip to Venice on the Orient-Express. "I can never sleep on trains, can you?" she replied. When Charles joined her, his accomplished manner was much less effective. "I've thought of a good idea for a play," he told Tom Stoppard. "It's about a hotel which caters entirely for people with phobias. It was a small item in the *Times*." "We'll go halves on the take, sir," said Stoppard kindly. "Actually, I thought it was so amusing," Prince Charles persisted, "I telephoned Spike Milligan [the British comedian] and told him. It's a most frightfully funny idea, don't you think?" His words conjured up a poignant picture: Prince Charles asking his secretary to put through a call to Milligan, who, after conquering his astonishment, had to listen politely and humor the royal desire to throw out a spark that might ignite somewhere.

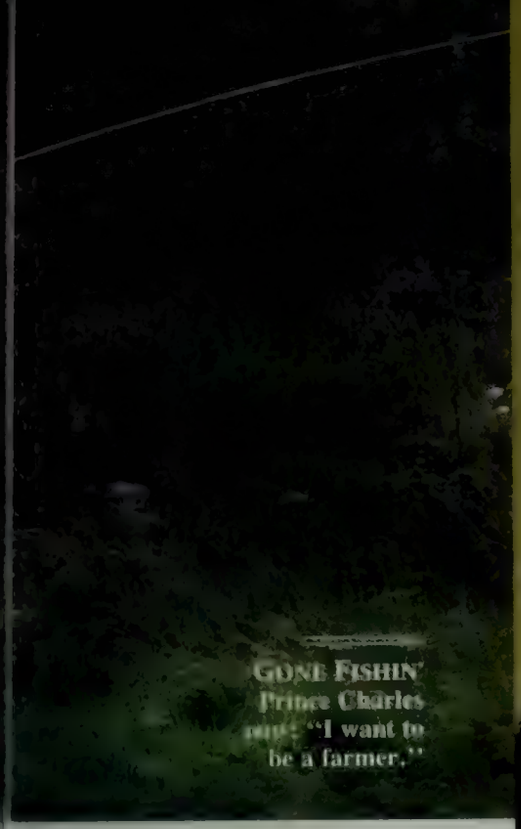
They moved on to the next group. The easy chat halted as they approached. I





was struck by the exhausting oddn
of always approaching silent peo
who stood there waiting to be
dressed. But even at this early st
Diana had evolved a perfect way
deal with it. Her small talk was fi
but she didn't really have to speak
all. She had perfected the art of
taching herself and being a presen
Every pair of eyes followed her h
grily as she bid the ambassador a sli
luminous good-night.

Since then the astonishing power
her fame has stamped out the scho
girl. She is much more self-consci
about her image, much more prof
sional. She created a fashion style
England by heightening and glamor
ing the basic wardrobe requirements
the Sloane Ranger—old-fashioned pe
choker, low pumps, piecrust frills, a
good earrings at all times. Now, w
her shoulder pads and frosted bearsk
hairdo, it's all gone Hollywood. On h
Italian tour she disregarded her priva
advisers at British *Vogue* and bel
flopped in the fashion press when s
emerged in a repertoire of heinous ha
The instinctive style that carried h
through is turning into a new obsessi
with her image. She spends hours stu
ying her press clippings—almost as
she's trying to figure out for herself t
secret of her mystique. She was furio
when it was reported she spent £100,0
on her wardrobe for Italy. Like Jack
O before her, she shops compulsive
to relieve the tension and is probab



GONE FISHIN' Prince Charles says: "I want to be a farmer."

naware, in the rush it gives her, of hat it all costs. "Where did you get our figures?" she challenged one roy- l hack.

She is in that adversary mood toward ıe press that is the first stage in the emoval from life that fame inflicts. The econd stage is "Graceland," when the eal world melts away altogether. There ; a danger that this has started to hap- en to Diana. Apart from the children's ea parties at Highgrove and Kensington 'alace, her social life is nonexistent.)ne of her closest postmarriage friends s the young Duchess of Westminster, vhose children are often summoned to artake of the quivering mounds of roy- l Jell-O. Lately, "Tally" Westminster omplains, the princess never returns ıer calls. Likewise, Diana's twenty- ıne-year-old brother, Lord Althorp, an Oxford undergraduate, is concerned vith how remote she's become. With 'Wills" and "Harry" looked after by hree nannies, Diana spends hours cut)ff in her Sony Walkman, dancing on ıer own to Dire Straits and Wham! It's difficult for Charles to recall her from ıer isolation, because he's even more ut off than she is.

He doesn't seem to mind anyway. The realization that the spotlight is off ıim has enabled Prince Charles to relax ıis own arduous self-projection for the irst time in his life. He has understood ıbout Diana what Queen Elizabeth has ılways known about the Queen Mother— hat she's a *(Continued on page 118)*



THE WIFTIEST PRINCESS [illegible] dismayed by the [illegible] Diana.



Son of Brideshead



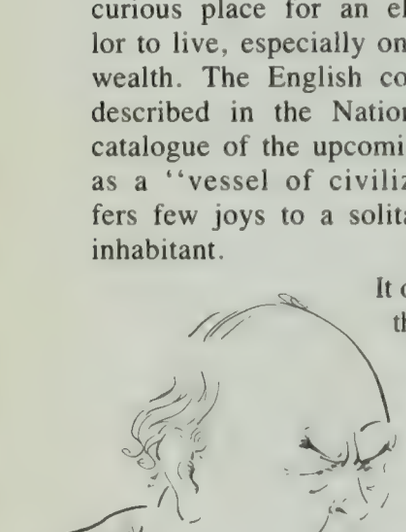
AUBERON WAUGH writes about his upstairs-downstairs life in various English country houses. And MARC caricatures some notable owners of stately homes

Opposite page: Auberon Waugh squires it at Combe Florey, the house he inherited from his father. *Above:* Evelyn Waugh photographed with his servants and dependents at Piers Court in 1949. *Left:* The Marquess of Bath, owner of the Longleat "museum fanfare."

Photograph by CHRISTOPHER SYKES



The historian A. L. Rowse, who is now eighty-one years old and lives much of the year alone in his surprisingly grand Georgian manor house on the Cornish coast near St. Austell, has decided that in the entire history of civilization the pleasantest form of human existence devised was that of the large English country house in its heyday. Even so, I could not help thinking when I visited him there a few years ago that it is a curious place for an elderly bachelor to live, especially one of no great wealth. The English country house, described in the National Gallery's catalogue of the upcoming exhibition as a "vessel of civilization," offers few joys to a solitary and aged inhabitant.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, "by no means a philistine," owner of Chatsworth, Bolton Abbey and Lismore Castle

It occurred to me that Dr. Rowse was born a month after my own father, Evelyn Waugh, who made a sort of cult of the grand country house in *Brideshead Revisited*. Rowse, as he never tires of pointing out, was born into the Cornish working class. Waugh's father was a London publisher. Both men saw it as a normal and natural aspiration in life to acquire a large country house to live in. That was the only life worth living. There was no other good reason for working hard, being successful, acclaimed, famous.

Evelyn Waugh's [illegible] country house —Piers Court in Gloucestershire— was an [illegible] pretty gentleman's residence in the classical taste, with all the attributes of a very grand stately home except size. It also possessed only forty acres of land by way of ancestral estate. He filled the house with his collection of Victorian paintings, with a butler, a housekeeper, a cook, a nanny, a nurserymaid, and another maid. He hired two men to look after the garden and small farm, and most of the village to come up and clean on a daily basis. Then he sat down and had himself photographed with all his household dependents around him. Perhaps it was his proudest moment. Thereafter the twentieth century began to exact its toll. With six children, he found the house, which had only nine bedrooms, oppressively small, the servants too expensive. It was a chastened author who moved to a much larger house in Somerset in 1956. An Italian cowman doubled as butler, but he never got himself into the butler's outfit of black morning coat and striped trousers. Instead, he waited at table in a sweater and jeans. His wife, the cook, was the only other live-in servant. She was given to various neurotic fantasies. Before long they left, and my father's last years were spent alone with his wife in the huge house, with no interest in rural pursuits, no great inclination to surround himself with roistering friends. By then the English country house, vessel of civilization or not, had become a place of retreat from the horrors of modern society rather than somewhere to celebrate its finest fruits. My father died in 1966. Since then, living in the house which he left, my wife and I have watched the pattern of country-house existence change from the pale shadow of its glorious heyday into a new form of sanity and enjoyment.

The English country house took a tremendous bashing in the Second World War. Many of the greater stately homes, like Brideshead Castle, were requisitioned by the military. Others became hospitals or were converted to some more sinister purpose, like Blenheim Palace, which became a center for military intelligence. My own family home at the time, Piers Court, became a convent boarding school, and I was sent to spend the war at the much larger house of my mother's family: Pixton Park, Dulverton, Somerset, standing in four thousand acres of magnificent Exmoor countryside with trout and salmon fishing and wild red deer wandering over the park for anyone who felt the urge to take a potshot at them. Unfortunately, Pixton had also been re[illegible]tioned. About forty evacuee ch[illegible] from the East End slums of L[illegible] were sent there for the duration [illegible] war. They lived on the top floor [illegible] huge house with their keepers, whi[illegible] family and its guests lived on the s[illegible] and ground floors. The house wa[illegible] around a large interior well whic[illegible] from the hall to a skylight in the r[illegible] was not long before the evacuee[illegible] dren discovered that by sticking[illegible] heads through the wooden balus[illegible] around this well on the top floo[illegible] could spit on anyone walking acr[illegible] hall two stories down. They s[illegible] scored a direct hit, but anybod[illegible] walked across the hall did so to t[illegible] companiment of little splashing [illegible] all around. This was my first expe[illegible] of the class conflict in Britain th[illegible] to occupy so much of the country[illegible] after the war, and still occupies it[illegible]

These large country houses, al[illegible] monuments to the British clas[illegible] tem—and, even more, to the cru[illegible] unnatural system of primogenitu[illegible] which the oldest son in a family i[illegible] all the loot—were not, in fact, e[illegible] signed as fortresses or beleaguer[illegible] posts in a class war. Pixton, in w[illegible] may have been in the vanguard o[illegible] change, but after the war it retu[illegible] its original role as an oasis of[illegible] tranquillity. Until dramatically i[illegible] ing wage levels and the imposit[illegible] punitive level of income tax on t[illegible] rich led to the disappearance [illegible] vants, these large country house[illegible] their carefully graded hierarchica[illegible] tures and impressive varieties of [illegible] all living under the same roof[illegible] models of social coherence. The[illegible] more like cooperative community[illegible] shops than anything else: on[illegible] house would have its own baker[illegible] dry, flour mill, brewery, even [illegible] blacksmith. It also furnished sus[illegible] for innumerable gardeners, wo[illegible] gamekeepers, estate carpenters, [illegible] borers in outlying cottages and [illegible] No doubt the purpose of these c[illegible] nity workshops was to provide [illegible] comfort of the squire or noblem[illegible] his family, but all the other pe[illegible] the business did very well fo[illegible] selves, too.

And the country houses we[illegible] centers of endless hospitality. [illegible] had practically no servants at al[illegible]



RD NEIDPATH,
n and heir of the
:l of Wemyss and
March, lives at
Stanway.

Evelyn Waugh saw it as a normal and natural aspiration in life to acquire a large country house to live in. There was no other good reason for working hard, being successful, acclaimed, famous.

the war—one woman upstairs to make the beds, one to tidy the ground floor, lay the table, wash up, and look after the fires, and a cook. All were elderly and at least two were deaf. But the house saw a stream of visitors. One was Hilaire Belloc, the poet and writer, who became a family friend after being employed as my (maternal) grandfather's tutor. On one occasion, my father found him in the drawing room in a great rage, pulling on a long bellpull that had not been connected to any bell for at least twenty years. "Zee footmen, zay sit in zee pantry and zay say: 'It is a poet who has rung. We shall not go.' "

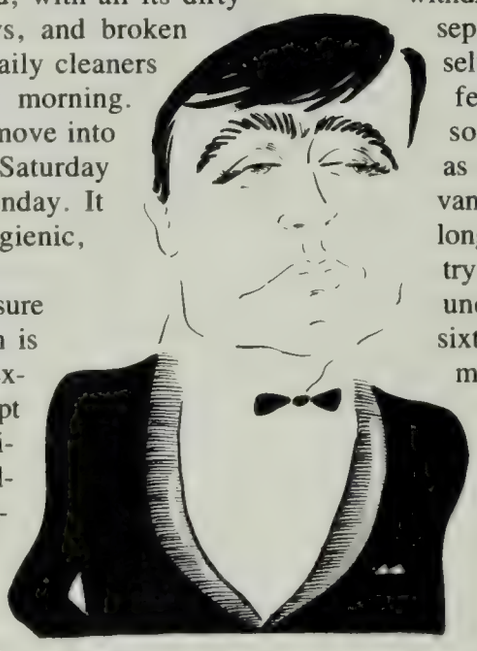
On another occasion Mr. Belloc found me, a scruffy four-year-old, in the library and decided I must be one of the evacuee children who had escaped from the top floor. He ejected me with a well-aimed kick. But I got my revenge on the evacuees before they left. After they had been there for about six months, the house was invaded by a swarm of rats. Whether the evacuees brought these rats with them from London, 150 miles to the east, or whether the rats had been attracted by their presence was never established. But the local ratcatcher was called in, with his bag full of poison and his long spoon. I watched, fascinated, as he laid down the poison, and then went and told my grandmother, quite untruthfully, that I had seen the evacuees eating it. At a hastily organized identity parade, I picked out about fifteen of them—some at random, others who had already established themselves as my particular enemies. They were all taken away to be stomach-pumped.

In the twilight years of the country house there was a complete reversal of the decorum and *concordia ordinum* that had existed in the servants' halls of England's great houses before the deluge. Host and hostess alike became worried if a man sat too long over his port after dinner. The servants had to be considered, poor things. Previously, in the heyday of the country house, servants rose at five o'clock in the morning to clear the debris (including chamber pots left full in the dining room), arrange the rooms, and lay the fires. In this twilight period, servants stayed up until ten at

night only as a great personal favor. There was no question of their turning up for work before 8:30 or 9 in the morning. So everybody had to be put out of the dining room by 9:30 at night.

Today, under the new order, weekend guests can remain carousing until any hour. The host merely shuts off the room concerned, with all its dirty plates, full ashtrays, and broken glasses, until the daily cleaners arrive on Monday morning. He and his guests move into another room for Saturday and another for Sunday. It may not be very hygienic, but it works.

A few of the treasure houses—Chatsworth is the most obvious example—are still kept going on an incredibly grand scale, although the real comfort nowadays is chiefly to be found in smaller stately homes, like Basildon Park, near Pangbourne, in Berkshire—the home of Lord Iliffe, a provincial press baron. In such places guests generally arrive after 6 but before 7:30. They have their suitcases carried upstairs and unpacked, their evening clothes laid out on their beds, and their baths run for them. They are given cocktails in the drawing room until about 7:30, when they go up and change for dinner.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER,
owner of Eaton Hall and half of London.

On descending, in the best-conducted houses, they will be offered only sherry before dinner, but it is worth remarking that the English upper classes start drinking at six o'clock in the evening and do not stop until they go to bed after midnight. Women were expected to drink less at one time, but this has largely gone by the board. By normal medical standards, a significant proportion of the professional and upper middle classes of Britain are certifiable alcoholics, but the strict conventions of timing and personal behavior always prevented it from showing. Today, when the hostess is as often as not responsible for cooking, dinner may not appear until nine or even ten o'clock, and nobody changes, it shows rather more.

With dinner (in comparatively humble homes, until five or ten years ago, a large house party would always have been waited on at table) one drank and still drinks two or even three wines, followed by port, brandy, and liqueurs. Whiskey and soda appear at about ten o'clock in the evening and continue indefinitely. The convention that ladies withdraw to have their coffee separately, relieve themselves, and chatter about feminine subjects was somewhat undermined, as I have said, by the servant problem during the long twilight of the country house. It was further undermined, during the sixties, by the women's movement, which tended to ridicule men's preference for their own company. After half or three-quarters of an hour, the men would rejoin the ladies, red-faced and puffing, to be accused of having told each other dirty jokes all the time they were absent. In fact, nowadays they are as likely as not to have been talking about business—bankers, in particular, feel they have some divine dispensation to bore everyone else with their concerns; politicians and political journalists are as bad. But with the growth of a robust and articulate misogyny in response to the women's movement, the port habit seems to be coming back. At any rate, I have invested in vintage-port futures, to the extent of heavy purchases of 1970 Taylors, 1977 Fonsecas, and 1983 Cockburns, which will not be ready to drink for five, twelve, and fifteen years, respectively.

Once the house party has reassembled in one or at most two rooms, some go to make up a bridge four; others may play backgammon, billiards, snooker, table tennis, or sit around talking. Determined hostesses may organize charades or other party games involving pieces of paper, but these are rather going out of fashion. When the older generation retired to bed, the young people used to get up to all sorts of pranks—at a house party in the North of England, it was thought amusing to take a pony into one of the guests' bedrooms and leave it there. When my wife, as a young thing, was staying with Lord Bute at Dumfries House, it was decided that one of the guests had an objectionable hat. It was shaved, set alight, and carried on a stick through all the Adam saloons and galleries to the accompaniment of ribald songs. Today, one notices, young people seem more interested in sex and soulful conversation.

But the older traditions survive. After a dinner in the West Country recently, the host decided it might be amusing to hold a chicken shoot by moonlight. Chickens were tossed from a barn, squawking, while guests blazed away. When the late Sir Richard Sykes was staying at Wentworth Woodhouse with the Fitzwilliams, other guests short-sheeted his bed. In fury, he threw all his bedroom furniture out of the window and stormed out of the house.

Sir Richard, who owned Sledmere, in Yorkshire, was a man of notoriously evil temper. The above story gives some idea of the dangers faced through the years by these treasures of Britain in their vessels of civilization. A guest who was staying at Sledmere in Sir Richard's day sat on one of ten Chinese Chippendale chairs in the music room and broke it. He was so terrified of Sir Richard that he smashed it into little pieces and put it on the fire. Now there are nine. One of them is to be seen at the National Gallery show, along with Romney's portrait of an earlier Sir Christopher and Lady Sykes.

Breakfast has gone very much downhill since the heyday of the country house. Even now, in the grandest houses, married women have breakfast taken to them in their bedrooms, while their menfolk and younger, unmarried women go downstairs to face a huge array of dishes in the minor dining room. But in less formal modern surroundings, breakfast is a meal that starts at 9 and goes on until about 12:30, with guests wandering around sometimes dressed, sometimes in dressing gowns, burning toast and dropping eggs on the floor.

If it is a shooting or hunting party, guests then go about their various occupations. Unmarried females, desperate for husbands, sometimes accompany the guns. Lunch is usually taken in some remote lodge or hut on the estate. Other guests amuse themselves at cro-

quet, tennis, swimming, or just wandering around. In the course of a famous house party at Glamis Castle, Angus—the home of the Queen Mother's family—the guests decided to investigate rumors that the castle contained a monster, said to be a hideously misshapen heir to the earldom of Strathmore, while their host and hostess were away. They hung blankets and sheets out of every window. Sure enough, there were three windows unaccounted for. It is said that every Lord Strathmore, on inheriting the title, is let in on the secret, after which he never smiles again. But the only time I saw the present Lord Strathmore he was laughing like a hyena.

Perhaps the greatest misunderstanding about the huge palaces that adorn the English countryside and survive, for the most part, as museums is to suppose that they were often the centers of a glittering world. In each generation maybe five or six of the great houses were inhabited by people who could be described in those terms, and it is around those five or six noble families who held court in each generation that the myth of aristocratic England has grown. The rest of the houses have always been inhabited by people of limited intelligence or interest in the outside world. Their lives revolved around agriculture, hunting, sometimes horse racing, and shooting. Apart from shooting parties, house parties for race meetings, and the very occasional ball, they would invite few people to their houses except poor relations, who came to stay, and neighbors, who came to lunch or dinner. Guests who came to stay would be likely to remain a week or a fortnight—the weekend is a comparatively recent invention, geared to a world where most people work in London during the week. Four huge meals a day were the main events, but it was only after dinner that the house party would really come together for charades or amateur theatricals, or even (if there were young people among the party) such childish games as hide-and-seek and murder in the dark—the opportunity for some harmless and tentative first sexual advances among the young, but seldom leading to much action.

Of all the vulgar misapprehensions about life in the great English country houses, the idea that is most pathetically far from the truth paints it as one great sexual orgy, with regular wife-swapping trips down long corridors in the small hours. No doubt a few louche, plutocratic Edwardian house parties degenerated in that way. No doubt a number of "Society" divorces started with a little flirtation over the bridge table, a stolen walk in the shrubbery. But in the vast majority of houses decorum was observed, and it would be thought immensely bad manners to conduct an affair in the house of a friend. Nowadays, of course, illicit couples regularly descend from London for the weekend and expect to be put in the same bedroom, returning to their husbands and wives on Sunday evening. But that is a development of the last fifteen years.

Our day started with breakfast in our nursery at 8 a.m. At 9 o'clock to the sound of a gong we descended to the Hall where we greeted the elder generations with awe and respect, not to say fear. Meanwhile the footman brought in a long bench which he placed in front of the billiard table and chairs at both ends for the upper servants. Then entered a very tall white-capped Mrs Atkinson, the housekeeper, followed by the ladies maids and a diminishing line of white capped maids, then the usher, the footmen and finally Mr Jack the Butler.

This account, written by my wife's great-aunt Margaret Sophia, describes childhood visits—in the 1880s—to stay with her grandfather Sir Henry Dashwood, at Kirtlington Park, Oxford. Entertainment for the children at Kirtlington consisted of walking round the park and gardens, visiting the laundry, with the "wonderful smell of ironing hot linen"; the cobbler's shop; the beehives; the gamekeeper's cottage, full of stuffed animals, including a chicken with four legs; the dairy; the flour mill; the bakery; the stable block; and the Park farm, "where we would gaze in awe and wonder at the bulls." (I fear that this study of the bulls may have been the only intimation of sex available in that melancholy house.)



H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II, owner of Balmoral (for stalking), Windsor (for Ascot races), Sandringham (for shooting), and Buckingham Palace (for everyday).

One should always remember, in admiring great pleasure palaces such as Kirtlington Park and calling them polite names like "vessels of civilization," that they were sustained by appalling injustice. Daughters and younger sons of the nobility often spent their lives in penury, relieved only by an annual visit or two to the Great House, while their older brothers spent the whole year surrounded by treasures of art. One should also bear in mind that these elder brothers were often extremely stupid and primitive people who appreciated their dud ancestral portraits more than their masterpieces of the Italian seicento, and probably preferred their stags' heads to both.

No words can exaggerate the stupidity or boorishness of the late Duke of Marlborough, called Bert, who spent most of his time in the splendors of Blenheim Palace in front of a television set, insulting anyone who came close. The present Duke of Bedford's father, Hastings, was a lonely and embittered Fascist who shocked the House of Lords by making an impassioned speech to their lordships in defense of Hitler in the middle of the war. *His* father, Herbrand, was a mad recluse who lived alone in the splendors of Woburn Abbey on a diet of spring onions. The long gallery at Longleat, in Wiltshire, full of priceless paintings and statuary, was used as a bicycle track by the young children of Lord Bath. Even the present Duke of Devonshire, by no means a philistine, surprised the art world when he was asked to lend a seventeenth-century painting to an exhibition at Burlington House. He revealed that it had been sawed in half to make a service hatch in the dining room at Chatsworth.

The vast majority of the English aristocracy throughout its history, or at any rate since the seventeenth century, has been interested *(Continued on page 121)*

Tallyho!

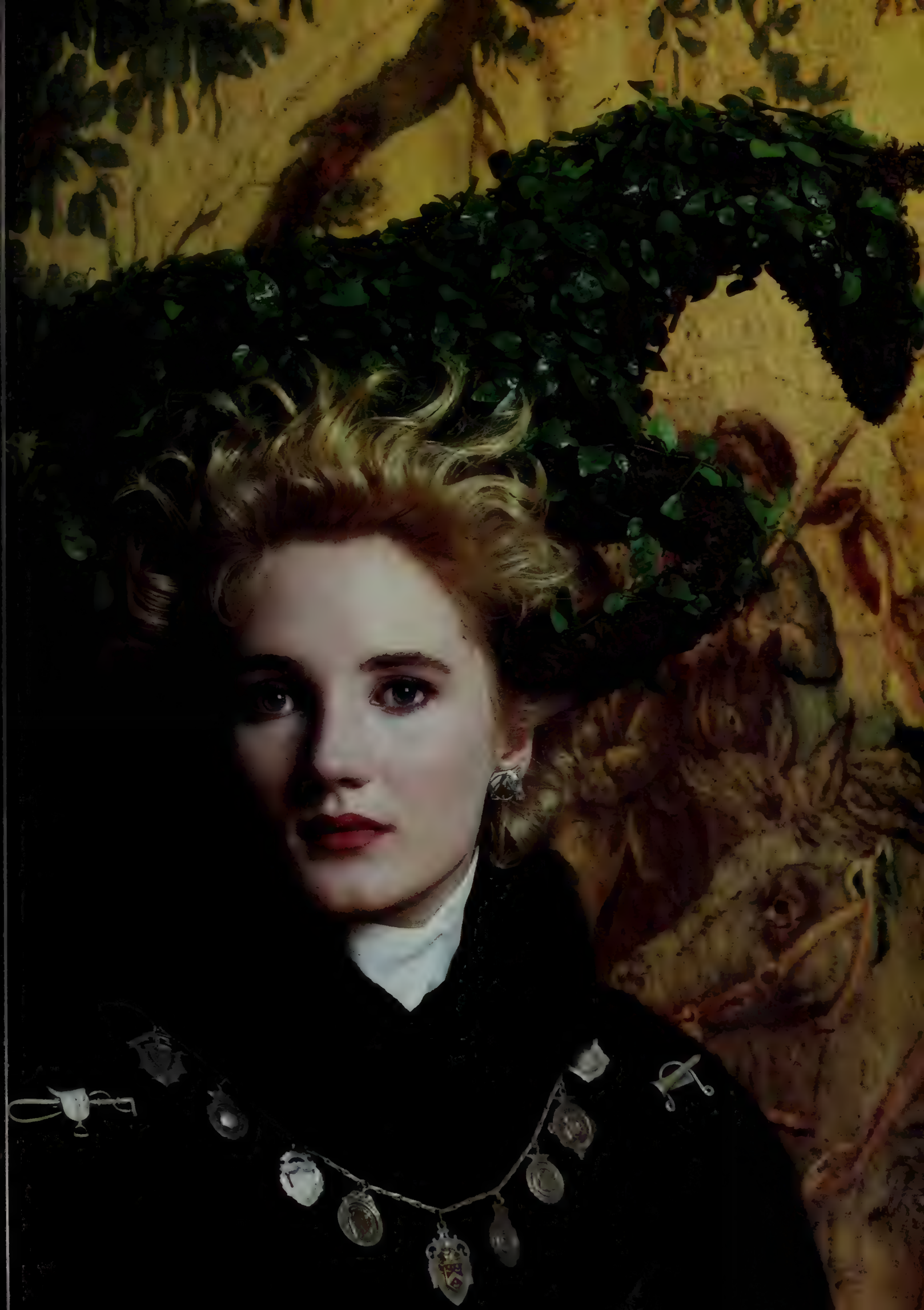
What better for clotheshorses than horse clothes? In their fall collections, the thoroughbred American designers mounted an equestrian motif. They let their imaginations gallop from the Metropolitan Museum's horse show to the National Gallery's English-country-house show, for a look that could be habit-forming.



Right: *Angela Rawlinson (daughter of Lord Rawlinson) wears a natural wild-mink cape by Perry Ellis for Alixandre Furs, $20,000 from Saks Jandel, Washington, D.C.; N. H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; and I. Magnin, San Francisco; and to order from Saks Fifth Avenue, New York City. Brass brooch with glass stone, $120, from a selection at Sampler Vintage Clothes, N.Y.C. The Honorable Lucien Thynne (grandson of the Marquess of Bath) wears a "pink" hunting coat and other vintage riding clothes, $85 to $300, from a selection at Hackett, London; F.D.R Drive, N.Y.C., and Ragtime, Providence, Rhode Island.*

Opposite page: *Angela Rawlinson wears a wool sweater with beaver collar, $350, and linen blouse, $210; both by Calvin Klein, from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., and to order from Nordstrom, Palo Alto. Antique jewelry throughout from the Sentimento Collection, from a selection at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Perkins Shearer, [illegible] and Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Thoroughbred topiary by Barbara S. Gallup of Totally Topiary, [illegible]*

Photographs by SNOWDON Fashion by MICHAEL ROBERTS



Huntin', shootin', and fishin' for compliments.



Right: *Alice Temple (granddaughter of Sir Richard Temple) wears a wool-sateen frock coat with velvet collar, $650; silk-charmeuse blouse with jabot, $225; brocade vest, $225; and cotton cut-velvet pants, $185; all by Howard Partman for San Francisco, from San Francisco, N.Y.C., and Robinson's, Los Angeles. Vintage riding boots, $125 to $250, from a selection at Hackett and Sampler Vintage Clothes. Antique riding horn from a selection at Hackett.*

Coordinated by Jacqueline Lemieux.
Hair by Kerry Warn. Makeup by Maggie Hunt.





Opposite page: *Angela Rawlinson wears a tapestry coat lined and trimmed with sheared nutria, by Jeffrey Banks for Alixandre Furs, $3,500 from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; Saks Jandel, Washington, D.C.; N. H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; and I. Magnin, San Francisco. Tapestry cardigan jacket, $460, and silk shirt, $114; both by Jeffrey Banks, to order from Raleighs, Washington, D.C. Vintage piqué vest and bow tie, top hat, and riding boots; all from a selection at Hackett, and Sunny Days Antique Clothing, Providence, Rhode Island.*

Above: *Angela Rawlinson wears a velvet jacket, $600; linen blouse, $300; wool vest, $160; and velvet stirrup pants, $280. Cashmere coat, $1,500. All by Ralph Lauren, from Polo/Ralph Lauren shops, and Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. Bowler by Ralph Lauren for Hat Attack, $85 from Polo/Ralph Lauren shops. Chamois riding gloves, $75 from Hermès. Sterling-silver brooch, $145, from a selection at Sampler Vintage Clothes. Mahogany walking stick from a selection at Hackett, and Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, N.Y.C.*

ANGLO-MANIA

THE ENGLISH HOUSE



ABROAD

Following in Lord Marchmain's expatriate footsteps, LORD LAMBTON has made himself comfortable in Italy—in the grandest English style



CETINALE. Lord Lambton's house, glowing against the Tuscan sky. When his Byronic lordship, son of the Earl of Durham, left political life in England twelve years ago, he went to Italy, a favorite retreat of aristocrats in exile. He and the Honorable Claire Ward (his *maitresse en titre* and the mother of actress Rachel Ward) have filled the Renaissance villa with the comfortable sofas, the relaxed mixing of inherited art and family memorabilia typical of an English country house. Ironically, the "treasure houses" of Britain owe many of their riches—the Palladian architecture, the Tiepolos, the Titians, the Tintorettos—to the grand tours of Italy made by acquisitive eighteenth-century aristocrats.

Photographs by DERRY MOORE

When my political life ended in 1973, I decided to live abroad and Italy seemed the obvious choice. There is something about the natural courtesy of the Italian people, allied to the beauty of a countryside full of works of art, which I have always found infinitely appealing. At first Claire Ward and I lived about a quarter of a mile below the villa Cetinale, but since it is not only tantalizing but also unsatisfactory to live in a nice small house and be constantly looking up at a beautiful big one, after six years we took the decisive step of moving up the hill. Cetinale has an extraordinarily friendly atmosphere, which is noticed by everyone who comes to stay. It also has certain other characteristics: nearly everyone who sleeps here has strange dreams, and ghostly visitations of a benevolent nature are not uncommon. For instance, my secretary, Vicky Gillespie, awoke one morning to find herself crushed beneath an invisible body. With an admirable sangfroid, for she sensed that whatever it was did not intend to hurt her, she lay still and waited for it to go away and then fell peacefully asleep again. While such cool courage must, I think, be rather rare, it suggests that even the most obtrusive local ghosts are benign.



Above: A Lambton-family portrait, circa 1760, in the entrance hall. *Opposite page:* Lord Lambton, the Honorable Claire Ward, and their dogs Flavio and Domino in the open-air theater.

Cetinale was originally smaller than it is today. Pope Alexander VII (1655–67), who was born Fabio Chigi, spent considerable periods of his youth here, and after his death his nephew called in Carlo Fontana, a pupil of Bernini's, to engrandize the house. Fontana added a staircase to the front, which is generally admired except by Matthew Spender, that socialist socialite, or "parlor pink," as we say, who, after gazing at it in silence for a few minutes, opened his thin, colorless lips and murmured in gloomy tones, "It looks like a Kodak camera to me." At the back—now the front—of the house, Fontana extended two side wings and adorned the outside with the Chigi coat of arms. The rooms on the first two floors are grouped around a high central room, and for that reason Edith Wharton described the place as a small palace rather than a large house. When we bought Cetinale, it was almost entirely empty, and most of the odd bits o furniture left by the Chigi family were fit only for burning The house had two bathrooms, both containing huge wate heaters which rattled and thumped as if they were drivin trains. To make matters worse, one of the bathrooms had n windows. The drawing room, the center of the house, wa painted a dull, sepulchral gray, which even the most brillian sun could not brighten, so gloom reigned everywhere.

The question of furnishing and decorating then arose. had a quantity of pictures and furniture stored in England but no comfortable sofas or chairs, and Claire and I wer determined to be comfortable, an ambition alien to most Tus can—indeed Italian—villa owners, the majority of whos homes are formally furnished with distasteful-looking up right sofas an chairs made partial ly of wood. Thes are exquisitely un comfortable an mark the divisio between Englis and Italian taste, fo in Italy conven tional appearanc comes first an comfort second The reason for this I believe, is that th English are a taci turn race given t silence and with drawals, wherea Italians are natura ly gregarious extro verts who can tal happily for hours o end. For instance on our arrival i Tuscany we wer asked to lunch by distinguished an charming Italia noblewoman. Th meal, she said would begin at ha past one; actually began at 2 and finished at 3:30, at which time we left, givin rise to lifted eyebrows and general surprise. Later I was tol we had been considered ill-mannered; we had been expecte to stay the whole afternoon, have tea with later arrivals, an then have drinks with still a further group of guests befor finally leaving at seven o'clock. The idea that we were ex pected to go for lunch and stay on for four hours talking ha never occurred to us, and I could not actually have manage it; I haven't six hours' conversation in me. This nationa chatterbox trait has, I'm sure, a lot to do with the furnishin of houses, for if you are an Italian and can talk with intens

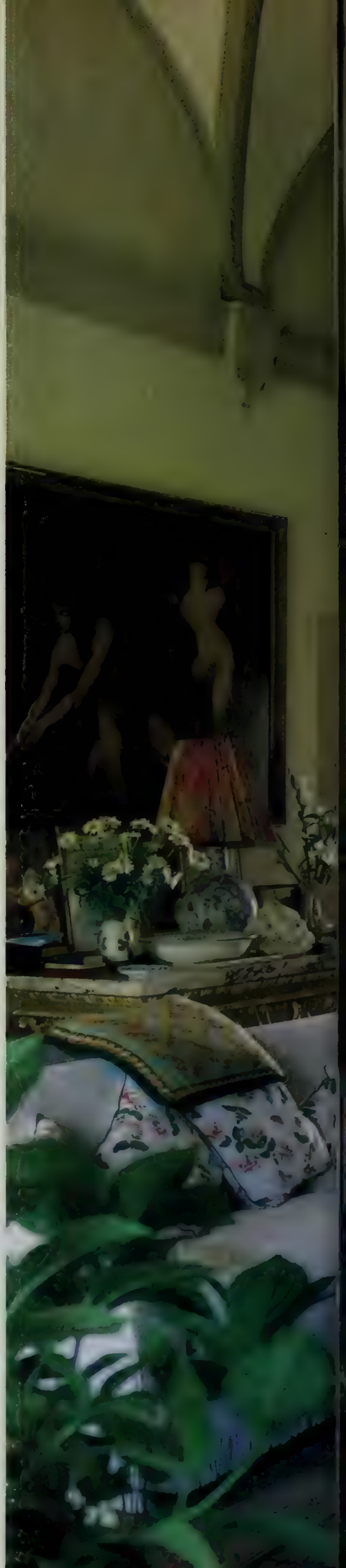




interest and passion for six hours without stopping, you can't mind where or how you sit, but if you are an Englishman who finds it quite a problem to get through a meal without a few awkward silences, it counts enormously to be sitting on a comfortable chair and afterward on a comfortable sofa where you can recoup the energy you have wasted on conventional politenesses. At any rate, Claire and I plumped for comfort, which brought down a good deal of criticism on our heads; people said we had Anglicized and spoiled the character of the villa. Now, in my view, though it may be merely patriotic bravado, most Italian villas need a little Anglicization and comfort, for very often the formal chairs are not only uncomfortable but look undersize and ridiculously meager in the usually high rooms.

There is another aspect which distinguishes the British house from the Italian. Our house owners of every class usually have an addiction to gardening, and they litter their hall and sitting room with clippers, baskets, gloves, tools, potpourri, and picked flowers. If you enter a grand Italian hall or drawing room, however, you enter a spick-and-span dying, rather than living, room, one without a trace of a gardening implement or a glove, adorned with formal flower vases which have been filled by the gardener in the same style for the last ten years. The English house shows a spontaneity of decoration which gives a personal touch to the atmosphere, however grand it may be; the beauty of Italian villas is often marred by their cold, impersonal perfection, their lack of human

I think British interior taste has another advantage over the



Above: The swaggering gilt wood of an eighteenth-century console table, *à l'anglaise* with putto and swans.

Right: The gracefully vaulted drawing room with (at lower right) an Umbrian statue of Mary Magdalene.







pposite page: The Flight into
gypt, one of the seven frescoes
the Thebaide depicting the
ven sorrows of Mary.

is page: Sunflowers and
rdening tools in the
nt portico, overlooked by a
urth-century Roman
ipture of Diana, goddess
the moon and hunting.

Italian, and that is that although we haven't one-tenth of the great painters Italy has, our national artists are easier to live with, and the English affection for outdoor sports—shooting, fishing, hunting—gives to our ancestors' portraits a reality and friendliness which the rows of Italian ancestors lack. It is a further advantage that the English aristocracy, from an artistic point of view, were not so closely associated with the church as their Italian counterparts; even when younger sons took religious orders, they were far more often painted killing foxes or catching fish than trying to save souls with a sanctimonious look on their face.

Claire was entirely responsible for the arrangement of the furniture and the hanging of the pictures, which was lucky for the house, for while I have a fair eye for selection, I unfortunately have no talent for arrangement, owing to my rather middle-class Dutch sense of order, which can't tolerate irregularity, which is an essential part of tasteful interiors. Claire's efforts were successful inasmuch as the finished house is a marriage of the tastes of the two countries. The fine rooms with picked-out arches on the ceilings contain furniture which you can sit on comfortably and which is not dwarfed into insignificance by the rooms' proportions. At the same time, the house is full of English carelessness, which goes well with good architecture.



Above: The Honorable Claire Ward's bedroom, with her daughter Rachel's photograph on the table. *Opposite page:* The Santa Scala, saintly steps leading to the hermitage.

Cetinale relates closely to the surrounding countryside and has three gardens. The first is a high-walled terrace on which the house is built and under which are a large underground kitchen, a scullery, and two garden rooms, which, although they lie beneath formal lime trees, paths, and terra-cotta pots, are perfectly watertight after three hundred years. This terrace, which is cut into the hill on the northern side, is ornamented by seventeenth-century busts, a chapel containing the bones of two saints, a formal *limonia*, or winter shelter for lemon trees, and the gardener's house. To the west of the present front door stand six pieces of topiary planted by the last Marquis Chigi's mother, an Elliot from the Scottish borders. She also laid out an English-style kitchen garden, on a small scale except for two gigantic magnolias. Claire has filled it with old-fashioned roses, which bloom far better than they do in England, and vegetable plots, which are planted in the form of old English herb gardens. It is a modest little garden, very different from the garden-wood called the Thebaide, an area of seventy acres which lies to the north of the house. You enter and leave the Thebaide by two giant arches, which were frescoed in 1700, then redone in 1805, but are now in what is politely called a state of romantic disrepair. Outside the gates stand statues of hermits and saints—John the Baptist looking over the trees, a rather decayed Saint Jerome peering into the wood, his foot on a lion's head. Giuseppe Mazzuoli, the sculptor, copied the latter from Bernini's original in the Chigi chapel in the Duomo in Siena. At the end of every turning within the wood are larger-than-life statues of saints, and the culmination of the main path is a temple, one of seven depicting the seven sorrows of the Virgin, which extend for over a mile in a circle around the main house. Certain parts of the plan are shown in the brilliant photographs by Derry Moore on these pages, but no one can catch fully, without visiting Cetinale, the magic of the wood with its temple, avenues, winding paths, lily pond, statues, flowering broom, and cyclamen, its nightingales in spring, its strawberry trees in autumn. The reason for the creation here of the Thebaide, a copy of the wood of hermits in the desert outside Alexandria in the fourth century, is not precisely known; legend has it that Cardinal Chigi-Zondadari murdered a rival, who then continually haunted him in what is now a guest room in Cetinale until in desperation he went to the pope for absolution. This was given on condition that he turn his orgy house, three hundred yards uphill beyond the end of the front avenue, into a monastery, climb up to it on his bare knees, and for good measure, build a holy wood. He obeyed these orders and received absolution, but a ghost still lingers on up the hill and has even tried to inveigle a distinguished master of foxhounds into the well. Indeed, the magic of the wood is felt by everyone who walks on the statued paths. □



The reclusive oil prince, the ex-king of the jet-set hippies, J. Paul Getty, Jr., is finally coming out of the shadows. Recently he gave $63 million to the National Gallery in London, bought an English country house, and played a secret role in Claus von Bülow's trial. ROBERT LENZNER secured the first face-to-face interview with Getty in fifteen years

J. PAUL GETTY, JR. COMES CLEAN

For the better part of a year the inhabitant of Room 805 in the exclusive London Clinic, a redbrick private hospital on the corner of Devonshire Place and Marylebone Road, has remained in his bed watching cricket matches and old movies on his television set. Sometimes he reads a detective story, or listens to an opera. On the wall next to him are a map and a picture of Wormsley Hall, the large estate some forty minutes from London that he may someday make his country home. Across the moderate-size room is a portrait of his friend Claus von Bülow and von Bülow's tall, beautiful daughter, Cosima. Piled wherever there is space are paperback novels, leather-bound antiquarian books, and videotapes of movies and operas. From time to time during the day he welcomes the odd visitor or takes phone calls, but ordinarily he stays in his pajamas and gets out of bed only to remove a bottle of beer from his small refrigerator or go to the bathroom.

J. Paul Getty, Jr., the fifty-three-year-old third son of the late billionaire, uses the London Clinic as a refuge, a place to nurse the self-inflicted wounds that are his legacy from the high-rolling sixties. Doctors there treat him for physical ailments ranging from severe circulatory problems in his legs to cirrhosis of the liver, impaired lung function, and signs of impending diabetes. His legs often swell to twice their normal size and look like slabs of raw beef, making it impossible for him to walk more than short distances. His condition is no doubt due in large part to years of heroin addiction, although there is no sign now of the addict's glassy stare or twitching hands. Friends say he is in better shape than he has been for some time.

There have been many indications recently that Getty is on the road to rehabilitation. His name was on the front pages of all the London papers last June when he gave the National Gallery £50 million (at that time $63 million), the largest charitable contribution in its history. Prime Minister Thatcher sent a letter to Getty saying that "the Cabinet agreed that the standing of the institution and the munificence of the gift combine to render this an occurrence of national significance and...express their warm appreciation of and profound gratitude for your magnificent generosity."

This generosity seems to have been unleashed in a great wave. Another £50 million trust will be established soon, for social, medical, and environmental purposes. One currently proposed use for the funds is to pay the legal expenses of those British coal miners who disobeyed their union and returned to work. Getty is by and large a liberal, but he believes the miners' union leader, Arthur Scargill, to be "a dangerous man."

The money for these gifts is coming from Getty's share, some 33 percent, of the annual income from the Sarah C. Getty Trust, established by his father and grandmother in 1934. When the elder J. Paul Getty died, in June 1976, the trust consisted of some $1.3 billion in Getty Oil shares. It was only part of what was then America's greatest family fortune. The other segment of the fortune was J. Paul Getty's personal estate of about $700 million, which was left to the J. Pa Getty Museum in Malibu, Californi Since 1976 the two parts of the fortu have multiplied magnificently. Th value of the trust nearly doubled la year when Getty Oil was sold to Te aco. The museum's endowment h grown to $2.3 billion, making it th wealthiest museum in the world.

Paul junior is one of only six peop who share in the income from th trust. His brother, Gordon, receives share equal to his (an annual sum est mated to have been around $110 mi lion in 1984). The other third of th trust income is shared by Paul's thr nieces, Anne, Claire, and Carolin daughters of his late half broth George. (They are referred to as th "Georgettes.") His other half brothe Ronald, a businessman in Los Ang les, gets only $3,000 a year. (Get senior resented the delays caused b Ronald's mother during their divor proceedings, and arranged for Ro ald's small share in the trust out pique.) Paul junior could accumula around $1 billion from the trust durin his lifetime. Recently he altered h will so that the money he has receive by the time of his death will be left f charitable purposes. This makes hi suddenly one of the world's foremo philanthropists.

Until May 1985, the trust was th object of bitter litigation among th Gettys. Paul junior, anxious that Go don not be the sole trustee of such large amount of money, attempted dilute Gordon's power. The dispu was settled just as a trial was to begi when legislation suggested in Califo nia by Paul junior's boyhood frie

Photograph by DUDLEY REED



In the first photograph of him taken in many years, J. Paul Getty, Jr., on the terrace of his London Clinic retreat.

Judge William Newsom allowed the trust to be divided into four parts. Now that taxes have been paid on the sale of Getty shares to Texaco, four separate pots of $750 million fall under the principal jurisdiction of Paul junior, Gordon, and the Georgettes. When Paul junior, Gordon, and Ronald die, the trust will be divided among their children and the Georgettes. Paul junior's five children would then each receive about $150 million, an amount that will increase with time, of course.

One of the lesser-known beneficiaries of Getty's largess is Claus von Bülow, who received a loan that paid his $1 million bail, the legal expenses of his first trial in 1982 for the attempted murder of his wife, Sunny, plus his appeal (which resulted in the reversal of the guilty verdict) and the second trial (which ended in the spring of this year with a verdict of not guilty). Getty says that during the trials he spoke with von Bülow at least once a week and has now given him an open-ended invitation to come to Britain to work for him. Von Bülow has always made the most of his attachment to the Getty family, and referred to himself as a "Getty family retainer."

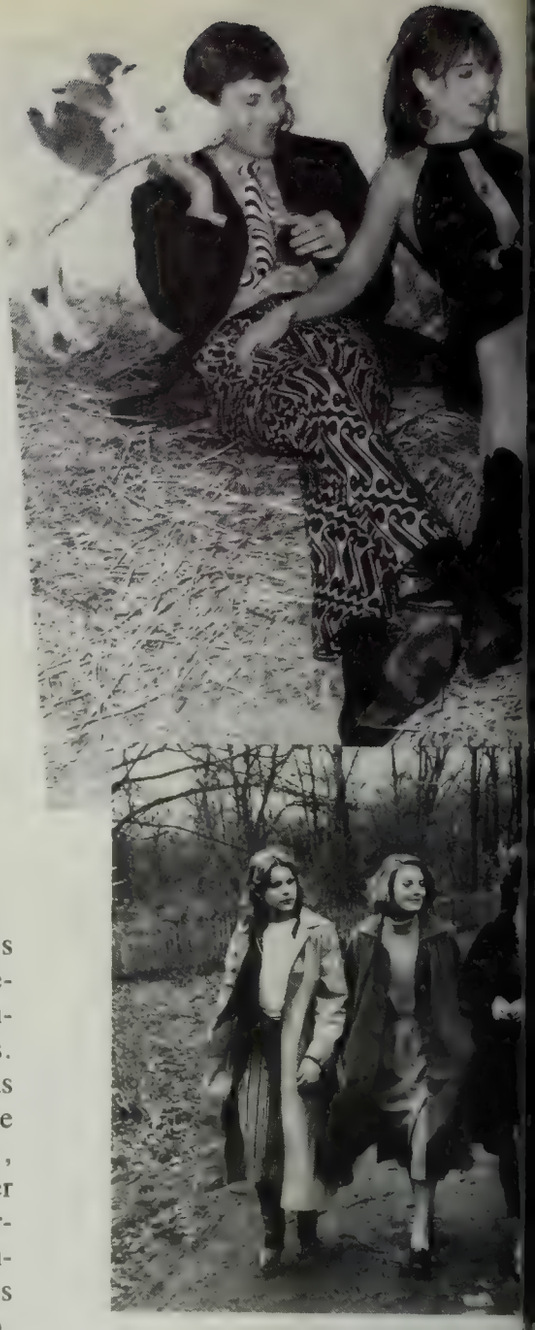
Through a wealthy French patron, Commandant Paul Louis Weiller, von Bülow was recommended to J. Paul Getty as an administrative assistant in 1960, when the nomadic oil billionaire was settling down in Sutton Place, the manor house he had bought from the Duke of Sutherland. Von Bülow thoroughly charmed the old man, and befriended Paul junior. "We became close friends, as we shared many interests, music, art, literature..." von Bülow says. They also shared a love of beautiful women and the fast life.

"The fact is that a friend needed help and I was able to give it," says Paul junior now. "It's no heroic thing....I am certainly not going to ask for it back. I have always told him I wanted it to be applied to the legal bills, otherwise he'd be broke." The identity of von Bülow's financial angel was a well-kept secret, apparently even from his lawyers. In 1984, after his defense counsel, Alan Dershowitz, cleverly obtained a reversal of von Bülow's conviction, an application was made to the Rhode Island court to reduce his $1 million bail (still in effect because he was still under indictment) on the ground that it was a financial hardship to the group of anonymous donors said to have put it up. All but $10,000 of the $1 million remaining from the money von Bülow had originally received from Getty was subsequently returned to von Bülow and used for the second trial.

Paul junior believes von Bülow is innocent. "Of course he was innocent...the children of [Sunny's] first marriage [Ala Kneissl and Alexander von Auersperg] and that mother—evil, really evil. They've never liked him and didn't want him to get anything. They staged the whole thing....Do you leave little black bags around? Who leaves little black bags loaded with evidence, incriminating evidence, around?"

In the extensive coverage of Getty's recent gifts to Britain the most frequent word used to describe Paul junior was *recluse*, a term he hates. Indeed, some twenty years ago he was the very antithesis of a recluse. He was thin, dashing, a handsome, charming society blade, a party giver and a partygoer who now says jocularly that he probably bedded more beautiful women than anyone other than his friend Mick Jagger. Fifteen years ago, Paul partied in Marrakech with the Rolling Stones and in Sardinia on the yacht of the Krupp munitions heir. He was also, according to Tony Sanchez, who claims to have regularly obtained drugs for the Rolling Stones, "so chronically addicted to smack that he was snorting a gram a day without managing to achieve any noticeable effect." By 1976 his physical condition had deteriorated visibly. In June of that year, when he showed up at the American Church in London for his father's memorial service, "he looked like the portrait of Dorian Gray," a friend noted. But he had shown up. "I was deeply disturbed and hurt by my father, but I loved him, I didn't hate him," Paul says now.

When Paul junior was born, in September 1932, on a steamship bound from Naples to Genoa, he was illegitimate, and he remained so for several months, until the forty-year-old J. Paul



Getty married his baby's mother, twenty four-year-old Ann Rork, the daughter of a Hollywood producer and Getty's fourt wife. The family lived together in Lo Angeles, the base for Getty's oil bus ness, until 1935, when Ann and J. Pa senior separated. They were divorced i 1936. The elder Getty remained in Cal fornia until 1951, when he expatriate himself to Britain.

Paul junior, "Pabby," as he wa nicknamed by his family and friend grew up in Santa Monica and then la er San Francisco, where he lived wit his mother and his brother, Gordo He was "the handsomest boy that ev lived," says his mother. He was rebe lious at school, but a voracious reade He seldom saw his father. He recal that once when he was in high scho he wrote Paul senior a letter that wa returned with all the grammar an spelling errors corrected but with n







During the sixties Paul Getty, Jr., and his second wife, Talitha Pol (*above, left*), lived *la dolce vita*, until she was found dead of an overdose in Rome. His son Paul III (*above*) was kidnapped in 1973, and his ear was cut off and mailed to a Rome newspaper to encourage his family to pay the ransom. *Lower left*, Aileen, Ariadne, and Mark, Paul junior's other children by his first wife, Gail, together in 1975. By 1976, when Paul appeared in London at the memorial service for J. Paul Getty, Sr., with his friend Bianca Jagger (*right*), he "looked like the portrait of Dorian Gray."

ersonal comment. "I never got over iat," he says now. "I wanted to be idged as a human being, and I could ever get that from him."

Paul junior began his own family in 956 by marrying Gail Harris, the aughter of a San Francisco judge, de-pite calls to Gail's parents by the pro-pective groom's mother warning that my son is an alcoholic." They had our children, J. Paul III, Aileen, lark, and Ariadne.

In 1958 they went off to Italy, here Paul junior was placed in harge of Getty's operation there, al-ough Gail says now that "business as not Paul's cup of tea. He was very rtistic and never should have tried." ccording to Paul, he "couldn't do a eal over $25,000 without referring it Father." To make matters worse, ietty senior insisted on taking all rofits into the production end of Get-ty Oil. "If we could have bought oil where we liked instead of from Father, we could have done better," remembers Paul. The Italian job was "a demoralizing and destructive posting" for him, says Claus von Bülow. "The Italian refinery operation had only one purpose. It was a captive outlet for unsalable crude oil. It was therefore by design and intent permanently in the red. Philosophically, Paul senior knew this, but would forget it and blame the manager."

Von Bülow remembers Paul as being "a great and independent success with those social friends of the father's in England, in France, and in Italy. . . . He had charm. He had conversation, and he had sex appeal. There was a very different look of appreciation in the old boy's eyes when he saw this son being loved for himself by the father's friends." Barbara Wallace, Getty senior's longtime assistant, agrees that Paul was "his father's favorite. Paul was soft and gentle. They got on very well together." But the feeling of paternal affection was lost on the favorite son.

In 1963, Paul began receiving $55,000 a year from the Sarah Getty Trust, an amount that was to climb to $600,000 by 1971. This may have "ruined him," according to one of his associates. "While extremely charming, he didn't give a damn and he didn't work hard," says Giorgio Schanzer, who replaced Paul in Rome. At about this time Paul was introduced at one of von Bülow's London dinner parties to Talitha Pol, a high-spirited beauty with auburn hair, almond-shaped eyes, and alabaster skin. "I was bowled over," he recalls. "I fell in love with her immediately. I

thought she was just the most attractive, the most exciting person I'd ever met. She was from another planet. She was not particularly intelligent, but very, very witty and stimulating. And great fun to be with.'' Talitha had been born in Bali to Dutch parents, and spent part of her childhood in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. When the family returned to Holland after the war, her mother died and her father married the daughter of the English painter Augustus John. That evening in London, von Bülow had invited Talitha especially for Paul.

Paul and Talitha were married in Rome in 1966, after his divorce from Gail. The twenty-six-year-old bride wore a velvet miniskirt trimmed in white mink. There were so many *paparazzi* at the wedding that the couple was forced to hide in the men's room of the city hall until the ceremony began.

The young Gettys lived *la dolce vita* in Rome in the mid-sixties. They were an amusing, handsome couple, but vulnerable. Her beauty had a fragile quality. His good looks belied a sensitive, boyish wildness. They entertained other Beautiful People in a living room furnished with a giant birdcage, two elephant chairs from India, and a shrine to Buddha in which incense burned. The unhinging effect of their exotic life is perhaps indicated by the name they gave their son—Tara Gabriel Galaxy Gramaphone Getty. A visitor to their apartment remembers a large lewd photograph of Talitha, her back to the camera, holding up her skirt to reveal her charms. When she posed in a small pantherskin costume for French *Vogue*, Getty senior declared, ''This is not worthy of a Getty. I have to prevent that such a thing occurs again. Otherwise I shall disinherit my son. I will not allow my name to be dragged in the mud.''

But the golden couple continued their pursuit of life on the edge. They bought a Tudor mansion on London's Cheyne Walk, where their neighbors were Keith Richards and Peter Sellers. They traveled to the Far East, where Paul took great pleasure in smoking opium. Talitha, according to their friend the London art dealer Christopher Gibbs, ''was only a recreational drug user. . . . The marriage was a success on many levels, but it became unhappy for her. . . . Paul loved Talitha *(Continued on page 122*

Midnight Movie

I dreamed I showed up in Physics 101 naked. I dreamed I got onstage and hadn't even studied my lines. . . These are the classic nightmares that every red-blooded American has squirmed through. But there are heebie-jeebies that only New Yorkers have: I dreamed I had a terrific date lined up but all my money flew out the taxi window and vigilantes were after me and I tried to take the subway but they had raised the fare and no matter what I did I couldn't get out of SoHo. . . Which is what Martin Scorsese's new movie, *After Hours*, is all about. It's the lighter side of his Gotham gothic, *Taxi Driver*, and like its predecessor it features a voracious, enveloping New York—New York as a hydra, an implacable fiend, a movie monster. But funny. "A lot of Scorsese's friends are surprised by it," says Amy Robinson, who co-produced with Griffin Dunne and Robert F. Colesberry. "They say, 'Gee, Marty. I didn't know you had a sense of humor.' "

Much of the fun flows from the picture's cornucopia of casting coups—Dunne as our hero, a straight-arrow word processor; Rosanna Arquette as the enigmatic siren, Marcy; Teri Garr as a lost-in-the-sixties cocktail waitress; and Cheech & Chong as a pair of van-driving street weirdos. But the *coup de grace* is the gaggle of punks, lunatics, and space cadets who crowd the brief—though pungent—scene at the Club Berlin. "We had people whose job it was to go to the Lower East Side and round up the punks," says Griffin Dunne. "And since we shot the whole movie at night, the hours were perfect for them. They danced and drank beer and got crazy, and they were slam dancing by the time I did my big scene, which is about how they try to give me a Mohawk." Dunne was a little shaken by the experience—"I was pretty sore the next day," he says. But otherwise the punks were a producer's dream. After all, says Robinson, "they brought their own clothes and hair."

GRIFFIN DUNNE

PUNK PAIR

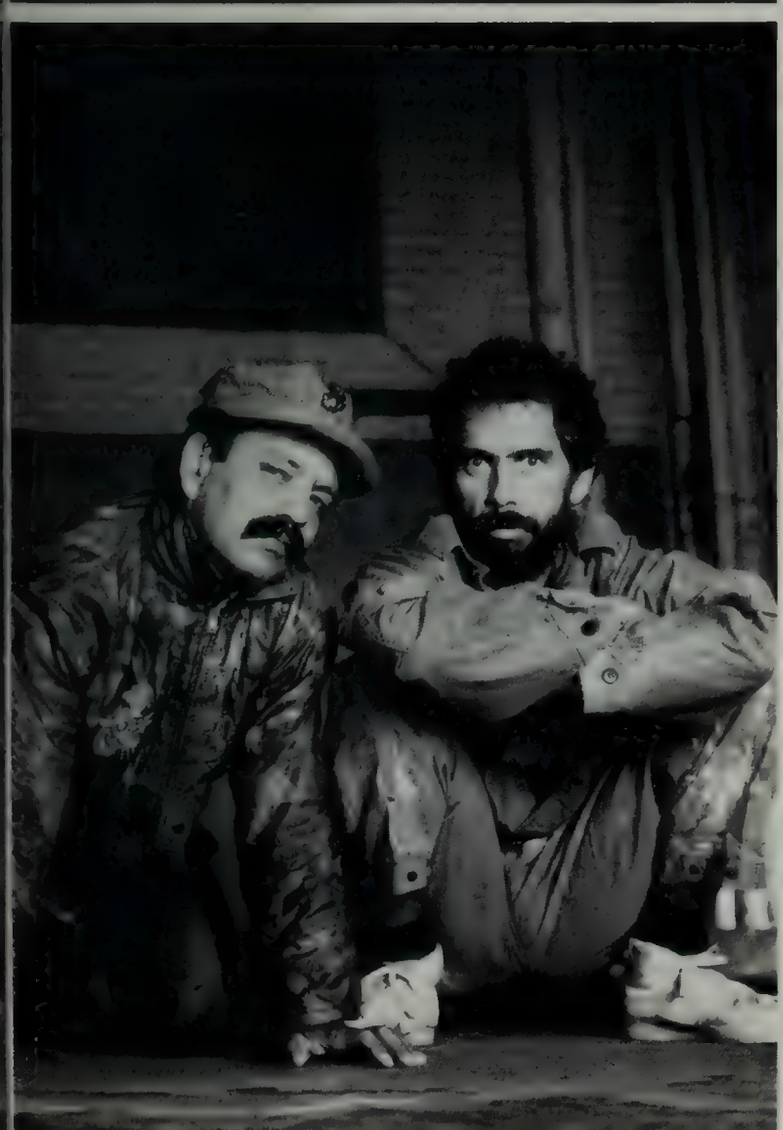
ROSANNA ARQUETTE

CHEECH & CHONG

Photographs by RICHARD CORMAN









JOHN: There'll be money...let's not...

CHARLES: There'll be money when?

JOHN: Soon.

CHARLES: And how will we "get" this money? (PAUSE) How will this money *come* to us?

JOHN: (PAUSE) It will come to us. At the *end*. When she *asks*, "How can I pay you?" we say, "Leave something." "To help us with our work." "Leave what you will..." They will ask and they will reward you. I told her to bring a photograph. Anything...Eh? This creates the habit. To bring something, to "bring" things to you...their thoughts



John (Mike Nussbaum) and Charles (Gary Cole) plot a séance.

MAMETSPEAK

...."money"...and when you don't *misuse* it, it creates confidence in them. And *when* we've helped her...

CHARLES: *When* we've *helped* her...

JOHN: Yes. These things take time.

CHARLES: (SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH "TIME") When we've helped her to *what?*

JOHN: I've told you. To...to do whatever that is she wants to do. To...*face* herself...as we *will* help her...and she *will* reward us. And we're *making* progress. As you saw.

CHARLES: I saw.

JOHN: Well, yes. You...you...she was won over. Didn't you see that?

CHARLES: (SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH "SEE THAT") Perhaps.

JOHN: Oh, no. SHE WAS WON OVER. She gave me the bill. She's going to bring the picture ...slowly...slowly...you can't force the ...Coming to the Truth... (PAUSE) Don't you see that?

CHARLES: (SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH "THAT") You said she dreamed this meeting.

There is no dialogue like DAVID MAMET's. For example: this scene from *The Shawl*, which premiered in Chicago last spring and opens at Lincoln Center this fall. John, a fake medium, shows Charles, his hustler lover, the tricks of his trade



Miss A (Lindsay Crouse, Mamet's wife) consults John, the medium

OHN: ...ah, did she foresee the meeting? We all dream of a wise man, one day...who will...I paint a picture. Looks like magic. You see her economic class...by the way: look at the shoes, anyone could buy a pricey dress...and we so we see an income of a certain magnitude. Suggests a summer house. Where? By the water is the obvious bet. And we suggest the mother nearby, you see? As the mother is the thing that draws her here. She's on her mind...and her mind ...*freed* by "magic"...

HARLES: ...her mind freed by magic...

OHN: Yes. By my "clairvoyance." Yes. Yes. Yes. You must give them a *mechanism*. To allow them to *trust* you. She wouldn't trust just "anyone." She comes in: "Show me you have psychic powers." All right. "Read my mind. Tell me my complaint." All right. I will. A troubled woman. Comes in. With a problem? What is it? It's *money*—illness—*love*...That's all it ever is. Money, illness, or love.

A deeply repressed woman. In her thirties. Unmarried...as you say...Matter of the Heart? No. *Illness*. Perhaps. Woman of an anxious nature, that is a good bet. But no. I say "the fear of death." Three times. And no reaction. In her eyes. And so. Health. No. Love. No. And that leaves "money."

HARLES: And you said "the Law."

OHN: I said a legal problem. How's this money come to her, a wealthy woman, but there's *contracts*...some legal...

HARLES: You said "her mother's will."

OHN: Yes. I did.

HARLES: How did you know that?

OHN: It was a guess. And an educated guess. Technique takes you so far, and then once in a while...

HARLES: And that's all there...that's all there is. (PAUSE)

OHN: What?

HARLES: That's all there is to what you do.

OHN: Well, I suppose we all want "magic," but our job, our *real* job...

One moment. I'm sorry... (PAUSE) I'm sorry. You were speaking of money. I...I ...what am I seeing...something came into my...evening...evening...eveningwear? A... (PAUSE) I see, what are they? Some stone? Sapphire?

CHARLES: What is this?

JOHN: Someone...a gift...they were *yours*...a set of sapphire studs. They...parted from them...? You...no...yes. Valuable set of studs. A...a...and your concern with money and...you pawned a set of Sapphire Studs. (PAUSE)

CHARLES: How do you know that?

JOHN: Two weeks ago...before we met. Did ...did you do that?

CHARLES: You...how could you know that?

JOHN: I saw the pawn ticket. In your wallet. You see? Very simple, really. (PAUSE) If one is allowed to believe...Our job is not to guess, but to *aid*...to...to create an atmosphere ...As I just did with *you*...to enable...

CHARLES: What were you doing in my wallet?

JOHN: Well. The man came with the *food*, I had to *tip* him...you were in the *shower*, I'm *sorry*. I did...I *certainly*...

CHARLES: You should not have looked in my wallet.

JOHN: No, you're absolutely right. I should...I should not. I'm sorry. I'm *very* sorry. Charles. I'm *very* sorry. I took a *dollar*, the ticket fell...you're absolutely right. And I apologize. (PAUSE) I apologize. Will you forgive me? (PAUSE) Will you please forgive me? (PAUSE)

CHARLES: You're very nosy.

JOHN: Yes I. And I suppose that it's a professional ...you're *right*. And I apologize. And I'm sorry as it's obvious that it's a touchy...

CHARLES: I should *say* that it's a "touchy." *Yes*. It. Well, I would say that it...

JOHN: We are going to have money. I *promise* you. When she comes to *us* asks *us*, "How can I repay you?" we say, "Leave what you will. To aid us in our work...Some would leave fifty, some would leave a thousand."...We are going to...

CHARLES: When?

JOHN: Soon. □

Tango-Mania

The tempestuous Tango Argentino *troupe, which wowed New York during its lightning visit last summer, hits Broadway this month.*

JAVIER ARROYUELO and RAFAEL LOPEZ-SANCHEZ tell the sensuous story of el tango, *from its low-life origins to its high-society success*





Here and overleaf, Naanim Timoyko and Nelson, stars of *Tango Argentino*, demonstrate some of the moves that drive audiences crazy.

Photographs by BILL KING



This is how we remember Buenos Aires, in nineteen-sixty-something: oppressive jasmines, invisible in the dark, and the faint sound of a tango in the distance. It is a summer night, somewhere a suburban radio is playing. We were teenagers then, helplessly devoted to rock 'n' roll; yet when memory rewinds its sound track it is the melody of a tango—"*Vida mía, vida mía*"—that comes out, sweet and so and inebriating.

In those days we thought of tango a relic, worn but cherished, a stack touching black-and-white postcard turning to sepia. It seemed valuab (older people treasured it) yet vulner ble (*only* older people treasured it). was a Norma Desmond kind of thing both fascinating and pathetic, glorio and tacky, still alive in spite of its man deaths. The aura—it possessed a aura—would flicker and we could n determine whether he (in Argentina t tango is a he: *el tango*) was a wise o man or just an aged roué. Or both. something else.

Then, like in a tango, we le home, flew far away, grew u and grew homesick. Our tu came to keep up th memory of tango. Ar one day, we wer suddenly gratifie with a fantasy pre ent, a show, *Tang Argentino*, sleek exalted, and sou stirring. Th terse tit masked jewel.

Two A gentinean s and costume d signers, Claudio Segu via and Héctor Orezzoli, create *Tango Argentino*. Theirs is a Cinderel sort of tale, the kind of story that feed the mythology of show business, a though it took them a long ten years patience and tenacity to turn their ir probable venture into a Broadway pro erty. They had been living bi-contine tally, in both Buenos Aires and Pari designing operas and plays and puttin on their own musical production when they got the idea of making show with the tango singers a dancers who perform in Buen Aires' nightclubs and on T shows. But adequate financi backing was not forthcoming

A man and a woman, trapped in a fated embrace unravel with their bodies the figures of a ritual



e first tango
ics glamorized
pimp and his
l, and the
nce symbolized
ir relationship.
has since been
lized. Here
na Lollobrigida
es lessons
m a Roman
go teacher.

Argentina—which would have been the show's natural birthplace—and the project was put on a back burner.

Then in 1983 Segovia and Orezzoli decided to try Paris. When it comes to exotic cultural products, Parisians like to think of themselves as broad-minded. (Parisians encounter exoticism as soon as they cross the city gates.) In any case, *Tango Argentino* promised to be tangy enough for the Festival d'Automne's international menu, and the show got its first booking. The festival would provide—besides its prestige—a suitable promotion, minimum wages, small hotels. But no airfare. The thirty-three members of the company were flown in from Buenos Aires by the Argentinean air force in a big clunky plane that was also transporting a defective Exocet missile back to Paris for repair.

Many of the singers and dancers were discovering Paris for the very first time. They felt like a zillion pesos. Performances were to take place at the Théâtre du Châtelet, a grand house, in both size—over two thousand seats—and history: in 1909 Diaghilev's Ballets Russes made its debut there. They sensed they could have a glamorous run, although barely two hundred tickets had been sold in advance. Resorting to an old gaucho tradition, friendship, Segovia and Orezzoli and a handful of fellow Argentineans summoned potential tango lovers to the opening night. It became a thrilling, enrapturing, memorable event. The day after, word was passed all over town. Parisian critics raved and the house was solidly sold out.

The triumph was to be confirmed throughout the Continent. The uproar even reached North American impresarios. *Tango Argentino* became a seasoned traveler, although there was one stop that Segovia and Orezzoli preferred to skip. They dreaded—who wouldn't?—that ultimate test, New York. But then, on very short notice, they learned that they had lost their theater in Washington, D.C., and were suddenly being booked into Manhattan's City Center at the end of June. Both organizers took a stiff drink and a tranquilizer.

Their fears were uncalled-for. New York responded just as Paris had. *Tango Argentino* glided silently into town, and by the second night of its six-day run it had become the hottest ticket in the city. Every performance was filled with cheering crowds of tango lovers.

Jacqueline Onassis was there on the second night. Martha Graham, the doyenne of American dance, came twice. Gloria Vanderbilt, Mica Ertegun, the fashion press, the literati. Everyone loved the Argentineans, and everyone agreed they had never *really* seen the tango before.

Tango Argentino follows the chronology of the history of the tango, each sequence illustrating a special moment. Appropriately, the curtain rises on "Quejas de Bandoneón," a highly emotional orchestral piece and one of the purest examples of the distinctive tango beat. (The bandoneon, an accordion-like instrument, is central to the plaintive sound of the tango.) Pungent and melancholy, this "Bandoneon Lament" establishes, right from its first chords, the atmosphere that prevails throughout the show. As it unfolds, you are taken to Buenos Aires. For, as Jorge Luis Borges noted, "it might be said that without Buenos Aires evenings and nights no tango can be made." That city and this music mirror each other.

Buenos Aires resists the postcard format. No sombreros, no venerable ruins, no Club Meds. Packaged tourists bound for Latin exotica wouldn't risk dropping dead from picturesqueness there. They would be puzzled instead. For Buenos Aires rises unexpectedly at the southern end of the Americas with all the signs and symptoms of a metropolis. The sights are familiar: the busy and bustling downtown, the leisured suburbs, the rough edges, the subway crowds, the Lacoste shirts, the junkyards.

If it could have chosen its place on the map, Buenos Aires would have located itself conveniently in Europe rather than at this other end, between the vertiginous vastness of the pampas and the overlarge estuary of the taffy-colored Río de la Plata. A sense of remoteness clings to the city. It is a port, open to all nostalgias. Not long ago, the *porteños*, the people of Buenos Aires, still secretly felt like vague distant cousins, seldom mentioned and never visited, who nurture in their estrangement unjustified doubts and a wounded pride. Far from Europe, far from the world perceived as real, they flirted with the idea of their own improbability.

As a popular joke goes, the *porteños* are Italians who speak Spanish, think they are British, and wish they were French. A quick glance at the names in the cast of *Tango Argentino* reveals the diversity of roots of the true *porteños:* some sound Spanish, others Italian, others Jewish or Polish or Lithuanian. Immigrants built Buenos Aires, and their children and grandchildren gave it its major emblem, the tango.

When we trace the tango to its elusive, muddy origins, another rich influence becomes obvious: that of blacks. It is thought that in the nineteenth century the word *tango* meant the social gathering places for ex-slaves. But time and history were to sweep away the black community. Blacks and mulattoes nourished the frontline troops of the independence wars and of the internal conflicts that ensued. In 1871 an epidemic of yellow fever further decimated them. The handful of survivors blended into the ceaseless stream of immigrants.

Basic steps of the tango, such as the *corte* and the *quebrada,* sprang from the *carnaval* street parades of the blacks. The hoodlums of the city, the *compadritos,* were a mocking but admiring audience for these quaint celebrations, and they adapted some of the figures—with a twist: unlike that of the blacks, theirs was a dance in which a couple held one another. Called the *milonga,* it was the prototype from which the tango evolved. A few decades later black pianists improvised, in shabby courtyards and dubious saloons, the perky music that accompanied tango steps.

The tango in the making belonged to a turbid, pernicious milieu at the edges of society. By 1880, Buenos Aires was a thriving port, the window on the world for a country of giant ranches and the last stop for hundreds of thousands of European expatriates. By 1895, foreigners made up 53 percent of the city's population. It was also full of ex-soldiers, for Argentina had entered an era of peace and stability and the disbanded armies rushed into the capital.

Buenos Aires was sharply divided into irreconcilable halves: the opulent fief of the elites—a studied emulation of *Belle Époque* splendor—and then the outskirts, the *orillas,* where the lower classes and the newcomers dwelled. Over the geography of squalor the underworld spread its net. Prostitution reached significant proportions. International traffickers in white slaves took possession of the depths of the city. A police report of the time, known as the Red Book, enumerates in a sad, sta litany the provenance of the wome there were "Polish, Australian French, Germans, Belgians, Turkish Egyptians, Swedish, Persians, Circa sians, English, Russians..." They ha been lured to Argentina with promis of prospective husbands. They ended u in brothels. The tango was in the begi ning restricted to the brothel. Only th hoodlums would take it into the ope agile male couples dancing on street co ners were a regular feature of the slum

One is tempted here to conjure u Pabst-like visions. Ideally, the ta should be told through the halting, tinn images of a silent movie. Theatricali pervades the brothel. It is a confine space where the same elementary pa sions are enacted again and again. As self-contained universe, it establishe logically, a code—a jargon, rules f dress, a hierarchy—that completes an secures its autonomy.

Among the characters on this inf mous stage the pimp is the most co spicuous. The first tango lyrics glamo ize him and chronicle his life from ris to fall. Just as some male birds flau their plumage, the pimp showed off garish attire. His virility didn't preve him from making up his face, Sar Bernhardt–style, with white powder an kohl. As for his girls, they used to car knives in their garter belts, and the would often fight each other for the e clusive attachment to a hustler.

Such is the first couple of the tang In its primitive form, the dance symbo ized their relationship—quite graphica ly so. And it was thus that the dan was transmitted to the patrons of t brothel, the working-class hoodlu who idolized the pimps. Later, m from the upper class penetrated th marginal institution and practiced t tango as a thrilling low habit, a troph to bring back from their nights of d bauchery. But the tango remained for long time forbidden music, a damn dance. Eventually, it would jump out the underworld into respectability—b not without first being stripped of i wicked characteristics when the offic city gradually dissolved its depraved t mor, those outskirts that lodged, amo other iniquities, 30,000 prostitutes a two opium dens run by Chinamen.

A large part of *Tango Argentino* devoted to the colorful years of found tion, but Segovia and Orezzoli avoid t



Jean Cocteau (*far left*) and partner mimic the agile male couples who tangoed on Buenos Aires street corners. *Inset*: Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, creators of *Tango Argentino*.

The tango became a tuxedoed bravo, began to drink champagne, sniff cocaine, and babble in French.

The furor over tango in Paris was the vogue that topped all vogues.



In the twenties and thirties the dreams of the international tango public crystallized on the singer Carlos Gardel.





The tango drove Paris into frantic. *Above*, a Jean Cocteau drawing from 1913. *Right*, two women parodying the tango style, circa 1900.

many obvious anecdotes. They proc with strictness, never overelabor just let the tango be and the ima flow: two thugs entwine and dance *apache argentino*, men and women u in the humble joy of some of those *longas* of the struggling days, then E Berón sings, or rather bursts into, Choclo," a signature tango, frisky blazing. The passage from shame to lu ry, from the slums to the cabaret, is in *Tango Argentino* through the hist of Milonguita—another classic: a ne borhood ingenue, pretty but poor, course, Milonguita is lured by the gl of the posh nightlife and ends up a B-g

On its way up the tango itself to overcome its past in orde be accepted. It lost some of bellicosity, became a tuxed bravo, started to drink ch pagne, sniff cocaine, and bab a few words of French. As a dance toned down its overtly sexual mimi As music, it became more abstract, quired a wider scope, and was capa of reflecting on all situations of life. the 1920s the tango had already evol into a highly refined musical form.

In the meantime, it had been to Pari and driven the Parisians frantic. The s appointed Argentinean aristocracy had tle passion for passions. The implac emotion of tango had left them unruff They would throw in the towel, with t cal provincial snobbery, and embrace tango only when the tango had recei Paris's seal of approval.

The furor over tango in Paris was vogue that topped all vogues. Sem, brilliant caricaturist and social obser wrote on the subject for *L'Illustratio* 1912: "This neurosis has made a te ble progress. . . . It has spread all c Paris, has invaded the *salons*, the aters, the bars, the *cabarets de nuit*, big hotels, the *guinguettes*. There tango tea parties, tango exhibitions, go lectures. Half of Paris rubs aga the other half. The whole city jerks: got the tango under the skin."

A freak was born: *le tango*—with stress put on the last syllable. When a the horrors and miseries of war the R ing Twenties erupted, with its string pearls and its strings of parties, *le ta* was alive and kicking. Kicking in a zarre way—for this was a tango-for port, played by orchestras in gau disguise and danced in an extrava

anner by gigolos and *femmes du onde,* a tango cosmeticized to the point forgery. Fatally, it reached the Holly-ood wonderland, where it became "cu-ouser and curiouser" in the flitter-flutter riations of Rudolph Valentino.

By then, the burgeoning middle class Buenos Aires, now a prosperous wn, had adopted the tango as a social id aesthetic experience. The tango en-red its classical age. During the twen-s Julio De Caro and Osvaldo Fresedo, ch a musician, conductor, and com-ser, established its archetypal form. cabarets, music halls, and cafés an creasingly sophisticated audience ad-ired the richness of the harmonies, the mptuousness of the new sound, its ele-nce, the virtuosity of its interpreters. he orchestra triumphed. Fewer people nced the tango, but more and more lis-ned to it, almost religiously. The lyrics creased in importance, and the radio ought an abundance of new voices. The blic identified immediately with the ositas, Azucenas, and Mercedeses sing-g over the airwaves, taking tango to its ghest peak of popularity.

But Argentina is a macho country, id the dreams of the public crystallized a man: the singer Carlos Gardel, hose rags-to-riches climb to the top emed to have all the sweetness of re-enge. He was a hoodlum and a bas-rd, born to be a loser, but he magical-flew to the rarefied heights of soci-y. He was both the kid from the slum id the darling of the beau monde. Cu-ously, this supposedly quintessential *orteño* spent most of his working life broad. One of his biggest hits was Blondes of New York." *The Lights of uenos Aires,* one of his many hit mov-s, was shot in Joinville, not far from is Parisian apartment. The fervor of ardel's Argentinean fans cooled consid-rably over the years, but when he was illed in a plane crash in Colombia in 935 his death plunged the whole country nto a stupor of grief. Buenos Aires gave im a delirious funeral, and he was in-antly frozen into pop immortality.

In 1930 a military coup had put an nd to Argentina's liberal experience. he bleakness and desperation of the ears that followed, years of poverty nd unemployment coupled with repres-ion and fraud, are the subjects of the angos of Enrique Discépolo, a popular oet of the period. In *Tango Argentino,* arlos Gardel is evoked through "Mi Noche Triste" and "Cuesta Abajo" ("My Night of Sadness" and "Down-hill"), while two of Discépolo's clas-sics—"A Desperate Song" and "Without Words"—are sung by María Graña, today's rising tango star.

During the thirties, the Infamous Decade, the tango almost disappeared as a vital popular form but was pre-served as an object of cultural impor-tance. Its history was traced in theatrical shows, and in 1936 the first history of the tango was published. The talkies found the tango an ideal subject, and Argentinean tango singers were the brightest stars of Latin cinema.

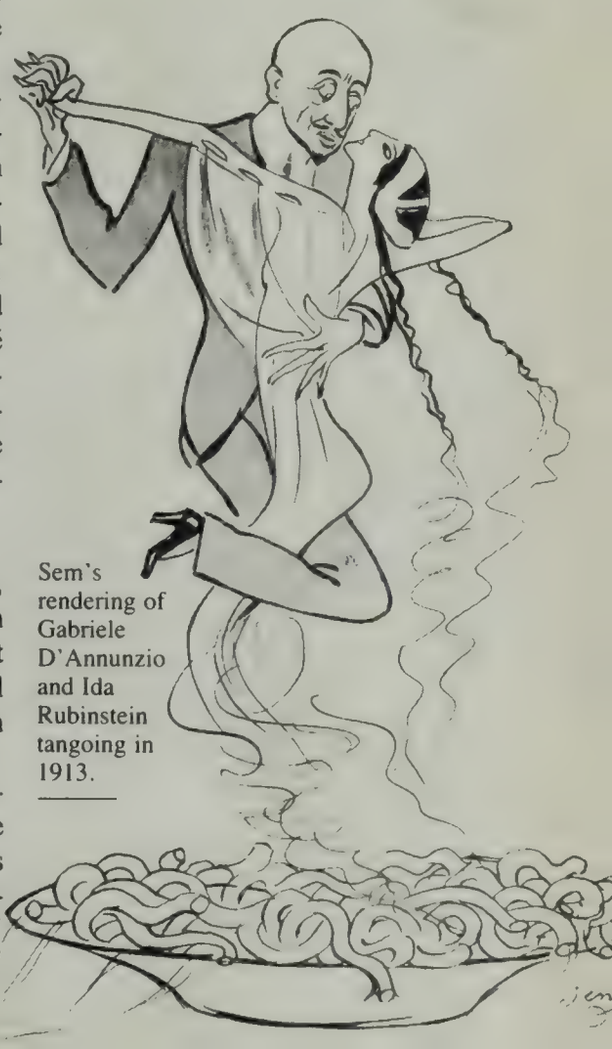
In the forties new orchestras began to emphasize the rhythmic element in tango, and it was adopted as a social dance. Ballrooms proliferated. The key figure of this period was Aníbal Troilo, heir to the great masters of the twenties and a con-summate bandoneon player. He held un-disputed reign over the whole tango scene until his death in 1975. As a composer he created masterpieces to the words of the poets Homero Manzi and Cátulo Castillo, and his orchestra nurtured some of the most outstanding tango singers. Two of these appear in *Tango Argentino:* Elba Berón—who revives "Desencuentro," one of the songs specially composed for her by Troilo and Castillo—and Ro-berto Goyeneche, the veteran star who provides a dramatic crescendo to the show's grand finale.

Aníbal Troilo maintained the tradi-tion and the purest qualities of tango in-tact, becoming a living legend even after rock 'n' roll had burst upon Argen-tina in the fifties and the tango itself had gone into a permanent partial eclipse. Today, purists treat it as a cult and wouldn't be caught dead in the café concerts where tango is offered to tour-ists—even though these shows are usu-ally first-rate. On a popular level, the tradition is kept alive on a few star-stud-ded prime-time TV shows.

Now, at the very end of this story, comes *Tango Argentino,* a dream made of tangos and nothing but tangos. It comes to us bare of all embellishments, coated only with a shimmering elegance.

The tango is a tease—but a well-man-nered tease. It is wicked, its insolence conceals an innate finesse. The tango is somber too. The Argentinean novelist Er-nesto Sábato speaks of "the gloomy ec-stasy of bandoneon." The tango is grave, dense, whimsical. It says "no more tears" and then it weeps; the next minute it is smiling. Tango lyrics need no trans-lation. Their emotional impact is such that when Jovita Luna, a female matador with a nocturnal, throaty voice, sings the "Ballad for My Death" audiences from Paris to New York know some central mystery is being approached.

And then there is the dance. When the couples in *Tango Argentino* (Juan Carlos Copes and María Nieves, Nélida and Nel-son, the Dinzels, Carlos and María Riva-rola, Gloria and Eduardo, Mayoral and Elsa María, and the soloist, Naanim Ti-moyko) take possession of the stage we realize that we are sharing a precious se-cret. Their dancing is more than impecca-ble technique, acrobatic feats, the ebb and flow of sensuousness, more than an enthralling ballroom routine. One senses that they are accomplishing an act of faith. A man and a woman, each wrapped in their own reverie, both trapped in the same fated embrace, unravel—or at-tempt to unravel—with their bodies the figures of a ritual. One thinks of Jean Cocteau's advice to all artists: "Consid-er the metaphysical as a prolongation of the physical." □



Sem's rendering of Gabriele D'Annunzio and Ida Rubinstein tangoing in 1913.

Van Gogh had a mean brushstroke, but could he hit the curveball? Keith Hernandez can. VERONICA GENG consults her scorecard and contemplates the artist's noble calf

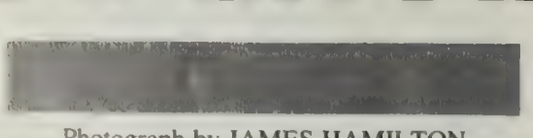
Who's on First?

When first-baseman Keith Hernandez joined the New York Mets a little over two years ago, the great veteran Mets pitcher Tom Seaver paid him a special tribute. It might not seem like all that big an *hommage* unless you understand that a ballplayer will do a thing like stuff batting helmets into the belly of his shirt to round out an impersonation of Babe Ruth. Anyway, one day when the Mets had exhausted all responsible, mature outlets for their delight at the bracing new presence, on a mostly young team, of twenty-nine-year-old Hernandez—whose decade on the St. Louis Cardinals saw them to a World Series win and him to the award for Most Valuable Player in the National League—somebody passed around a lot of novelty-store glasses-nose-and-mustache disguises. Among the players wearing them in the dugout for the game was a familiar figure in a uniform shirt with HERNANDEZ and his number, 17, on the back. That was Seaver. His self-effacing gesture (poignant in retrospect—the season would be his last in his own Mets uniform) slightly elevated the tone of what the Mets' TV announcers dubbed "The Keith Hernandez Look-alike Contest."

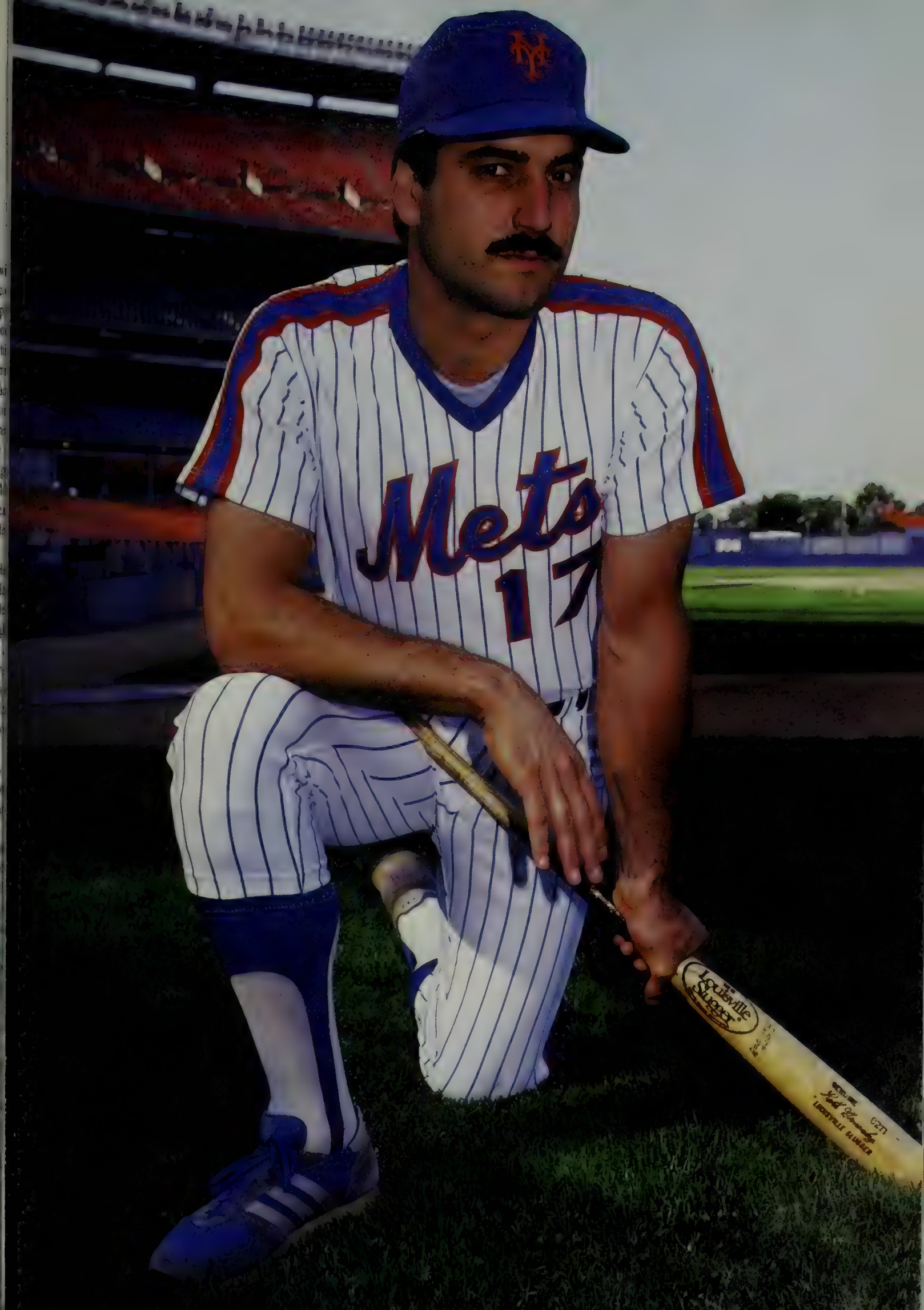
A couple of months into the current season, one of the same announcers, former catcher Tim McCarver, said on the air, "Watching Hernandez play every day is kind of like taking a peek at Van Gogh when he was at Arles."

If you drew a line between those two appreciations of Hernandez, you could arrange everything great about baseball along the line. *Range* is the word that always comes up when he's the subject. But it's not just that he's equally skilled at offense and defense; at hitting left-handers and right-handers; at putting one foot in front of the other and at fish-diving deep into the hole between first and second to come up with a ball that for another first-baseman might as well have been at the bottom of Flushing Bay. With Hernandez, you get baseball's full spectrum, from foolery to sublimity, *in one guy*. You get to see baseball socks worn right. (The fashion for "high-cutting" the colored stirrup-like oversock so it's diminished to a thin stripe down each side of the leg destroys one of the uniform's glories—that arc of color molding a noble calf.) You get statistics like constellations—sparkling axioms of team sport. (The stats where Hernandez ranks at or near the top are the ones like Fielding Assists, On-Base Average, Number of Runners Advanced, and Slugging Average with Runners on Base.) You get to use the commentators' Homeric-Hernandic praise form: "Mr. Consistency." You get Mr. Consistency's articulate post-game analysis—usually the first quote in the newspaper reports. Even in a rare batting slump, as he was this June, he'll deliver a haunting, strangely literary remark: "I'm in a dark forest. No sun. Deep foliage. Can't tell where west, east, north, or south is." That's something you can turn over in your mind and make yourself really miserable w until the inevitable explosive rec ery—the over-.400 hitting streak p the anecdote about how his dad spot the problem in his batting stance wh watching via satellite dish in Californ And now, as the play-offs approa you get to join the fans chanti "M.V.P.! M.V.P.!"—no mere h worship but a compressed fantasy which the Mets are already the leag champions from whose ranks the M Valuable Player will be chosen. Te hopes aren't pinned on Hernand they're refracted through him.

This gift for focusing baseball is H nandez's most exceptional quality. H unmannered, classical, yet it's cl what McCarver meant by the Van Go at–Arles image: the daily intensity. practice, Hernandez will sight his b skeet-shooting-style, on the killer j flying over Shea Stadium every f minutes to threaten his concentrati but in a ball game, nobody inhabits totally its every rhythm. When he's the field, just before each pitch, fo moment he touches his bare left ha to his glove, and all the energies play seem to converge right the This happens even when a hypn pitcher like Dwight Gooden is on mound. Last season, when ninete year-old Gooden led the major leag in strikeouts, he gave particular cre to Hernandez: "Keith said someth to me af every pitch This ye there was sign in t stands th read, GOO IS GOD. Wh makes Ke Hernandez guy who s something God after ery pitch. □



Photograph by JAMES HAMILTON


Mets
17
Louisville Slugger



Louis Auchincloss leads a sort of double life. By day he's a Wall Street lawyer. Otherwise—like Wallace Stevens the insurance man, like E. B. White the farmer—he's a writer, whose twenty-second novel is just out. What's more, says SUSAN CHEEVER, "he is the only serious novelist writing about the rich and powerful from the vantage point of the rich and powerful"

The Most Underrated Writer in America

Louis Auchincloss is never mentioned in lists of great American writers. He has won no important prizes and earned no Ivy League honorary degrees. Although many of his early novels were best-sellers, his most recent books have not been bought by the book clubs or sold to paperback houses, and he is generally reviewed with low-key deference as an observer of a narrow segment of New York society.

This is strange, because Louis Auchincloss is one of the best writers alive. He has probed the American character more boldly and more intelligently than many of his more celebrated contemporaries, and he is the only serious novelist writing about the rich and powerful from the vantage point of the rich and powerful. "Those who should be most in [his] debt have no idea what a useful service he renders us by revealing and, in some ways, by betraying his class," Gore Vidal, whose mother was married to Auchincloss's father's cousin, has written. "Almost alone among our writers he is able to show in a convincing way men at work. . . creating the American empire." Although Auchincloss writes primarily about upper-class life (as did Tolstoy, Proust, and Henry James), he has created an astonishingly wide range of characters, and he is one of a handful of male writers whose sympathy for women is so extraordinary that his female characters are as complete and convincing as his men. He writes about money, crime, sex, adultery, and ambition in a prose so deft, so elegant and clear, that it's often only after you finish an Auchincloss novel that you think about it—before that you've been caught up in

Everyone who is anyone is his cousin or classmate, or cousin's classmate or classmate's cousin. Auchincloss at home with his wife, Adele.

Photographs by EVELYN HOFER

the pleasure of reading it. He is also one of our few real men of letters: his work includes scholarly essays, criticism, plays, and biography as well as fiction.

So why has Louis Auchincloss failed to get the recognition he so clearly deserves? Do critics and readers secretly resent the rich, established upper class? Or is he dismissed because he fails to conform to the stereotype of what an American writer should be? Writing is supposed to *hurt,* damn it! We expect our writers to be passionate megalomaniacs, drained and agonized by their work, flamboyantly self-destructive, pouring their whole heart and soul into writing until they finally burn out, in one last long, pathetic, drunken gurgle. It looks as though we've never gotten over Hemingway.

Louis Auchincloss is not like that at all. A storybook aristocrat, he is the son of a wealthy corporate lawyer who married the socialite cousin of his Yale classmate Courtlandt Dixon. (Many of Auchincloss's friends and family have names composed of two last names.) As a youth Louis marched with the Knickerbocker Greys, attended Mrs. Hubbell's dancing class at the Colony Club, and went to Groton and later to Yale. At sixty-eight, tall and trim, with the hawk nose and receding chin that seem to be the genetic inheritance of the Wasp prince, he is a major figure in what's left of New York society, a society where discretion is still the first rule of manners. A serious clubman (the Century Association in midtown, the Down Town Association downtown), he is also president of the Museum of the City of New York. He is a witty and conscientious dinner guest who always turns to talk with the woman on his other side when the roast is served and who never drinks too much. Since 1954 he has practiced trusts and estates law at the Wall Street firm of Hawkins, Delafield & Wood. (Trusts and estates law is a personal, relatively leisurely branch of the legal profession. It involves dealing with clients, often wealthy clients, and decisions which will affect their private lives. Auchincloss is superb at this.) A passionate Francophile, he is as erudite as he is privileged; this is a man who *daydreams* about the court at Versailles.

Most of Auchincloss's models are not famous; they come from a stratum of New York society above celebrity, from the class of people who think of publicity as something to be avoided.

Everyone who is anyone is Auchincloss's cousin or classmate, or cousin's classmate or classmate's cousin. His wife, Adele, is a descendant of Commodore Vanderbilt. An artist, she also serves as a trustee of the Natural Resources Defense Council, the New York Botanical Garden, and the Central Park Conservancy. The 1890s journal of Adele's grandmother Florence Adele Sloane, titled *Maverick in Mauve,* was recently published by Doubleday, with a long introduction by Auchincloss; the editor was Jacqueline Onassis, another Auchincloss relative. (The Sloanes made their money in furniture, and Auchincloss calls their story "From rugs to riche

The Auchinclosses have lived for twenty-six years in the comfortable post-Victorian clutter of the big old apartment on upper Park Avenue where they raised their three sons: John Winthrop, now a lawyer in Washington, D.C.; Blak currently in Europe studying architecture; and Andrew, student at Yale. The living-room bookcases hold Auchi closs's books bound in leather, and the room is filled wi bits of Auchinclossiana. In the window, sculptures of you girls by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney (Adele's grandmot er's first cousin) flank a bust of Louis Auchincloss's moth by the interior decorator Dorothy Draper. On the walls ha small portraits of Auchincloss favorites Edith Wharton a Samuel Richardson and a big oil of Auchincloss's gre grandfather Charles Handy Russell painted by William Sidn Mount. The Auchinclosses weekend at their country house Bedford and travel to Europe in the summer. Although works five days a week in his law office—traveling from u town on the subway—Auchincloss produces a book a year his free time. His life is thoroughly organized, thoroughly co ventional, thoroughly satisfactory. It makes terrible copy.

This wasn't always so, of course. Auchincloss had wrestle with his demons, and with his parents, to win acce tance for the idea that a man of his background could be writer. Coming to terms with being a man and taking h place in the world of men was a long, painful process, a the conflict between hard-nosed workaday masculine valu and the more compassionate, playful feminine values h shaped his character and given form to his work. Born into society where morals were firmly based on religion, Auchi closs has seen the subversion of the old-fashioned code th once seemed permanent, even sacred. "The ruling class he used to emulate the old aristocracies in Europe, which hac strong moral basis," he says to me as we lunch in the h lowed male purlieus of the Down Town Association. H haughty manner and relen less upper-class accent are r lieved by his self-mocki tone and the high cackle amusement which punctua his conversation. "Look the houses they built! Ch teaux and Tudor manors, a they sent their daughters to Europe to marry duk Now that's eroded altogeth and there's really no mo basis. Although an awful of the immorality that go on went on in the past, one of the differences is the lack hypocrisy today. The loss of morality is not even denied, a is that a good thing? Maybe the hypocrisy was some kind protection. I think we're going to come to long for Victori hypocrisy. People are so brazen now. At least the Victoria bothered to wear a shirt!"

When Auchincloss was a little boy, his adored father to him downtown on an outing to Wall Street. "Never shal forget the horror inspired in me by those dark narrow stre and those tall sooty towers and by Trinity Church blocki the horizon with its black spire—a grim phallic symbol," recalls in *A Writer's Capital,* his candid memoir of his fi thirty-seven years and one of the best books ever writt about being a writer.

"I thought everything in that world was perfectly revolt-
g," he says, sitting behind his desk in the corner office at
awkins, Delafield & Wood. The office is hung with French
arriage contracts from the reigns of Louis XIV, XV, and
VI; on one is the spidery little signature of Marie Antoi-
:tte. A glass-fronted bookcase holds some of Auchincloss's
:tensive collection of first editions; on top of the case is a
amed portrait of Adele with their first child, and across the
om is a glass-topped table covered with family photo-
aphs—John and Louis in France, Andrew perched on rocks
Wyoming. "The women had
l the fun. I didn't see that men
ıd any fun at all. They had
ose awful sports. I didn't like
)lf and I didn't like tennis
uch and I didn't like any kind
ball throwing. Their business
emed so boring." In Auchin-
oss's emphatic, elegant ac-
:nts, the phrases sound like
is: EVerything in that world
as PERfectly reVOLTing.
ıe WOMen had all the FUN.
hose AWWWWful sports.
heir business seemed so
ORRRRing. "When Father
lked to his partners, I
)uldn't get out of the room
st enough. Mother and her
iends had a lovely time; they
ad books and went to mati-
:es and traveled. They were
ways laughing. I didn't know
ıy men who did any writing
hatsoever; that was a femi-
ne thing." The conflict was
)t simplified by his father's
stability. Joseph Howland
uchincloss was taken out of
roton and later law school by episodes which culminated in
rious nervous breakdowns when he was in his fifties.



At the Bedford, New York, country house—storybook aristocrats.

At Groton the battle was joined. Louis's mother had
ught him to tell the truth, and when he and two other boys
ere questioned about a prank—they had thrown a stone at a
ain—Louis quickly confessed and named his associates.
ıis was a breach of the fierce schoolboy honor code, and he
as branded a snitcher and tormented and shunned by his
hoolmates. Terrible in sports, bored and snooty, he was an
)ject failure as a Grotonian. Eventually he realized that
ademic excellence would win him respect and protection if
)t popularity. He describes the process in *A Writer's Capital.*

)r the next three years marks were everything to me. I sought
:rmission to rise before the waking bell so that I could study. I
)uld fib outrageously, and without a qualm . . . stating . . . that I
d done the required sports and then hide away on winter after-
)ons to do my Latin or mathematics. My marks rose steadily,
toundingly. I moved into all "A" divisions. . . . I became first
my form.

Needless to say, my parents were soon alarmed. They saw that
e cure threatened to be worse than the disease. Mother actually offered me a money bribe to drop my average. Could anything, I thought indignantly as I spurned her lure, more clearly prove that women, the privileged class, did not even understand the conditions of the workers? Not since Marie Antoinette had directed the poor to the pâtisserie had there been such evidence of female frivolity in the presence of serious things.

When Auchincloss graduated from Groton in 1935, he won almost every academic prize the school had to bestow.

It was at Yale, where he was an editor of the *Yale Lit,* that he decided, after much deliberation, to try writing a novel. The result was a four-hundred-page drama of love, suicide, and prep-school life modeled on *Madame Bovary.* His parents, to whom he showed it immediately, were appalled. His mother was afraid it would offend friends and family, and she was not reconciled to the idea of her son as a writer of romances; his father felt that such frivolous doings might well damage Louis's future, inevitable Wall Street career. Convinced of his genius, Auchincloss sent the manuscript off to Scribners anyway. Scribners rejected it. "And then my life simply fell to pieces," he remembers in *A Writer's Capital.* "I was not indignant at Scribner's. I was not even surprised. . . . What in the name of all that was holy . . . [was] I up to . . . dabbling in literature, rushing around to every play on Broadway, dreaming of teaching, and, worst of all, writing a novel, when all the while I knew that my real destiny, my serious destiny, my destiny as a man, was to become a lawyer and submit to the same yoke to which my poor father had so long and patiently submitted?"

In a hysterical renunciation of his literary folly, Auchincloss quit Yale after three years and enrolled in the University of Virginia School of Law, the best school that would take him without a degree.

To his amazement, and his great good fortune, he found that he loved law school. The cases were fascinating studies of human behavior, and he was thrilled by the majestic clarity of the great judges' written decisions. In 1941 he secured a position in the prestigious firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, but as the United States entered the war he realized he would be drafted if he didn't enlist, so he applied for a commission in naval intelligence. He served in the Panama Canal Zone, took part in the Normandy landings as an executive officer of an L.S.T., and wound up as commander of an L.S.T. in the Pacific. Not until he was safely back at Sullivan & Cromwell, however, did he dare submit *(Continued on page 119)*

ARTS FAIR

Mack sets his sites. Sherman gives up her ghosts. Tipton hits the switch. Streep carries *Plenty*. Sheed backtracks. Art is all. All is fair.

DANCE

Bauhaus Revisited

by Thomas Connors



CHRISTIAN VON ALVENSLEBEN

Oskar Schlemmer's *Triadic Ballet* re-dressed for New York.

History threw Oskar Schlemmer (1888–1943) a mean curve; for years, his achievements were overshadowed by those of his fellow Bauhaus-mates. But no longer. In this age of performance art and post-modern dance, people are giving the German designer-director-choreographer-painter a second look. This month, in conjunction with New York's Museum of Modern Art's exhibition "Contrasts of Form," the Joyce Theater is presenting a re-creation of Schlemmer's 1922 *Triadic Ballet* from the Academy of Arts in Berlin. And in February the Baltimore Museum of Art will mount a multimedia show of his work.

At the Bauhaus, that cathedral of new faith in art and technology, Schlemmer was the errant choirboy, peeking under ecclesiastical robes. Not that he wasn't serious, but he put a premium on playfulness. A lover of puppets, variety shows, and the circus, Schlemmer drew much of the inspiration for his theater from the famous Bauhau parties. At the same time he was a rigorous theoret cian, shuffling Aristotle dramatic unities like a car sharp and analyzing the th ater like a latter-day Euclic

While his associates– Marcel Breuer, Walter Gr pius—proclaimed their ide in glass and steel, Schlem mer chose to work wit lighter stuff: space an time, with the human fi ure as cynosure. Durin his abbreviated Bauhau career, Schlemmer create more than a dozen ballet three-dimensional realiz tions of constructivist pri ciples. The dancer was t medium, conducting an defining the unseen coord nates within the frame the stage. And in the dance themselves—simple an mundane, with neither pl nor emotional connota tions—Schlemmer thumbe his nose at current thea rical conventions.

The *Triadic Ballet* consisted twelve dances arranged in three par (with Schlemmer among the three pe formers). The eighteen sculptural co tumes—with their bulky padding, met rings, rigid planes, and spirals—simu

neously concealed and accentuated the man form, restricting the dancers' ovements. However, Schlemmer's intion was not to dehumanize but rathto isolate the pure, abstract geometry the figure in space.

A year after the *Triadic Ballet*'s last rformance in Paris in 1932, the Nazis lled the plug on the Bauhaus. While any of his colleagues moved on to shy university chairs and big commisons in America, Schlemmer stayed hind, an artistic P.O.W. in his own untry, barred from teaching and perrming.

In 1977, Dirk Scheper, head of the partment of performing arts at Ber's Academy of Arts, brought the age version of Schlemmer's *Triadic allet* back to life. He had nine costmes reconstructed from originals ored in Stuttgart, and the rest from etches and photographs. He asked oreographer Gerhard Bohner to reagine the forgotten dance pieces, and e work found a ready audience—ostly painters and architects. "The w dance people who came to see it," ys Scheper, "thought it was funny at this is called a dance." Yet for all conceptual underpinnings and its deance of categorization, it reinforces e Schlemmer credo: "Not the maine, not abstract—Man always." Auences take to it. "I see people leaving e theater," reports Scheper, "being nused and looking lucky." □

Pas de Punk

by Julie Kavanagh

Say the name Michael Clark in Britain and a collection of bizarre images automatically flash into the mind anyone who knows his work. Take our pick: there's Clark swallowing a goldfish," scratching a bared buttock, erforming in platform heels or a tutu, bourrée-ing to the entrance music om Act Two of *Giselle* with a massive ldo strapped to his loins (presumably punning allusion to the Wilis).

Clark, twenty-three, has become a cult figure in English dance and has started to conquer the international circuit as well. Last year he formed his own small ensemble, whose function is rather like that of a backup group to a rock star, and this month Michael Clark & Company makes its U.S. debut with three performances sponsored by the Walker Art Center at the Ordway Studio Theatre in St. Paul.

Even the crustiest of British dance critics have been captivated by Clark. They are willing to overlook his iconoclastic gimmicks in view of his outstanding talent as a dancer—and, they are beginning to concede, as a choreographer. They allow him to be subversive because he knows the rules. He was trained as a classical dancer at the Royal Ballet School, danced professionally with Ballet Rambert, and has worked in close association with several leading modern choreographers, including Karole Armitage and Richard Alston. This has equipped him with an astonishing range of movement.

The outrageous Michael Clark will turn more heads with his American debut.

DAVID BUCKLAND



Clark possesses a compelling quality—call it style or what you will—that derives from his serenely beautiful, androgynous face and from the stately grace, control, and inventiveness of his dancing. However anarchic his movements become, they always have reference to the classical: an arm jeeringly raised in a Nazi salute is still a port de bras. His influences are detectable in his work—his tilts and use of torso are acquired from Merce Cunningham via Richard Alston; his theatricality, irreverent wit, and sudden braking of impetus, from Karole Armitage. But all this has been absorbed and transmuted into a rich, lyrical vocabulary of his own. Clark's idiosyncratic line is defined as much in the transitions between movements as in the positions themselves. Charles Atlas, who recently completed a film on Clark, told him: "Your line is so beautiful that I can't bear to cut it."

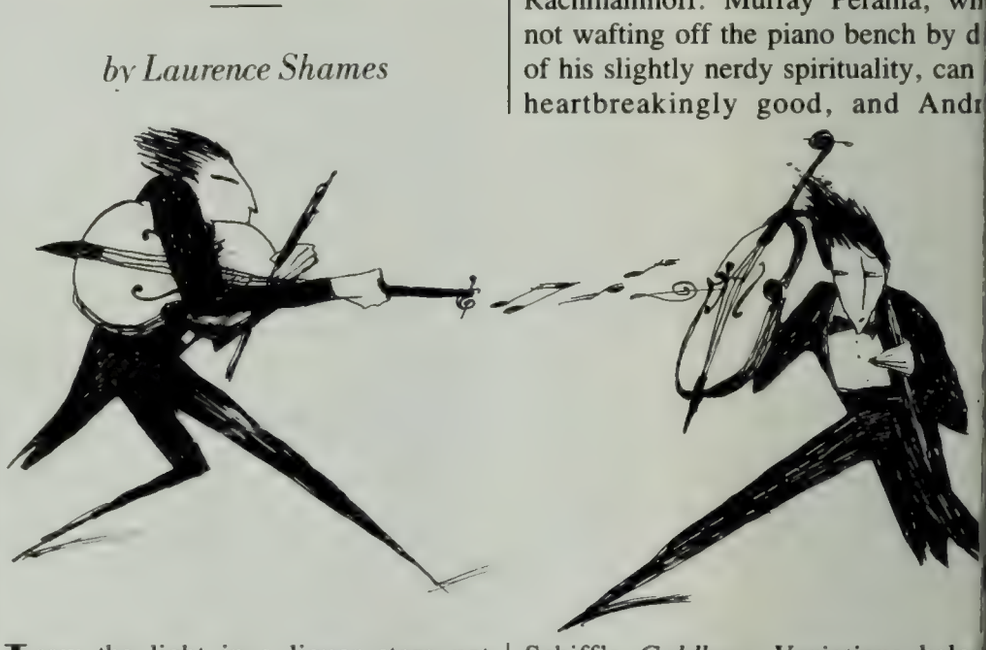
The film, "a fantasy documentary" commissioned by WGBH in Boston and Britain's Channel 4 television, is due to be shown in the U.S. early next year. Atlas's idea was to construct a narrative rather than a pure dance piece by showing Michael Clark's world both in and outside dance. The protagonists of this world include new London fashion designers Leigh Bowery and Body Map, and Mark E. Smith of the punk group The Fall, who are friends as well as collaborators. Clark's choreography is a kind of punk *Gesamtkunstwerk*, fusing new music, fashion, and dance. It is not a forced or opportunistic collaboration—"We socialize together and share the same ideas," he says. The second-skin fit and cutouts of Body Map's clothes display the dancer's physique and pure line to advantage, just as the tiger stripes echo the pronounced circles that recur in Clark's port de bras. Leigh Bowery's flamboyant, ambisexual creations seem made for the stage ("Leigh gets a lot of abuse in the street"), while The Fall's lyrics inspire not just the titles but much of the content of Clark's work. "I like playing around with the words—sometimes following them blatantly, sometimes not. It's a useful way of dealing with words without the dancers having to say them."

The program he is bringing to the United States will be a development of pieces he has done already plus "something of a Hollywood nature." Will he tone his work down for American audiences? "No. I'd only tone things down to annoy people," says Clark, in true contrary form. □

MUSIC

Taste Test

by Laurence Shames



I saw the light in a liquor store not long ago. I'd gone in for a bottle of my favorite single-malt whiskey. The clerk, however, seemed intent on having me try a bottle of *his* favorite single-malt whiskey. "No thanks," I said, "I'll take the Laphroaig." "The Macallan is better," he insisted. I offered a mollifying shrug. "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*" The clerk would have none of it. "*De gustibus* my eye," he said. "Taste is absolute."

I bought the beverage I'd come for, but over time the clerk seems to have won the larger argument. I've become convinced that people of passion make definitive judgments—especially on those topics that the conventional wisdom, fainthearted to the point of fibrillation, holds to be most subjective.

Take music. The conventional wisdom will tell you that different ears hear the same thing differently. Nonsense. The fact is that most people don't *use* their ears. If they did, the muddle si rounding musical reputations couldn possibly exist.

In the matter of pianists, there are e actly two wholly satisfactory playe before the public today, and their nam are Vladimir Ashkenazy and Mauriz Pollini. Conveniently enough, they f at the poles of the Nietzschean scher of the Dionysian and Apollonian, w Pollini making the most elegant ca possible for order and restraint and As kenazy, his Russian soul defecting over the auditorium, making one reali that before there was Coltrane there w Rachmaninoff. Murray Perahia, wh not wafting off the piano bench by d of his slightly nerdy spirituality, can heartbreakingly good, and Andr Schiff's *Goldberg Variations* belo on the shelf next to Glenn Gould's i mortal reading. Among the up-a comers, a fellow named Orrett Rhod is being hyped as the next Ivo Pogo lich. I didn't know we needed anot one, since the last one, once he'd sli ered out of the ermine coat, proved be not much more than a skinny S whose eyes rolled back in his head as illustrated the wisdom of Rubinstei dictum that a man should not play C pin before the age of forty. And spe ing of eyes, André Watts is the perf pianist for deaf people with twen twenty vision. If he were less ha some, he'd be playing Bar Mitzvahs the suburbs; if Emanuel Ax were *m* handsome, he'd be André Watts.

Among violinists, if you've got to ten to anyone other than Itzhak P man, it should be Gidon Kremer. Kre er is an awful snob, and plays like o in his Bach partitas, you can alm

ear him murmuring, "Drop dead if ou don't like it, you miserable peon." rtunately, you *do* like it. What you *n't* like is not knowing whether Pin- as Zukerman is a fiddler or a conduc- r, whether he does or doesn't have a ard, and whether the strings on his olin are made of catgut or space-age anium. But at least Zukerman hits the tes. Isaac Stern had to go all the way China to find listeners who didn't bow each other in the ribs about all e ones he missed. Nonetheless, tern has a stage presence, though not much as Kyung-Wha Chung, the vi- in's most riveting choreographer. hung begins a performance by plac- g her feet about two cubits apart, en holds herself utterly still except r a trancelike swooping sway. The se would seem a sex sell were it not at the playing is every bit as concen- ated as the pose.

Finally, a word must be said about e aesthetic turpitude afflicting today's and-name tenors. Long on voice, ort on taste, they are setting a disas- ous example for brilliant young sing- 's like David Gordon, who has, thank od, so far held the line against hmaltz and crossover. Luciano avarotti, the Judy Garland of op- a, has an incomparable knack r making the most sublime aria und like a Neapolitan organ- inder's break song. And Plácido omingo has offered himself as a illing shill for everything from hn Denver sing-alongs to An- ew Lloyd Webber's Tin Pan Al- y *Requiem*. Don't these primo ns realize that opera is quite vul- ar enough without resorting to ecked-tablecloth folk ditties and atinee-idol lullabies? For a hile, it seemed that José Car- ras—who has, by the way, the ost elegant voice of the three— as the sole holdout. But no, he as just waiting for someone to ake him an offer. Now he does p called *Romantico* and sings ony in rerecordings of *West Side ory*. Which needn't have been so d, except he's a Jet, a Jet all the ay, and the guys with the Span- h accents are supposed to be on e *other* team. *Et tu*, José? □

ARCHITECTURE

Mackinations

by Steven Simmons

More than a few architectural heads must have turned when, a year and a half ago, the Getty Trust announced seven "finalists" in the competition to build its $100-million-plus fine-arts center on a hill overlooking Los Angeles, a project too often but accurately called "the commission of the decade." For there at the top of the list, having already leapt over a number of established and more famous names, stood two young San Francisco architects, Andrew Batey and Mark Mack.

Mack, thirty-six, graduated from the Academy of Arts in his native Austria and worked for two years in the studio of the great Hans Hollein. He arrived in New York in 1973, but credits his move to the Bay Area in 1976 with the development of his distinctive style. "I saw this landscape, and I saw this access to the land, and I started to formulate some architectural ideas." His ideas harmonized with those of another young architect, California-born, English-educated Batey, and the two teamed in 1978 to give their ideas built form. The series of modest country houses (most in the Napa Valley) created during their six years together derive an austere beauty and power from, in Mack's words, "invention and tradition." Classical, often Palladian plans play off industrial and vernacular materials (concrete blocks, raw-looking wood, stucco), and stark, simple forms are painted brilliant California colors, burnt orange and salmon pink and bright ocher. Unlike most postmodern work, the Batey and Mack houses quietly allude to tradition, rather than quote from it.

Their firm, which they dissolved last year, had fewer than a dozen buildings to its credit at the time of the Getty competition—mainly the Napa Valley houses. Batey and Mack were known, if they were known at all, as strictly "regional" architects. In other words, no previous museums, no skyscrapers, no government buildings in *that* portfolio. But the Getty selection committee had been impressed with a large house the firm had recently completed in Corpus Christi, Texas, and one could easily imagine that house, travertine-clad and laid out like a Roman villa, extended to museum size and hovering majestically atop that hill in Los Angeles.

Of course, the Getty ultimately chose another route for the fine-arts center (the neo-Corbusian one of Richard Meier), but the people at the trust offered Batey and Mack a kind of consolation prize: the interior design of the Getty Center for the History of Art and the Humanities temporarily housed on four floors of a high rise in Santa Monica.

Designed mainly by Mack, it was completed last spring after he and Batey went their separate ways. Mack says their split was not "about architectural or philo-

Mark Mack and his element.



JEFFERY NEWBURY

sophical differences. It was more about practical matters, about where we wanted to go. I wanted to do different things." He has. The interiors at the Getty afforded Mack his first opportunity to work on a large-scale, public project. He successfully transformed his neo-primitive residential style for a more urban environment. Combining his signature cheap materials (poured concrete, concrete blocks, corrugated steel) with some uncharacteristically luxurious ones (stained ash for cabinetry, granite tabletops, rust leather upholstery), Mack created spaces that are attractively minimal, yet warm and welcoming.

The same can be said of his office, a tiny converted garage off an alley near Fisherman's Wharf. The conference area contains a rough-edged marble slab surrounded by director's chairs. Music plays constantly (classical in the morning, rock in the afternoon), while Mack's staff of seven works at drafting tables. The most unusual recent project to come out of the office was a house Mack designed ("I did plans and working drawings, just like on any house") to serve as a backdrop for the Rolling Stones' video "Hard Woman," a house that was "built" by computer animation: architecture meets MTV.

Another project, a store for Bogner, a clothing retailer, was just completed. It is also a departure for Mack—his first public space in San Francisco. Relatively small, but strategically placed in the heart of the Sutter Street luxury shopping area (just down the street from Wilkes Bashford and diagonally across from the fashionable Campton Place Hotel), the Bogner store holds its own with its high-powered neighbors not by means of any eye-catching shapes but, typically, through its use of materials—in this case, quintessentially urban ones: Persian-red and cream travertine and gray granite. The richness of their interplay creates a storefront that is quietly self-assured, contextually sensitive, and "conservative." But then, what most distinguishes Mark Mack from other architects of his generation is, perhaps, his insistence that "building or architecture is conservative. It's not an avant-garde profession. I leave the avant-garde to the artists."

PHOTOGRAPHY

Self-Possessed

by Gerald Marzorati

"For how long will she continue to enthrall?" the critic Peter Schjeldahl asks at the very end of his introduction to *Cindy Sherman*, the big book of her photographs published last year by Pantheon. It has for some time now been the question to ask; in the right places, at the right tables, talk about Sherman can turn skeptical, even Gothic and bitter, like dialogue in a Capote story. Listening, you conjure an image: she, Sherman, as listless and wan as she looked in the pictures she showed in 1981—the ones that so quickly and powerfully established her reputation. Having created so many fictions with her camera and her playacting, she now has to deal with one for which she did not create the role: Cindy Sherman, young and ambitious and luminescent, must crash.

The preferred scenario of Sherman's pending fall finds in her work itself evidence of a gloomy dénouement. Much of Sherman's widening audience wants to read her pictures as anguished self-portraits, as so much confession. Hence a reluctance, a real difficulty on the part of many, to separate Sherman herself—whoever that may be—from the pictures she conceives, directs, lights, does the makeup for, and stars in. This has been the case particularly since she moved on from her early "film stills," with their *film noir* roles and broad camp ironies, and commenced, with ever increasing strength and control, to produce pictures of herself as women dark and odd and pained—pictures that portray, while in no way intending to, a widely held notion of "artist." And so there is this reading: the way she holds her body, so uncomfortable with herself; the grimaces all scary, the smiles worse; the rumpled clothes and vanilla pallor—Cindy Sherman, soon to be walking into the surf.

Even those who understand that her work has nothing to do with an unfolding autobiography—and everything do with a cool intelligence applied to childhood obsession and served by film crew's array of skills—even fro these quarters you hear doubting voice Won't the hyper-self-consciousness quired to pull off these pictures—t acting at being an actress; the frami of pictures that are based on other pi tures and nothing more; the being once behind the camera and before it won't this alone lead inevitably to sor sharp and sad crack-up?

That Sherman has been ravaged n ther by self nor by her style of imag making is made harrowingly clear her new series of pictures, among t most daring and bizarre she has done, be shown this month at Metro Pictur gallery in New York. These latest ph tographs, like those, stark and grin that she took of herself in a red terr cloth robe three years ago, began as magazine project that did not pan out (this case, the magazine was *Vani Fair*). She was to read fairy tales, pi one she liked, and make pictures th would illustrate or evoke it. "At t time, I was experimenting with doing series of mutilations, people with arms, things like that," Sherman said cently. "I was doing things like tying n hands behind my back. The way I see I began reading the fairy tales and fou that I was going in that direction anywa The grotesque. I read Aesop's fables, t brothers Grimm, the *Arabian Nigh* and some Chinese folktales, which I lik best, because it wasn't always a sto leading to some happy ending. I liked when things got weird or ugly."

None of the untitled photographs meant to illustrate a specific tale. "Rea ing the tales kind of worked the way se ing all those movies when I was a k worked in my 'film stills,' " she said. just soaked it all in, and then, witho





Cindy Sherman's 1985 self-portraits veil her grim fairy tales.

ally thinking, I'll do this picture for this ory, I just started working."

The characters she eventually worked for these pictures are wretched, hen not outright terrifying. They are thy, ragged, blistered, and pock-arked—you can almost smell them. One has the face of a pig, another the tongue of a cow—victims of curses, freaks. There is a picture in which Sherman has made herself up as a toothless old hag; perhaps she is the witch.

With a few props like fake rocks, miniature figures, twigs, and grass, and some natural-look lighting (she used spots and gels to achieve "sunlight," "moonlight," and "firelight"), Sherman has summoned a certain, if not definite, sense of place. Most of the pictures make you think of the France of the *ancien régime,* the landscape to which Martin Guerre returned, the countryside that nurtured the oral tradition of popular stories upon which fairy tales are based. It's a world awful and dangerous and in no way pastoral.

Whether intending to or not, Sherman has demythologized our fairy tales, the ones passed down from Charles Perrault, who so tastefully cleaned up "Little Red Riding Hood" and the other stories he gathered and made them safe for the late-seventeenth-century salons. Sherman's is not a psychological or structuralist reading (those being the campus vogue these days), but one proposed by *mentalité* historians like Robert Darnton, who has written: "By showing how life was lived . . . in the village and on the road," folktales "mapped the ways of the world." In her latest fictions—in the way her pictures continue to explore our fictions, in this case our Disney-kid fictions of a sweeter world, once upon a time—Sherman has once more told terrible truths. □

STAGE

Luminary

by Sylviane Gold

The stage is bare; the girl is waiting; the leading man must conjure up romance. He throws a switch: A painted backdrop appears. A billowing mist. A soft breeze. Finally, the *pièce de résistance:* Moonlight.

It's one of those rare moments in the theater when the lighting designer takes center stage, and in the Broadway version of *Singin' in the Rain* the moment belonged to Jennifer Tipton. Another designer might have flooded the stage with brightness; still another might have gone with a single, dramatic beam. Instead,

Tipton all but tossed the moment away, bathing the scene in a silvery, barely perceptible iridescence.

She had had the audience in the palm of her hand, but Tipton chose to show them subtlety rather than flash. "The song in that number ["You Are My Lucky Star"] is sort of fragile, and the dance they do—it's intimate. There couldn't be lots of things happening all over the stage."

Tipton's tendency to serve the work instead of flexing her own technical muscle has made her one of the world's most sought-after lighting designers. Choreographers and directors line up to avail themselves of her artistry: Last month, in England, she lit Jerome Robbins's *Moves;* this month, the Joffrey Ballet's seasons in both New York and L.A. Next, she's back in England for the Royal Ballet's new *Giselle;* then on to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Robert Brustein's American Repertory Theatre.



MICHAEL OWENS

One of today's top lighting designers, Jennifer Tipton has been quietly practicing her evanescent art for over twenty years.

After more than twenty years, Jennifer Tipton, forty-eight, is at the top of her profession—a backstage star. Yet her work often goes unnoticed by the thousands who've seen it. "Ninety-nine percent of the people in a theater don't notice the lighting," she says. "Human beings are not aware of light. We take the sun for granted. It's so much a part of us." But she knows that even though most audience members are oblivious to the painstakingly plotted light scheme, each one *responds* to it. "Lighting controls how we look at things," says Tipton, and *she* controls the lighting.

For someone practicing this most illusory and evanescent art form, Jennifer Tipton is remarkably plainspoken about what she does. "Coming up with a stage picture," she calls it. Deciding "where, what color, and how bright" the light will be. Her clarity and directness make her choice of profession seem inevitable: surely this calm, disciplined, unaffected woman was meant to illuminate.

The daughter of two college professors, Tipton started out wanting to be an astrophysicist. At Cornell she was seduced by the dance and eventually made her way to New York. After a few years of performing, she slowly found herself drawn backstage, and a single course in lighting design plucked her from the stage forever. She lost her dancer's figure but kept her dancer's sensibility—before long she was recognized as the pre-eminent designer of lighting for dance. Since 1973, when set designer Santo Loquasto lured her to the New York Shakespeare Festival, she's been shuttling between dance and theater.

Her introduction to theater came just in time. "I felt my work was in a rut. Doing theater has stimulated me," she says. "It was a whole new world." In the old world, she knew that dancers needed sidelighting in order to appear more three-dimensional; she knew that light from below wou eliminate shado cast on a ballerin legs by her tutu; s knew that backligh ing would help sep rate a dancer fr the background. the new world, s had to learn th sidelighting cou flatten a painted s that a room with ceiling would harder to light th one without, that times actors cou get by with less lig than dancers. " dance," Tipt says, "darkness forbidden. You m *see* movement. E you can *hear* wor The directors w have meant t most to me are t ones who ha stimulated me use darkness."

Another reason Tipton enjoys worki with directors is that "they are alwa outside the play. The choreographer never outside the dance." She has fou that directors retain a certain objectiv about the material they're working wi choreographers, she feels, are so volved in making the dance that th can't step back and look at what's actu ly there. "Since you can't trust eve thing choreographers say, it's best have them say nothing." Thus, Tipt finds herself relying on her eyes to fi the meaning in movement, on her ears analyze a play.

But whether she's working on a dan or a play, Tipton's very presence in a th ater is proof that something interesting taking shape. With so many demands her time, she has become very selecti choosing her projects by how much sti ulation they afford. "Doing a Rob Wilson piece is much more reward than doing a Broadway musical," says. "In fact, for every commerc project I've done, there's been some r son—the director, the play. . . I do be ty, not commerce." □

MOVIES

Plenty Good

by Stephen Schiff

The great Australian director Fred Schepisi has done something wonderful with David Hare's hit play *Plenty:* he's made it bustle. Schepisi's movie version (from Hare's screenplay) is all charged entrances, huffy exits, forced marches down the corridors of power—it's a gabfest that feels as thrilling as an action picture. But Schepisi isn't just bulldozing a stodgy play to "open it up" for the screen. His ripping and snorting echo the restlessness of Hare's ferocious protagonist, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep), a sophisticated English scrapper who yearns to level the complacent walls enclosing her. For Susan, London during the prosperous fifties and early sixties seems fraudulent, unbearable. Where have the spunk and fervor of the war years gone? Susan can't stop daydreaming about the bravery, even the sense-quickening terror, she experienced as a young Special Operations courier secreted in occupied France. And she can't stop mooning over Lazar (Sam Neill), the British agent who parachuted into her life for one incandescent night. "I know the signs," says Brock (Charles Dance), the foreign-service officer she eventually marries. "When you talk longingly about the war, some deception usually follows." Or some breakdown. *Plenty* is about how Susan wrecks her life and the lives of everyone around her in an attempt to recapture that evanescent sensation—the heady thrall of a cause.

"I intended to show the struggle of a heroine against a deceitful and emotionally stultified class," Hare has said of his play. And on Broadway that was the problem. *Plenty* the play was didactic and unpersuasive, mainly because you never saw much of the class Hare was railing against. Susan's noble anger was the whole show—especially since she was played by the fierce (and fiercely theatrical) Kate Nelligan. But in Schepisi's version, the world around Susan opens up; crowds swell; the screen feels fully inhabited. He and Hare have sliced away most of the play's rhetoric (though not, alas, the confusing transitions) and replaced it with detail. We don't have to be told that Susan's life as a foreign-service wifey is smothering her; here are the gloomy Persian carpets, the daunting mahogany, the gargoyle-like tchotchkes that hem her in. We're watching a biography, not a lecture on postwar ennui.

Schepisi may be the most underrated movie director now working: he captures the discourse between men and their landscapes more powerfully than any filmmaker since John Ford. Which is exactly what *Plenty* needed. Standing in the sunstruck meadows of France, Susan shoots out light beams; amid the comfy clutter of bohemian London, she's jivey and loose-limbed; sitting on the committee for Queen Elizabeth's coronation, she wears drab suits and sensible shoes. She's a kind of actress, and Meryl Streep shows us how fervently this perfect chameleon longs to shed her skin and scamper away. It's an icily brilliant performance. Streep's Susan is no longer the fuming dragon of the stage production; she's softer and more vulnerable. There's a gorgeous moment near the beginning when, about to kiss Lazar, she hesitates, and then makes a swanlike swoop toward his mouth. She has considered caution and thrown it to the wind—and in one tiny stroke Streep has told us nearly everything about her. One quibble: as the character toughens and learns to hide, so does Streep. Her performance becomes crusty and grandiose—it begins to outwit itself. By then, however, it has accumulated enormous emotional power. When the film ends, we are no longer asking ourselves whether we approve of this woman. Streep has bonded us to her.

Meryl Streep shows us how fervently this perfect chameleon longs to shed her skin.



RISKO

Susan is never very far from madness, and Hare views insanity as the British so often do—as a form of vivifying rebellion. Bemoaning their own infamous stuffiness, the English tend to admire bulls in china shops: destructive personalities may be impolite, but by God they have Life. Perhaps only an Australian director and an American actress could have weaned *Plenty* from such nonsense (which has never gone over big in nations where stuffiness is achieved only by the most rigorous application). Schepisi's Susan isn't a warrior against her class, she's a rebel without a cause, a woman who learned to time her life to the rhythms of war and now simply can't find the peacetime beat. Susan is a freak, a tweedy female Rambo, addicted to war the way men sometimes are—the way that no respectable English rose could afford to be. In *Plenty,* Schepisi has created something far more fascinating than any phony-profound folderol about repression amid bounty. He's created that rarity, an indelible character: a woman who can never stop beating the bushes for the enemy, can never stop expecting mystery lovers to drop from the skies. □

BOOKS

Mum Memoirs

by James Wolcott

Once again Wilfrid Sheed is sorting through the wet laundry and hanging out his past to dry. A critic, novelist, and intellectual dove (he was baptized with tear gas in Chicago, 1968), Sheed has always held a moistened finger to the wind, checking for subtle shifts in the *Zeitgeist*. And his readings are usually dead-on. Lately, however, Sheed has been heeding a nostalgic refrain. Down memory lane he strolls, his jacket slung over his shoulder Sinatra-style, as familiar tunes waft from the jukebox. Sheed's new book, *Frank and Maisie: A Memoir with Parents* (Simon and Schuster), finds our hero retracing his steps all the way back to the stones of Florence, where, his mother claims, he was conceived. A fabulous start! But Sheed didn't quite pop into view to a blast of trumpets: "I crept reluctantly into the world, like a grumpy old man, nineteen days late, just enough to ruin the Christmas of 1930 for everyone." One can almost picture little Wilfrid in his crib, puffing on a cigar and preparing for that fateful day when he would meet John Leonard. He must have been polishing his punch lines before he cut his first toothie.



CHRISTINE RODIN

Sheed's soft-focus family portrait.

Sheed's parents, Frank Sheed and Maisie Ward, were the chariot wheels of the Catholic Revival, bringers of light at a time when Catholicism appeared to many a backward code policed by crafty priests and crazed, whacking nuns. Legions of words marched in the dust of these ever spinning wheels. Not only did both lecture and write (Maisie did fat, groaning biographies of Robert Browning and G. K. Chesterton), but they founded a publishing house whose star author was that saber thrust of provocation, Hilaire Belloc. Largely forgotten now, their publishing house defunct, Sheed and Ward were semi-known in their time, and young Wilfrid got a lot of deflected attention. "What's it like being the son of Sheed and Ward?" he was often asked, a question he interprets to mean, "Doesn't all that fame make you feel insignificant and hopeless?" His response: "If that's the question, I can only shrug." There's entirely too much shrugging in *Frank and Maisie*, too much professed nonchalance and bland candor. Sheed seems to keep his moodier emotions pacing behind the curtain while out front, pulling silver coins out of his ears, he keeps up a steady flow of patter.

For a memoirist, Sheed is curiously mum about friends, wives, and beloved acorns ("Our three remarkable children, Liz, Frank and Marion, will have to wait for another book—or else write it themselves"). No cheeping birds attend the dawn of his literary promise. "There is nothing drearier than accounts of 'how I became a writer,' " he says, and suggests that in his family writing wasn't dash and vision but expert drudge work, like dentistry. Even his polio is treated like a mere inconvenience, a minor crimp in his style. He insists on keeping everything light and genial, yet you can sense a pain, a disappointment, deeper than where he dares to probe. I'm not saying that Sheed should make like Leonard Michaels or John Osborne and point to every dripping pool of blood on the floor, but why write a memoir if you're going to keep so many things closeted? To honor my parents, Sheed might reply. But Sheed already honored his parents handsomely in an essay published in *The Good Word & Other Words*, a capsule version of this current book. Indeed, much of *Frank and Maisie* has an idle, recycled feel. At the end of nearly six hundred manuscript pages of *Frank and Maisie* I was startled to read, "In this book I have only hinted at [my parents'] achievements and scarcely mentioned their books, which I leave to some better scholar than they were able to produce themselves." Sheed's carefully-be-bothered tone is a little chilling.

Wilfrid Sheed has always been a curiously undramatic writer—a talker, not a doer. In his novel *Max Jamison*, he acquainted the reader with every inky crevice of his antihero's mind but couldn't make the character move. But if Sheed is a talker, he's an awfully good one, and *Frank and Maisie* often has the breeziness of a man letting his mind run barefoot. Like his muttering idol, W. C. Fields, Sheed is a master of the throwaway aside: "Frank used to quote a line to me of Hilaire Belloc's to the effect that monarchy was the only form of government where you didn't get your hands dirty reaching for power (your nose might be another story)." "So long as their talk was tough and their thoughts were tough, they could be working-class forever, like certain proletarian novelists and *Village Voice* writers." Sheed is also affectionately funny about Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, who flapped his robes on TV like Bela Lugosi and tried to boogie-eye the viewer into salvation. And Australia, where the Sheed-family saga often takes hilarious sparks some good pages. The problem is that everything enjoyable about *Frank and Maisie* seems incidental. The embroidery is fine, but the carpet itself is faded. How I wish Wilfrid Sheed would return to criticism. Sheed the critic cuts a lot more ice than Sheed the dispenser of "amusing" anecdotes. □

Hot Type



TIM SHEAFFER

n *The Kingdom of the Wicked* (Arbor House), his twenty-eighth novel, An-ony Burgess plots the rise of the ear- Christian church against the fall of e pagan Roman Empire, pitting Gen- e religious fervor against pagan de- uchery (rape, sodomy, pederasty, d bestiality feature prominently). rgess casts Jesus and the apostles to r in this drama, but often strains edibility. At one point Saint Paul ds a dictation of his famous Epistle th: "But the greatest of these is arity. Got all that?" The rest of the velve are also given to unlikely rases, like "*Pone in culum*" (pre- mably "Up yours").

But Burgess takes his story straight m the Bible and other classic rks. If readers new to the emperor ro find his predilection for sex with bies shocking, it's all in Suetonius. rgess misses nothing when connect- g the surge of Christianity with the b of Rome, and while the enterprise historically questionable (the Ro- n Empire didn't decline until hun- ds of years later), he has taken vantage of a common misconception t makes for good reading. Histori- s and orthodox Christians alike may e issue with *The Kingdom of the cked*, but readers seeking the higher easures of fiction will delight in this ust novel. —*Jay Parini*

Some writers have the posthumous good fortune to be found by the right biographer—James Joyce had Richard Ellmann, Henry James had Leon Edel. But the Hemingway shelf gets ever longer while Hemingway remains elusive.

Now Peter Griffin has come up with a new version of Hemingway's early years that makes him, if anything, more elusive. To write *Along with Youth: Hemingway, the Early Years* (Oxford), Griffin was granted access to letters that had been unavailable to earlier biographers. But he must have been denied—in some instances, anyway—the right to quote from them. What we get is page after page of inane paraphrase ("Ernest said he wanted her with her hand on the comfortable part of his shoulders"). It's like reading Hemingway's prose without the plot; there's no criticism, no speculation about Hemingway's character, just the famous style reproduced with bizarre fidelity. Griffin even uses the word *fine*.

Still, the book is worth reading, if only for the apprentice stories. Before the publication of *The Sun Also Rises*, Hemingway was capable of writing about one Stuyvesant Byng, who becomes a championship boxer in order to win the hand of a proper young lady. "Oh, Sty!" she sobs after he floors a hulking villain named Ape. "You're so homely and beautiful with your smashed, bloody face." You never know who's going to make it. —*James Atlas*

Italo Calvino has long been established as master of a very particular literary mode: the poker-faced pursuit of the absurd. His manner is light, speculative, metaphor-laden; his subjects have ranged from the creation of matter to the mating of tortoises.

His latest tale, *Mr. Palomar* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), describes the quandaries of a cranky, nearsighted, and paralyzingly self-conscious old duffer—a kind of existentialist's Mr. Magoo—striving for certainty and precision in a universe clouded by the "dismay of living." Mr. Palomar's search takes him to the seaside and the zoo, and most memorably to a Parisian charcuterie in the hope of establishing a more natural and sincere relationship with the pâtés on display. In the end, thwarted in his pursuit of objectivity by his own stur-

Night-Table Reading

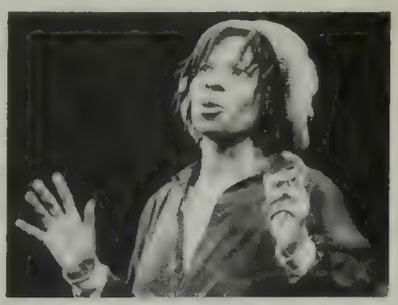
Who reads what between the sheets



ELIZABETH McGOVERN (actress): *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*, by Milan Kundera (Penguin). "It makes you feel the experience of being behind the Iron Curtain, and strikes a universal chord."

ROBERT VENTURI (architect): *The Raj Quartet*, by Paul Scott (William Morrow). "I like it because it's so tedious. It absorbs you, but not too much. And I enjoyed the TV series."

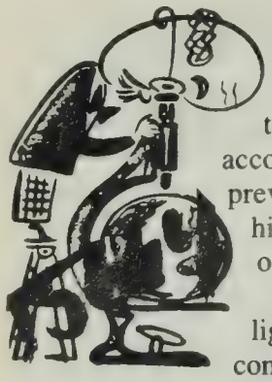




WHOOPI GOLDBERG (comedian): *King Jesus*, by Robert Graves (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). "With all the zealots we have now, it would be nice to know what the real story might have been. He was not this celibate guy for thirty-three years."



MICHAEL KORDA (editor and writer): *Exiles*, by Michael J. Arlen (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). "I'm reading it because along with my own *Charmed Lives* it's the best book about a certain kind of childhood. I'd forgotten what it was like."



dy egoism, Mr. Palomar decides instead to spend the rest of his days accounting for every previous moment of his life. But he dies on the spot.

Mr. Palomar is a lightweight but accomplished sliver of a book. Its hero's tortuous philosophizing and obsessive scruples make for unexpected humor, while its descriptions—of the moon by day, of a gecko swallowing a butterfly, of autumn starlings invading Rome—are often deliciously evocative. Above all, this minor fragment by an old master is a tribute to the dissatisfactions and bewilderments of an aging rationalist locked in the prison of his mind. *—Fernanda Eberstadt*

It seems as if Kurt Vonnegut's shoulders have always carried the burden of expression in his novels, his "so it goes" trademark, that familiar philosophical shrug at the (in)human condition.

In his latest novel, *Galápagos* (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence), a satirical broadside against nothing less than all of human evolution, Vonnegut hurls his accusations at the basic cause of every fine mess humanity has gotten itself into. "Again I trot onstage the only real villain in my story: the oversize human brain." A million years from now, the remnants of humanity on the Galápagos Islands have peacefully devolved into harmless, seal-like creatures, the sole survivors of a plague that wipes out everyone else (circa 1986)—"Dare I add this: 'In the nick of time'?" Vonnegut gets away with this stand-up sermonizing because he gives his spectral narrator post-apocalyptic hindsight, making the terrifying complexities of our era seem downright *silly*.

Galápagos is no *Slaughterhouse-Five*, but it's gratifying to watch Vonnegut's laughter through tears as he slips humanity yet another doomsday banana peel. In Darwinian lit crit, it's the survival of the funniest. *—Jean-Christophe Castelli*



TIM SHEAFFER

Princess Diana

(Continued from page 65) natural star. ("If it were Mummy, they would all be cheering," the Queen is said to have commented sadly at a subdued rally.) The pressure has fallen from Charles, leaving him free to be irresponsible at last. It's a release that has finally allowed him the postadolescent rebellion against the Teutonic boorishness of Prince Philip. Relations between father and son these days are so strained that when Prince Charles walks into a room Prince Philip walks out of it. He expressed his displeasure by not visiting Prince Harry until six weeks after the birth.

This suits Prince Charles, who is indulging in the luxury of being himself. It was not Diana who turned him into a fish-and-fowl freak. What he eats is not of much interest to her, since she's permanently on a diet.

It was his own brooding on biofeedback that led him up this path and also to insist that the Duchy of Cornwall farms be run on the latest organic lines. A posse of unlikely gurus have entered his life—Laurens van der Post, with his talk of mystical and religious experiences in Africa; Patrick Pietroni, a leading exponent of holistic medicine; Dr. Miriam Rothschild, an authority on fleas, who invented a seed mix of weeds and wild flowers known as "farmer's nightmare," which Charles has sown around his Highgrove acres; and a medium named Dr. Winifred Rushworth, whose books encouraged him to make contact on a Ouija board with the shade of his beloved "Uncle Dickie" Mountbatten. Again, it was not the princess who discouraged him from shooting. Perhaps he found it made a nonsense of his new conservation stance. Nor, most important, was it Diana who drove out the trusted Edward Adeane, along with Oliver Everett, Diana's private secretary, and Francis Cornish, the prince's assistant private secretary, who recently hopped it to some white man's grave in Borneo.

Adeane left because he was utterly dismayed by the motley crew of mystics, spiritualists, and self-sufficiency freaks acting as the prince's unofficial advisers. He simply could not stand working for a man whose private office had become redundant. He wanted Prince Charles to confront the need to create a serious role in British national life. He urged Charles to make Queen Elizabeth give him something real do. With his opera interests he coul say, become chairman of the Royal O era House. With his gardening interes he could be secretary of the Royal Ho ticultural Society. Dammit, there we respectable *public* outfits for Charles new solitary passions. But Charles fru trated Adeane by refusing to push hi self forward. Instead he took the chan to dismantle his office. It meant the would be no one to nag him anymo about duty. His tally of official engag ments dropped off noticeably. He seem to become obsessed with his childre Like John Lennon, who spent the l years of his life as a recluse playing w his son in the Dakota, Prince Charles h turned into a house husband.

No one is more dismayed by all th than his wife. When Diana fell in lo with Charles, he was a James Bo smoothy with a glamorous sheen metropolitan amours. Now he wants be a farmer. It is hard to overestima the boredom of the royal schedule s has to endure. All the royal houses a like second-rate hotels to live in, with t inmates complaining rustily that dinn was "bloody awful!" Sandringham, si ated near the freezing Norfolk Broads, the worst, but Balmoral, where Char spends most of the summer up to his a kles in the river fishing, is also the sce of hellishly convivial family picnics a Princess Margaret playing the piano u two in the morning. It's not surprisi that when she fled one autumn, Dia had only two words to say in expla tion—"Boring. Raining."

Charles, for his part, was happy his bride to evolve into the Super Sloa Ranger, but less wild about the exces of the new princessly development. I estates bring him an income of over million a year, but he is frugal to point of meanness. One of his less dearing traits is to check the refrigera at Highgrove for any sign the serva are overeating at his expense. Dia appalled at the house's discomfort wh she first saw it, immediately went i overdrive with the interior desig Dudley Poplak to create a comfortab if predictably chintzy, country home

Her lack of intellect discoura Charles. Recently he made a weeke trip to a friend's house, without Dia to study its magnificent garden. His l ropean hostess spoke perfect Engli and he complimented her. "My fat believed in educating girls," s

ughed. "I wish," said Prince Charles, that had been the philosophy in my ife's family."

If Princess Diana is a very young twen--four, he is a very old thirty-six. Only ince Charles could have picked a navy-ue suit to wear to the Live Aid concert. e allowed Diana to stay for only an hour fore dragging her away to watch polo. My wife made me go to some pop jam-ree," he grumbled to a friend.)

Unsurprisingly, they have few mutual onies. There's a worthy country-mpkin couple called the Palmer-Tom-nsons who share their skiing interests, d Lord Vestey's second wife, Celia, a nior Sloane Ranger who enjoys a cer-in lukewarm favor, but the old faith-ls like banker Lord Tryon and ieutenant Colonel Andrew Parker-owles and their frisky wives, who did much to divert the bachelor Charles, ve been banished since the marriage satisfyingly comic dénouement from iana's point of view). Bonds have eakened with other inseparables like Tory M.P. Nicholas "Fatty" Soames, Winston Churchill's grandson, who offer a more sophisticated line in conversation. ("Pass the port, he's not my sort" is one of his catchphrases.) Soames recently called his son "Harry" to curry favor with Prince Charles, but Diana is unswayed and is said to find him "heavy furniture." And since Prince Charles cannot abide the Diana clones who are her old buddies, or the neo-Neanderthal Hooray Henrys who escort them, the Waleses can find very few weekend guests for house parties. For the anniversary of Handel's birth, in July Prince Charles invited four hundred "friends" to a musical evening with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at Buckingham Palace. It was a private evening, but none of their peer group was present. The guests were all ambassadors, dignitaries, and assorted oldsters. The princess followed Prince Charles around looking glum.

Sometimes, through the looking glass, she sees glimpses of another life.

Earlier this year, while Prince Charles stayed at home worrying about the beet crop, Diana attended a charity fund-raiser escorted by her favorite English fashion designer, Bruce Oldfield. It was a chic, young evening. Oldfield is amusing company. The princess was supposed to leave at midnight, like Cinderella, but she stayed on and on. When Charlotte Rampling's husband, the charming French musician Jean-Michel Jarre, asked her to dance, the princess positively lit up. One guest told me, "Everyone within twenty yards got the fallout from Diana's mood that night. She was suddenly aware of everything she was missing."

It is somehow typical of Prince Charles that he was a yuppie when everyone else was a yippie, and now that everyone else has gone straight he's discovered the flower child's concern with brown rice and spiritualism. He's in just the kind of mood to fall in love with a nursery-school teacher in flat shoes who's kind to guinea pigs and babies.

If he looks hard enough, she's still there. □

Louis Auchincloss

Continued from page 107) another anuscript—his third novel—to another ublisher. Prentice-Hall agreed to publish *he Indifferent Children* in May of 1947. uchincloss was delighted; his parents ere horrified. He was twenty-nine years d, a graduate of law school, and a war eteran, but Mother and Father were still critical influence; he was living in their g apartment at 66 East Seventy-ninth reet. A compromise was reached. He greed to publish his book under a pseud-nym. Angrily he chose the name An-rew Lee—an ancestor of his mother's ho was said to have cursed any of his escendants who drank or smoked. It ok five or more years of struggle, with s parents and his own doubts, and the riting of two books under his own ame, *The Injustice Collectors* and *Sybil,* efore Auchincloss decided to leave the ractice of law for a while and write full-me. His parents gave in and offered to pport him financially. He moved out of eir apartment and into his own bachelor uarters at 24 East Eighty-fourth Street.

During the two years he spent writing clusively, he wrote two more books, *A aw for the Lion* and *The Romantic Egoists.* But the most important event of his bbatical was going into formal analysis ith Dr. John Cotton, head of the Department of Psychiatry at St. Luke's, himself possessed of a long pioneering American lineage. Psychoanalysis was a turning point for Auchincloss. It ended his frantic search for a personal and a professional identity he could live with. He returned to the law. He got married. Since then he has combined his two careers and the two sides of his nature with incomparable success. "A great step was taken when I ceased to think of myself as a 'lawyer' or a 'writer,' " he says. "I simply was doing what I was doing when I did it." In 1956 Auchincloss met his future wife, Adele Lawrence, at a dinner party in her parents' apartment. He and the senior Lawrences were active members of the Thursday Evening Club, a group of New York society families who met regularly for lectures and musicales with a view to broadening their cultural prospects. In 1959 he and Adele moved to their present apartment on Park Avenue. "After that," Auchincloss says, "things have been more or less in a groove."

It's a groove that might exhaust a less organized, less energetic man. Each Auchincloss work or article in progress is neatly stashed in a manila folder, and for thirty years he has kept complete scrapbooks of his career—every review, every story, every notice of a lecture or reading. He writes on weekends in Bedford while Adele gardens, or after hours at the office, or in the evening at home, or wherever he happens to be. Using a No. 2 pencil, he works on oversize yellow legal pads propped on a lapboard, or on his knees, or on whatever is handy. "The special conditions some writers require are luxuries," he says. "I've learned to stop and pick it up. Have you ever seen an opera singer rehearse? Now, if I were singing Alfredo's aria 'De' miei bollenti spiriti' and I stopped, I'd have to go back to the beginning! But they pick it up at the exact note."

In 1964, ten years after he returned to practicing law, Auchincloss wrote his ninth novel, the one he thinks is his best, *The Rector of Justin.* A powerful story about a boys' prep school and its founder and headmaster, Dr. Francis Prescott, the book deals with the consequences of an idealism based on illusion. To write it, Auchincloss read every privately printed biography of great headmasters that he could find, and drew heavily on his memories of Groton and its indomitable founder, Endicott Peabody. Groton was an extraordinary school: Auchincloss's class produced a secretary of the army, an assistant secretary of state, ambassadors to the Philippines and Indonesia, a novelist,

Louis Auchincloss

a Benedictine monk, a covey of successful doctors and lawyers, and presidents of the First National City Bank, the Mellon Bank, and the Celanese Corporation. But Peabody, for all his grandeur, was too simple a man for Auchincloss's hero; to create Prescott's character, he drew on his New York friend Judge Learned Hand, the chief judge of the Second Circuit of the Federal Court of Appeals and one of the foremost jurists of the twentieth century. Auchincloss is one of a handful of fiction writers with the confidence to discuss their sources. His characters are sometimes taken directly from life, but more often they are made up of bits and pieces of people he knows—and doesn't hesitate to identify. Most of Auchincloss's models are not famous people; they come from a stratum of New York society above celebrity, from the class of people who still think of publicity as something to be avoided, and who watch television, if they watch it at all, on black-and-white nine-inch screens. Besides Judge Hand, Auchincloss has based characters on his grandmother, fellow lawyers, and Aileen Tone, who was secretary and companion to Henry Adams. Although he's often been compared to Henry James and Edith Wharton, the primary literary influences on him have been the nineteenth-century French novelists—Stendhal, Flaubert, and the Goncourts. The novel that has had the most profound effect on him, a book he knows almost by heart and from which he drew the plot and characters for his own novel *A World of Profit*, is the Goncourts' *Renée Mauperin*, an obscure classic about a French bourgeois family in which the price of social climbing is a lingering death.

Honorable Men, his twenty-second novel, which Houghton Mifflin has just published, is the first contemporary novel he has written since *The House of the Prophet*, which was based on the life of Walter Lippmann. *Honorable Men* is vintage Auchincloss, but the writing is leaner and meaner than in his other recent novels. There is less furniture and more action. "The book is different in that the two protagonists are more completely imagined, more completely created than my other characters," Auchincloss says. "I thought I was going to give some idea of how the Vietnam War had come to be. I used to tell my father that if my friends at Yale ran the country there wouldn't be any trouble, and they *did* run the country!" He laughs. I laugh. There *was* trouble. When Auchincloss finished the book, he despaired. He had not done what he had set out to do, and he considered abandoning it. A few days later he reread it and felt a tremendous relief. It wasn't what he had planned, but it was good. "I don't know what this book is," he says, "but it stands on its own two feet."

The novel's principal character is Charles "Chip" Benedict, the handsome scion of a Wasp glass-manufacturing family who eventually becomes special assistant to the secretary of state during the Vietnam War. Benedict marries Alida Struthers, a witty but not wealthy beauty who, on a lark, has become debutante of the year—seducing her away from the rich wimp to whom she is engaged. The other major figures are Gerry Hastings, the embodiment of naval masculinity, who is Benedict's commander on an L.S.T. during World War II, and the androgynous Chessy Bogart, a charming, self-confident scholarship boy whose brash seduction of Benedict one night in their dormitory at prep school reverb ates through the book. Embedded in t story are the old Auchincloss theme What has happened to morality witho religion? What is a man, and what do he have to do to prove it in our societ Ironically, Benedict betrays his manho in loving his friend Chessy and confir it by destroying him. The massacres co mitted by American soldiers in Vi nam—that ultimate perversion of t masculine ethic—finally seem to huma ize Benedict. Although Chessy and Ali are right in their assessment of Bened as cold and inhuman, rightest of all is l mother. "From the very beginning, could see that you were struggling w yourself," she tells him near the end the book, "and I was always afraid th you were struggling with something b in yourself. That was the puritan in m A struggle had to be like that hu George Barnard statue they used to ha in the main hall of the Metropolitan a that now, I think, is in the cellar. It rep sents the two natures of man, one go and one evil, wrestling with each oth What I couldn't see . . . was that a ch might be simply struggling to be hi self." In a world without religion, M Benedict has seen that she and her son moral leftovers, people cleaving to cod of behavior that have lost their found tion. "[Your father] told me once," M Benedict says, " 'You and Chip have lot in common. You're both purita without a god.' "

These days Louis Auchincloss see supremely at home in the world. His so are grown, his work is expanding, and the end of next year he will reach mand tory-retirement age. His law career w be over, and he is looking forward writing full-time again. Even the discre ancy between his critical reputation a the quality of his work doesn't bother h so much anymore, he says. "The criti saying that I have a narrow focus used make me so cross, but now I've got used to it." Perhaps he'll be recogniz posthumously, this dedicated writer w has told us so much about ourselves. T narrowness of his focus is a false iss and he knows it. Like all the great nov ists, he has written about the hum heart, the conflict between desire and m rality, the rules people make for the selves, and the way they live out th lives. If the critics and the literary est lishment don't get it, he's not going make a fuss. It doesn't matter. As long he can keep on writing. □

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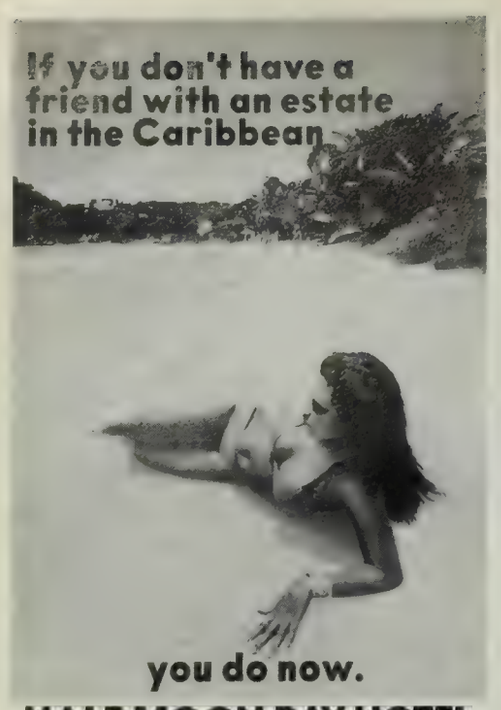
Son of Brideshead

(Continued from page 71) in nothing but horses. A typical case was the late Duke of Beaufort—a man universally loved for his benignity—who, despite living in the unrivaled glory of Badminton House, Gloucestershire, reckoned that any time not spent hunting was time wasted. When he died, last year, a group of antihunt terrorists tried to dig up his grave. It was a signal example of the way the class war in Britain (itself, as I maintain, a product of the unnatural system of primogeniture) has spread to the English country house. Our spiteful inheritance taxes mean that those with even a modest property must be prepared to see 60 percent of its value confiscated on death. Mrs. Thatcher's second Conservative government has done nothing to relieve the intolerable burden of this tax—in fact, if anything, she has made it more difficult to avoid. One suspects that large sections of the British Conservative Party suffer from what might be called the younger sons' complex. With the preposterous values placed on works of art nowadays—largely as a result of Paul Getty and American foundations—it will not be long before few, if any, of the contents of Britain's treasure houses remain in private ownership, and few enough will remain in Britain, although a socialist government will probably prohibit their export without compensation to the owners. Every generation produces at least ten noblemen who are ruined by these capital taxes and have to sell up, as well as a few—like Lord Warwick's heir, who decided to dispose of Warwick Castle with all its contents in order to live a life of luxury abroad—who opt out. My own view, which is hard to justify scientifically, is that at this late stage of the game every work of art which moves from private ownership into the public sector—whether becoming the property of a state gallery or of some great American foundation—represents a net loss to the sum of human happiness.

Conrad Russell, the friend of Lady Diana Cooper, who was a cousin of the Duke of Bedford, wrote to Lady Diana after the death of one of his ducal cousins: "Woburn makes anyone believe in the curse on Church property. There's been no happy normal life there since Great-Uncle Bedford died in 1861. Since then we've had old William, Uncle Bedford, Tavistock, Herbrand and Hastings. It makes six in succession all unhappy, tragic figures. If I had Woburn I'd make it a showplace with restaurants, swimming pools, dance-halls, car parks, guides for four summer months and let the public have a good time..."

Under the influence of people like Conrad Russell, the younger son of a younger son, this is exactly what has happened, of course. Woburn is now something between a museum and a funfair. Clandon, where my wife spent her childhood as the only daughter of the last Earl of Onslow to live there, now belongs to the National Trust. Go and stay with the bouncy young Duke of Roxburghe and his attractive wife at Floors Castle and you will find notices up all over the place pointing to tour-bus parking lots and public conveniences. Longleat is now situated in the middle of a wild-game park; the small apartment kept private for Lord Bath's heir, the eccentric Viscount Weymouth, is decorated with his own mildly pornographic pictures, which he seems to prefer to the treasures of seventeenth-,





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Son of Brideshead

eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century art available to the public.

Apart from these palaces and treasure houses, the English-country-house tradition survives, chiefly in the larger manor houses and minor magnates' seats, where life, mysteriously enough, manages to continue despite the disappearance of those ten indoor, ten outdoor servants once considered essential—and despite the vindictive and confiscatory tax system that the whole apparatus inspired. The penalties of living out this fantasy are severe enough. In my own modest, twenty-five-room home, the cost of heating became so astronomical five years ago that we now shiver throughout the winter, as earlier inhabitants did throughout the centuries, with two or three rooms heated by open fires and icy stretches in between. The burden of maintenance, where a slipped tile in the roof or a burst water main can cost tens of thousands of pounds without any warning, means that any pretense of continuity or permanence is a sham. Pictures disappear from the walls from time to time—or pieces of furniture from the bedrooms—and reappear at Christie's or Sotheby's as the only possible means of keeping the show on the road.

But in spring, summer, and early autumn, it all seems worthwhile. The pleasures of the English country house, as they survive, are not so different from what is available at some American country clubs: hunting, tennis, croquet, fishing, bridge, backgammon, billiards, table tennis, walking, bicycling. The big difference between E glish-country-house life and the Ame can country clubs is that in the form everything is free (at least for the guest everybody knows each other, and e erybody is gathered together to cel brate a certain idea of what life shou be about. It is a life dedicated to dec rous pleasures, to good manners, and the joys of civilized conversation.

In the last ten years, almost un marked in the public consciousnes there has been an extraordinary diaspo of the educated English. Read any ol boys' list from the top twenty schools England and you will find that abo two out of every three people on the l are currently living abroad. In the Un ed States or Canada in many cases, b chiefly in the Middle East: Saudi A bia, Kuwait, the Persian Gulf. The are the regions where nobody in l senses really wants to live, but whe there is quick money to be made. Ta to any of these exiles on the dry, inho pitable shore of Islam and you will fi that they all sustain themselves mo than anything else by reading the pag of three or four English magazines th carry advertisements of large coun houses for sale: *Tatler, Country Li The Field,* possibly *Vogue* or *Harpe & Queen*. They all dream of green law smelling of mowed grass, where the bi sing and the scent of roses drifts throu their bedroom windows in the mornin They all still think of a world wh those less fortunate than themselves friendly and respectful, where nev laundered linen sheets appear as magic on their beds every morning. I the one vision that England has given the world, and the vision to which mu of England still clings. □

J. Paul Getty, Jr., Comes Clean

(Continued from page 90) a lot, but he withdrew into his own private preoccupations."

By the summer of 1971, Talitha was living away from Paul and had decided to divorce him. She came to meet him in Rome to discuss their future. On July 11 she was found in their apartment, dying from an apparent overdose of barbiturates. No one knows what had gone on the previous night, and it was not until six months later that the police decided that Talitha had died from a massive overdose of heroin. Gail Getty, Paul's ex-wi remembers that the Rome newspap were full of stories about Paul ing wanted for questioning, and a possible indictment for negli homicide.

Immediately following Talith death Paul had gone to see Gail, w was staying at Palo, his father's est on the Mediterranean north of Ron "I called Father to ask his permiss to stay there, and he hemmed a hawed and said, 'Well, I don't w any of those wild hippie parties ther

s if I was going to have any wild ippie parties with Talitha just dead a ouple of days. And I lost my temper that one. I lifted the phone and I oked at it and I just said, 'You bas-rd.' And rang off." Shortly after alitha's death, Paul's father added a odicil to his will leaving him only 500, although he remained a recipi-nt of the income from the Sarah Getty rust.

ollowing Talitha's death, Paul "lived a pretty solitary life," ac-ording to Christopher Gibbs. His oung son Tara stayed with Gail Getty nd Paul's other children for a time, nd was then sent to live with his ma-rnal grandparents in France. Gibbs escribes Paul as concentrating on the details of bookbinding, compari-ons of opera singers' high C's, and ducating his English friends on the ovies, literature, and book publish-g." He is considered by many to be e world's most important private ollector of rare books.

Paul remained deeply dependent on rugs during this period. In April 1984 ail gave sworn testimony that "Paul . has had a serious drug problem for any years involving the use of heroin nd cocaine. . . . I have seen prescrip-ons written by his doctors for her-in." His father had refused to see im. Getty senior told his man Friday, orris Bramlett, in 1971, "I'll have othing to do with him until he quits sing those drugs." He died five years ter without having met his son again.

Paul's troubles continued to mount. wo years after Talitha's death, his el-est son, J. Paul Getty III, was kid-apped. Both Paul and his father be-eved at first that the kidnapping was hoax, since Paul III had been himself ving what they thought to be a strange" life and consorting with un-avory characters. But four months af-r the boy's disappearance his ear was ut off and sent to a Rome newspaper, nd Paul junior agreed, at his father's sistence, to put up $850,000 of the 3.3 million ransom. The money was orrowed from Paul senior and paid ack to him automatically out of Paul nior's share of the income from the arah Getty Trust.

Paul says that because of the ran-om's drain on his income he had dif-culty fulfilling his financial responsi-ilities. In 1976 he was sued by Gail for not giving over a share of his income to trusts for his children, as he was obligated to do by the divorce settlement. In 1981, while Paul III was receiving treatment for a drinking problem, he suffered a stroke which left him paralyzed, almost blind, and barely able to speak. Paul junior at first refused to pay his son's $25,000-a-month medical expenses and was sued by his ex-wife. He finally came through with the money, after a California judge publicly excoriated him.

Lately, however, Paul has become far more helpful to his children. As part of the settlement of the Getty-family squabble he has established a separate trust that ensures all his children ample funds for living expenses. And he bought homes in California for Paul III and Aileen.

The greatest change in Paul's life recently is his taking on of the role of a major philanthropist, the Rockefeller of Great Britain. The donation to the National Gallery was his grandest gift, but he has also given more than $8 million to the British Film Institute. His most provocative gift was $500,000 to the Manchester City Art Gallery to prevent an Italian painting of the fourteenth century from going to the Getty Museum. At the time he said, "I was fed up with everything streaming to Malibu. It's crazy, but that museum has so much to spend, it's put artificial values on the art market."

The trust set up for the National Gallery is one of the fifteen largest charitable trusts in Great Britain. It prompted William Waldegrave, a government spokesman on the arts, to declare in the House of Commons that "Maecenas has come amongst us," a remark that drew cheers. And Getty's importance as a patron will soon be even greater, when the second Paul Getty, Jr., charitable trust is established, the one described by Christopher Gibbs as "a very broad-based trust to help people, places, buildings, and medicine." Gibbs recalls that Paul "always wanted to change things, to wipe out ugly architecture so that beautiful buildings looked more beautiful. He wanted to extinguish the ugly." These days, Gibbs says reflectively, "I think Paul's made of his misfortune something quite remarkable." □

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Out to Lunch

with Mordecai Richler, who is anything but crabby with DAVID SACKS

Canadian writer Mordecai Richler sinks onto a rust-orange banquette at Le Périgord restaurant in New York, looking bleary. He has arrived on the 7:30 A.M. flight from Montreal. At nearby tables, tan, groomed business people huddle intently. Richler has a large head that seems to explode on his shoulders. His lank dark hair, combed back, pushes stubbornly out and forward. His bulb nose might once have been broken. He wears red loafers, checked trousers, a tweed jacket too heavy for the warm day, a pink shirt, and a loose mustard tie. The shirt and tie don't clash, but with Richler inside them they ought to.

Sometime screenwriter and journalist, Richler is best known in the United States for his fourth novel, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz,* the movie version of which starred Richard Dreyfuss. About (as one character says) "a little Jew-boy on the make" in postwar Montreal, the story offers a blunt view of the working-class ghetto of St.-Urbain Street, where Richler grew up in the thirties and forties.

He gives his vodka and grapefruit juice a grateful pull, then lights up a Schimmelpenninck cigarillo. He is in town, he explains, for tomorrow's meeting of the Book-of-the-Month Club judges, who choose the titles to be offered as club selections. When I congratulate him on having achieved the writer's dream, a source of steady income, Richler is wary: "It's not a sinecure. You've got a lot of work. But yes," he allows, "it pays handsomely. And I like coming to New York every third week."

His faint Canadian accent sounds through in certain words: *oot, aboot, a-tall.* Although genial, he is cautious, assessing. He seems a keen observer—which comes as no surprise. What does come as a surprise, considering his scrappy appearance and the tough-guy protagonists in his fiction, is that Mordecai Richler is [illegible].

We discuss the film adaptation of his most recent novel, *Joshua Then and Now,* a farcical tale about the mid-life [illegible] and memories of (yes) a famous Canadian Jewish writer. The movie version, starring James Woods, directed by Ted Kotcheff, with a screenplay by Richler, is out right now from Twentieth Century Fox.

He starts to relax. Flourishing his sixth or seventh Schimmelpenninck, he laments that so much of a film's budget is wasted on producers' perks. He is enthused when the waiter names the day's special, sautéed soft-shell crabs, which he orders. He munches contentedly on



JAMES HAMILTON

"There are rogues and rascals everywhere."

an appetizer sampling of the cold buffet. Here is another Richler emerging: one capable of vastly enjoying himself.

He describes installing a one-ton snooker table at his country house in rural Quebec, where he lives four months of the year, from early May on. (Weekends and vacations he is joined by his wife and five children, the youngest of whom is seventeen.) He speaks fondly of the local inhabitants, the plumbers and carpenters with whom he drinks in "dark dirty pubs that are almost like sheds, full of flies." Every other Saturday is roast-beef-dinner night at the Thirsty Boot in Knowlton; bring your own knife because the management supplies plastic cutlery only: too much pilferage.

Our meal arrives. Richler's soft-shells are a big success. "This is ju delicious, very succulent." He glance at my plate of scallops. "I think yo made a mistake."

I ask if it's true that he once insulte Mrs. Sam Bronfman of the Seagram fortune family, one of Montreal's fore most. "I'm afraid so, yeah." Aft some prompting, he tells the story: " was the opening of the film of *Dudd Kravitz,* one of those big charity thing and I'd had a bit to drink. She sai 'Well, you've done very well for a St Urbain Street boy.' So I said, 'You' done well for a bootlegger's wife.' "

"Did she laugh?"

"No, the family doesn't talk to m ever since." Richler shrugs wryly.

I ask why he so often writes abo being Jewish.

"You write about what you know bes You're stuck with it. I was brought up a very Orthodox background, although broke away when I was thirteen. Had been born a Presbyterian in a small O tario town, I would have chosen that. B I don't know that life from the inside."

"Some of your Jewish characters a unpleasant," I say. "Don't you thi this plays into the hands of bigots?"

"You know, you write about people you find them. I find a lot of these peop very engaging myself. If you took a sp cial condescending attitude toward cha acters because they were Jewish, th would be truly offensive. So there a rogues and rascals everywhere."

"What's your next project?"

"A novel. I can tell you the titl that's all: *Solomon Gursky Was Her* But I never discuss it." He proceeds discuss it, briefly: the setting is Ne York and Canada's Northwest Territ ries. Over a plate of raspberries, Rich extols the Arctic. "Everyone up there either a drunk or a runaway or a disa ter. It's very sleazy. I adore it."

We drink Rémy and espresso. I as "If you were writing this colum whom would you invite to lunch?"

He shrugs, laughs, hesitates. "R quel Welch. Why fool around?" □


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My latest list of what I like and don't like so much about women.

My dislikes.

1. A woman who tells you everything. As soon as you've met her.

2. Who can't go to the movies by herself.

3. A woman who wears exercise clothes when she isn't exercising.

4. Who uses a pencil to dial the phone.

5. Who reads book reviews. Instead of books.

6. A woman who calls everyone darling.

7. Who thinks it's extravagant to buy two bottles of perfume at once.



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My likes.

1. A woman whose best friend is a man.

2. A woman who loves dogs that are bigger than cats.

3. Who enjoys getting dressed for dinner. At home.

4. Who sings, loud, even though she's tone deaf.

5. A woman who gets mad. And isn't afraid to say so.

6. A woman who sends man flowers, just becaus it's raining.

7. Who doesn't think it's extravagant to buy two bottles of perfume at on Mine, of course.

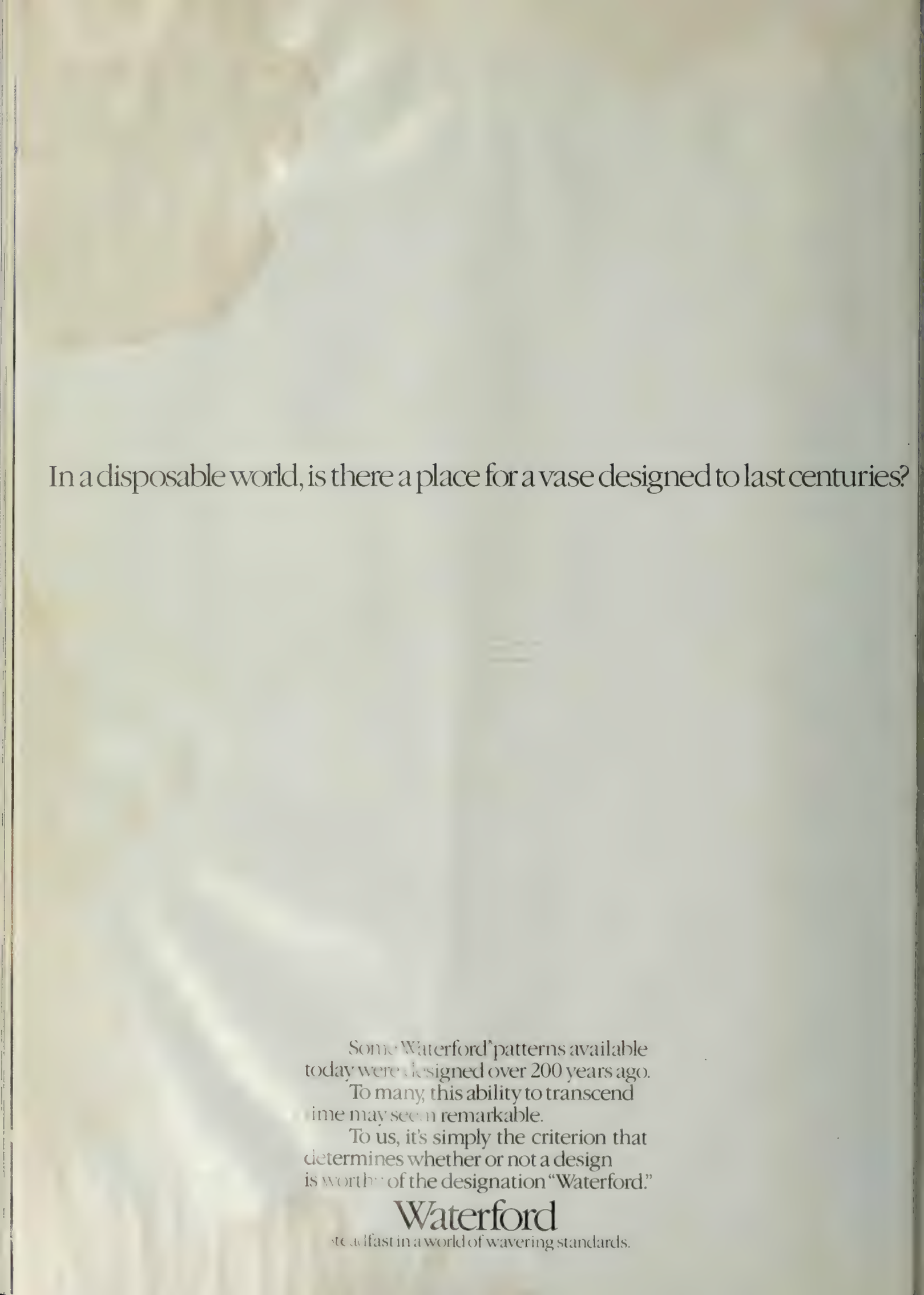
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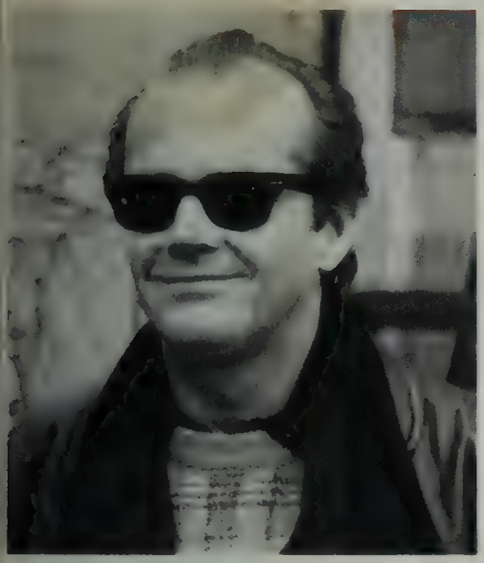

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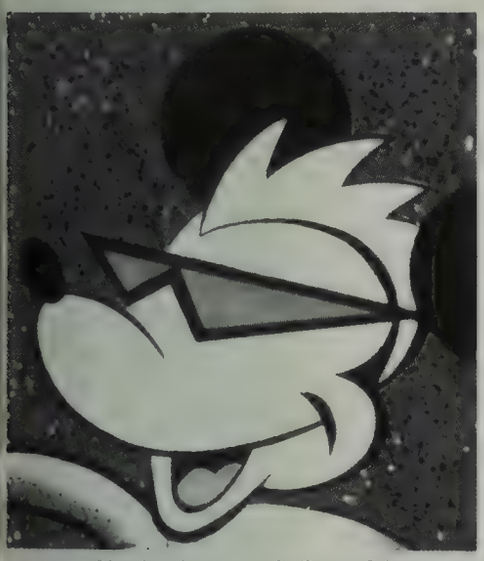
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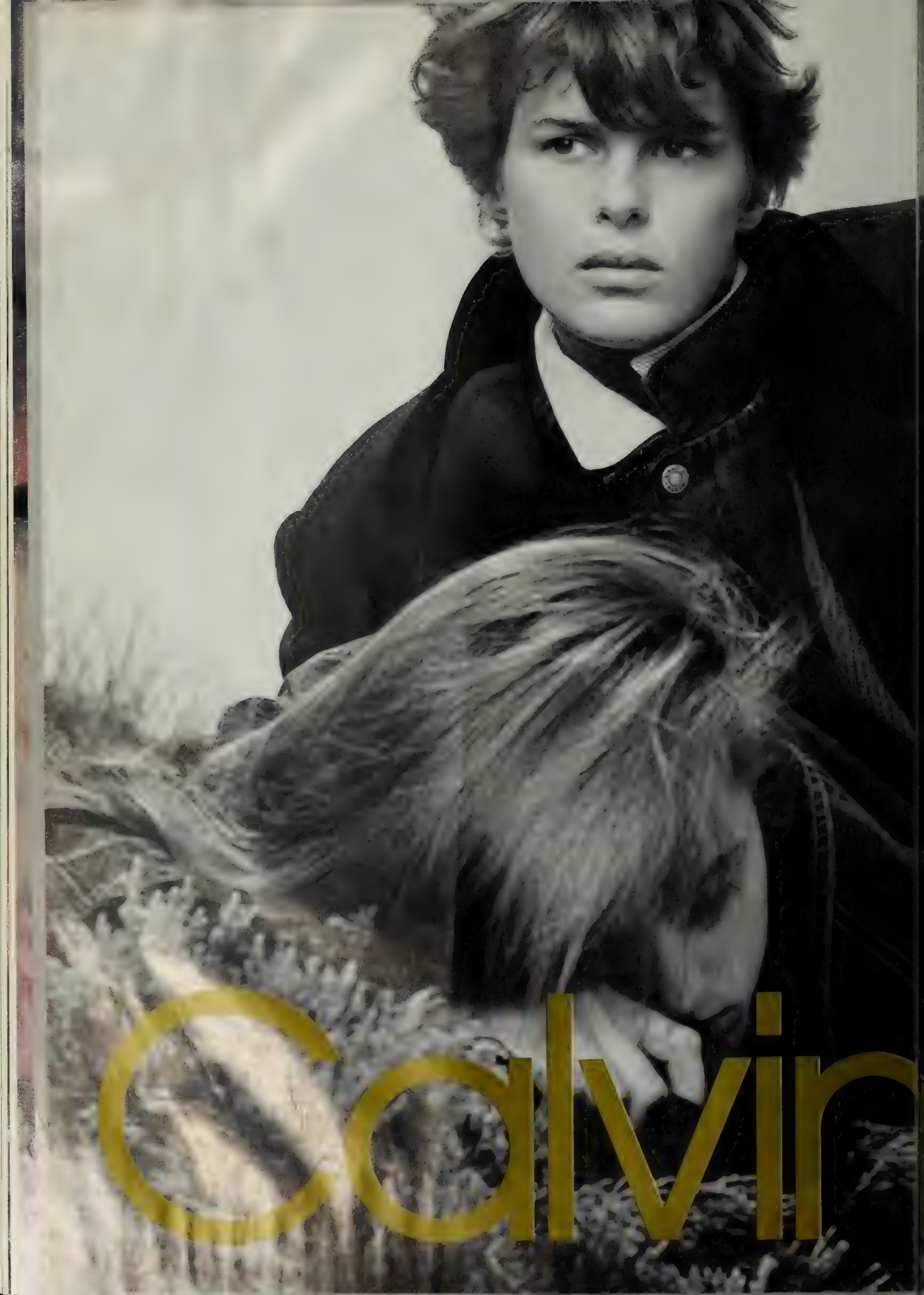
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EDITOR'S LETTER

CALIFORNIA ON MY MIND



This month *Vanity Fair* has a light allover tan. Since California has always been so hospitable to us, we decided to return the compliment with a California issue.

Don't misunderstand me. This is not a comprehensive, golden collector's issue on the run from the offices of *Esquire*. *Vanity Fair*'s editors were not required to trawl through the yellow pages in search of the soul of the surfboard. We preferred to produce an issue that was fast, fanciful, perhaps a little flaky. Take it as a pop-up book of California.

That's not to say you haven't got something special here. As soon as you start to read you'll hear the original voices of the fresh talent coming out of the West: David Thomson, whose novel *Suspects* was published by Knopf earlier this year to critical acclaim; Eve Babitz, author of the novel *L.A. Woman;* Amy Hempel, whose collection of short stories, *Reasons to Live,* was a fine literary debut; and Bret Easton Ellis, whose first novel, *Less than Zero,* about numb blond L.A. teenagers, was the toast of the Hampton Jitney all summer.

Outrageously, Ellis is only twenty-one and still at Bennington. One of the nicest parts of an editor's job is being able to spirit a new face off a dust jacket and into the bar at the Algonquin. The supercool brat on the flap of the book whose appearance seemed to match the voice of the narrator turned out to be pleasantly diffident in person. Since Cool is an ironic theme of his novel, it seemed fitting for *Vanity Fair* to send Bret to hang out in L.A. with an actor who supposedly epitomizes it—Judd Nelson. Their thrumming odyssey in search of the Bud Club is recounted on page 90.

On my trips to California, everyone I meet seems to be an art buff. One feels an almost solar energy radiating from the Getty Museum. Certainly it has inflated the art market, but it has also generated a new cultural self-esteem for California—and with it a raised consciousness of serious creativity that finally beats the kooky rap. New Yorkers seem oddly oblivious to this burst of creative energy in the West. They still stubbornly maintain they live in the capital of culture, while in fact in New York painters, writers, and actors are being ground down by the forces of money. It was all crystallized by the excited tones of David Reid on the phone from San Diego. "Yes, yes," he exulted, "California is the new Alexandria." Reid was introduced to us by the novelist Leonard Michaels, who had taught him at Berkeley. His essay, on page 68, describes the exhilarating tension in California between the pleas the spirit and the rigors of the flesh.

Hollywood, of course, is not exactly th ens of America. It's more Scarface than Sc Witness the saga of Robert Towne, possi best screenwriter of our time, and *The Two Jakes,* his ca sequel to *Chinatown* and this year's great Tinseltown del met Towne a year ago in Los Angeles and was captiva his beleaguered beard and air of humorous crucifixion pared with all the honed, tanned, hip people swanning a there was something wonderfully untidy about the s Towne had to impart. When I saw him it was his divo was plaguing him, and the "hostile, whacked-out, shrinks who stand up and testify about whether I shoul control of my own life and then send me the bill." No *Two Jakes* is trauma number one, and on page 58 David son chronicles the imbroglio of marauding egos that ma Towne's best-ever screenplay from reaching the screen.

Monstrous movie behavior seems to flourish under t tiginous Californian sky. Whenever I'm there I'm struck weightless quality to life, the liberating lack of past. N seems interested in who or what you were before you go Parents are kept firmly under wraps. Your life exists onl present tense. It's rather like being at a party on a boat. cast off, your landlocked life falls away and you feel ac able to no one. At its worst it leads to the excesses movies; at its best it's a gift of regeneration to peop dream of becoming someone else. Often the new peop meet have entirely shed their memories along with their résumés. Given Californian amnesia, I was not surpr hear that when Werner Erhard had to remember some de his life he hired an investigator to look into it.

This issue captures well the Californian edge-of-the feeling. We chose Mr. and Mrs. Rambo for the cover be California issue wouldn't be complete without some sp lar pectorals. As Dudley Moore once said to me, "Und all this depth I'm really very superficial."

That's an aspect of California, too.

Tina Brown

Editor in chief


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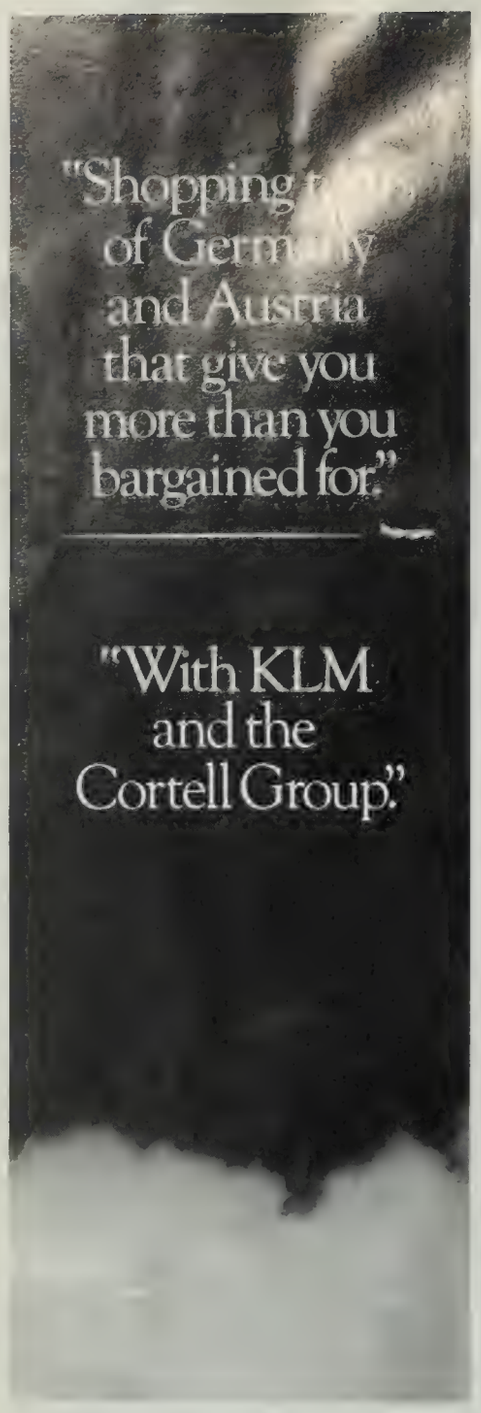
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COVER: ROCKY AND ROCKETTE

Brigitte Nielsen wears sapphire-and-diamond earrings and ring, all from Bulgari, N.Y.C.; and swimsuit with jeweled straps, made to order by Giorgio Sant' Angelo. Sylvester Stallone wears gabardine coat and pants by Yohji Yamamoto; mesh tank top by Gilles Charriot for Tous les Caleçons, N.Y.C.; and alligator belt with silver buckle, by Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Photograph by Herb Ritts.

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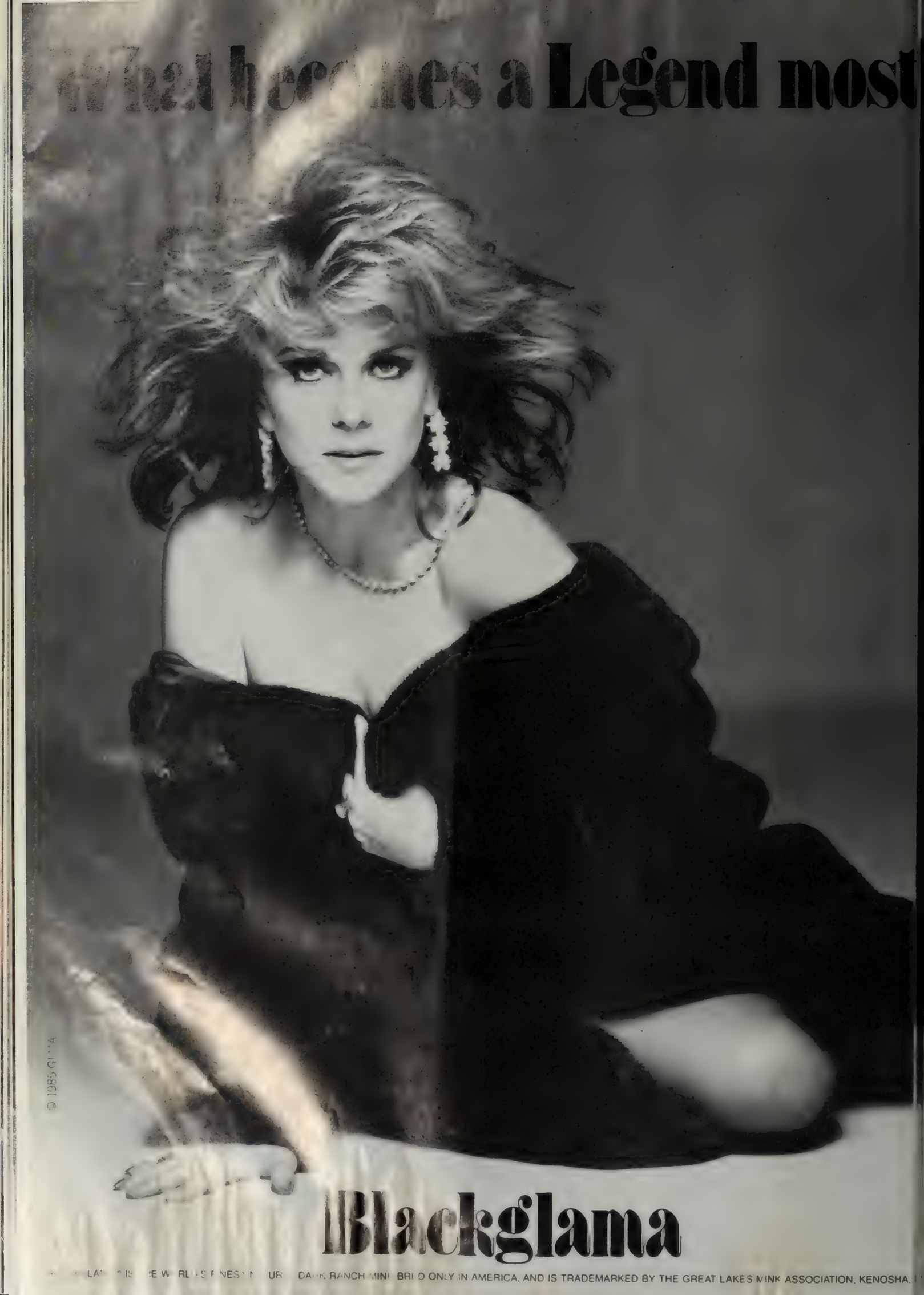
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LORD BYRON'S DILEMMA
(or, the lady or the Sambuca Romana?)

Once a reputation reaches legendary proportions, fact and fiction tend to blur. In the case of George Gordon Noel Byron, a great deal is known but details are shadowy. He did move to Venice permanently in 1817. He was young and lame and handsome, and already notorious. The details of his infatuation with Sambuca Romana are harder to pin down.

It is said he first encountered this suave and elegant liqueur on an earlier visit to Rome, where it was, and still is, concocted from the berries of the wild elderbush. Smooth and mellow, with a fiery heart and an undercurrent of wildness, it soon became a passion. A passion equal to or surpassing an earlier love for coffee. If these things are so, we can be certain he indulged both pleasures while in Venice. The opportunities were there.

The story is told that it was in a Venetian cafe, early for a rendezvous, that he first ordered the two drinks at one time. His coffee arrived and, just as he saw his contessa stepping from her gondola, the liqueur. As he started to his feet, somehow jostling the waiter, the Sambuca Romana spilled, into the coffee. There was time for only one sip. He sipped, considered a moment, then sat down to finish the cup at his leisure.

It was plain the lady would have to wait. The attraction of this sensuous new taste was greater even than hers.

For the rest, we know Byron left Italy soon afterwards for Greece and his ultimate destiny. As for Sambuca Romana and coffee, taste is history.

SAMBUCA ROMANA



Drop us a line and we'll send you our Sambuca Romana recipe booklet. Sambuca Romana 84 Pf. Imported by Palmer & Lord, Ltd. Dept. V11, Syosset, NY 11791.

CONTRIBUTORS



Eve Babitz's fiction includes *L.A. Woman* and a collection of short stories, *Slow Days, Fast Company*. Her articles have appeared in *Vogue* and *Rolling Stone*. She plans to title her next book *Cheap Thrills, Expensive Regrets*.



Jon Bradshaw's biography of Libby Holman, *Dreams That Money Can Buy*, was published in March by William Morrow. A contributing editor of *Esquire*, he is now writing a spy novel set in Miami and Budapest.



Bret Easton Ellis's f novel, *Less than Ze* was published last spr by Simon and Schust Mr. Ellis grew up in Sh man Oaks, Californ and is currently a senio Bennington. He has a written for *Rolling Sto*



Amy Hempel is a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair*. Her first collection of short stories, *Reasons to Live*, is out from Knopf. Her fiction has appeared in several anthologies, including this year's edition of Bantam's *The Editors' Choice*.



Arthur Lubow, who wrote the profile of Fran Lebowitz for the August issue, is now at work on a biography of the turn-of-the-century journalist Richard Harding Davis.



Helmut Newton, wh photographs appear f quently in *Vanity Fa* shot the August cover s ry on Claus von Bülo His work is collected five books, includi *World Without Men* a *Big Nudes*.



David Reid is an editor of the literary quarterly *University Publishing* and the former editorial director of Meridian Press in Californi a. He is currently at work on a book about politics and paranoia.



Stretch, formerly a professional stuntman, is a limousine driver in Los Angeles and is at work on several screenplays. He collaborates with Roger Director, a TV writer.



David Thomson lives San Francisco, writes *Film Comment*, and is author of *A Biographi Dictionary of Film*. I book *Suspects*, out fr Knopf, speculates on offscreen lives of char ters from old movies.

Prince, Prince, I loved your album. My daughter wore it out. . . . so I read the honeymoon's over. No, but really. Tell you watcha do. Take her to Trump Tower Atrium. Buy her a hat. Buy her a couple of hats. And get one for mummy, too. And while you're there, do a little shopping for yourself. I read you only got one vote on the best-dressed list.



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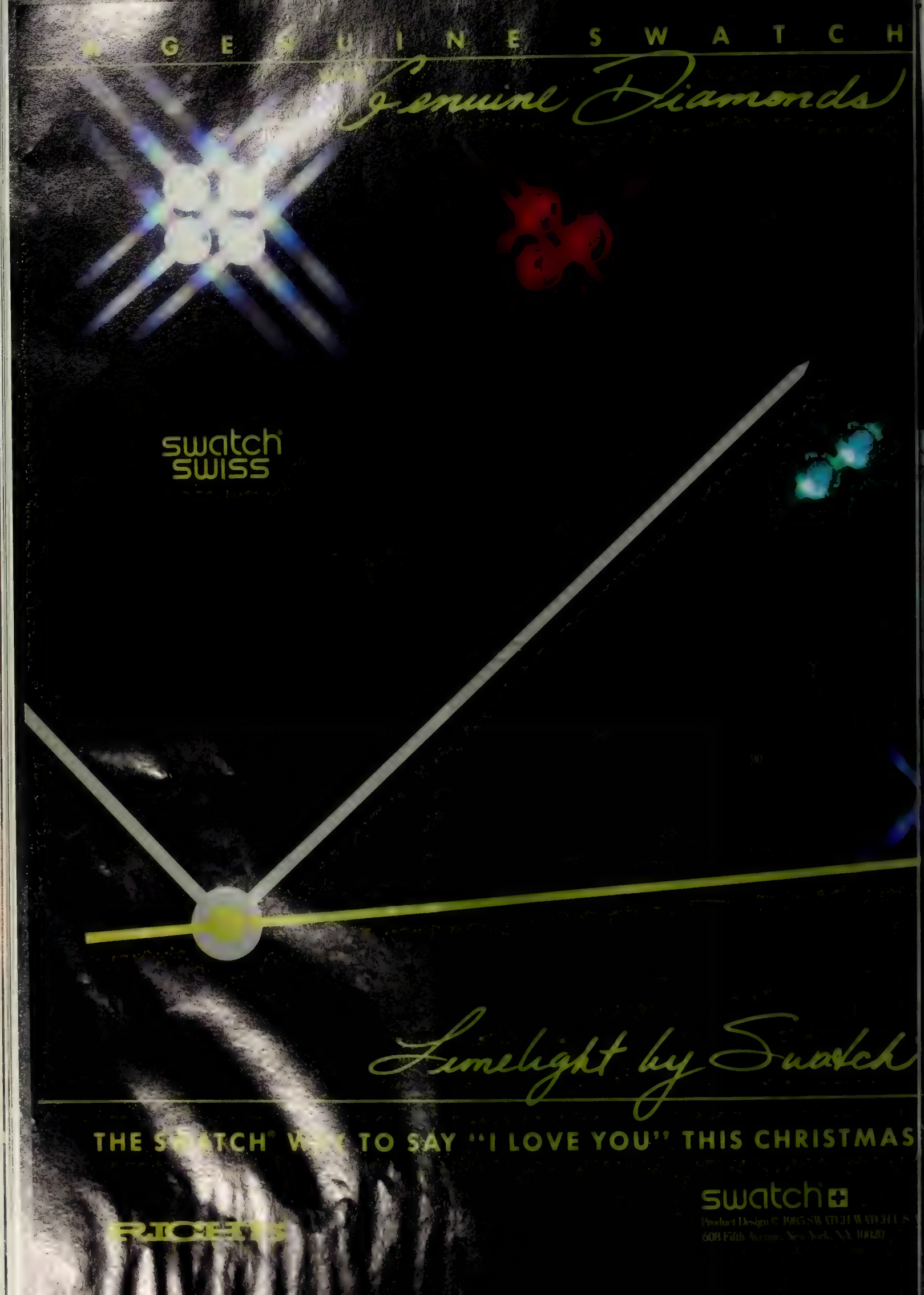
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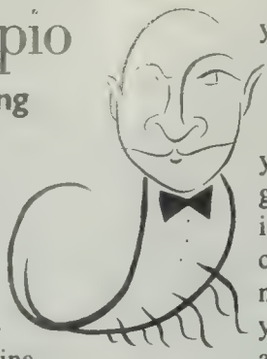


Thanksgiving way: Making a meal of it. Stuffing with turkey. Cramming with yams. Moldy with cranberries. Oh gourd, the groaning bored. All is Vanities. Nothing is fair.

Illustrations by KEN MARYANSKI

Scorpio

Stinging



A JUICY rabbit reflected in a coyote's eyes: that's the start of a Scorpio relationship. If you're sitting on a bus and suddenly feel eyes drilling holes in *your* back, don't bother to try to escape. Just call your family and say good-bye.

Exactly what attracts Scorpios is hard to say. They're notorious crotch watchers, of course, but the bulge they really go for is the one in your wallet pocket. When Aunt Rose takes a turn for the worse, they ask between sobs what plans she has for the figurines on the TV set.

Not that they're materialistic. They're above filthy money-making, and they are forever battling the prostitution of art as well as the art of prostitution. And in the end they cannot be bought.

They see themselves as geniuses in need of the ultimate patron. If you sign over your bankbook, you'll get undying love in return. Just don't offer any creative suggestions.

To make it with a Scorpio, be loyal, because they murder cheats. And be stubborn, because they love people who are as hard to move as pianos, and they adore bringing the dead back to life.

At their worst Scorpios use relationships like lozenges, to ease the incessant burning of desire at the back of their throat. At best they'll enter your life causing a crisis and breathe new life into you. You can play the resistant caterpillar all you want; they won't stop until you're on the other side of the cocoon. But it'll cost you!

Current trends. Never before in the history of any Scorpio alive has your sign been so magnetic. And never before have you suffered such gnashing of teeth and nail-biting insecurity.

For the last fifteen years Scorpios have been going through a spiritual initiation (sometimes called depression), but now you're coming into your own. You can't just act nice and take out the garbage. You've got sticks of dynamite taped to your head, and the fuses are sizzling.

Absolutely everybody you know is having a love-hate affair these days—with you. You've been so busy coping with pressure that you frankly haven't been able to give a damn whether people love you or not. But the crushing weight is lifting.

Financial restructuring is indicated in 1986. Stork warning for Scorpios in the childbearing years! For the still socially available Scorpios, the tide of your love life will take a turn for the better. And for you sweaty, creative Scorpios out there shouting about the meaning of art, here comes a chance to do your thing at last.

Confidential to Charles, Prince of Wales: May it please Your Highness, with Pluto now in Scorpio, you're tasting at last the thrill and terror of leadership. Just don't let the transition from child to king take forever.

Much murmuring behind the arras that you'll land on your behind. The moment you succeed, however, they'll all be as loyal as your grandmother.

You are so turned on now, it's ridiculous. Anybody who tries to repress you will be sorry. A certain Taurus admires your vitality and dynamism but disapproves of your passion. And though you may say you don't care what she thinks, she is, after all, the Queen. She's afraid you're going to melt down the crown, I guess. Just remind her that you were a love child.

Greater power is coming to you. I hope you like purple.

—**Michael Lutin**

Limo Scene

The view from the front seat

LAST night I broke one of the rules of a class limo driver: Don't troll the street. I was moving onto the Hollywood Freeway from Lankershim, heading out to pick up a producer client down in Cheviot Hills, when I saw two guys standing by a busted-down Chevy on the shoulder. One was a priest. They were late for a speaking engagement in West L.A., so I told them to hop in.

"What're you all going to talk about?" I asked.

"The people's struggle in Central America," the priest said. I squinted at his buddy in my rearview. He was wearing army fatigues. I'd just seen *Under Fire* on the Z Channel. All of a sudden it hit me.

"You two are Sandinistas, aren't you?" They shrugged.

Goddamn if I wasn't carrying terrorists in the back of my limo.

Well, we got into a real good back-and-forth about what it means to struggle, whether it's against mines in your harbor or stuck-up agents.

That very moment in my glove compartment was a script—I called it "Junior"—about a guy who at his bachelor party gets hurtled ahead in time only to meet his son, who he finds out is on trial for murdering his mother. I can think of ten ways to do it, with or without Michael J. Fox, and each of them hurtles you ahead in time right into a bank vault.

I was hoping to give this to that producer in Cheviot Hills and then just sit there and watch the sucker vapor.

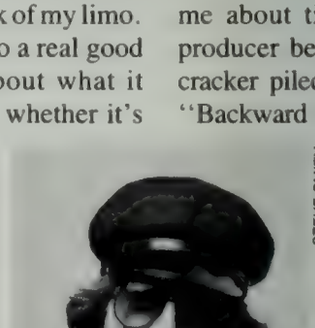
"I think I'll tell him Don Simpson's hot to option it," I said.

"*Venceremos*," the Sandinistas said. "You must sta for what is right."

I dropped them near Sa and doubled back down quick as I could, but I still explain why I was five mi late to the cranky produce dog Denise, and a big blon ky guy. Denise was whimp for a taste of the produ champagne, and suddenl burly guy punched her i snout real hard. The pro must have seen me tense u

"It's O.K., Olaf is a t dog denier," he reassure "Without his care, D would be addicted to ha drink and food."

When the moment se right I pitched "Junio must've been kind of p up that night. The pro laughed and squealed, "T ic! But you know what me about time, kiddo?" producer belched and bit cracker piled high with b "Backward and forward, ward and for You write sideways in you got a sal Olaf c Denise i face, an threw up caviar on th rug. And su ly from out where I said producer, The script the way I it."



STEVE SMITH

Driver with license.

Well, the rest of the ride too talky, if you know mean. Afterward, in the room, dropping Visine eyes, I kept wondering: if I'd said, "Sideways– liant."

Those Sandinistas! Yo up business off the street, only buying yourself trou

—S



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A Phone Call from D.V.

DIANA VREELAND
talks to BROOKS PETERS



ROBERT RISKO

whole world is looking
st. To the Orient—to the

's why I love California.
lose to China.
', you must remember that
vs of California is very dat-
sit it quite often, of course,
ven't really *thought* about
ık California's just starting
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hic—we're talking about
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and make lots of money.
nia fun! People, people,
. Stars, stars, stars. And
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what we're saying?
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ove to talk around a swim-
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ı. *Compulsion* is a very
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very rich." "I am com-
to be thin." I am not
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at California! Fitness and
are the whole thing. In
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He was such a beautiful col-
was the time of very gala
s. Everyone was dressed to
the time. No one worked.
one spent. Time and mon-
ey. It was dreaming it up. It was the sixties! They would have been the most wonderful generation in the world. They had such wonderful dreams...

The problem with California is that there are no *domestiques*. Very few people have cooks—that's why the restaurant life is so enormous. You can dine late, which people love to do, but I think it's appalling as a future. It can't compare with hand service—being looked after. Do you see my point? There's nothing like a white glove at a table to make the food absolute perfection. I don't say it's the beginning and end of the world, but if you ask me a straight question...

I think California's just starting up. We're not talking about anything chic—we're talking about success.

Now, let's get out of the canyons. Have I told you about the time we were staying at the Hearst Ranch? The dream of one man—and it all came true! We were the first to drive along the Pacific Coast Highway. There were still planks and boards everywhere. I'd never seen the Pacific before. It's like a big pond—it has no surf! The seals are marvelous. You see them slapping their babies and throwing them into the sea. I think seals are a bit of sweetness.

No one has any real idea of California. The only definite thing is San Francisco. San Francisco has always had style. Elsie de Wolfe—and Elsa Maxwell. They all came from there. Have you ever been there? Then you know how those steep, horrible hills go that way—like the thimble hills outside Canton. They're incredible. Absolutely incredible. Like the result of a rococo earthquake.

I adored where we were staying on Telegraph Hill. Of course, the view was sublime. Across the Golden Gate and on to China this way, and on to China that way. Everything was *premier ordre*, everything was totally correct. It was a wonderful, old-fashioned, very modern, at that time, society. We went to a beautiful property across the bay. It was the most enchanting visit. The house was very beautiful; it was all done by Jean Michel Frank. It was the first part of September and they were burning eucalyptus leaves. The *smell*—the incredibly divine smell.

I think it's very important to have luxurious thoughts... And I never feel anyone is very luxurious in California anymore. Now, you can say, "Why?" Perhaps it's because people don't demand green lawns, and fresh flowers...or go to Paris for the weekend. So you can say, "How old-fashioned you are! You can go to China for the weekend."

We're all going to go east one day—soon. To a great future. The Far East is very ancient—very positive. Have you seen the Chinese terra-cotta warriors from the third century B.C.? Paloma Picasso has seen them. Right here, in America. Eight of the statues traveled across the country—from New York to California. They were more than ambassadors—they were heroes of survival—a salute from a great past.

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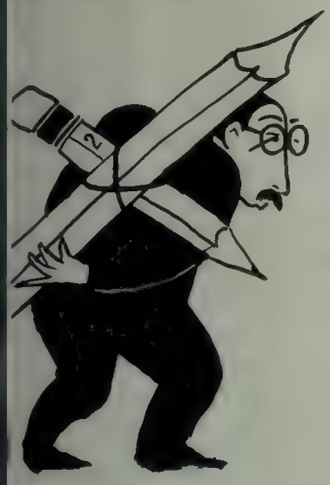
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onference Call

hen screenwriters alk, who listens?

NK I should talk first be-se I'm the brightest," says Murray Schisgal, a *Tootsie* n. He's sitting next to a ssed Nora Ephron (*Silk-Heartburn*), Ruth Prawer la (*The Bostonians*), and or Norman Jewison and John Pielmeier (*Agnes of* They are at the American m of Natural History to compare scars from Hollywood skirmishes and chat about The Writer in a Collaborative Medium (Screen). "This is the happiest day of my life," Schisgal goes on. "I've decided to become a producer."

Ephron talks about the traumatic process of signing a director. "The first person *Silkwood* went to was Coppola, and we [Ephron and co-writer Alice Arlen] were ready to kill ourselves. If there's anyone I don't think is a writer's director. . . The fourth one it went to was Woody Allen—to direct *Silkwood*! He sent back a note saying it was a wonderful script, but didn't we mean to send it to Alan Pakula?"

Asked what if anything she would change about *Silkwood*, Ephron mentions the first costume meeting and the shock of Meryl Streep's "little, kind of brown, Jane Fonda wig and miniskirt. We wanted her to wear shorts; she didn't want to wear shorts. We wanted her to have blond hair; she didn't want to have blond hair. I said to Alice afterwards, 'I feel as if the *QE2* has just set sail and you and I are in this little dinghy saying, "Wait, wait, it's all about the shorts." ' "

"It's the director's medium," Ruth Prawer Jhabvala whispers. "If I want something to be mine, I write a novel. I write the screenplay, give it to them [Merchant Ivory Productions], and hope no one ever calls me again." Then Jewison shows *Agnes* clips and Schisgal is reprimanded by the moderator for fiddling with his mike. "I feel compelled to say that I disagree with everything everybody's said," Schisgal says. And it's time for lunch.

Producer David Brown (*Cocoon, Target*), writer Jay Presson Allen (*Cabaret*), writer-director Alan Pakula (*Sophie's Choice*), and John Sayles (*The Brother from Another Planet*), the writer who wears every Hollywood hat on his own films, star in the afternoon.

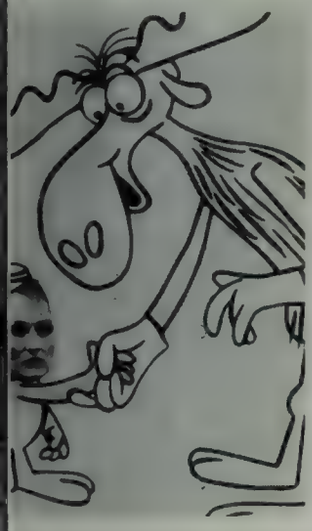
Pakula describes the screenwriter's living hell. "Four or five people get into a room and lick the story," Pakula says. "And I mean lick it into submission. Until there's no life. It's dead. The writer, having come into that room a talented man, leaves a stenographer."

Sayles adds, "In a story conference, somebody will say, 'Gee. Goldie Hawn wants to do a picture with us and wouldn't this drama be better as a romantic comedy?' You start saying, 'Well, as the writer, I really had a drama in mind,' and the producer who brought you in there looks at you like you just cut wind."

David Brown tells wonderful tales: two writers sharing screenplay credit meet for the first time when they collect the Oscar; dailies sent back to the studio addressed "To Whom It May Concern" in the wake of an executive bloodbath; the firing of the pre-Spielberg director of *Jaws* because he kept referring to the "whale." "As a colleague says," Brown remarks, "if it works, it's a director's triumph; if it fails, it's a producer's production."

"A movie is a labor of love," Jay Presson Allen sums up. "It's prestidigitation."

—L. J. Svendsen



Meryl the Peril





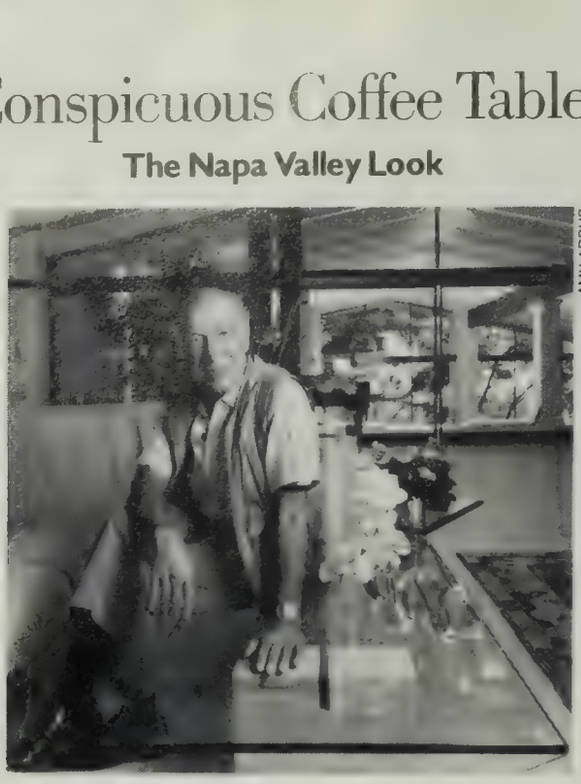


Streep seems destined to be America's most decorated actress. seen estimated that by the year 2000 Streep will be able to carry cars around in a six-pack and have an extra one left over to twirl ton. But can even an actress as ultra-versatile as Streep live on oles alone? Stirring the caldron with a broom handle, we have up a few roles for La Streep which will allow her to get down real.

Meryl and Bullwinkle*. Meryl the flying squirrel finds a new home on moose antlers and exclaims in a choirboy soprano, "Hokey smoke, Bullwinkle!" Long before the Flintstones made the Stone Age safe for suburbia, there was Streep in a fur bikini dodging low-flying pterodactyls in *One Million Years B.C.* Brrrr! Politically involved, Meryl wears a size-30 collar as she rubs necks with Rosey Grier in the remake of *The Thing with Two Heads*, playing a white social worker whose head is attached to a soul man's oppressed body. Directed by Mike Nichols. It's luau time for Meryl in *Beach Party Plenty*, in which co-star Jeremy Irons bares his skinny legs while wearing a pair of Frankie Avalon's old bathing trunks. Harry Dean Stanton in a hillbilly hat appears as Moondog, outlaw surfer. *—James Wolcott

Conspicuous Coffee Tables

The Napa Valley Look



AMY ARBUS

Valley Guys: Robert Mondavi...

THE coffee tables of Northern California, however neat and polished they might seem, are the hotbeds of an American revolution that could one day save the world. From Oakland to Oakville, devoted oenophiles are gathering *à table* to toast themselves, outfitted by Wilkes Bashford in a style somewhere between L. L. Bean and Ralph Lauren. They're part of a motley, though *grand, cru* looking at life through rosé-wine glasses. It's a life-style that Robert Mondavi, their charismatic leader, hopes will have more of a deterrent effect on America's enemies than the MX missile. It is the Napa Look.

Robert Mondavi's three-piece glass coffee table epitomizes the current style, serving as a dining counter, ex-cept[illegible] table with[illegible] kicked [illegible] the upsca[illegible] boom in [illegible]tion he [illegible] his winery in Napa [illegible] Since then, everyone's gon[illegible] grape nuts. Today, the winery attracts 300,000 tourists a year, sort of a Disneyland for the Mar[illegible]'s Vineyard crowd. Even [illegible] Philippe de Rothschild [illegible] on the wa[illegible], ap[illegible]ently R.M. in the early ev-enties to co-produce a premier red table wine: Opus One. (The first case of the 1979 vintage sold in 1981 for $24,000–$2,000 a bottle.)

Mondavi's success story, besides being source material for *Falcon Crest*, has inspired hundreds of doctors, dentists, and lawyers, budding *vignerons* from all over California, to journey north in quest of similar riches. They've turned Highway 29 into Hollywood and Vine. The Napa Look goes hand in hand with the commercial rewards—Saabs, blazers with vertical stripes, handwoven breadbaskets, monogrammed corkscrews. The leisurely life comes with the territory: wine-and-cheese picnics, outdoor jazz concerts, kite flying—activities that are *de rigueur* for any self-respecting Napa Valley girl or boy.

America's wine baron plans [illegible] retire soon to his home on [illegible]ppo Hill, an aerie overlooking the vineyards below. The [illegible]us Spanish ranch house is [illegible]ed for rustic living. "Dur[illegible] good weather," Mondavi explains, "we sleep outdoors 90 per[illegible]t of the time." This makes perfect sense, since the pool is indoors—a palatial spa reminiscent of a Roman bath. At seventy-two, the vivacious vintner still cuts a handsome figure, attributing his good health to the clean, natural life-style and the lack of smog. "There are a lot of blessings in Napa Valley. It's a simple but gracious way of life."

R.M., however, takes the good life very seriously. He believes that educating taste buds will lead to a cultural realignment around the globe. "In the next generation, America is going to be the shining light in wine and food and gracious living. Once the people of the world understand that we are not bullies, with all the power but not the finesse, they're going to appreciate our free-enterprise system. It is one of the best tools to sell our way—even more effective than the power of the nuclear bomb."

If Mondavi is the elder statesman of Napa style, then Wilkes Bashford is its most exuberant ambassador. Life is a Cabernet for San Francisco's flamboyant haberdasher. "I've consumed most of Robert Mondavi's 1974 Cabernet Sauvignon," he boasts. "It's almost gone now. I'm always nice, hoping I'll get a few bottles from him." When he's not threading his way through the grapevine, Wilkes lives comfortably in a Willis Polk manse (circa 1916) on San Francisco's swank Russian Hill. He exudes the Napa [illegible] whether sipping a V.S.O[illegible] his glass-topped Barcelo[illegible] fee table or supping a V.I[illegible] four-star restaurant. Hi[illegible] drawer men's and wo[illegible] clothing stores are run like[illegible] going cocktail party. Eac[illegible] is equipped with a full-fl[illegible] bar, stocked with top[illegible] booze and fine wines. He[illegible] stores' motto might just [illegible] be: The customer is alway[illegible]

Despite the sobering[illegible] that the city is suing hin[illegible] million dollars due to [illegible] back rent, Bashford is opt[illegible] about the future. This fal[illegible] uncorking his magnum [illegible] Wilkes Sport—a chain o[illegible] forty stores catering speci[illegible] to Nappies. "The same[illegible] that is happening in life-st[illegible] happening in the way tha[illegible] ple dress," he remarks. [illegible] very non-designerish–[illegible] American. It's still fash[illegible] but not as trendy." Th[illegible] trendsetter is bound [illegible] Wilkes's long-haired [illegible] hund, Samantha (sixteen)[illegible]



AMY ARBUS

...and Wilkes Bashford.

bitch who, by day, is esc[illegible] a stretch limo to the store[illegible] has sold 30,000 shir[illegible] sweaters sporting her lil[illegible] At night, she sleeps un[illegible] coffee table. For this D[illegible] being the standard-beare[illegible] Napa Look is a raisin d'êt[illegible]

—Brooks

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The Irresistible Fall of Stephen Sprouse

Breakdown on Fashion Avenue



BRADFORD BRANSON

Stephen Sprouse: Out of the red and into the black.

ıe end, Andy got his War- back. Messy job: a bank- auction where art was alongside old boots and ewing machines, cluttered, e ironic twist, in the former on Union Square. Andy l spending money at his old his own work. Imagine it. y didn't go himself. He sent id honcho, Fred Hughes, checkbook. And when the g was over, Hughes van- ith a yellow portrait of Deb- ry for a criminal $3,000 and double portrait of Stephen e for $1,750.

hen Sprouse?

ı remember Stephen e, that spoiled boy from In- that junior-high-school kid id interned with Bill Blass er with Halston. The one y 1983, at a childlike twen- , was the press darling and rince of the New York fash- tblishment.

a Factory superstar from ies—that was how quickly Sprouse had risen. Neon mini-skirts, graffiti tights, peace-sign accessories. Nobody was surprised to hear he'd moved into Warhol's old place. But everyone was surprised when a hundred people trooped into the big loft to mourn Sprouse's demise and divvy up his personal effects.

Oh, Sprouse himself was still biking around the West Village. His shooting star had just supernova'd and fallen out of fashion like last year's smash hit single.

Bidders pawed the fall line, flipped through his order books and files, even his Rolodex. Hasidim fiddled with his sewing machines. Five-hundred-dollar boots sold for ten, thousand-dollar overcoats for sixty-five, and the huge gold peace sign, symbol of Sprouse's sixties roots, for fifty.

One year earlier Sprouse's psychedelic tidal wave had crested at the Ritz. Twenty-two hundred fashion victims turned up to watch mascaraed models parade Day-Glo dresses, silver leather boots, and black denim minis. The ghost of Edie Sedgwick shimmered down the runway.

The young designer spent his nights in a downtown world with a glowering, black-togged crowd looking like leftovers from Max's Kansas City. Men in black wigs, vampire eyeliner, and rocker gear. You could almost hear the Velvet Underground beat. He was a design-school dropout who knew Patti Smith, Johnny Rotten, and the Clash. The bravura of his collections played off against the enigmatic reticence of the man.

Debbie Harry, who'd shared a Bowery kitchen with him in the mid-seventies, wore Sprouse minis on-stage with Blondie. Poor Boy George was too fat for Sprouse, whose largest waist size was 32. Patron Warhol liked Sprouse's Nehru jackets and motorcycle coats so much that he and his entourage acquired $70,000 worth in 1984. *Vogue* fashion editor Polly Mellen wore Sprouse everywhere—the ultimate signal that Sprouse had arrived.

With gobs of family money, Sprouse accumulated a staff of forty, sold to Bendel and Bergdorf, imported expensive fabrics, and spent minor fortunes on silk screens and sequins.

"His whole philosophy was that he was just this Lower East Side kid," says a former employee, "but there was a contradiction, because here you had this downtown guy doing *haute couture*."

"He had sixteen things to balance on the head of a pin," mourns fashion maven Kezia Keeble. "He didn't have a Barry Schwartz, a business manager like Calvin Klein's. Stephen assumed the clothes would go out and the money would come back in."

It didn't happen. Stephen Sprouse, Inc., never made real money. No general ledger was kept. Most of the time Stephen's lawyer had the checkbook.

"Stephen got very moody," says former company president Greg Mills. "He would go into his office and close the door. You couldn't talk to him." People were afraid they'd hurt his feelings.

This summer, determined to run on talent alone, Sprouse laid off thirty-five employees and moved from Fifty-seventh Street down to the Factory. One devotee—and there were legions—offered to work for free and was paid in clothes. Creditors called up. Stephen's father, an auto-parts millionaire, had already sunk $1.4 million into his son's brief affair with fame.

"Even when we knew we couldn't ship the fall line, Stephen said, 'Bloomingdale's has booked windows for July. Why don't we make up one of each outfit? Do you think they'll still do the windows if they don't get the merchandise?' " reports a Sprousite. "You weren't allowed to tell anybody."

A final irony: The day after Sprouse closed shop, his clothing got its biggest audience ever. Mick Jagger, the great rock-'n'-roll survivor, pranced around the Live Aid stage in a bright-yellow jacket and leggings he chose from his stylist's selection of Stephen Sprouse stuff. "Now I've ended up with them," says the stylist. "And what am I going to do with the rest of this neon clothing?"

She might give it to Debbie Harry—she's making a comeback and Stephen Sprouse is designing for her again. He says he's also talking about future projects with another old client. Yes, Andy Warhol.

"I guess some doors close on you so you can see the big one opening." **—Peter Wilkinson**

Table Talk



Little-known fact: **Palladian** Steve Rubell started out as owner of the Steak Loft, on Utopia Parkway in Queens.

In Japan, golfers can now get "hole-in-one insurance" to help pay for **the obligatory clubhouse party.** Somehow, the number of alleged pre-dawn holes in one has soared, sticking the insurance companies with enormous party bills.

At Kim Chatfield's private taste test of New York **restaurants' house wines,** Elaine's vino rosso ($3.50) took first with thirty-one votes, and Mortimer's won out with twenty-three votes for its $2.75 vin blanc. "21" limped in last (at $5.25) with two votes for its white, zero for red.

To go: The Golden Gate Bridge is known as the McDonald's of suicide.

Not Margaux, not Mariel, but **Misty Grey ingway** is the latest calendar pinup. The s kitty, descended from Papa's own felines, the 1986 Purina Cat Chow calendar, alo Elizabeth Taylor's Cleo, "an ardent conve alist," and Jeane Kirkpatrick's Siamese, diplomatically "bred for sociability."

Office politics can be **brutal.** At the Inter Security Conference, popular items incluc Executive Ballistic Vest ("protection with st good looks"), Ballistic Clipboards, "Roadblock in a Bri (a.k.a. Road Fangs), and for those lunch-hour aerobics, B Leggings.

Midas touches: Mrs. Harold Robbins, on her **24K solid-gold** nails from Van Cleef & Arpels: "Everyone's looking for a n band, but I'm always looking for new glue, darling."

Shady Ladies

In the land of sunglasses, they're the queens



TIM STREET-PORTER

Framed: Gai Gherardi, Barbara McReynolds, and Margo Willits minding the store.

OH, L.A.! Land of sunshine, land of starshine! Famous faces peek out from behind dark glasses and proclaim that, in the sunshine capital of the world, l.a. Eyeworks is king.

"It doesn't make any difference what you're wearing from the neck down," says Barbara McReynolds, "*this* has to be right," and she gestures to her smart two-tone specs. "If this is right, you can wear a T-shirt and jeans and pull it off. You see what we mean?"

Six years ago, she and her two partners, Gai Gherardi and Margo Willits, opened their white-walled art gallery for eyeglasses on Melrose Avenue, called l.a. Eyeworks. Their fifties-inspired frames perfectly matched the New Wave spirit of the time, and the glasses flew out of the store on the noses of the movie and record industries. Their success helped inaugurate Melrose as the hot shopping street in L.A.

Hollywood stars and starlets—Shari Belafonte-Harper, Alexander Godunov, Divine, Rob Lowe, Rupert Everett, Pee-wee Herman, Andy Warhol—[illegible]se and posture in[illegible]ge[illegible]on [illegible]s magazine [illegible]that pro[illegible]the l.a. Ey[illegible]ere to te[illegible]nation: "A face is like a work [illegible]t. It deserves a great frame."

These women love eyeglasses. To them, it *is* art and they know what they like. No *Tootsie* oversize frames for them: "Like wearing a Mack truck on your face," says Gai. And no initials: "No Pucci, Cucci, or Margucci."

"Traditional shapes," she explains, "but brought up to the present by the materials and surfaces." Initially, they sold antique frames from the fift stock items that they'd sandblasting the frames, them, painting them. As ties revival has faded, ar rose has inevitably becon ted with fast-fashion bo and gelato parlors, th women have stayed on t Today they design and m ture 85 percent of the sto ventory. The rest is trenc imports. A two-year-old sale business ships the glasses to specialty throughout the countr they are planning a Ne store. But at the moment all their energy is dev their *second* career.

"You couldn't get a good to eat in the nei hood," Margo explains. took over the shop next d opened a café. Now t opened a larger restauran on La Brea Avenue—La already being hailed as t Melrose. And they're pl another café for West L.A

"We're just crazy enc do anything, yet we're s enough to do it in the be we know how." That' Margo explains their s "You get on a roll and yo going!" —**Kurt**


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Mixed Media

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

Death in the Afternoon in Santa Barbara



NBC is no longer a ninety-eight-pound weakling getting sand kicked in its face by crew-cut muscle boys. Under chairman Grant Tinker's rebuilding program, the network now walks the beach with chesty pride and bulging trunks, fending off dudes and bunnies. In the morning, *Today* has regained stride with ABC's *Good Morning America;* in prime time, *Cheers, The Cosby Show, Miami Vice,* and *The A-Team* provide hip talk and hot, crunched metal; on the late shift, Johnny Carson and David Letterman dominate the court like doubles champions barely crinkling their sporty whites. But even bulked up, NBC's programming schedule suffers from a soft, spongy middle. Its daytime dramas, the afternoon soaps, have settled into a chronic third place.

Daytime on NBC has come to mean death in the afternoon. In 1980, trying to cash in on the *Dallas* craze, NBC opened the corral on *Texas,* which featured with sizable drawls, women in underwear, and hired horses [illegible] camera with a mouthful of hay. [illegible] executive suites oil barons staggered [illegible] gas rent by daggers and crim[illegible] raspberry juice. But *Texas* never [illegible] failure to direct this Rom[illegible]e, and after a brief [illegible] the sh[illegible] with *Texas* dust-[illegible] was s[illegible]need of a soap opera for the eighties, a happening soap for the slim, trim 501-jeans crowd. And what could be more youth-trendy than California? Casting eyes farther west, NBC hit upon *Santa Barbara,* and gleamed.

Launched in the summer of 1984, *Santa Barbara* was created by the writing team of Bridget and Jerome Dobson, who had goosed up *The Guiding Light* for CBS. Site of the Reagan Western White House, Santa Barbara, California, is often said to be the May/December home of the "newly wed and the nearly dead." But the show itself was heavily promo'd to suggest a Jackie Collins romp among rich scum—a pleasure spa of lotioned limbs, mink in air-conditioned rooms, and champagne sipped in hot tubs, for a double tickle. In a bizarre casting coup, the producers persuaded Dame Judith Anderson to remove her ceremonial headdress and make inscrutable noises as Minx Lockridge, *Santa Barbara*'s matriarchal loon. To catch a ride on *Dynasty*'s wave, the show also set in place a Blake Carrington–type corporate power mower named C. C. Capwell (Peter Mark Richman, originally), who thinks that money can buy him love and loyalty. Hah! But the show's top palomino was (and is) Robin Wright's Kelly, who has a swimsuit model's jut to her hips and an expensive mane of wheat-blond hair, which she swishes whenever the script instructs her to act perturbed. Essly, *Santa Barbara* was structure traditional rich family/poor family with the Capwell hacienda servi fencing parlor for hostilities among various tribes of the hungry. In between floated a lot porary white trash—porn-makers dealers, that sort of crud.

Perhaps unwisely, NBC positio premiere of *Santa Barbara* ABC's coverage of the Summer pics. The story line for the openi sodes suggested an upscale *Bus Back in Town,* the 1965 film in Michael Parks, doing a James mumble, returned home to be er raked over by Ann-Margret, then kitten-with-a-whip phase. The *Santa Barbara* deposited home J kins (Dane Witherspoon, origina rugged mumbler locked in the sard for a murder he didn't commit. parole, Joe was back to reclaim who was engaged to a polo-playin face in an alligator shirt, and to see tution of his good name. For his privileged lads of idle bent made marks and mocked him with their dimples. Joe winced, as Bus Ri whenever Ann-Margret purred cru

TV critics did more than wince took a look at the first few episo nearly popped their contacts. Th was *awful,* so airhead awful seemed to have been poured out o tle of baby shampoo. Kind word nowhere to be found. A lot of ne are rocked with depth charges a manage to surface for repairs. No *Barbara*. It was panic time on t marine, water pouring through hole. The cast list changed so swi you needed a scorecard to know w playing the tramp *du jour*. The touch also became wildly erratic *Barbara* descended to sick prank pigeon being served as an appeti example), and the serious emot came, if anything, more shrill. Ex Dame Judith, who periodically e like a groundhog to blink at her and mutter subterranean oaths, eve on the show delivered their lines dignant, clenched buttocks.

Indeed, the whole point of b *Santa Barbara* is to have the opp ty to get on your high horse an people out of your house. "I exp to get out of here right now b have a good reason to never ha



tronach
tomer and 8th grader

e when people wear con-
atching clothes just to look
prit is good because it's
ble too. I'm a vegetarian
e that my parents support
at even though they eat
on't have a boyfriend right
I would like one who's sin-
l has his values straight. I
rt school and study dance,
e day I'd like to work with
and tiger cubs.

Photo: Toscani

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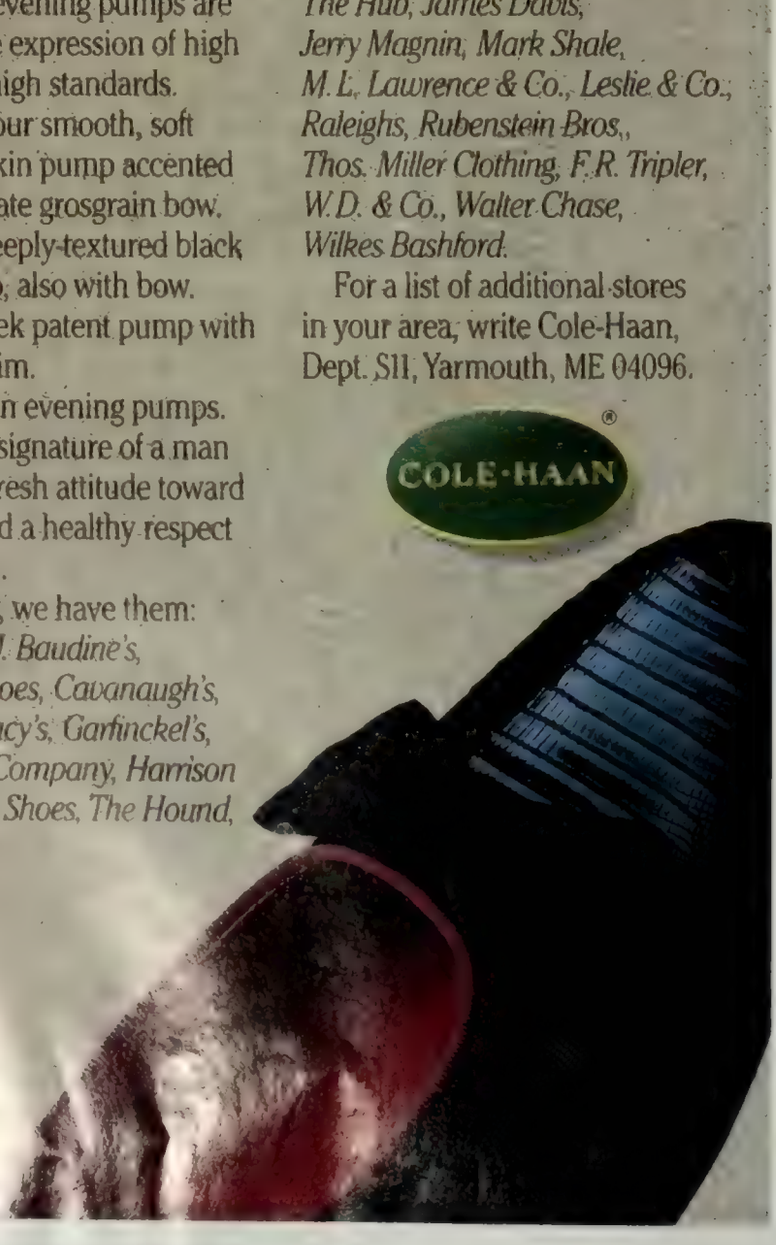
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Mixed Media

back in this house!" a *Santa Barb* hussy recently shouted, and try say that with a mouthful of cheese crackers. Even with Robin Wrig waterfall hair and Dame Judith's snc ing through the hedges, you can't c struct an entire soap opera around bullies bossing little bullies out door. It makes for a lot of foot tra but not much dramatic give-and-t But there is another problem with *Sa Barbara* that is far more bedrock.

The most evocative soaps are th set in mythical towns bordered by and rooted in family lore. Pine Va on *All My Children*, Bay City on *An er World*, Port Charles on *General H pital*, all are floating islands of intir bustle based upon the branching of b few genealogical trees. (On soaps, ents are always tripping over chil they never knew they had.) The s opera is a pocket of stylized turmoil parallel world, where desires and tives are worn on the face like war p and no one suffers from introspect Set in a real place and measured aga real-life expectations, *Santa Barba* too much of this world, and, ur *Dallas*, it doesn't present a tu charged version of its namesake cit doesn't take advantage of Californ beachfront hedonism or kooky fring ements; it remains in the ordinary doors, rarely courting the sun. Fa to generate its own mystique, *S Barbara* seems stuck at the haciend

Can *Santa Barbara* survive? I stayed with *Another World* in its thi fancy and eventually saw dividends I've been sluttishly watching *Santa bara* for several weeks—it follows *other World*, the only soap to which devoted—and to me the show resem a ghost town where no mail is forw ed and fallen telegraph wires worm the dust. Mortality whistles in the w NBC has also been having trouble *Search for Tomorrow*, which in its ty-fifth year is feeling a bony chill. peacock network can fan its tail feat with pride over the accomplishmen the last few seasons. But in daytim network seems doomed to eat a more sand. *Santa Barbara* is not place where green hope springs. □

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Book Marks

BY JAMES ATLAS



ANTHONY RUSSO

The Literary Life in San Francisco

"How's New York? Still seething with hate?" It was the writer Leonard Michaels on the phone from Berkeley. Michaels, a Lower East Side boy, the child of Jewish immigrants—in other words, a pure New Yorker—has lived in Berkeley for nineteen years. He teaches in the English department there. I was eager to see him when I got to San Francisco, since I knew from his work that he wasn't one of the people who go out west and end up sitting around in hot tubs talking about their feelings. His characters—professors, writers, graduate students—have the kind of moral earnestness encountered in C.C.N.Y. cafeterias thirty years ago. They talk in the hectic inflections of New York—what Michaels calls "Manhattanese." So what was he doing in Berkeley? I wondered, driving up Shattuck past the Jungian Dreamwork Institute, the Acupressure Workshop. Did he feel a sense of exile? It seemed to me he was as far from home as his Berkeley neighbor, the Polish émigré poet Czeslaw Milosz.

Michaels was in the living room when I arrived, practicing salsa steps. "[illegible]ing lessons," he explained, shuffling back and forth to the loud, brassy beat. "All I ever really wanted to be was a Latin." When the record ended, he led me downstairs to his study. Eucalyptus fronds brushed against the window. It was late afternoon, and the fog was rolling in from the bay. There was a cleansing chill in the air. I asked Michaels what he liked about Berkeley. "People speak more slowly here, and you don't have to put too many words in a sentence." Besides, it's beautiful, he said, gesturing airily toward the window. New York had gotten impossible. On one trip there his car was stolen from in front of his mother's house; on another he glanced out the window in the morning and saw the naked dead body of a woman on a bench. "I left for the airport five hours early just to get out of town."

Michaels told me a story about a lecture he'd attended by the German sociologist Jürgen Habermas; afterward a young woman in the audience raised her hand and said, "I'd like to ask a question, but I'm not into words." Browsing in City Lights, Lawrence Ferlinghetti's bookshop, I got the sense that people out here are very definitely into words—the words of a different era. The magazine racks are crammed with journals out of the sixties: *Revolutionary Worker, Political Affairs* ("Capitalism ain't working!"), new versions of the old *Berkeley Barb*. Posters advertise the San Francisco Mime Troupe and "Kerouac: The Movie." Even the cookbooks—*The Enchanted Broccoli Forest, The Book of Tofu, The Natural Foods Cookbook*—give off vibes.

Actually, City Lights owes more to the fifties than to the sixties. It was here, in the shop's down-at-the-heels North Beach neighborhood, that Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and a crowd of other poets on the lam from the repressive East once congregated. It was Fe[illegible] ghetti who published *Howl*. Most o[illegible] places where the Beats used to g[illegible] have been replaced by strip joints[illegible] Co-existence Bagel Shop is gone,[illegible] so is the hungry i. Still, if North B[illegible] has a faded look, there's a lot goin[illegible] in other parts of town. San Francis[illegible] the only city in America besides[illegible] York that has a flourishing literary[illegible] ture. Ever since the San Francisco [illegible] aissance—as the influx of Ginsberg[illegible] his cronies has come to be known—[illegible] area has attracted writers drawn t[illegible] climate, the casual pace, the old-v[illegible] charm. The novelists Alice Wa[illegible] Diane Johnson, and Herbert Gold[illegible] in San Francisco; Jessica Mitford[illegible] in Oakland; Evan Connell is in S[illegible] lito; and there must be more poets i[illegible] Bay Area than anywhere else in[illegible] country. The local gurus are R[illegible] Duncan, whose gnomic presence d[illegible] nated the scene before anyone [illegible] heard of the Beats, and Gary Sn[illegible] who descends from his spread in th[illegible] erra Nevadas for periodic visits.

Browsing through *Poetry Flash*[illegible] monthly tabloid that lists poetry [illegible] ings in the area, you realize how di[illegible] the scene out here is. You can hea[illegible] ets associated with the Jack Ke[illegible] School of Disembodied Poetics; s[illegible] vors of the once active communi[illegible] Bolinas, just north of the city, w[illegible] Richard Brautigan lived and die[illegible] school of didactic theoreticians k[illegible] as the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E[illegible] ets; surrealists and Dadaists and fo[illegible] Beatniks. A vigorous, scholarly g[illegible] of poets in their early forties—R[illegible] Hass, Robert Pinsky, and Alan [illegible] liamson—has collected in Berk[illegible] They owe more to the metrical stri[illegible] cies of Robert Lowell than to the [illegible] open versifying of California po[illegible] Pinsky and Williamson are fug[illegible] from the East—but even their wo[illegible] more unbuttoned than it used to be

The novelists are less identif[illegible] Californian than the poets; most of [illegible] just happen to live here because [illegible] like it. The two things everyone [illegible] about are the weather and why th[illegible] not in New York. "The word you [illegible] all the time is *provincial*," says I[illegible] Johnson. Despite the burgeoning d[illegible] town, a cluster of imposing skyscr[illegible] below Market Street, the city still [illegible] kind of frontier aura. The rows of [illegible] torian gingerbread houses and wo[illegible]



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ık Marks

ɛ-deckers ascending the steep
:s, the clang of trolley cars in the
he bay "faintly ruffled by ocean-
; Orient ships and ferries"—as
uac put it in *Desolation Angels*—
out of a more innocent time. In
ART subway station, I saw some-
I could scarcely comprehend:
ie waiting in orderly queues for
train.

'ou don't feel the same ferocity of
ry ambition out here," notes Leon-
Michaels. Alice Adams finds the
'boring," she admits, "but at least
ves you alone." People are inter-
more in literature than in the busi-
of literature. There are a handful of
shing houses—notably North Point
, which publishes Evan Connell,
. K. Fisher, and Gilbert Sorren-
a sophisticated literary journal,
Threepenny Review; and many ele-
small-press editions supported by
one poet I know described as "co-
real-estate liberals who groove on
But—at least on the surface—
's a lot less literary hustling. "It
he feel of a small town grown
says Jessica Mitford, who after
years as a Bay Area radical still
misses a sit-in. "You're not al-
looking over your shoulder and
ling about what everyone else is
;. And where else can you make
nal enemies of the D.A. and the
of police?"

t is the city's literary life really
aid-back? After all, this isn't Esa-
'The truth is, writers are *more* sav-
ere," one recent émigré confided.
ryone thinks they're being mellow
enerous, but the envy, the literary
teering, is worse because they feel
cted." The action is elsewhere.
Francisco writers have what
nts to a mild obsession about New
. "There's a definite feeling that
re not taken seriously," says Wil-
Abrahams, who lives in nearby
orough and edits books for E. P.
n under his own imprint. "I've
a financial price," Herbert Gold
s, and Michaels concurs. "Living
ere probably isn't so good for my
r. I don't know a lot of people."
s desk is a royalty check from International Creative Management for $2.08. When I mention my admiration for Henry Bean's *False Match,* a brilliant novel about Berkeley that Michaels had recommended, and wonder why it isn't better known, he snaps: "It wasn't written in New York."

Not that living in San Francisco means you're washed up in Los Angeles or New York. Diane Johnson appears regularly in *The New York Review of Books,* Alice Adams in *The New Yorker.* Michaels has written a screenplay of his novel, *The Men's Club.* It's not so much ambition that's frowned on out here; it's the behavior ambition provokes. There's a general feeling that New York is bad for your character. "People there worry about whether they get invited to parties," says Diane Johnson. Herbert Gold, who arrived in 1960 and stayed—"I still have a closetful of stuff in someone's apartment on Waverly Place"—recalls the atmosphere of New York in those days with distaste. "You were either a star, a Styron or Mailer, or you were nobody." No one comes right out and says so, but New York is obviously regarded as a madhouse inhabited by rude, grasping maniacs—which, of course, it is.

One night Michaels wanted to go dancing. All through dinner, he'd been drumming his fingers on the table. Finally it was time to go. We said goodbye to his wife, the poet Brenda Hillman, and their six-year-old daughter, and started off through the Berkeley Hills. Following Michaels down the winding road in my own car, I could hardly keep up. His taillights kept disappearing in the fog. I hadn't driven so fast since I was in high school. The club, down by the water, was called the Dock of the Bay. The clientele was largely black, and very well dressed. The music was loud and Latin—drums, tambourines, a soaring flute. At our table was Tom Luddy—an associate of Francis Coppola—and some people whose names I didn't catch. You couldn't hear a word anyone was saying, but Michaels wasn't into words. He wanted to get out on the dance floor and show what he could do. □

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Art Throb

BY AMY HEMPEL

Tremors and Fissures and Earthquake Art



In 1975, I am shaking in San Francisco. There have been earth tremors the morning friends arrive from the stable Midwest. They invite me for vodka and vistas at the Top of the Mark. The Top of the Mark is on the nineteenth floor.

I tell them the better view is across the street at the Fairmont. But do I take them to the towering Crown Room? I do not. Moments later my friends sit scowling over mai tais in the Tonga Room, looking not at a panoramic view of San Francisco but at the simulated thunderstorm in the center of the oddball Polynesian *scène* that is the Tonga Room.

The Tonga Room, God love it, is on the Terrace Floor—i.e., under the *lobby*.

This because we're in California, the state that is also a ride. California—where "The Big One" does not mean The Bomb, but the magnitude-8.3 earthquake that has a 50 percent chance of splitting the state in the next thirty years.

If you feel uncomfortable about earthquakes, as Charles Richter made clear, you had better leave California.

I did, and I did. But not for twelve years. For the twelve years I lived in San [illegible] Los Angeles, I slept with a [illegible] a table beside the bed. I [illegible] water; it was a crude but [illegible] hic tool. I used it to register tre[illegible] way the Chinese keep pans of drie[illegible] in their yards. A dry [illegible] of peas [illegible] pping of water in a glass, an[illegible] time to move to a [illegible] way, the s[illegible] lace to be if you are [illegible] during [illegible] hquake.

There are 15,000 earthquakes a year in California, and I have felt my share. The first one was the worst, the San Fernando Valley quake in 1971. It hit at six A.M. with a magnitude of 6.6. A magnitude of 5 will do structural damage. Each step in magnitude—say, from 5 to 6—represents a *ten*fold increase in ground motion and thirtyfold increase in the quake's energy.

I lay paralyzed as the plaster in the ceiling crumbled to chunks and dust and covered the bed with a ghostly smoking blanket. Cracks forked like lightning down the vibrating walls, and the banister pulled away from the stairs. It sounded as though the Coast Starlight train were steaming through the hall. (Duplicated for the movie *Earthquake*, the sensation was called "Sensurround.")

Who could ever be the same? I mean, "Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth / Shakes like a thing unfirm?"

I became conversant with the theory of plate tectonics, and heard harrowing statistics and predictions, the most colorful of which is that in 13 million years Los Angeles will have pushed up alongside San Francisco. I read Helmut Tributsch's *When the Snakes Awake*, and began to watch animals for anomalous pre-quake behavior. When rats act drunk, when fish jump out of the creeks, when pigs bite their tails off—hold on, says Helmut. (Animals don't like earthquakes any more than we do. After the '83 quake that devastated Coalinga, Koko, the remarkable "talking" gorilla who lives in nearby Wood[illegible] was quoted as having signed: "[illegible] darn floor bad bite. Trouble troubl[illegible]

But there is a bright spot here, a[illegible] is this: in with the cool custo[illegible] who don't give earthquakes a tho[illegible] and those of us trembling in the T[illegible] Room, are people whose respon[illegible] threat is art. Artists who transform [illegible] graphical concerns—fissures, fract[illegible] rifts, slips, fragments, plates, [illegible] shards—into striking work on pape[illegible] canvas, in stone and brick and bro[illegible]

Sometimes the concern is p[illegible] practical, as when Laddie John [illegible] working out of his studio in Ve[illegible] consults an engineer to design [illegible] quake-proof installation systems.

Or the awareness of threat m[illegible] more abstract. Painter Wayne [illegible] baud, in Davis, says that he reg[illegible] not fear but melancholy: "Loss [illegible] figure—a loss of footing, and w[illegible] lost in terms of these experien[illegible] Loss also figures in "the absence a[illegible] of my work—the neon-lit atmosp[illegible] the uninhabitability of it."

Alan Shepp's notched and st[illegible] tablets, strips, and columns hark b[illegible] the great stone carvings of Eg[illegible] tombs. "I work in stone, and m[illegible] ages suggest more than a transient[illegible] ence," Shepp says. "I did expe[illegible] an earthquake in my [Napa] s[illegible] Though it only lasted for a few sec[illegible] all this heavy stone sculpture beca[illegible] *netic*. Earthquakes are probably th[illegible] mate kinetic-art energy source."

The sculptor Arnaldo Pom[illegible] leaves his home in Milan to spen[illegible] eral months each year in the San [illegible] cisco Bay Area. "Subconscious[illegible] violence of the earthquakes—an[illegible] bombs I experienced during Worl[illegible] II—is very much in my work," he[illegible] "It manifests itself as cracks [illegible] fracture otherwise perfect geo[illegible] forms," his bronze columns and *s*[illegible]

John Roloff splits the earth hi[illegible] The Oakland "landscrape" artist [illegible] starfish-shaped kilns in the ground[illegible] fires the clay he has spread on the [illegible] fusing earth and ceramic above a[illegible] low. Roloff has many such projects[illegible] way, like his projected *Rift Zone/F*[illegible] *Atoll (Lava Ship/Caldera)*, pattern[illegible] ter the San Andreas Fault.

A geology major in college, [illegible] thinks about quakes whenever he[illegible] BART (Bay Area Rapid Transi[illegible]


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is so good

moment in per- so masterful at cy ness that her mome ce and sweetness ly off guard."

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Art Throb

trains go under the bay) into San Francisco. "It's like a disaster movie," he says. "You picture the water pouring in when the tunnel cracks—you look around and think, These are the people I am going to die with."

The most literal translation of earthquake into art comes from "project artist" Dustin Shuler. In an elevated six-foot-by-six-foot mahogany sandbox, Shuler constructed miniature buildings, about four feet high, from miniature bricks ("Brick has no lateral strength"). Underneath the sandbox he installed a motor which, when activated, caused the sand to churn, dust to rise, and the buildings to crumble. "If you're in control of the earthquake, you can handle the fear."

Shuler got the idea during a real quake, watching the floor roll and the chairs slide along it. He went on to build *Destruction of the Nightmare Towers*—"kind of like the ARCO Center in L.A." Another construction, *Gapping the Nightmare Arch*, brought down half of a miniature Arc de Triomphe.

Forget glasses of water—Shuler keeps a *helmet* beside his bed.

Nance O'Banion sets things awry.

For years, she built lattice-like constructions of bamboo and handmade translucent paper, which she coated with a layer of iridescent paint. And something would always be awry—a stick, for example, that "slipped" out of the grid or a standing construction that leaned to one side. These were the pieces with titles like *Slipt Skin, Standing Fractured,* and *Linears of Probable Geologic Activity*.

She remembers sitting on a California beach as a child and feeling queasy with motion sickness as an earthquake churned the damp sand beneath her in the phenomenon of liquefaction. In her work she makes use of Landsat (satellite) photographs, and, in fact, a line in one of her pieces traces the actual coastline of California. The rock silhouettes of the changing Pacific coastline inspired her "rocks"—porcupiny, screen-like pieces with unmatched sides (like the fault that runs down the San Francisco peninsula) which she assembles from acrylic-sprayed bamboo spikes, ha made-paper strips and "flames," varicolored telephone circuit wire. "I the faults, creative energy builds builds and then one day it snaps," s O'Banion. "At what point does it f ture? When does one break?"

As a child in Los Angeles, Stepha Weber saw her backyard split w open. "There was a deep growl fi the earth," she recalls. Today, house in Berkeley sits directly ato fault; she finds she can now call earthquake to the decimal—"It ta some of the scare out of it when you sit back after a quake and say, 'F point two.' " Still, she feels "a se of the momentary" here, and her w moves quickly.

Weber is a sea diver who as a te ager worked as a guide on Disneyla Jungle Cruise, which combined tw her frequent motifs—water and things that disturb it. Like the coastal waters, Weber's acrylic pa ings are seductive, ominous, in flux

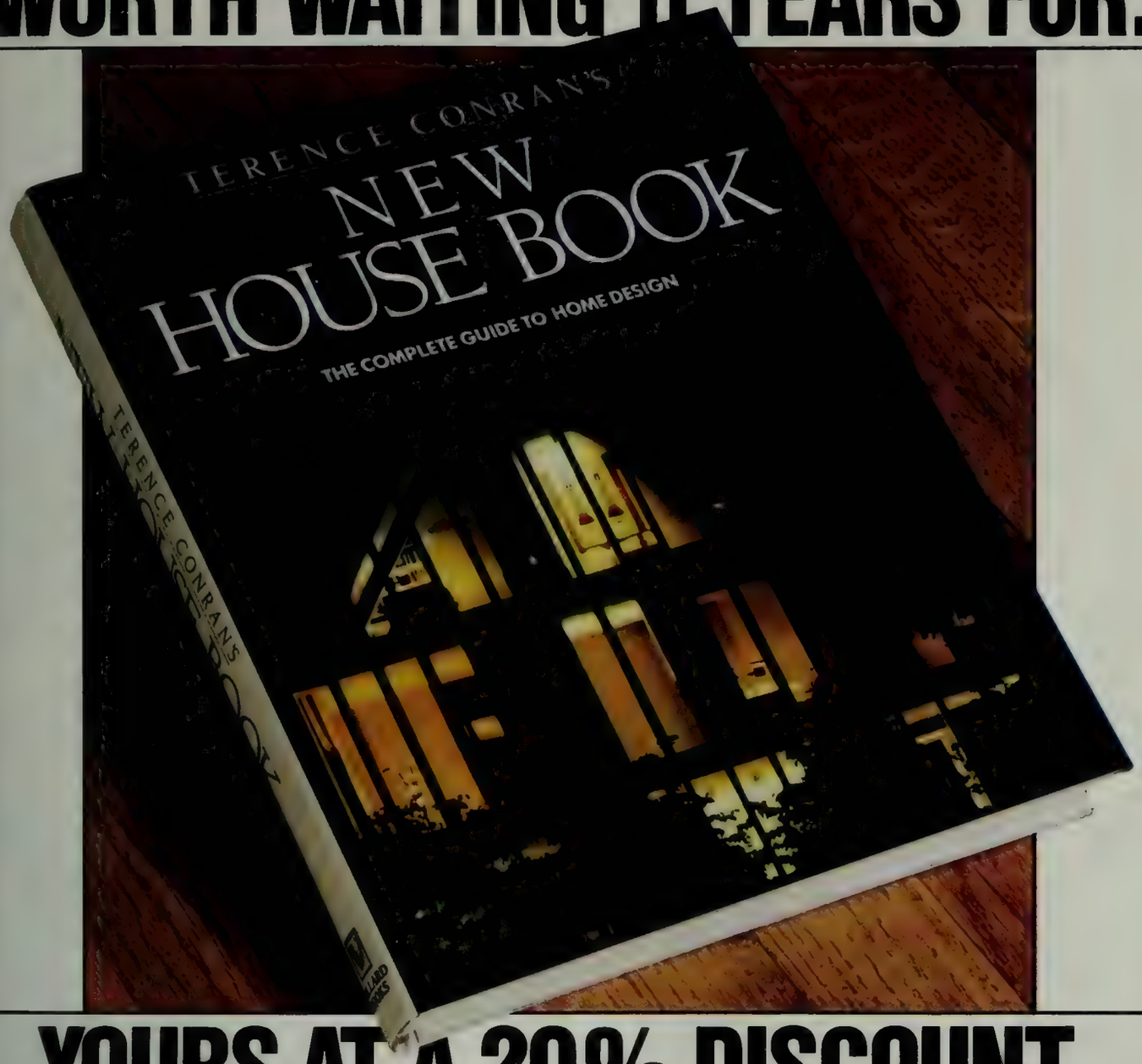
"People who think about earthqu think about *deluge*," she says, mea more than the tidal waves that are erated by offshore quakes. Her thought on earthquakes: "The viol of nature puts people back in scale. more acceptable than human cruelty

David Geiser, who painted in Francisco for twelve years before a cent move to New York, talks abou primal significance of working in wh known as "the Ring of Fire" (the bar earthquake and volcanic activity that cles the Pacific): "Earthquakes pro fear and reverence in tribal peoples lead them to position burial mounds spots of religious and magical sig cance along fault lines."

Which is not unlike what a San F cisco psychiatrist had to say a earthquakes: "They're godlike- show some respect!"

Postscript: So I left California and m to New York. In New York, I sto shaking and started to write. I wr book and set all of the stories in Ca nia. In this book the subject of e quakes comes up thirty-four times. □

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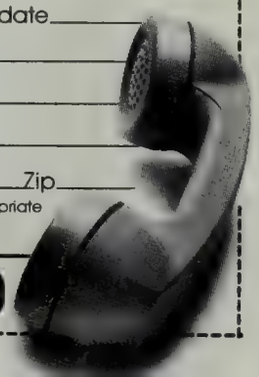
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Champagne is a relatively recent discovery, coming about two thousand years after still wine was first produced in France. Perfected in 1690, it was taken to the bosom of *le tout* Paris by the 1740s. "It gives brilliance to the eyes," Mme. de Parabère observed, "without flushing the face."

To make champagne, one starts with specially chosen still wine and then adds to it a combination of yeast and sugar as it is about to be bottled, so that a second fermentation occurs within the bottle, creating bubbles. It was a Benedictine monk, Dom Pérignon, chief cellarer in Hautvillers Abbey, who figured out, after twenty years of experiments, how to get the bubbles into the bottle and keep them there. That was no mean feat; those wondrous bubbles create a [illegible] as much as ninety pounds [illegible]. In the early days of [illegible]king, vintners frequently [illegible] production because of leaking [illegible]loding bottles. Even now explo[illegible]cur, especially if champagn[illegible] but because [illegible]ttles toda[illegible] withstand [illegible] pressure, [illegible]s have been re[illegible] to half o[illegible]rcent of production.

The *méthode champenoise*—bottle fermentation—has long been used to make sparkling wine in parts of France other than the Champagne region, as well as in other countries. While the vintners of Champagne are understandably testy about calling such wine "champagne," the general public does not seem to be bothered by such nice distinctions, and in fact the similarities are unquestionably greater than the differences. While one might well agree for the sake of peace to refrain from calling "champagne" anything but the wine produced in the official region, that's the only reason for doing so. There are sparkling wines that not only approach the quality of authentic champagne but sometimes surpass it.

To test that belief, I assembled a group of wine-loving friends for a blind tasting of champagnes and California sparkling wines. We uncorked twenty bottles in all, five from California and the rest French champagne, sampling them in two "flights"—one costing ten to twenty dollars, and the other around twenty to thirty. The results were fascinating.

In the lower-priced flight, five French wines—Pol Roger Brut, Perrier-Jouët Grand Brut, Billecart-Salmon Brut, Charbaut Brut, and Moët & Chandon Extra Dry, all nonvintage—placed first through fifth. Two California wines—Domaine Chandon Brut and Schramsberg 1982 Blanc de Blanc—tied for sixth place, ahead of two other Californias and an authentic champagne.

The competition among the more expensive wines was extremely t
Against very heavy competition
Piper Heidsieck Cuvée des Amb
deurs came in first, followed by a t
second place between the Pol F
1975 Cuvée de Blanc de Chardo
and the Schramsberg 1976 Res
Placing fourth to tenth were Mo
Chandon 1980 Brut, Pol Roger
Brut, Perrier-Jouët 1978 Brut, Bill
Salmon Brut Rosé, Veuve Cli
Ponsardin Brut, Billecart-Salmon
Brut, and Bollinger Special Cuvée
In my personal ranking, I found
Billecart-Salmons to be better tha
other tasters ranked them, which
the only substantial divergence fro
group findings. Overall, we came
conclusion that not only can inauth
champagnes approach authentic or
quality, but there is at least one A
can sparkling wine—Schramsb
that can, in older vintages, best so
them.

This year is the twentieth anniv
of the purchase of the ninet
century Jacob Schram vineyard by
and Jamie Davies, and the esta
ment of Schramsberg Vineyards
pany. It was among the first "
wineries in the Napa Valley; in
there were fewer than twenty ope
there. The Davieses' first releas
1967, was an instant success. Pre
Nixon took a Schramsberg spa
wine to Peking and toasted C
leaders in the Great Hall. Every
dent since has served Schramsb
the White House, and by now
been widely recognized as the
sparkling wine produced in the
States.

The Davieses' only problem
from their great success: dema
ceeds supply. They have not ye
able to hold back their wines
enough to give them the aging the
necessary to show them at their
The tasting reported here would s
confirm their judgment; both
aged from eighteen to twent
months, seemed at a decided dis
tage against the French, which m
aged for at least three years if th
to be called vintage "champagne."
Reserve, however, which had
aged for four years, was easily
phant, confirming my belief that
can wines are increasingly comp
with the best the world has to off

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Eater's Digest

BY EVE BABITZ

Seeing and Being Seen in L.A. Eateries



ANTHONY RUSSO

The great thing about eating out in L.A. is that it's done with a vengeance. Poor Hugo's—which used to be a nice place for lunch and dinner after art openings—now opens at six A.M. so you can cram breakfast down and everyone will know you're up, just in case they missed you last night at the Ivy, sitting practically on top of James Coburn, across from Susan Anton or Farrah, or yesterday having a power lunch at the Grill with William Morris agents and a few show-biz lawyers. High tea can be squeezed in if at four P.M. one can get over to Trumps and watch the decorators and art crowd mix tea and martinis in such a purposeful way you'd hardly notice it was Southern California.

For what's left of L.A.'s bar scene, of course, there's always the West Beach Café in Venice at night, where the *hauts artistes* gather to laugh at the movie business. And if it's hot artists you're after, there's still Ports, which has a bar so jammed with video prodigies you'd think you'd died and gone to SoHo. These days people in the music business have fastened onto a den of iniquity called Le Dôme on Sunset Strip, which looks like a set for a Mick Jagger insult. It's one of those places where they still let you in right before you have to join A.A. For the kids who dream video, it's the Hard Rock Cafe, where the Bret Easton Ellis *Less than Zero* blasé eighteen-year-old blonds of all sexes have nothing to say to each other, so it doesn't matter if the music is too loud—which it always is.

For civilized dining across from Barbra Streisand with Tony Bill dropping by for an earnest chat, there's 72 Market St. in Venice, which almost looks as if it's for people who go sailing and not really Hollywood—but it's Hollywood all right. It's just *so* Hollywood, you sort of give up and can relax.

Mortons is still the spot where you can see big stars from big soaps like Joan Collins and where I was mistaken for Suzanne Somers by Allan Carr, who was so incredibly nice to me it took fifteen minutes before he realized he was barking up the wrong tan blonde with cleavage.

I guess the most famous secret in L.A. is I Love Juicy, on the hip part of Melrose. Young stars like Ally Sheedy and Emilio Estevez float in and out eating their Juicy Raps and Kakies. There are also a lot of severely vegetarian video producers, writers like Carol Eastman (a.k.a. Adrien Joyce, the vegetarian who wrote *Five Easy Pieces*), and all the people trying to stay perfect and still eat like pigs, which you can do there because you don't have to worry about sugar, dairy, or anything else the least bit corrupt. The guy who invented the place, Michael, hangs around all day long giving intense lectures on the Danger of Meat and is as maniacally zealous as Richard Simmons, so it probably won't be a secret for long. Michael doesn't have much of a sense of humor, but his string-bean pâté tastes like French pork with brandy, which counts for a lot in a town where no one would touch French pork with brandy wit stick. The tofu quiche tastes like ro goose stuffing from out of Dick Some of us think Michael is there with Albert Einstein. (ers have a "problem" with and go to the East/West Café stead.

No one in the miasm Hollywood likes to ac the Valley exists, but si Disney (the *new* Disn Universal, Warner Bros., lumbia, and most of the music here actually are stranded in the ley, they have to eat, and where have lunch is this nice place ca Hamptons, which is dark and and where studio heads and se taries who can't bear the cafeteria they force on you in the commissa cluster every day and talk the s deals you hear all over Beverly H except that at Hamptons everyone i incognito that you can feel a kin purr of people actually working.

Perhaps the most un-L.A. place t ly and completely always jammed L.A. types like Rickie Lee Jones Chuck E. Weiss is Duke's, a diner- restaurant in West Hollywood whe savagely hungry crowd lines up dail sit at shared tables with all and sun It's complete chaos, but it reminds ple of New York.

I myself personally, of course, always preferred Musso's (i.e., Mu & Frank Grill, which has been on H lywood Boulevard since 1919, w Charlie Chaplin used to go there know this isn't a very sophistic choice in this day and age of les more fashionability, but at Musso can feel like an ingenue again and member that William Faulkner sat a corner table. Most people in L.A., Warren Zevon a month or so ago, s up there when no one's looking.

If you really succumb to "be seen," the best place in town is Sp The only time I felt really awkwar Spago was when I wore a T-shirt jeans and got seated next to Alan Lad and Frank Yablans. Spago is the place in Hollywood that would seat a body in jeans next to two studio he Spago mixes business with pleasure then throws in firecrackers and ballo If you have just one night to be see L.A., go to Spago and find out what dining with a vengeance can be. □



SORBARA

NEW YORK
ROTINY-TOKYO

Vanity Fair, 1929



Maurice Chevalier

Thirty years before he thanked heaven for little girls, Maurice Chevalier went to Hollywood in that massive influx of all-singing, all-dancing talent after the advent of talkies. Thirty million Frenchwomen were not wrong: American females also succumbed to the Gallic jut of his lower lip, the tilt of his boater. This limelit photograph of him and his shadows was shot for *Vanity Fair* in New York in 1929 by Edward Steichen. A print made from the original negative will be auctioned at Christie's East on November 11 (estimate: $1,200 to $1,800). Ah, yes, we remember it well.

Photograph by EDWARD STEICHEN



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HOTEL *California*

This month *Vanity Fair* gives itself a break and heads for the West Coast. Nothing heavy, just to check out the scene and do what everyone always wants to do when they hit California: We go to the hottest studio. We watch a movie star pumping up on the beach. We buy star-spangled glamour from Galanos. We get the industry dish on this year's great American movie debacle, *The Two Jakes.* We race around the Getty and club-crawl with a Brat Packer. Sated, we cool out on a ranch outside San Francisco, catch up with a Hearst, and lunch with *Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen. So reach for your Ray-Bans and come surfing on the surface.

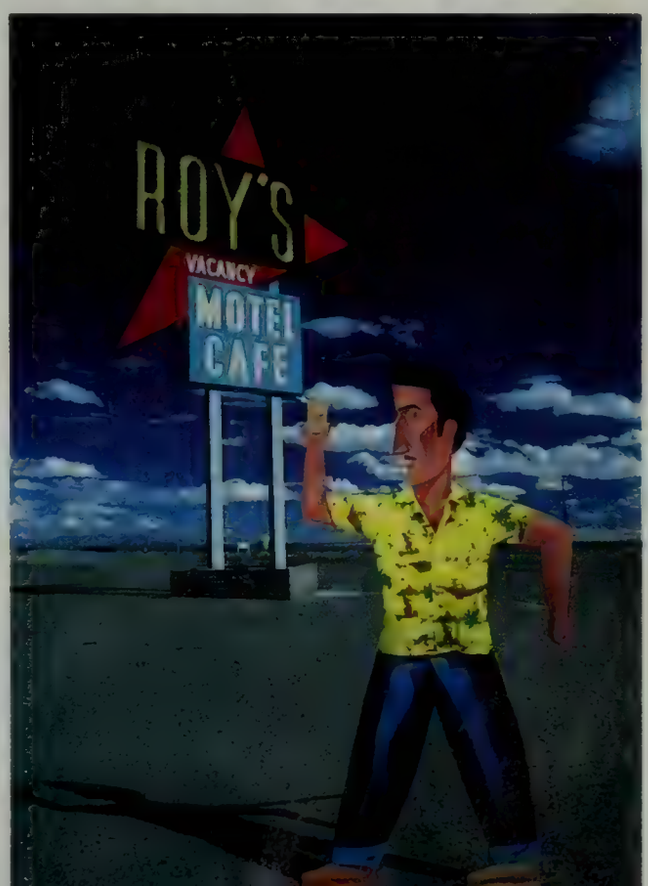
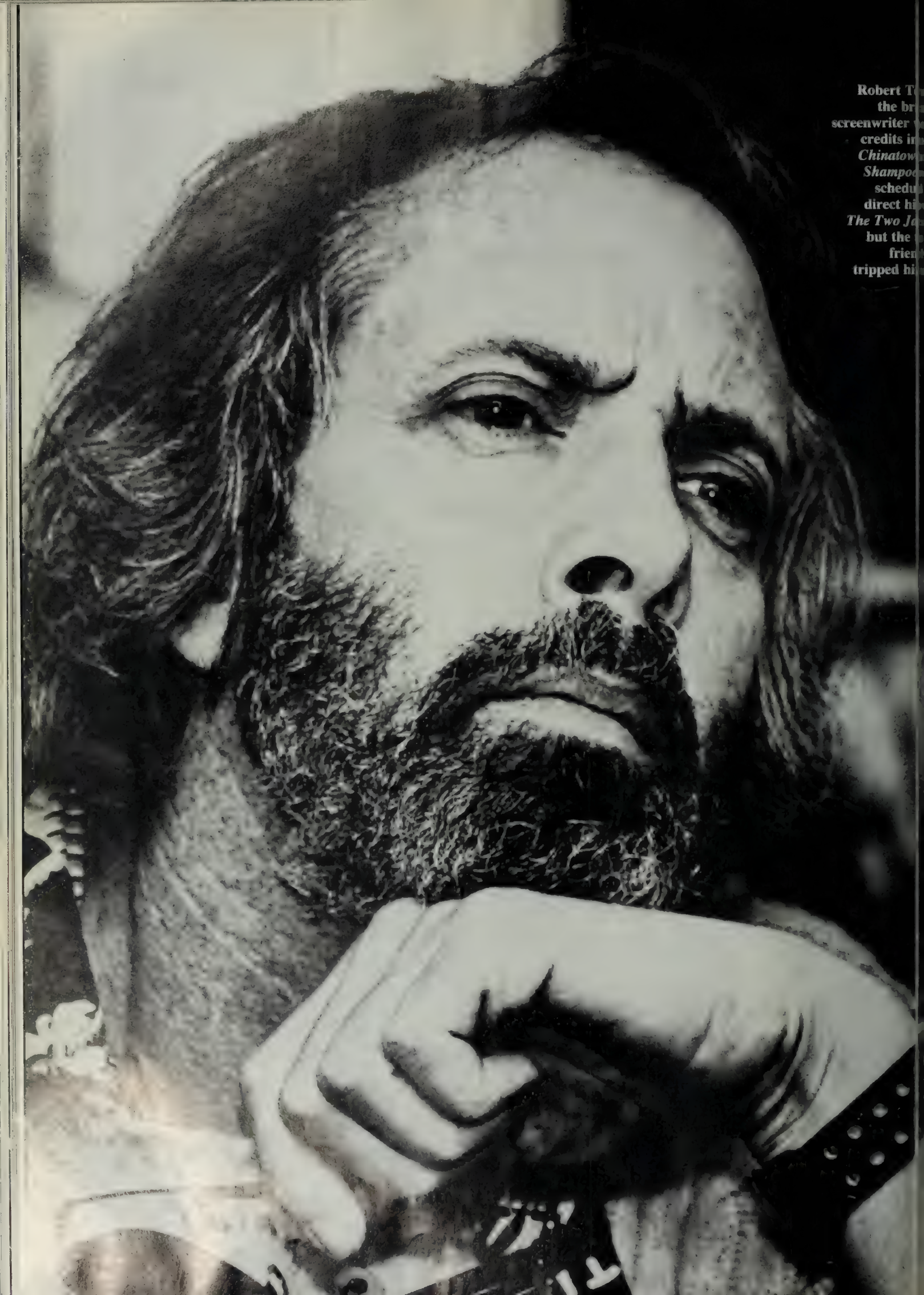


Figure in a California landscape: one of the temporary cutouts Japanese artist Yosuke Kawamura installed in public spaces, this one in the parking lot of Roy's Motel in Amboy.



Robert T
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Chinatow
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This is not a Bruce Lee kung fu caper. It's the story of the Greatest Movie Never Made. *The Two Jakes*, the long-awaited sequel to *Chinatown*, was all set to be shot this summer: an inspired script by Robert Towne; a cast led by Jack Nicholson; a deal put together as only Hollywood can. Then, whammo, things fell apart. DAVID THOMSON examines the pieces as Robert Towne tries to pick them up

Trouble in Chinatown

It may be the best screenplay Hollywood has seen in the last few years; it may even be the last great classic American script; and it may be that you're never going to see the movie.

The Two Jakes has been in the mind of Robert Towne for a dozen years—since he wrote *Chinatown*. ne won an Oscar for original screenplay for that picture; he working with his oldest friend, Jack Nicholson, and for a ucer he regarded as a prince among men, Robert Evans. *natown* was a triumph; Hollywood knew it was the kind of g it did best, a genre thriller, a *film noir*, but lifted higher mood, lyrical foreboding, and a bittersweet nostalgia over city that the movies and Robert Towne love above all oth- Los Angeles.

hinatown dealt with the place of water in the history of ., but like all the best American movies its doors swung n without urging, revealing metaphor. The film was also it idealism being screwed, about being raped and keeping a ght face. "Forget it, Jake—it's Chinatown," a friend tells Gittes, the private-eye hero, urging him away from the ster in which a beloved has been killed and an innocent is n the care of the corrupt tycoon who raped her mother—his daughter. *Chinatown* was about water in L.A., about rica in the time of Watergate; and it was a parable of ywood and getting used by the system.

1974, amid the triumph, Towne felt he'd been just a touch ved by another friend, Roman Polanski, the film's direc- who had changed a few things in the script, including the ng, and had eventually had to have a distraught Towne d from the set. So Robert Evans consoled Towne while shot the altered ending and probably told him, "Forget it, rt—it's pictures." And Towne took the Oscar, the brief , and the sultry reputation as the best screenwriter in town. s said he'd rather have the next five commitments from rt Towne than the next five from Robert Redford. Which sort of line you know is going to turn sour. But there are miths in L.A. who talk as if there'll be no tomorrow.

No writer in Hollywood has much enjoyed the position; it is a little too much on its knees with its bare ass in the cool air, waiting. And if Robert Towne has been the business's most desired writer, that hasn't made life easy. A writer is like a divorce lawyer or a private eye: when you want them, you have to have them; but later you despise them. If you're the writer, you feel privileged, invited up to the big house, flattered, confided in, given money and the private number, hungered after even, because you can solve the problem. So you solve it, you write it away, and people laugh and say, Why, there wasn't really a problem, was there? Just see yourself out, and count your money outside, not here. You end up humiliated and demoralized, and that's why they call you again. If you think about it, you can see why Hollywood private eyes are as sour and cynical as Jake Gittes in *Chinatown*. They're sick of being taken.

Robert Towne was also, often, sick. People in pictures made jokes about the famous script doctor whose own uncertain health made it easier for him to work at home and in spurts, and only rarely on complete ventures. He is now fifty, tall, a little stooped, his hair gray and straggling. In the few years I have known him, I have seldom found him other than anxious, exhausted, and generally jittery that he might be coming down with something or being got at. I'm not making fun of this vulnerability; he is also fiendishly athletic, obsessive, and inclined to talk for hours and work all night. It's just that Towne is one of those Hollywood people in whom health, or well-being, is more than merely physical. It also seems to be a manifestation of sensitivity, a way of not trusting the world, and a means of attracting attention. The novelist and screenwriter John Fante once described Towne with a blend of affection and guardedness that I share, and cannot top. He said Robert was "a very sweet guy, gentle as a kitten and crafty as a wolf."

The sickness in Robert was a matter of allergies—to the air, the dust, and the smog. He has a nose like a divining rod. In *Chinatown*, he dared to slit his male star's nose. "That must

really smart," someone murmurs. "Only when I breathe," answers Gittes—and it is Towne and Nicholson talking as one.

Yet Towne lived in Los Angeles, where the nose is regularly in jeopardy. He had been born there and spent most of his life there, loving the sprawled city but seeing it change for the worse. *Chinatown* and *The Two Jakes*—the first set in 1937, the second in 1948—are but the first parts of an intended trilogy meant to describe the modern history of Los Angeles, how it spoiled the land, killed the scent of eucalyptus and pepper-trees, and left guys like Jake Gittes suspicious and fearful for their own and their city's health. This has been Robert's song. He can bring tears to your eyes with it, so that you think the smog has crept into the story. He could woo young women with the story, so rousing them that they wanted to console his loss and catch the scent of true nature in his nose, lurking there like Howard Hughes in a penthouse suite.

Well now, wait a minute. I did that?

I'm inventing these italic lines for him; Robert is so innate a story man that one feels him intervening in any story about him. When you talk to him, you can sense him feeling out your structure, giving you quote lines. He writes scripts for more than just a living. Life surrounds him in fogbanks of scenario.

This is all very well, he says, *this sort of diagnosis. But we need some back story.* We do? I say. *The magazine will,* he says. *No one trusts readers to wait. And if I'm a character in this story*—which you are, I interrupt, meekly—*O.K., then we're going to need to say why they should care. You can't move people until you've got them caring.*

We have to tell your whole life story?

I hope not, he says. *I think we can do it in a couple of minutes' screen time. Imagine some views of L.A. in the thirties and forties, a voice-over, a breath of swing music, and the sound of wind in the palms . . .*

How he was raised in San Pedro, the harbor city south of L.A., born in 1934, of Russian descent and Romanian atmosphere, with tales of one grandmother fleeing a pogrom and another who was a Gypsy fortune-teller. The name was Schwartz, but Robert's father opted for Towne when he bought the Towne Smart Shop in San Pedro. It was not a dull family. One grandfather contrived to be honorary Queen of the May in Santa Ana. "And I had a great-grandfather," says Robert, "I wasn't allowed to meet. He was over ninety, tall, white-haired, a writer, and a womanizer of sorts, I hear. My mother has since said she regrets not introducing us."

How Robert knew a rural L.A., the landscapes Jake Gittes explored in the 1937 of *Chinatown*—once loved, never forgotten. How he loved the smell of water coming out of the ground, and how he cottoned to the notion that Los Angeles was really urban island formed by ocean and desert: "I like , Maui, and L.A.—because island people are hat's knowable. It's their secret. And if you it's a chance to love life. But in L.A. danger of people mining it to death, changing ognition because they're on the make

nd goes to Pomona s six months in military intelli- L.A. acting class and meets and rooms with someone called Jack Nicholson. This is the late fifti with everyone trying to be like James Dean. The class was r by actor Jeff Corey, and it treated acting in the full context making a movie. Actors and writers worked on scenes toget er. A rich new strain of naturalism had its roots in that clas with no finer manifestation than the way Towne could write f Nicholson. "I saw Jack work and improvise two or three tim a week for maybe five straight years," Towne has said. "I' seen him work so much that I feel I know what he does well Jake Gittes, the character, was not just the finest fruit of th association; he was the shared ideal of a friendship—shrew funny, sad, and error-prone.

And then how Towne starts writing, because he doesn't qu cut it as an actor or has too little energy for that struggle. So writes for TV and does scripts for Roger Corman, small pi tures, one good horror flick, *The Tomb of Ligeia*—granted i Poe and Vincent Price and all that lurid period nonsense. I isn't really getting anywhere until he does a Western, *A Ti for Killing,* and takes his name off *that* because he loathes t way it's rewritten. But Warren Beatty likes the script (scri are passed around, like pictures of women), and so when *Bo nie and Clyde* comes along, it's Robert who does the rewri on the original Robert Benton–David Newman script. Do y see how paranoia and dependency can become like illness this scheme of sometimes secret, unacknowledged rewritin How do you know you are not being interfered with? H should you not be awed and resentful of the great and power men who hire you and act like your friends?

And how they still argue over how much Robert did *Bonnie and Clyde,* and how in the end Warren gave him rare, secretive credit, "Special Consultant," a big credit w only one other name on the screen in the head credits, myst ous and potent. It was like a nudge, and it had everyone mutt ing about what Robert had done.

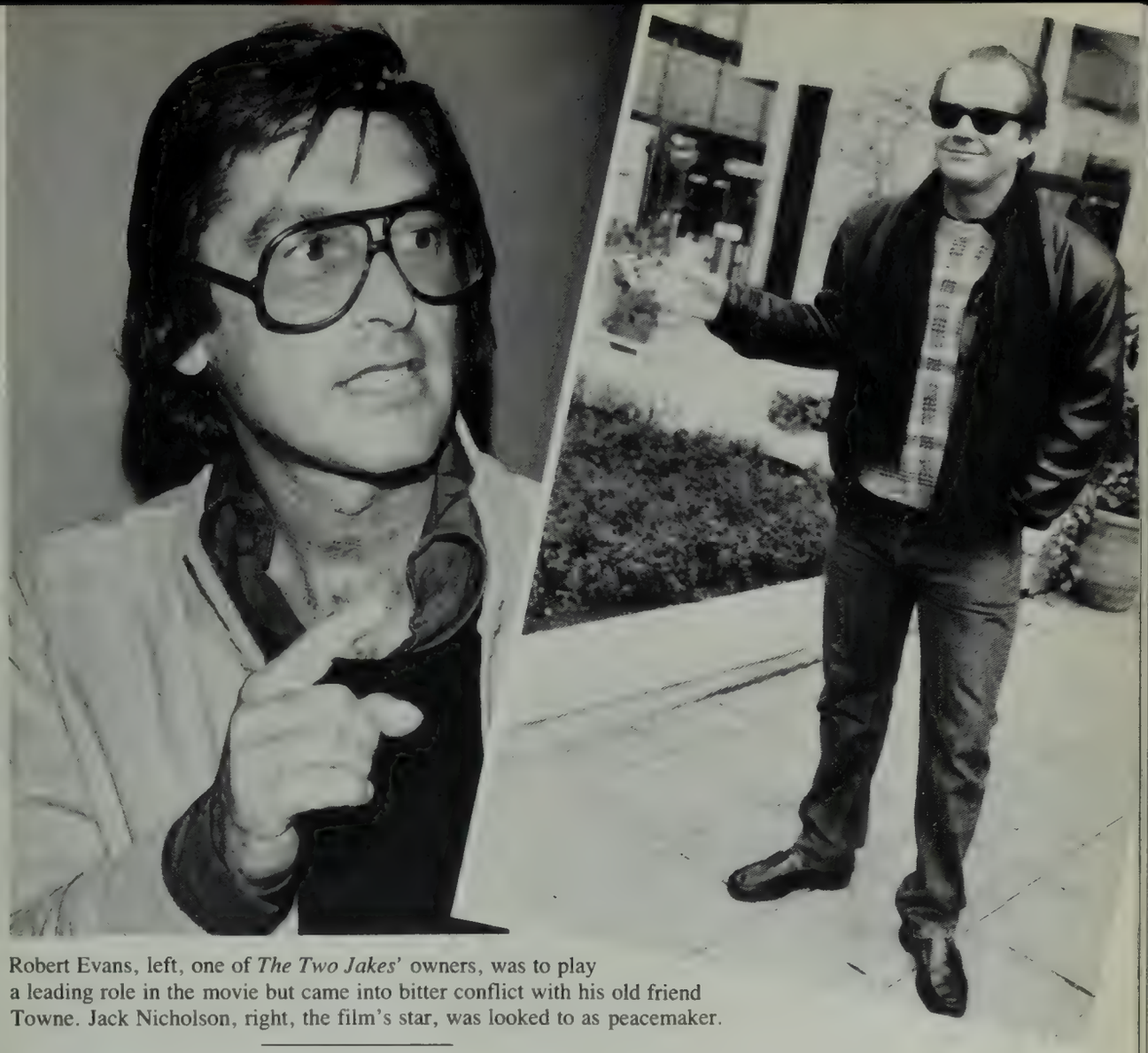
There's more. How Francis Coppola called Robert overnight to write the final conversation between Pacino a Brando in *The Godfather.* Brando would be off the film twenty-four hours; Coppola was under great pressure. Towne looked at a few hours of footage, got the flavor, a wrote a scene that all viewers remember. It is maybe quietest and warmest stress on family in the picture; it is a a cameo of male friendship. There's no credit for this film has many one-night stands that do not make the sl crawl. But when Francis got the writing Oscar, he thank Robert and polished the mystique.

Or how Robert, coughing and breathless if you like, d tored this and that over the years (*The New Centurions, C co Pike, The Yakuza,* and *Drive, He Said*—enough everyone to wonder about the others) and really made it the mid-seventies with *The Last Detail, Chinatown,* a *Shampoo,* three cool beauties in a row, two of them or nals, with no other screenwriting credit, except that War shared *Shampoo* because he rewrote it. And Hollywood s this is one of the greatest screenwriters it's ever had.

I think that'll play, says Robert.

Our script now focuses on a man of large and pro talent tempted into being more adventurous and op and being cut down for it. It's full of Towne's dark su

about fate and enter-
which is a way of
ring whether he isn't
illed by the disaster as
ıld have been by suc-
To fail in Hollywood
rly essential if you
ɔ think well of your-
vithout losing your
Visitors to Holly-
appreciated Robert
e he was an insider
n outsider's perspec-
He knew box-office
, but he could put
n the context of Ray-
Chandler and Carey
lliams. East Coast
found him wonder-
alk to: he understood
siness, but he was in-
ıt and well read. And
vood got more suspi-
, for why should
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mpressing outsiders?
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ɛr maybe this stress
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t believe so much in
atown" that he insists
aling its noxious air.



Robert Evans, left, one of *The Two Jakes'* owners, was to play a leading role in the movie but came into bitter conflict with his old friend Towne. Jack Nicholson, right, the film's star, was looked to as peacemaker.

Why did Robert Towne cast Evans as Jake Berman? It is a movie about friendship, and Towne may have thought to rescue Evans.

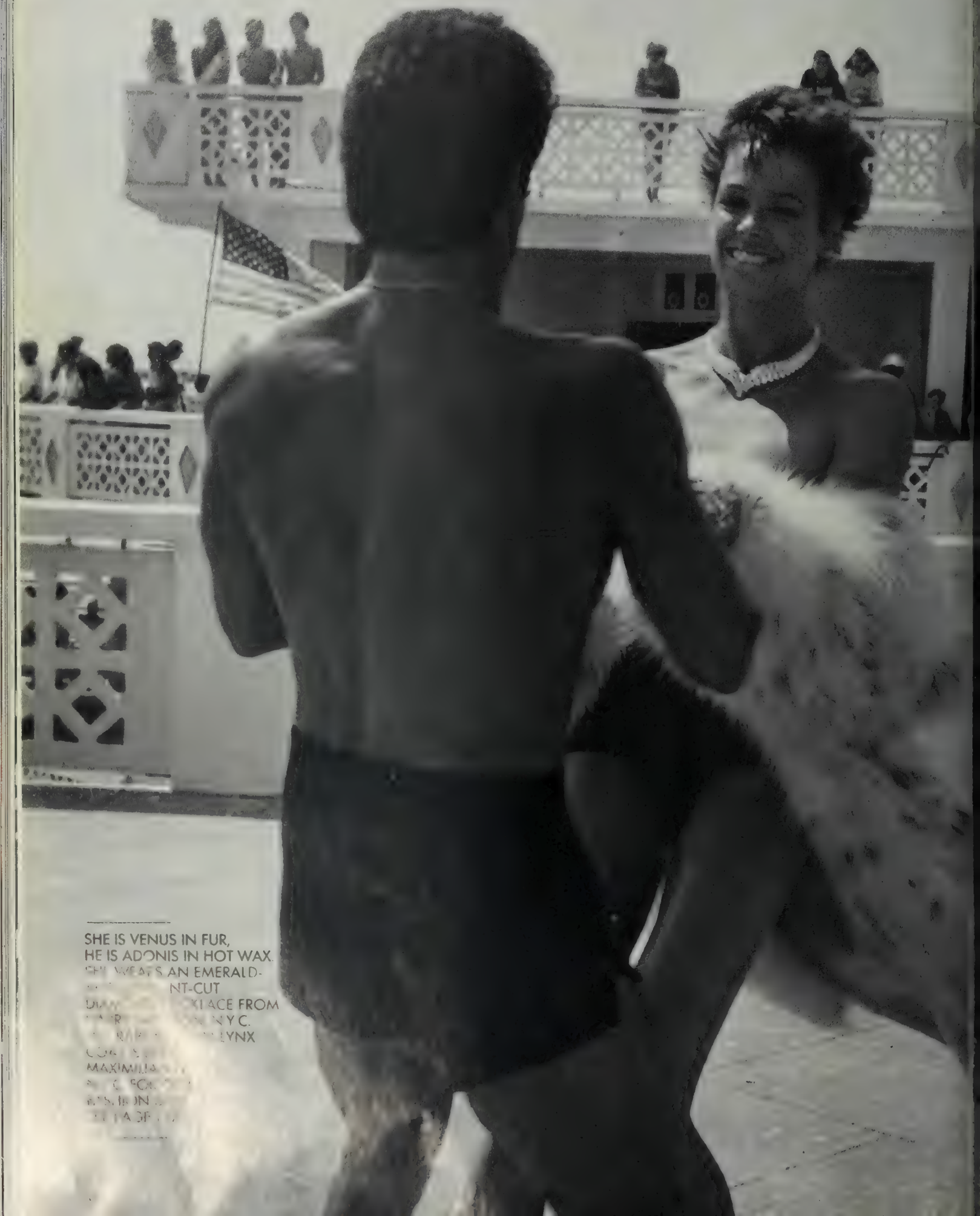
be a proof of authorship to say no one but me will stop
ı my work. And then, if you look at Nicholson's sad
nd hear Robert's foreboding lines, you are close to
tanding one of the great symbioses in American mov-
ou may even see how inevitable it was that things end
ayal—for betrayal is sometimes a plot device, a para-
ɔpe, that simply arranges events, given enough time.
Robert set out to be a director as well as a writer. This
here artistic authority and Hollywood sexiness lay. He
ɔnger: he was getting offers, and he had found a drug
alt with many of his allergies. It is called Nalcron. But
said it was just success that was encouraging him. He
great idea for a movie: Tarzan from the point of view
apes.
ert wrote a script, called *Greystoke;* he believes it's
st thing he's ever done. That may mean it was the
he has ever come to an obvious challenge—writing a
No one, not even Robert, was ever sure *Greystoke*
ɔe filmed.
as the story of an infant aristocrat lost in the African
and raised by apes. I know what you're saying—
seen that film. But you haven't, not Robert's.

He worked on *Greystoke* for years, reading all he could find on the English in Africa and researching the behavior of monkeys. There was an hour at the start of his *Greystoke* with no human talk, just the interaction of apes. Warner Bros. wanted to do the picture, with Robert directing. Who else could? The script was legendary before it had been shot. But it was always going to be expensive, and Robert was never sure if apes could play the apes or if he was bound to use actors in suits.

Time passed. Robert was delaying, or he was taking the proper time to make up his mind—you could take your pick. He passed up other chances—for example, John Fante's novel *Brotherhood of the Grape,* for Zoetrope and Phil Kaufman. That might have been a fine picture, and it would have been very good for Fante, who was in terrible health. But Robert let it slip, even though he still did a few small doctoring jobs when friends asked—*Marathon Man, Orca, The Missouri Breaks, Heaven Can Wait.*

Then he said he'd make *Personal Best,* a small film about women athletes, while he was making up his mind about *Greystoke*. But *Personal Best* got out of hand. The budget escalated. There were delays, a *(Continued on page 125)*

Fated to Be Mated

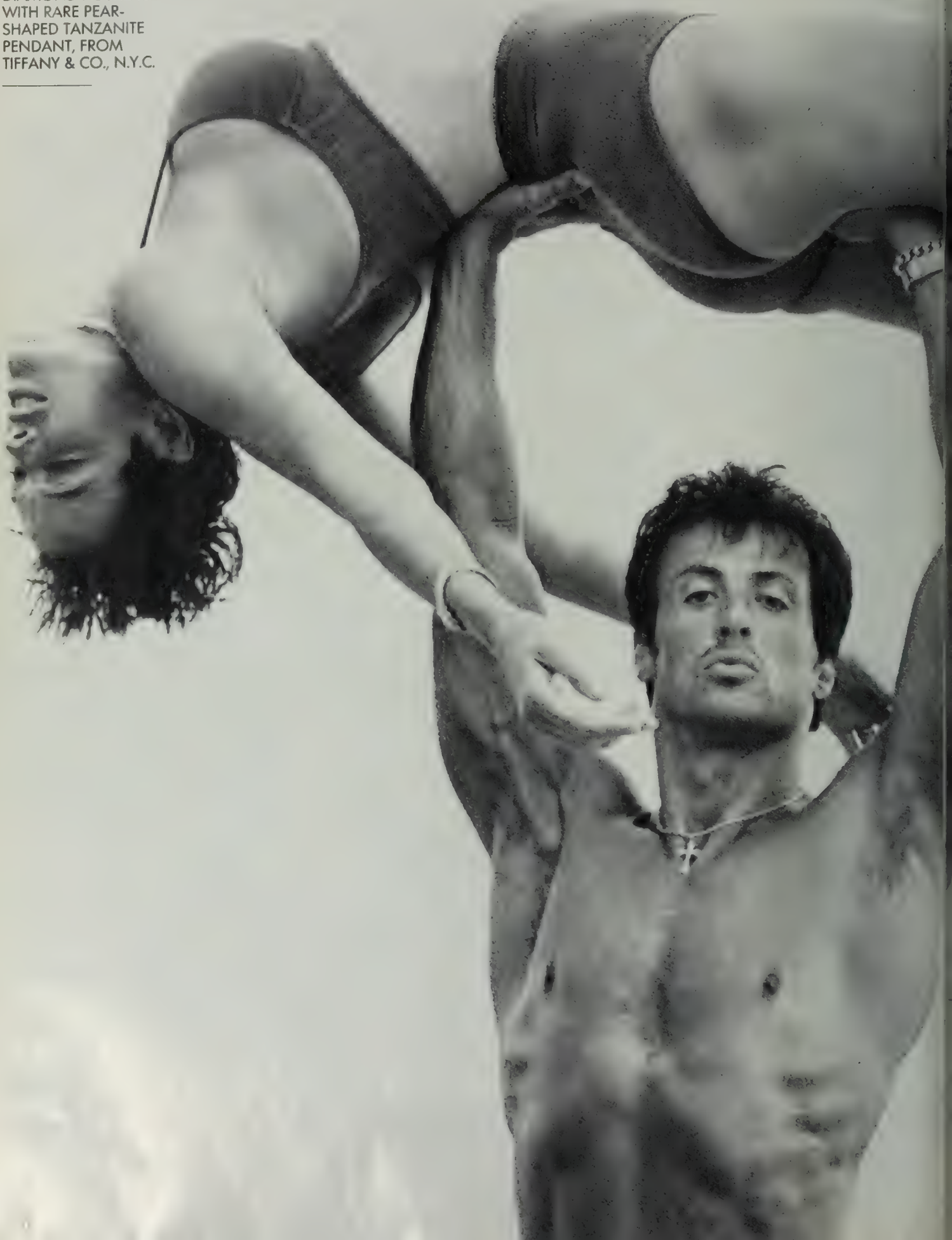


SHE IS VENUS IN FUR,
HE IS ADONIS IN HOT WAX.
SHE WEARS AN EMERALD-
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n gods need a
day. Vacationing on
h, the immortal
/ESTER STALLONE and
GITTE NIELSEN
y a muscle-beach frolic
darken the sky
their volcanic kisses.
tographs by HERB RITTS

STRIPPED OF HER FUR, BRIGITTE IS LIFTED TO APPEASE THE SUN-GOD. SHE WEARS A MARQUISE AND PEAR-SHAPED DIAMOND NECKLACE WITH RARE PEAR-SHAPED TANZANITE PENDANT, FROM TIFFANY & CO., N.Y.C.





ASPIRING GODLETS TRY TO MEASURE UP, ABOVE. THE GODDESS GAZES ON, WEARING HER DIAMOND NECKLACE AND MARQUISE DIAMOND AND PLATINUM RING, BOTH FROM TIFFANY & CO., N.Y.C. GRAY CHINCHILLA JACKET FROM THE REVILLON COLLECTION.

Yo, Venus!

superhero worth his loincloth or trunks needs a suitable mate. lecrees it. Myth dictated that Zeus lera honeymoon for three hundred and spawn deities. Nature intend- at Tarzan and Jane share a cross- vine and rule the kingdom of ani- with their mighty lungs. Where, rth addressed the clouds, can Syl- Stallone find an amazon worthy bench press? For Sylvester Stal- s more than a superhero; he is a superpower. He is America armored and oiled, a human tank with rectangular pecs. His body is a triumph of amplification. No wonder Stallone's heroes, Rocky and Rambo, make minimum use of words: his physique is itself a shout. And now that shout has been returned in the person of the Danish actress-model Brigitte Nielsen, who starred in the sword-clanging epic *Red Sonja* and on these pages co-stars with Stallone in an exhibition of brawn, vainglory, and fur. They perfectly match. He is width; she is length. He is scowl; she is smile. Machismo and machisma meet in their muscle-beach embrace. You look at Nielsen's show-girl legs and can't help but think, Rocky has found his Rockette. They are the beefcake and cheesecake of the warrior caste, and when their bodies converge, it makes for a virile thunder. We piddling mortals can only look agog and cap our ears.



PRODUCED BY
TINA BOSSIDY.
HAIR BY SAM McKNIGHT.
MAKEUP
BY LINDA CANTELLO.



SLY'S SULTRY DROOP SAYS IT ALL. *THIS PAGE:* SHE WEARS A DIAMOND NECKLACE FROM TIFFANY & CO., N.Y.C. *OPPOSITE PAGE:* HER HEART-SHAPED BURMA-RUBY AND DIAMOND NECKLACE WITH MATCHING EARRINGS FROM BULGARI, N.Y.C. GOLDEN ISLAND FOX COAT BY CHLOÉ FOR GOLDIN FELDMAN, N.Y.C.

CALIFORNIA: THE NEW ALEXANDRIA

It's a cultural motel on the crossroads of the twentieth century, a bronzed paradise where painters, writers, composers, architects, philosophers—stars from Stravinsky and Foucault to Hockney and Isherwood—dip into the shifting currents of aestheticism and sensuality. DAVID REED reports

Everything in the world can be found in Alexandria: w wrestling, soldiers, blue skies, shows, philosophers, men, palaces, the Museum, wine, all good things one ca sire, women more in number. —Herodas, third centur

---

The handsomeness of the young Californians had made a impression on him, accustomed, as he was, to European r and European bodies. "They are like Greeks," he said, their muscles and their bronzed skins." Then he execut awkward dance, his eyes alight with humor. "We are G without brains," he sang. "We are Greeks without b That's the song they sing." —Peter V

Here it's no good putting on lots of clothes. Who needs th
—David Ho

In the strange new postmodern American imperium, Ca nia has seized the role that ancient Alexandria played bright pagan world. From Mexico to Marin County, th rising on the Pacific Coast one immense Spenglerian city. This society of spectacles seems destined to be, a exandria was for a thousand years, the global capital o ence, scholarship, mass media, mystery religions, advanced sensuality.

"We are the children of our landscape," Lawrence rell declares in *The Alexandria Quartet*. "It dictates b iour and even thought in the measure to which w responsive to it." The light in California is intense, d violently lucid. California worships light, as Greek Al dria did, and healthy bodies. Or as culture critic Peter rad says, "Physique, in this bronzed paradise, has taker character as the source of identity."

On this remote coast the blond barbarian descenda Visigoths and Vandals gather in such pleasure gardens Far West as La Jolla, Malibu, and Will Rogers State near Santa Monica, where, according to *Los Angeles* zine, biology and custom have conspired to produce the



rator John Walsh
he astronomically
ded J. Paul Getty
seum in Malibu,
terned after
assical villa.

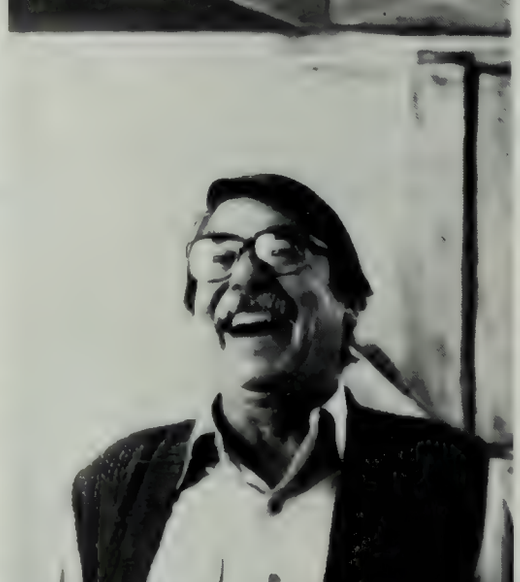
looking kids on earth. Like Alexandria, California is addicted to the occult and the wisdom of the Mysterious East, whose elements it then refines into fresh cults and heresies. It lies at the cusp of a half-dozen world cultures, including the Latin, the Oriental, and the South Pacific. Of course, it was stolen from Mexico, and in the form we know it may prove to be as ephemeral as the Crusader kingdoms.

As a culture, California encompasses hyperintellectuality and amazing credulity. As a society, it is protean, polyglot, and polysexual. It swarms like Alexandria in the good old days with mythographers, mathematicians, rhetoricians, astrologers, realtors, morticians, bodybuilders, cooks, conspirators, street musicians, serial murderers, faith healers, and diverse technicians of the soul. The affinity with Egypt extends to modern Alexandria, with its sky-blue trams and its dusty palm fronds tatting in the wind—the romantically seedy setting of Durrell's *Quartet* and C. P. Cavafy's erotic poems.

"Even Los Angeles reminded me of Cavafy," the painter David Hockney says. "The hot climate's near enough to Alexandria, sensual; and this downtown area was sleazy, a bit dusty, very masculine...all tacky and everything."

"When I first came here from England," Hockney recalls, "I just came on a hunch that I would love it. I think it was partly the sensuality, the sexiness, and then, ultimately, its spaciousness. It's a horizontal city, isn't it, Los Angeles? Everything in California is horizontal."

Half-seriously, California likes to think of itself as the intellectual and biological avant-garde of the race. "The highest concentration of artists, Nobel Prize–winners, writers, dancers, high-tech computer-space-video-communications wizards in the world," extraterrestrial émigré Timothy Leary crowed in *California* magazine. "For 5,000 years the smartest, freest, most creative, [illegible] people on the [illegible] migrating [illegible] genetic runaway [illegible] Athens, Boston [illegible] its [illegible] for the next big evolutionary lurch."



Painter Richard Diebenkorn: His famous *Ocean Park* series alludes to the landscape of Southern California.

It swarms like Alexandria in the good old days with mythographers, mathematicians, astrologers, realtors, morticians, bodybuilders, and diverse technicians of the soul.

Longer than any other place, California has been at l in the Plato's Cave of the new mass media. For eighty Southern California has been exporting the light of its the way ancient Alexandria exported grain, music, and gion. There has always been a dreamy appositeness abo film studios at the edge of the Western world, in a "Me ranean" climate where "the air is clear of everything," the Wallace Stevens poem "A Clear Day and No M ries." Film, after all, is composed of "molds of light" "pieces of time." Videotape, which enabled Hollywo shut down New York's Golden Age of live televisio positively ethereal (no messy chemicals to bother wit John Updike's novel *Bech Is Back*, Jerusalem reminds H Bech of Southern California.

Here were the same low house palm fronds, the same impressi staged lighting, exclusively front if the backs of these building solved into unpainted slats and r canvas, into weeds and warm air- stagnant, balmy, expectant air o lywood when the sun goes down.

The light and landscape are pr dial. Eve Babitz, author of the le observant *L.A. Woman* and *Days, Fast Company*, attributes "African" light the healthines handsomeness that so bedazzle to used to gray New Yorkers: "Ho you dare wrinkle or sag?" she David Hockney observes, "If don't wear as many clothes, nat the body has to look a bit bett you're always wearing a lot of c it might not matter; you can in people with them. Here it's no putting on lots of clothes. Who them? People certainly do look b Who was it who said even th black ladies look blonde?"

But the genius of place makes for di souls. As Durrell explains, "It is not e question of mixed races and tongues the national peculiarity of the Alexan to seek a reconciliation between th deepest psychological traits of which are conscious," extreme sensuality a tellectual asceticism. "That is why w hysterics and extremists. That is why the incomparable lovers we are."

California politics are expansive e to embrace Orange County and the ple's republics of Berkeley and Santa ica, and to have produced Upton Sin Herbert Hoover, Henry George, Ri Nixon, Jerry Brown, and Ronald Re Similarly, California culture contains current and a cold current, excitable and material girls, a youth culture



A. painter William Brice
e); comedian and now art
ector Steve Martin (*right*)
his Beverly Hills living
n with a canvas by early
tractionist Arthur Dove;
L.A. photographer
nn Callis (*below, right*),
hose pictures are both
er and alluring; the Frank
ehry–designed Aerospace
useum in L.A. (*bottom*
), with a Lockheed F-104
gargoyle; *Wunderkind*
tor of the revived-to-raves
a Jolla Playhouse (*Big*
r), Des McAnuff (*bottom*
. at center), with Phoebe
es and Peter Frechette on
he set of *The Seagull*.

"I believe,
ke Van Gogh,
ere's more joy
in the sun."
David Hockney







forms wolf packs and roams Melrose Avenue in black 501 jeans and a museum culture represented by the Norton Simon, the Huntington, and the Getty. The famous weakness for prophets and panaceas from the East is balanced by an affinity for *Mitteleuropa* that put flat-roofed Richard Neutra houses in Silver Lake, Igor Stravinsky in a villa above Sunset, and Arnold Schönberg in a classroom at U.C.L.A.

California artists know that most New York critics think they are all sensibility and no mind, like the Eloi in H. G. Wells's *Time Machine*. On the other hand, a lot of California artists think New York critics are Morlocks. Painter Robert Irwin remembers how derisive Manhattan critics were about the "fetish finish" they accused him of exhibiting in his extraordinary attention to detail. "The fact is those New Yorkers couldn't see the difference," he said later. "*They literally couldn't see it.*" However, "I could see how if you spent your life in the confines of cluttered light, and thought of your existence in the maze of the city as an exercise in personal survival in which the prime requirement was a continuous mental toughness—sure, I could see how such subtleties might not seem real issues." A bunch of troglodytes is what he means.



EVELYN HOFER

Ed Ruscha with a mural commissioned for the rotunda of the new Miami library, designed by Philip Johnson and John Burgee.

The painter William Brice, a longtime professor at U.C.L.A., remembers moving from New York to Los Angeles in the mid-thirties. (His parents were comedian Fanny Brice and the legendary gambler Nick Arnstein.) "There was the physical beauty, of course, the beaches, and the young were all on wheels. I found there was far more generational solidarity in California," he says. Brice finds appealing the idea of spirit of place. He cites, for example, in his friend Richard Diebenkorn's *Ocean Park* abstractions the allusions to landscape, which in Southern California is expansive and lateral. "Of [illegible] you might get perhaps three hundr[illegible]ear of pure blue skies, [illegible]n. But, another thing, [illegible] sunsets simply didn't exist [illegible]t be surprised if that [illegible] burnt oranges and [illegible]ing onto canvases.

"I come from Gothic gloom," says Hockney, w[illegible] paintings of California buildings and bodies have creat[illegible] new West Coast self-image. "The first twenty years o[illegible] life I never saw a waving palm tree anywhere, or the [illegible] sea. Light...it's incredibly intense here compared to [illegible] gland. Everything is in focus, which is not true in Engl[illegible] The atmospherics there cause mists on horizons. That[illegible] don't get here. There's smog, I know, but in a sense t[illegible] artificial, isn't it?...

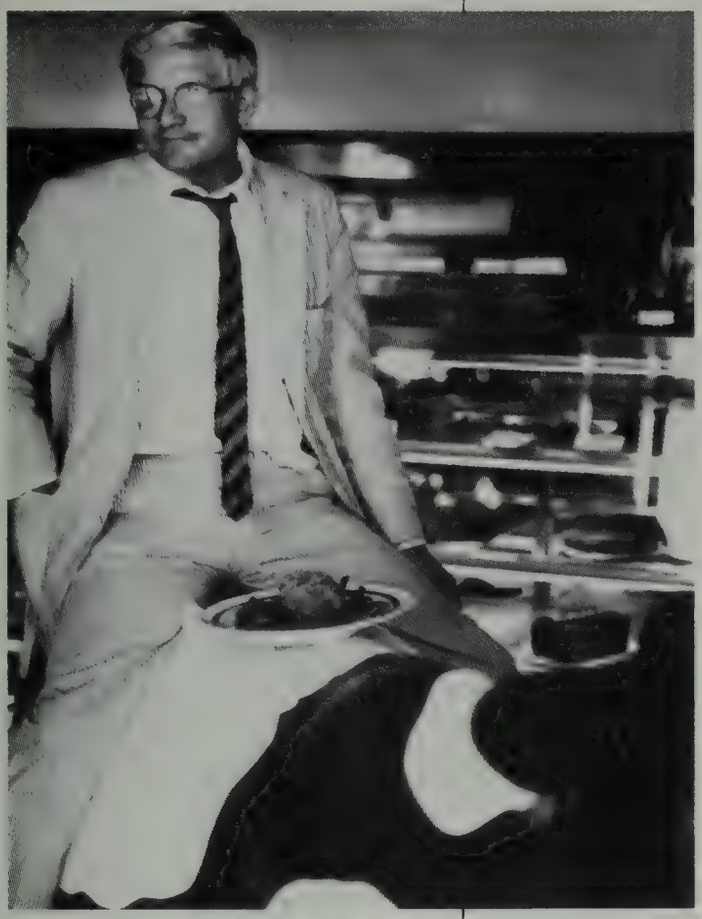
"I'm attracted to the sun. I'm a Northerner. I believe [illegible] Van Gogh, there's more joy in the sun. I think we we[illegible] meant to live cooped up in tiny houses in Yorkshire. I be[illegible] in the journey toward light. I believe in essence—that's [illegible] we're about. Somehow light seems the source of everythi[illegible]

Brice names Hockney, Diebenkorn, Irwin, and Sam [illegible] cis as being among the modern masters in California ar[illegible] Hockney he says, "He has even changed the way w[illegible] lawn sprinklers!"

Henry Hopkins, the director of the San Francisco Mu[illegible] of Modern Art, says, "The art of Southern California fin[illegible] impetus in Zen and [illegible] while Northern Califor[illegible] oriented toward Sturm[illegible] Drang." Northern Calif[illegible] Robert Arneson, [illegible] Asawa, Robert Bechtle, [illegible] than Oliveira, Mel Ra[illegible] Wayne Thiebaud, [illegible] Voulkos, William W[illegible] Southern California: Cl[illegible] Arnoldi, Laddie John [illegible] David Hockney, H[illegible] Lundeberg, Ed Ruscha. [illegible] cis, a mystical colorist [illegible] Diebenkorn were the[illegible] young paladins of the h[illegible] age of Bay Area abstrac[illegible] pressionism. They both[illegible] San Francisco, and Fr[illegible] eventually settled in [illegible] Monica. Meanwhile, Di[illegible] korn had become the le[illegible] figure of the Bay Area f[illegible] tive school. His *Ocean* [illegible] paintings, in the mid-si[illegible] came as a colossal sh[illegible] like his earlier defection[illegible] abstraction, or for that [illegible] his move from the Be[illegible] Hills to the neighborhoo[illegible] dingy L.A. amusement[illegible] "I *like* it here," Diebe[illegible] explains. "The different [illegible] rhythm. There is simp[illegible] immense difference in [illegible] bility, but when I tol[illegible] to the people in the[illegible] Area, their jaws just dr[illegible] They simply gaped."

"The art of Southern California finds its impetus in Zen and Jung, while Northern California is oriented toward Sturm und Drang."
—Henry Hopkins

bert Irwin, who was born in Long Beach in 1928, says ucated himself at the legendary Ferus Gallery on La ga in Los Ange- The Ferus's open- show in 1957, ects on the New scape Demanding Eye," included ises by Dieben- and Clyfford .) Irwin's art ed from "very al, very runny" act-expressionist ases to severe dots, and disks, nding acrylic col- , and eventually famous "emp- oom at MoMA in . When his dot ngs were exhibit- the 1965 São Biennial, they knifed and spat ("I guess they nized a real at- was Irwin's mild usion). Hilton Kramer's reaction to the Whitney's ret- ctive in 1977 was not unlike that of the indignant citi- of São Paulo; he reviewed the show as "a repudiation of d life." Irwin's installations have been described as im- perceptual conundrums, constructed out of tape, s, light, and setting. "Duchamp bluntly illustrated that bject could be art if so called," Roberta Smith has said. n's work has been suggesting, with increasing insis- , that any situation is art, *if so experienced.*"



David Hockney in his hilltop studio.

owing up, Irwin was a hot-rodder and a lifeguard at whead and Catalina, and he still remembers the twenty of ruby-red maroon he applied to the dashboard of his ord. When his biographer Lawrence Weschler asked where he got the sense of serenity that suffuses his work, replied, "High school."

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rnia is a queer place—in a way, it has turned its back on orld, and looks into the void Pacific. —D. H. Lawrence

From theater to monumental architecture, a freewheeling, ragtag eclecticism is the leading feature of postmodern California culture. Philip-Dimitri Galas, twenty-eight, is one of the liveliest provocateurs on the beyond-the-fringe California theatrical landscape. This crowded field includes Murray Mednick's seven-part *Coyote Cycle*, the *Berlin Alexanderplatz* of Native Americana; Danskin's automotive ballet; and Galas's avant-vaudean Alexandrine refinement of literary cabaret. The Ganes are Alexandrian Greek, and Galas *knows* California new Alexandria. *(Continued on page 122)*

HOCKNEY

Looking down on L.A.

David Hockney, at forty-eight the leading English painter of his generation, lives at the top of a Hollywood hill. The living-room ceiling is a labyrinth of lights and apertures, his studio the size of a tennis court—which is what it used to be. Hockney arrived in Southern California in 1963, and since then his paintings of blue aquatic L.A. and suburban swimmers have raised the backyard swimming pool to the iconic.

"The paintings of pools are not quite what people thought they were. They're not just paintings about a little blue hedonistic pond. They're all about a flat surface: water. And on the flat surface you get all kinds of things happening, and it's that thin film of transparency I was interested in.

"When I first came to live here, I hadn't any money. I just lived in cheap apartment blocks. They always have swimming pools, of course. You don't need money to have a swimming pool in your backyard. I like that. L.A. is the most egalitarian city in the world. I think without a doubt it is. The difference between the way the rich and the way the poor live is not as great as in New York City. Beverly Hills is the only place in the world where you can visit somebody who has Picassos on the wall and you eat from paper plates. You wouldn't find that in Paris. Or New York.

"When I lived in the L.A. flatlands, everything was squares, right angles, straight lines. The moment I came to live up in the hills: wiggly lines.

"The day I got here, I loved it looking down. It's beautiful, L.A., from the air, and because of the spaciousness of the streets, you actually see Wilshire Boulevard. So you get to know L.A. like a map. Everybody in California travels, so they're always seeing their city from the air. That's why I painted *Mulholland Drive*. When you look down on the San Fernando Valley, it's just the street map of L.A., which anybody in L.A. would recognize as Studio City and Burbank. It's another way of viewing the city. Manhattan you see as a lump if you're flying over it, but you don't see the space of it.

"The film industry has never portrayed California. For good reasons probably. Even today I don't think there's one building you could show in a backdrop and know instantly it's L.A., as you could with New York, Paris, London, Rome. Maybe you could show some freeways. Oddly enough, the city itself is not that well known. Certainly not in paintings. I realized that. I thought Paris has been painted by artists a lot better than I am. I lived in Paris. I didn't know what to make of it. Now I could make something of L.A. because I could do it in a new way."

—Interviewed by David Reid and Jonathan Jerald

SPOTLIGHT

Malcolm Goes to Malibu

His motto was "cash from chaos," and his management of the infamous and violently self-exploding punk-rock band the Sex Pistols made him the Pied Piper of London's style-ridden street culture. But now Malcolm McLaren makes movies for CBS in Hollywood. "It's a factory in the sun," whimpers the erstwhile Super Svengali. "I tell you, they're working me to the bone."

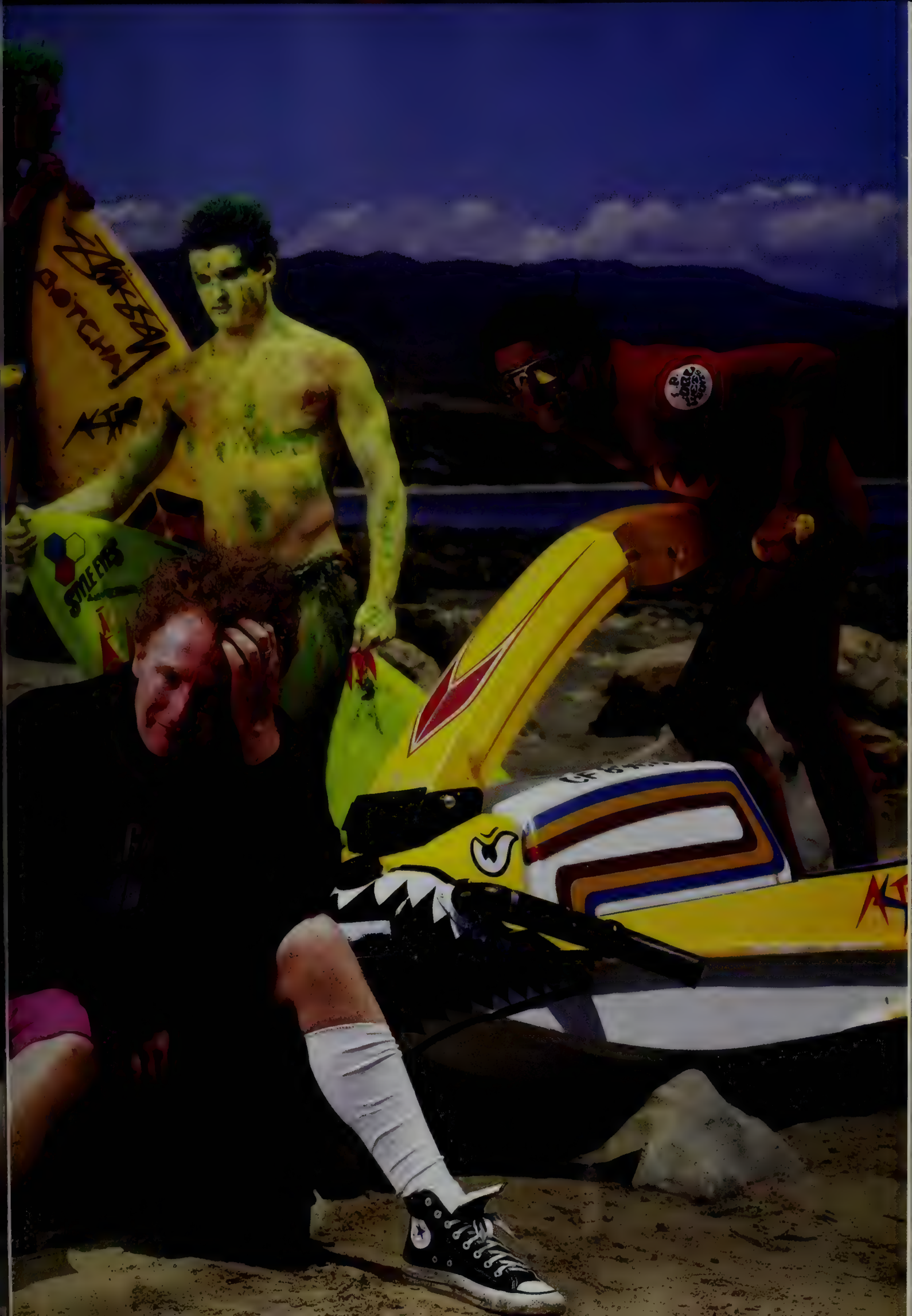
As usual, the thirty-nine-year-old McLaren has three or four projects going on at once. When he's not working on his films—or on a theatrical version of his last LP, the Puccini-inspired *Fans* (with Joseph Papp)—he obsesses on his burgeoning relationship with model/actress Lauren Hutton.

His first production for CBS is a surfer movie based on *The Magnificent Seven* and set on an archetypal beach in the all-too-near future. "We're not talking Beach Boys now," he says. "This is the heavy-metal surf sound of the eighties. These are my heavy-metal surfing nazis." Next is a film called *Fashion Beast,* equal parts Cocteau and Christian Dior. "It's about style wars and fashion police." But will Fashion play in Peo[illegible]? "It's the one part of our culture people are concerned about," he barks, "because it [illegible] people [illegible] they are. Dressing up to [illegible] dress up for a job. [illegible] means to dress [illegible] on, pure [illegible] what they say [illegible]men.

—CRAIG BROMBERG

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

HAIR BY [illegible] TER SAVAG_ AND MAKEUP BY JOANNE BOTH FOR CLOUTIER



Citizen Kane it ain't, but the saga of William Randolph Hearst III is a San Francisco success story. Now publisher of his grandfather's first newspaper, the *Examiner*, he's scrubbing the mildew off the family escutcheon, reports ARTHUR LUBOW

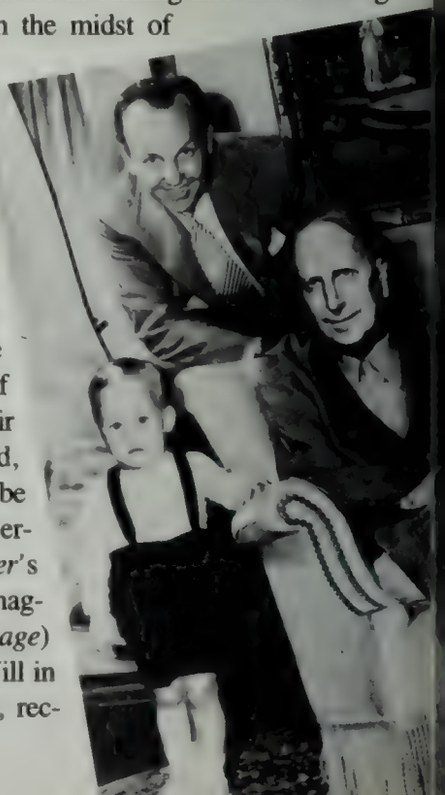
William Randolph Hearst III

In San Francisco, where preservation is the municipal creed, the remodeling of the city's afternoon paper fits right in with other restoration projects. There are the same nostalgic reveries. The same financial worries. The same yuppie enthusiasm. But what makes the *Examiner* special, what makes it, indeed, a restorer's dream, is that the man leading the restoration campaign is himself a restoration. At the newspaper where the first American publishing empire began, William Randolph Hearst is again at the helm.

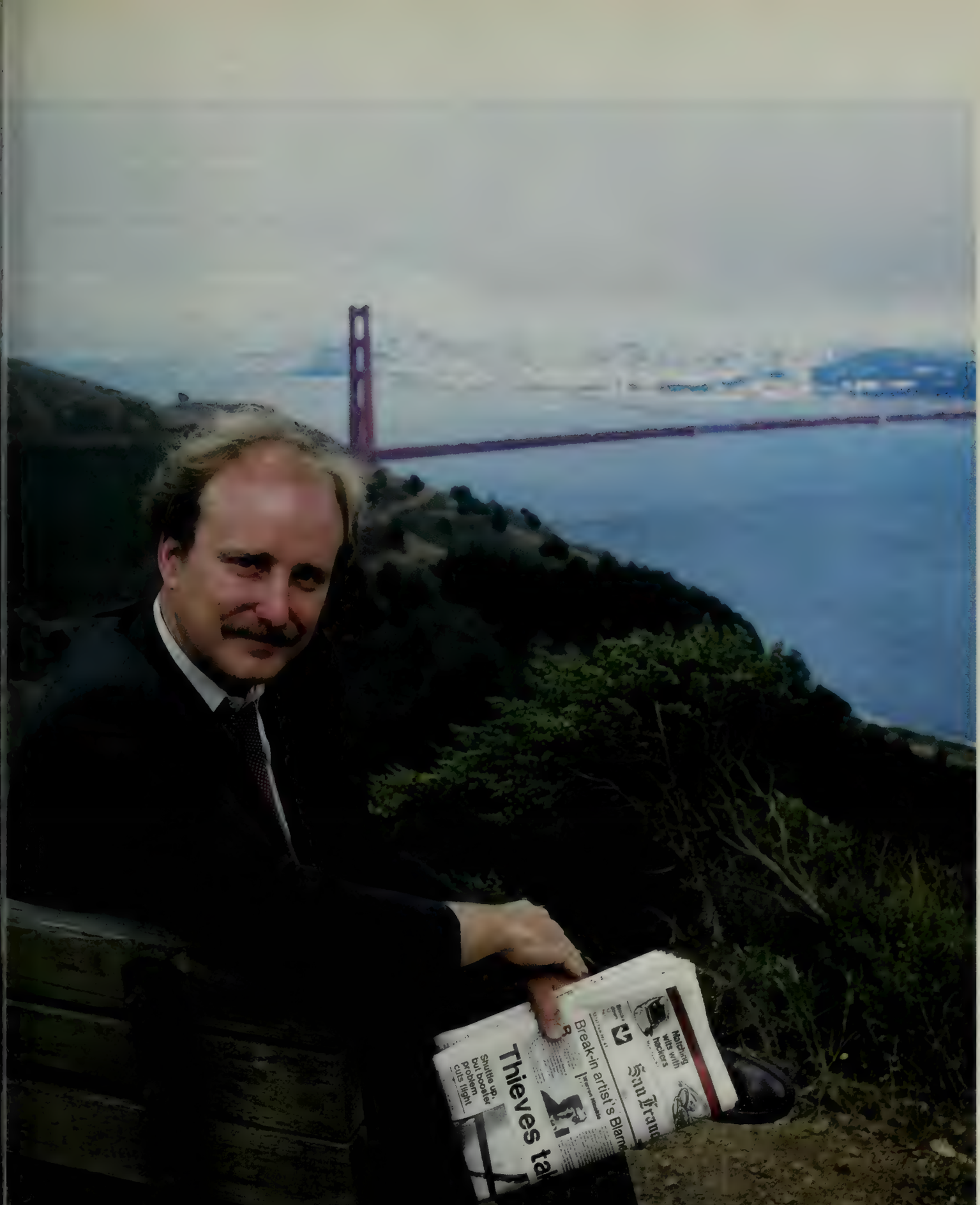
William Randolph Hearst III, to be precise. A name redolent of the golden age of both the *Examiner* and the Hearst family. It's an age long gone. The paper's circulation figures have been sinking, and as for the family—well, could a novelist find a better symbol for a dynasty's enfeeblement than today's most famous Hearst, Will's cousin Patty, the celebrity victim?

At first glance the new incarnation seems a little unheroic. This rumpled, balding, likable thirty-six-year-old fellow with his shirt spilling out of his trousers and his mind bouncing around like a runaway rubber ball hardly seems the stuff of which legends are made. He resembles his famous grandfather, whose portrait hangs above his desk, but this is definitely the made-in-the-sixties model. He owns just three suits, and even when he's wearing a pressed one, the holes in his shoes are likely to spoil the effect. "He is the least vain person I've ever met," says Nan, his wife of ten years, a beautiful brunette with the dewy, deep-blue eyes of a Hillsborough deb and the shrewd wit of a successful businesswoman. The Hearsts dine at Campton Place, arguably San Francisco's best restaurant, but they also eat at Burger King. They live in the Pacific Heights area of San Francisco, in an old four-story house renovated by Nan, who is an architect, and decorated by her in various styles, from high tech to traditional, as a changing laboratory for her ideas. Whatever she does with it is fine by Will. Without her, he would probably live in a bare space with a mattress and a computer. He drives a 1979 green Honda Civic, a fact which [illegible]—to his slight annoyance. He is thinking [illegible] new car. The Honda is a relic of the Great [illegible]. [illegible] child of the sixties and the child of the Hearsts, a split that has been mended very neatly.

In the late sixties, Will was a rebel. At Harvard he hun with an artsy, druggy crowd whose political sympathie with the countercultural wing of S.D.S. His views on the in Vietnam were shared by most of his classmates. Only, of them didn't see Vietnam on a V.I.P. press tour ("a r marish, surreal experience," he says now), and their fa however Neanderthal, weren't publishing raving right- columns on page 1 of the Hearst Sunday newspapers. His arguments with his father had an extra edge, because th thority figures Will was flouting were *national* authority ures. His college friend Jerry Harrison, now part of Ta Heads, remembers visiting Will in New York at the time o assassination of Robert Kennedy. Since both Richard N and Nelson Rockefeller lived in the same Fifth Avenue a ment building as Will's parents, the place was crawling cops, who eyed the two long-haired youths suspiciously. used to take great pleasure in coming into that building and getting stoned in the midst of the police," Harrison recalls.



Today Will is publisher of the *Examiner*, and the wonderful thing is, the whole sixties bit, the student protests, the mattress on the floor, the rejection of the parents and their buttoned-down world, that all turns out to be *useful*. A pitch to advertisers for the *Examiner*'s glitzy new Sunday magazine (christened *Image*) features a photo of Will in the San Simeon hills, rec-



William Randolph Hearst III's youthful rebellion, the whole sixties bit, turns out to have been useful. The audience he's after for the *Examiner* has the same past. *Opposite page*, the three William Randolph Hearsts in 1951, before young Will got ideas of his own.

Photograph by HARRY BENSON

reationally grubby alongside his pickup truck—the *Examiner* market incarnate. When he took the publisher's job a year ago, Will wrote a plan for 1985 that targeted his sought-for readers: "the baby boom generation" of "people who grew up in the sixties," a San Francisco specialty. He imagined as an archetype a working wife and mother who leaves the kids at day care before going to the law firm where she hopes to make partner, who owns a VCR and is thinking about a PC, who is liberal but not left.

"Everyone is getting tired of the word *yuppie,*" says Curtiss Anderson, the editor in chief of the Hearst magazine-development division, who is helping Will remodel the paper; and the nauseous word doesn't appear once in Will's nine-page plan. Yet this market that dare not speak its name is what Will's after. It's the audience he knows. Last summer, when the babysitter quit suddenly, Nan stayed home with the two kids on Monday, Will stayed home Tuesday, and on Wednesday each took a child to the office. The aspiring law partner who voted for Mondale could relate to that.

What the young professionals of San Francisco want to read is something smart, lively, hip; so Will has been shooting up the *Examiner* like a patient in a Brazilian sheep-placenta clinic. The changes began once he replaced the unhip editor, Dave Halvorsen, last May. Since then, nearly every week has offered a surprise. He hired a more dynamic editor, Dave Burgin, from the Orlando *Sentinel,* and backed him with a statesmanlike managing editor, Frank McCulloch. He snatched a young business editor from the Washington *Post.* He lured columnist Warren Hinckle from the *Chronicle* and gave a column to Cyra McFadden. He redesigned the "Scene" section and renamed it "Style." For page 2, he brought back a sixties-vintage comic strip, "Zippy the Pinhead," and inaugurated a beefed-up gossip column. He hired an architecture critic and a former *Rolling Stone* movie critic. He has been talking to Hunter Thompson, Paul Erdman, and Robert Crumb, and he has been negotiating a slick redesign of the entire paper. He hopes to begin a writer-in-residence program, with stints by people like Ann Beattie.

What makes all of this so perfect, in the city of old façades repainted in their original tints, is that the same thing happened here a century ago. For the *Examiner* is where the original William Randolph Hearst tried out his ideas and mastered the newspaper business. In 1887, young W.R. took a morning newspaper that was running a somnolent third in circulation, a paper that his millionaire father had acquired and forgotten, and he woke it with a jolt. He hired the most brilliant and colorful writers he could find, men like Ambrose Bierce and Joaquin Miller, and he sent his reporters out to trap a grizzly, to rescue a marooned fisherman, to marry a couple in a balloon. He fought the railroad and water monopolies, and he redesigned the paper with eye-popping headlines. In four years, the *Examiner* had more than doubled its circulation and was running neck and neck with the *Chronicle* for first place. W.R. [illegible] to New York and begin his metamorphosis [illegible]tor to a conservative mogul.

Will doesn't remember his grandfather, who died in 1951. [illegible] he recalls instead is the old man's monument at San [illegible] Castle, that mind-boggling anachronism [illegible] led swimming pool and private movie theater, its fifty-four-foot refectory table and Roman mo[illegible] floors, its mad clutter of tapestries, paintings, and statuary[illegible] overlooking the Pacific Ocean and the coastal hills. As a cl[illegible] Will spent summers and Christmas holidays there. He and[illegible] younger brother would drive an electric car around the es[illegible] nade or play jailer and prisoner by the big iron gate. In a [illegible] the grandiose, limit-defying, outlandishly idiosyncratic [illegible] dence came to represent the grandfather he never kn[illegible] "You're embedded in the relic of his culture," he says. "[illegible] of the things that I came away with is that this is what creat[illegible] is all about—the boundless energy to make and assemble[illegible] collect and build and put things next to each other and cr[illegible] something where nothing was before. To me, it's the br[illegible] side of my grandfather's reputation."

While he was building his castle as his monument for po[illegible] ity, the original W.R. was chipping away at his five sons[illegible] pulled them out of college—"My son was the first male He[illegible] ever to graduate from a university," says Will's mother, [illegible] tine (known as "Bootsie")—and made them publishers or[illegible] tors with big offices and minuscule authority. Even [illegible] W.R.'s death the sons were stunted by his shade. The old [illegible] had codified his paternal qualms by requiring that the majo[illegible] of the Hearst Corporation's supervising trustees be unrelated[illegible] the family. He sheltered his vast wealth in foundations, ma[illegible] the family (until they bought back equity a decade ago) fi[illegible] cially dependent on salaries and expense accounts. The cor[illegible] ny began a decline which it didn't reverse until the [illegible] seventies. The family slipped into a state of enervation.

William Randolph Hearst III showed signs early on tha[illegible] might be the one to scrub the mildew off the fa[illegible] escutcheon. He grew up in New York and was sent to exclu[illegible] Catholic schools, Saint David's and Canterbury. "He wa[illegible] ways A's, always gold stars," remembers his proud mo[illegible] "At the Canterbury graduation Willie kept getting called up[illegible] the headmaster's prize for mathematics, for poetry, for the [illegible] all-around boy. I felt sorry for the other parents." From Ca[illegible] bury he went to Harvard, the college that had expelled[illegible] grandfather (for sending personally inscribed chamber po[illegible] his professors). The Hearsts piled into a limousine, followe[illegible] a station wagon. They crammed both cars with furnishings,[illegible] they drove the boy up to Cambridge.

"When he was my roommate we each decorated our [illegible] room in the apartment," says Jerry Harrison. "Willie's [illegible] been the dining room. There was a used mattress on the f[illegible] math books lying around, a chess set, and an alarm c[illegible] hanging from the ceiling, swinging from the chandelier o[illegible] like a pendulum. That's it—there was nothing else. His mo[illegible] would buy these chairs and things for him, and he would [illegible] them to us." Will was facing up to his name for the first t[illegible] "Before, it wasn't something I spent a lot of time de[illegible] with," he says. "At schools like the ones I went to, there [illegible] lot of kids whose parents are some kind of swell." At Har[illegible] he provoked enough curiosity to develop a response, "a d[illegible] erate strategy of asceticism." It's a style he found comfort[illegible] and he has held on to it, avoiding the trappings of wealth[illegible] don't really get that much of a kick out of those things any[illegible] You *own* a lot of stuff and you're always losing it, you g[illegible] pay to keep it up, it's a headache."

I majored in mathematics and dabbled in chess, and d no interest in journalism. When the time came to de- hat to do after Harvard, he decided to give the Hearst ration a try for the same reason so many of his classmates o law school—it was something to do, and he had no ideas. Charles Gould, then publisher of the *Examiner,* l him a job in a management-training program, and he in the fall of 1972, driving a delivery truck and selling Mathematics seemed more interesting. Not long after he l in San Francisco, before computers had become person- salvaged a bulky computer that was being junked by a -owned paper and attempted to program it to play chess im in his otherwise bare apartment. He still binges on matical problems. Last summer he programmed his Mac- to track the seasonal movement of the constellations. "I l belong to Mathematicians mous," he jokes.

en Will arrived in San Fran- in 1972, his uncle Randolph, esident of the *Examiner,* was oting to liven up the paper. *xaminer* had ceded its morn- sition to the rival *Chronicle* in The two newspapers retained ial independence but merged printing, distribution, and ising forces—and shared the . Without competition, and in the undesirable afternoon the *Examiner* had begun a that Randolph, seconded by ergetic nephew, hoped to re- . Young Will helped push h some changes: a new de- a minority-recruitment cam- and a revamped op-ed page. e *Examiner* staff was old, and resisted change, and lph, after graciously soliciting all views, would typi- find it impossible to act.

n, in February 1974, everything changed. The kidnap- f Randolph's daughter Patricia placed all other matters d. Randolph's suburban house became an encampment evision crews and journalists. The lawn was a sea of oam cups, and the phone lines buzzed with calls from s, any of whom could have been the real kidnappers. noved into the breach. "I just felt like my uncle was uble," he says. Instead of a surrogate editor, he was surrogate son. "He was the only person in the fam- o was smart enough and had been around enough to stand all the threads and personalities involved," Nan, whom he married while Patty was still "at " Will was someone Randy could trust, and at the time he was someone who didn't view Patty's kid- rs as extraterrestrials. It hadn't been so long ago that rvard friends were discussing—always theoretically, rse—when terrorism could be justified for political The situation was no longer theoretical, and he was n the other side. "When you see your uncle drive d with a gun in his glove compartment, it kind of toughens you up," Will says. "It made me feel that family solidarity is important and not a nonissue."

As Patty's bizarre kidnapping settled into a long run, Randolph, who had taken on the titles of editor and publisher in addition to president, realized he needed help. He brought in a new editor-publisher from Atlanta, Reg Murphy. Will, no longer the editor's nephew, was now simply a general-assignment reporter. Or not so simply. "I felt that Reg didn't want me around. After a while, that can be kind of an abrasive feeling," he says. So he quit. "I was a fish out of water. I couldn't be a part of it or on top of it, so why not get out of it?"

Rolling Stone publisher Jann Wenner supplied the ticket. "A bunch of people in the business department at *Rolling Stone* noticed that people were buying a lot of backpacks," recalls writer Tim Cahill. Wenner, who was hoping to expand his San Francisco–based magazine into an empire, started a new monthly and hired Will as managing editor. Indeed, he says, it was while he and Will were wandering around San Simeon that the inspiration came (to whom, it is unclear) for the magazine's name: *Outside.* Will's decision to leave the Hearst Corporation—and the board of directors, to which he had been named by the trustees eighteen months earlier—shocked his parents. Yet, more detached relatives could see the advantages. "We all knew he was going to be back," says his older cousin John Hearst Jr. "I encouraged him. It's good to prove your worth outside the family, so when you come back in you have a little more clout." Wenner's appointment of Will also dismayed most of the *Rolling Stone* writers assigned to *Outside.* They knew Wenner's weakness for famous names. (Jack Ford, son of the former president, was made assistant to the publisher of *Outside.*) But Will was a motorcycle rider, airplane pilot, horseman, and rock-climber, better acquainted with the outdoor world, and with professional outdoorsmen, than were most of his new colleagues. "None of us had any experience, really," says Terry McDonell, who came on as senior editor. "We had walked around in the woods stoned once or twice."

> What the young professionals of San Francisco want to read is something smart, lively, hip; so Will has been shooting up the *Examiner* like a patient in a Brazilian sheep-placenta clinic. Nearly every week has offered a surprise.

Where Will lacked experience was as a magazine editor. For the first year he struggled to learn his trade, with McDonell doing much of the actual editing. Will was an idea man. "He has twenty-three ideas for your average person's one," says Cahill. After *Rolling Stone* moved its headquarters to New York in 1977, leaving *Outside* behind in San Francisco, Will became the liaison between the orphaned staff and the New York bosses. He argued against cuts in personnel, pages, color, and publication frequency, cuts which saved money but sapped reader loyalty. Realizing that Wenner was planning to unload *Outside,* and miffed that the magazine was converted into a bimonthly while he was on a fishing vacation in Cuba, Will resigned in the spring of 1978. Despite the grim coda, he looks

back on those days with satisfaction. "My father always said you'd be like a talking dog," he notes. "People would find it amazing if you could do a day's work." He had won over a skeptical group of editors and writers who had resented him before they met him. "The *Rolling Stone* organism has a wonderful way of rejecting foreign bodies," says Wenner. "They didn't reject Willie."

Returning to the fold, he moved to Los Angeles to join the *Herald Examiner*. A new editor, Jim Bellows, was making over the paper. Will worked on redesign and photo selection, and soon was frustrated. "We had people in all the places above him," says Bellows. "He wanted to be running something." Will transferred to San Francisco to scout out newspapers to buy—equally frustrating, once it became clear that the corporation didn't want to buy any of the papers that were available. So he shifted into Hearst cable television. In cable, he was able to combine his love of electronics with what he had learned of communications. He was so content that when Hearst president Frank Bennack Jr. asked him if he would like to be publisher of the *Examiner* (Murphy had left a year earlier) he hesitated. "I didn't want to be the titular publisher," he says, "and as it turned out, that wasn't what was offered to me."

At a party last summer to welcome the hard-drinking, relentlessly colorful Warren Hinckle to the staff of the *Examiner*, the young publisher in his toast compared the occasion to his grandfather's hiring of the mordant genius Ambrose Bierce. As the analogy unintentionally suggested, times have shrunk. Still, in the stagnant local-newspaper pool, a bit of the old Hearst splash is welcome. "I think Willie is the honest-to-God heir to the legacy," says Larry Kramer, an old colleague of Will's on the *Examiner* and now Washington *Post* metropolitan editor. "He's got a certain spark in his eyes that you can see in his grandfather's eyes from the pictures."

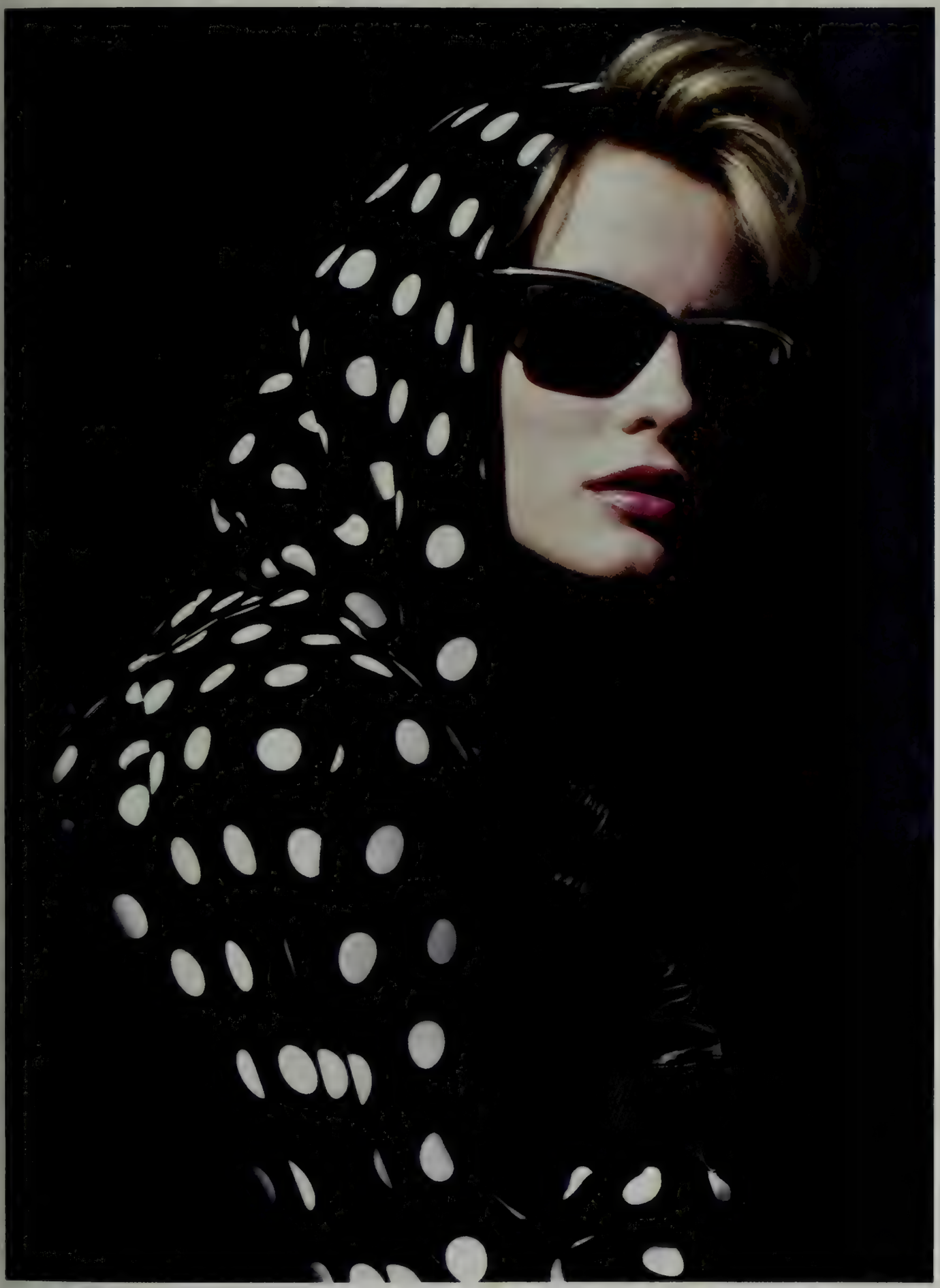
Since the *Examiner*'s circulation hovers around 150,000 and the *Chronicle*'s tops 500,000, no one is predicting an eclipse; and under the joint-operating agreement, cutthroat competition is unlikely. But whatever the paper's future—and at the moment it looks brighter than it has in at least twenty years—Will's own odyssey seems to have ended. A child of the sixties, a child of the Hearsts, he has retained his integrity and found his way home. In his favorite book, *Ulysses*, Joyce's alter ego is named for the mythological Daedalus, who was imprisoned in his own labyrinth but invented wings to fly away. Six years ago, when Will's son was born, he named him not W.R.H. IV but William Daedalus Hearst. "He weighed two pounds," Will explains. "My wife was a little more than six months pregnant, and we really did not feel that he would survive. Since I had felt very influenced by Joyce, and since the character Daedalus was someone that had built a maze and escaped from a trap, I thought it would be a good name to help [illegible] seemed to work. It gave him the option of [illegible] or William Daedalus Hearst or whatever range of spiritual influences than [illegible] Every parent wants to give his [illegible] er had. For William Randolph [illegible]. □

Singer and Player

Who mystery blonde behind the sh Grace Kelly? Catherine Deneuve? A it's Lori Singer—the eighties vers those cinematic ice queens. Singer's kind of cloud-pale beauty that woul sent Hitchcock out for a new show tain. And she is the kind of twenty year-old actress upon whom pro like Victor Drai venture capital.

Largely unknown for her Juilliar playing, which added *vérité* to her sion role as *Fame*'s cellist, Singer r to the big screen in last year's Foc Just to work with John Schlesing played the tiny role of Tim Hutto friend in *The Falcon and the Sno* This summer she co-starred wit Hanks in Stan Dragoti's farce *Th with One Red Shoe*. Although the was less than a raging success, au members, male ones in particular, t Singer a standout. Her biggest role is in Alan Rudolph's *Trouble in Mi* Keith Carradine, Kris Kristofferson, vine, which will be released earl year.

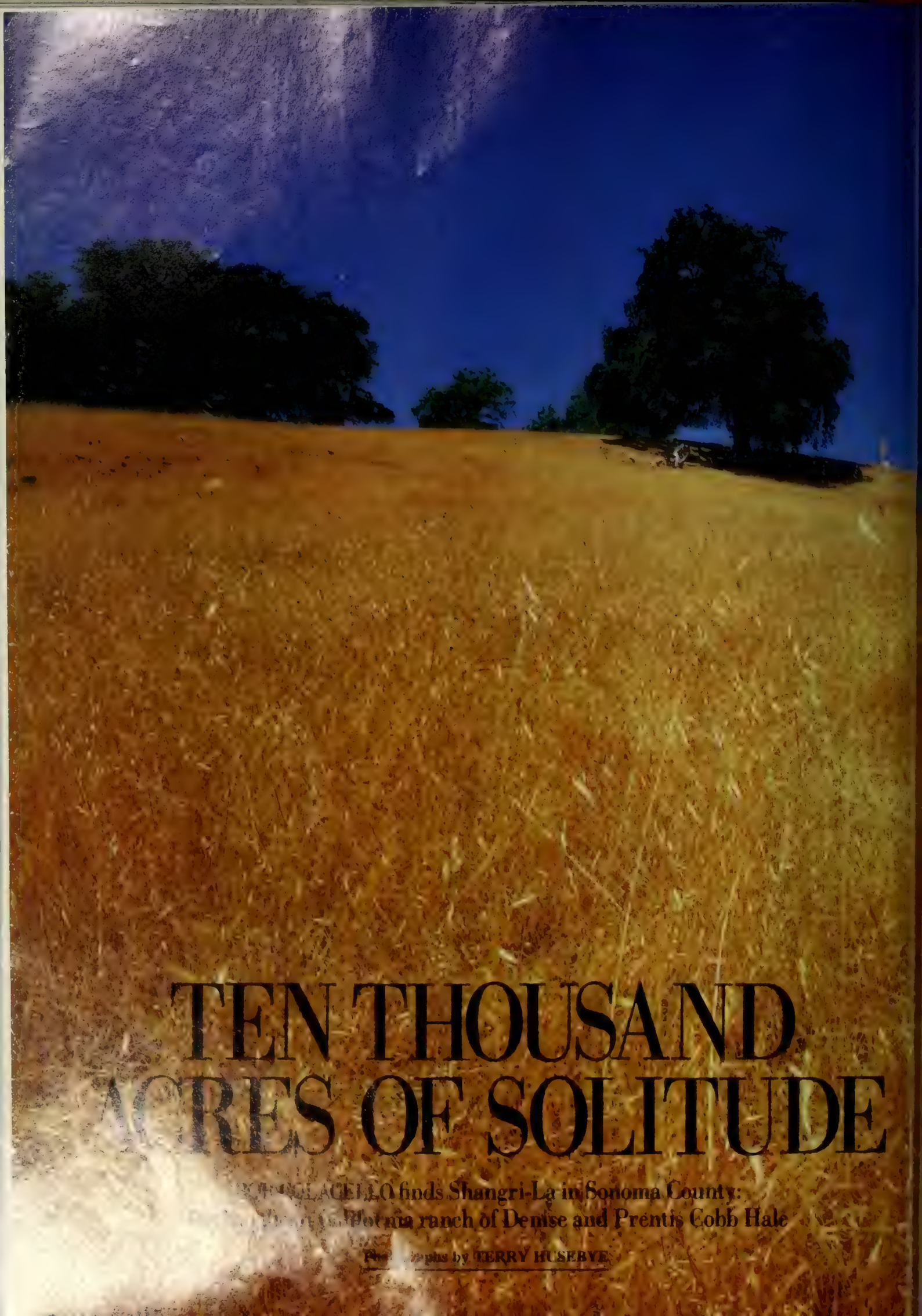
Currently she is shuttling betwee York and L.A. to discuss future p and has been busily writing music, s and playing rock cello with her l Gregory. —MIR



LORI SINGER

Singer's is the kind of cloud-pale beauty that would have sent Hitchcock out for a new shower curtain.

Photograph by HERB RITTS



TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF SOLITUDE

[illegible] finds Shangri-La in Sonoma County:
[illegible] ranch of Denise and Prentis Cobb Hale

Photographs by TERRY HUSEBYE





INDOORS, OUTDOORS: The ranch house is almost hidden by foliage on the patio. *Inset, right:* The living room looks out onto the patio. (The painting on the table is a Vuillard.) *Preceding pages:* A rider gallops through wild oats.



Land, land, and more land: that is the essence, and the luxury, of Denise and Prentis Cobb Hale's ranch in Sonoma County, two hours north of San Francisco. Not far from the Russian River, the property rises from the vine-carpeted Alexander Valley to the golden ridges of the Pacific Coast Ranges, 10,000 acres of wild oats and old oaks, pines and firs, pungent pepperwoods, giant madronas, tangled manzanitas with bark as red as garnet. It is almost as large as Manhattan. There are deer and quail, bulls and boar and bobcats, and at night the only sound is the cry of coyotes, eerie and somehow comforting. This is the way California must have been when the Spanish missionaries found it. This is the West that was, the West of big skies and endless horizons, of hope and freedom: a West without limits.

Set in the center of this precivilized landscape, hidden by huge oak trees and hung with jasmine bushes, is the Hales' house, a low-slung sprawl of adobe and wood. To one side are the pool and pool house, to the other a guest bungalow with a deck facing layers of mountains. Simplicity is the object, but Denise Hale says, "Just because we're in the middle of the wilderness doesn't mean we can't have the comforts of home." For Denise, one of San Francisco's reigning hostesses, and Prentis, a retailing and technology tycoon, the comforts of





A TREE GROWS IN SONOMA: One of the hundred-year-old oak trees that dot the 10,000-acre ranch with shade at high noon.



WOOD ON WOOD: *Above*, the limbs of an oak tree embrace the staff quarters, known as the Tree House. *Opposite page:* Denise and Prentis Cobb Hale backed by the lost horizon of the Pacific Coast Ranges.

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home include Porthault sheets, Chinese ivories, a small Vuillard, a large Liberman, and the finest wines from nearby Napa and far-off France. Food writer John Carroll, a protégé of the late James Beard, comes up from the city to grill salmon, roast lamb, and bake soufflés.

As the nearest neighbor is half an hour away over rugged dirt roads, the Hales choose their houseguests carefully, knowing that splendid isolation is not everyone's idea of bliss. The guest book, in fact, contains the same signatures again and again, old friends returning for a weekend's respite from the fever of urban living. The King and Queen of Spain honeymooned here. And among others who have spent carefree days roaming the range in Prentis's Jeep are Princess Ghislaine de Polignac (who found a snake in the bedroom), Lord Weidenfeld, [illegible] Gordon Getty, Betsy Bloomingdale, Nancy and Zubin Mehta, Barbara Sinatra, Anne and Kirk Douglas, John Dodds, Susan Mary Alsop, Douglas Cramer, and Her Imperial Highness Princess Napoléon, though never more than two or three at a time, a party being the last thing the Hales either need or want at their plushly primal hideaway. Indeed, sometimes those invited have a hard time finding it: columnist Herb Caen arrived at the front gate at eleven A.M. one Saturday this summer, then wandered lost in the landscape until he finally appeared at the house eleven A.M. *Sunday*.

Eventually, the Hales plan to give the ranch, one of the last of its kind in the area, to the state for a nature preserve. In the meantime, Mrs. Hale lazes by the pool, the hills behind her turning amber in the late-afternoon sun, the air full of lemon and jasmine and good old-fashioned oxygen. "Isn't this Shangri-La?" she asks. "When we leave I always feel like Margo in *Lost Horizon*." □

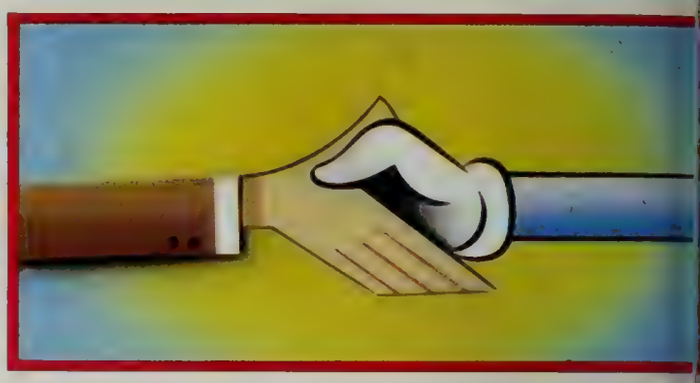


effrey Katzenberg,
the high-profile
uperstar of
he new Disney," is
tudio boss for
very rich mouse,

breed. In the grand old days, the studios were run by colorful tyrants—garment-district types who often did not understand either movies or modern managerial technique, but had a knack for the care and feeding of their own power. Gradually these moguls—the Mayers and Goldwyns and Cohns—and the studios they ran were bought out by giant conglomerates, and lawyers and managers became the new kingpins, men who knew how to run a business but didn't necessarily understand what making movies (and tending moviemakers) was all about. And now there is Katzenberg—one of the very few studio heads to have mastered both. An N.Y.U. dropout who in his teens had worked on John Lindsay's campaigns, Katzenberg learned show biz at the knee of Paramount's chairman, Barry Diller (now the head of Twentieth Century Fox), whom he went to work for in 1975, at the age of twenty-four. From the moment he arrived at his first studio, he yearned to run one. "Jeffrey's very goal-oriented," a friend remarks. "He always wanted to be a studio head, and now he's thirty-four and he's a studio head. The whole town respects that kind of guy."

That's partly because the whole town has never seen anything like him. Katzenberg is remarkably stable for a studio boss; he was with Paramount for ten years—two or three lifetimes by current movieland standards—and he has said that he plans to stay with Disney for the next thirty. Short, wiry, and ambitious enough to have earned the appellation "a little Sammy Glick" from his former boss, Gulf + Western chairman Martin Davis (G+W owns Paramount), Katzenberg is famous for a workaday drill that has the rest of Hollywood playing catch-up. It's not just that he's in the office seven days a week, arriving at 6:15 in the morning (when he makes his calls to Europe) and departing around 8 P.M. It's not just that his production executives keep leaving Saturday-night parties early because Katzenberg expects them at seven o'clock meetings Sunday morning. What boggles a town known for daiquiri-soaked poolside deals is how little escapes Katzenberg—how little falls through the cracks in his system. "You would think that he spreads himself too thin, but he doesn't," says a well-placed production executive. "He gives you the impression that he's everywhere, and he remembers everywhere he's been. His aggressiveness has upped the ante in this town. While Jeff was at Paramount, he not only knew whom Eddie Murphy was talking to, he knew what Murphy was *wearing* every day." When Katzenberg is not in a meeting, his two secretaries are firing phone calls at him, one after another; he makes about 150 a day. And his Monday-morning regime—during which he rings up lawyers, agents, and producers and asks them what scripts or galleys they've read over the weekend—is legend; a spot on the Monday list has become an insider's badge of honor. "He's married to this wonderful lady named Marilyn," says an executive at Paramount, "and they had twins a couple of years ago, a boy and a girl, and the joke went around about [illegible] he got that out of the way, got his family [illegible] could have, he would probably have had the [illegible] office on the lot."

[illegible] activity have to do with making [illegible] possibly nothing. Hollywood has [illegible] William Goldman's famous [illegible] science (Continued on page 120)



HOW THE DEAL WAS DONE

Jonathan Taplin was the key that unlocked Disney

There is a saying in Hollywood: the real art form isn't the movie, it's the deal.

Amens to that declaration are murmured daily in the corridors of picture-making power, and no one murmurs them more fervently than a lanky redhead named Jonathan Taplin. Taplin, a rock-'n'-roll honcho who became a movie producer, is in a sense the man who saved Disney. His story is what in Hollywood they call a very "up" concept. But what it says about the entertainment business may prove less cheering.

Born in Shaker Heights, Ohio, in 1947, Taplin discovered folk music when he was a teenager in Boston, and soon became such an avid hanger-on that by the time he was a couple of years out of Princeton he had been road manager for the folksinger Judy Collins and stage manager for Bob Dylan and the Band; he had worked on the Band's best albums, and had helped organize George Harrison's Concert for Bangladesh. But as the seventies began, he found himself in L.A. with nothing much to do and nothing in his pocket except the phone number of an unknown filmmaker named Martin Scorsese. During the next several years, Taplin produced Scorsese's extraordinary film *Mean Streets* and a host of other movies: *The Last Waltz*, *Carny*, and *Under Fire*. He also became one of the owners of Lion's Gate Studios and there produced Shelley Duvall's acclaimed *Faerie Tale Theatre*.

By 1983, Taplin had acc[illegible] lot of wheeling-and-dealing[illegible] rience; the business of ent[illegible] ment had begun to fascinat[illegible] On location in Africa, wh[illegible] was producing a dinosaur [illegible] called *Baby . . . Secret of th[illegible] Legend* for Disney, he re[illegible] public records of Walt D[illegible] Productions—"When you[illegible] location in Africa," he ex[illegible] "you have a lot of reading t[illegible] And what he discovered w[illegible] Walt Disney was incredib[illegible] dervalued. When he re[illegible] home, he went to see his [illegible] Richard Rainwater, inve[illegible] director of Bass Brothers [illegible] prises, the giant conglo[illegible] based in Fort Worth. He h[illegible] Rainwater a few years [illegible] while trying to cook up a [illegible] expand Lion's Gate. "Lo[illegible] been a while since we've [illegible] $5 million deal," Rainwa[illegible] told him then. "I like you[illegible] but we don't have time to n[illegible] this small stuff. Come ba[illegible] see me when you have so[illegible] bigger." This time Tapl[illegible] something a lot bigger.

"I told Richard, 'It's ver[illegible] that Disney is going to tur[illegible] around,' " says Taplin. "[illegible] movie division has been [illegible] $30 million a year consis[illegible] and I think this picture *Spl*[illegible] they're making is going to [illegible] at least that amount. That [illegible] from $30 million negative [illegible] million positive could s[illegible] earnings about a dollar a [illegible] and that, in the multiples [illegible] selling, is going to make [illegible]

e in the stock.' It was then at about forty-eight dollars ." Rainwater looked over 's documents and agreed. also pointed to the Texaco ting on his Quotron and 'We own 9.9 percent of . And to get what we want the company, we might go as high as 25 percent. going to require another $2 in cash. So we can't think purchasing a hunk of Walt right now." And that, rarily, was the end of that.

lin returned to Burbank d began cutting *Baby* and g on his next Disney mov- *Science Project*. A few later, in late March and ear- il of 1984, word began ar- from the S.E.C. that the er shark Saul Steinberg en buying Disney stock h his Reliance Financial es—by May, in fact, he had sed 12 percent of the com- outstanding shares and eady to seek control. t's when all hell broke " says Taplin.

mediately, Ron Miller, the C.E.O., and Ray Watson, irman of the board, started ing to find themselves a night—some big, benevo- ncern that could buy the ny and save it from Stein- -because Steinberg was go- chop it up and sell off its And I thought going after a knight was a really ridicu- lea. Disney was an Ameri- stitution: it shouldn't be a n of some other company. meanwhile, the Bass broth- l sold out their position in —and made a $400 mil- ofit. So I went to Ray Wat- d I said, 'Look, if you don't teinberg to buy the compa- break it up, then you have hoices. You can buy back erg's stock at some huge ail price. You can go to a night.' (At the time I think ere talking about AT&T or ser-Busch.) 'Or there's a ute. The Bass brothers are sted in Disney, they're for not meddling in the nies they invest in, and they're strong enough to fight Steinberg.'

"Now, Ray Watson was being advised by Morgan Stanley at the time—and really poorly, I thought. And he said, 'Well, let me think about it. I'll call you Monday.' (This was a Wednesday.) So Richard Rainwater cooked up this idea to sell Arvida, which was the Basses' Florida real-estate company, to Disney—it was right around Orlando and it was perfect. The Basses would sell Arvida in exchange for Disney stock, which would put a huge block of stock—about $200 million, or 6 percent—in friendly hands. And since Disney bylaws had a rule that said you had to get more than 80 percent of the shares in order to change control of the company, the Arvida purchase plus the stock Disney itself held would have given Ray Watson pretty much a total defense against Steinberg.

"So Monday came. The Basses brought everybody from Arvida to Fort Worth to wait for Ray Watson's call. He never called. We called his secretary. She said he couldn't be reached; he was in New York. So I told Richard, and Richard said, 'He's gone to make his deal with a white knight.' So I just got on the secretary and said, 'You'd better find Ray Watson and get him to call me, because I have the whole Bass company sitting in Fort Worth waiting by the phone.' Finally Watson called from the Helmsley Palace. He was holed up there under a phony name, getting ready to sell the company—I never found out to whom. Fortunately, once you get Richard Rainwater going, he's as persuasive as anyone, and the Arvida deal was done in record time."

But Disney's troubles were far from over. On May 29, eight days before the Arvida deal was closed, Steinberg announced that he was launching a proxy fight to remove Disney's board of directors. And to accomplish that, he had decided to buy 49 percent of the company.

"Then something interesting happened," says Taplin. "For about ten days after that filing, Steinberg didn't buy any stock. It was clear he'd run out of money. He'd run out of margins to buy out, and he'd run out of partners, and Drexel Burnham was scurrying around everywhere trying to find someone else to come in with him. And Sid Bass said to Watson, 'You watch. He'll be calling you pretty soon to get out of this thing. He's overextended. We've blocked him effectively with the Arvida purchase.'

"And sure enough, Steinberg's attorney called Disney's attorney, Joe Flom, and said, 'Would you be interested in purchasing back Mr. Steinberg's stock?' And Flom said, 'I'll get back to you.' By this time I think the stock was up to about 56, and Steinberg had bought probably at about an average cost of 48 or 49. So Sid Bass said, 'Tell Steinberg that you'll buy him out at fifty-two dollars a share. Instead of greenmail, it'll be reverse greenmail. We'll give him a decent profit, but we're not going to overpay. And in addition,' Sid said, 'tell him that if he doesn't sell to you at that price you're going to announce on the Street on Monday morning that he approached you to buy his shares back.' And that would immediately have sunk his stock to the floor, because it would mean there wouldn't be a takeover, and all the arbitrageurs and all the people depending on a takeover would have to sell out. It would have left him high and dry."

But Disney didn't take Sid Bass's advice. "Morgan Stanley and Joe Flom said, 'We don't do business publicly like that. We don't tell people what is going on in private communications.' It was a really stupid mistake. Eventually Drexel found Kirk Kerkorian and the Fisher Brothers, who went in with Steinberg. And Disney had no choice but to buy him out at a premium." At $70.825 a share, plus expenses.

In the end, this little greenmail cost the Disney brass their jobs. Walt Disney's nephew, Roy, who had resigned from the company board a few months before, marshaled his resources and initiated his own proxy fight to unseat the board. The financier Irwin Jacobs attempted a takeover and was bought out by the Basses. And when the smoke cleared, the Bass brothers controlled Disney; Walt Disney's son-in-law, Ron Miller, had been ousted from the presidency; Ray Watson had resigned; and Michael Eisner had been installed as chairman, with Frank Wells as president. The old Disney had vanished, and a new one had begun.

And Jonathan Taplin? His *Baby* opened to crushing reviews and closed soon thereafter. *My Science Project* did marginally better. But months before it was released, Taplin had seen the writing on the wall. So he's no longer a movie producer. He's an investment banker, a vice president at Merrill Lynch Capital Markets, specializing in mergers and acquisitions in the entertainment business.

"You find that if you're in the arts business these days," says Taplin, "you can really only go so far. Because more and more it's just commerce. And when the commerce part becomes so dominant, as it has in the last several years, it's really hard to sustain your love for it. You can't make a movie like *Mean Streets* anymore. You can't even make a movie like *Under Fire* anymore, and we made that less than three years ago. So what you really want is something that gets you excited on a creative level—whatever it is.

"The thing that goes down when you're with a bunch of guys trying to transact a takeover is fantastic. A lot of my colleagues are guys who were idealists in college, politically inclined, children of the sixties. To find these people who've never really lost their idealism but who've gravitated toward this kind of work—I mean my business is exciting, it's at the heart of things, it's twenty-four hours a day. What I'm doing at Merrill Lynch is like rock 'n' roll was in 1968. It's the highest adrenaline rush anybody could ever have." **—Stephen Schiff**

The bicoastal Glamour Gals all wear Galanos. Nancy, Betsy, and Lee adore the pure-silk linings, the vintage buttons, the fussbudget attention to detail of America's last true couturier. MARIE BRENNER visited him in West L.A.

Galamorous Galano

The scene is frantic. Collection time is three weeks away. "I am going mad! Buyers are calling! I am tearing apart, redoing, rethinking. Everything is in bits and pieces!" says James Galanos, America's last true practitioner of couture. He sketches, makes changes, moves paisley beadwork around on his desk, nervously fingers solid-brass belt buckles, handmade for $200 each, "like little works of art." Here, on South Sepulveda Boulevard in Los Angeles, in a low building near a freeway, right in the stucco-bungalow heart of Raymond Chandler country, Galanos designs and makes his gowns, which start at $5,000 and which, as he calmly says, "never sold wholesale." Here Mrs. Reagan sends her royal-blue-and-gold-chiffon when she rips a seam; here Princess Doria rushes her black-and-white dinner dress when she spills vinaigrette on it; here Betsy Bloomingdale calls in when she loses a button off a $10,000 evening gown. Inside this squat building, across from a strip center with a boutique called Pure Sweat, Third World laborers are pleating, beading, and sewing "Balenciaga's vintage buttons," which Galanos has collected for years.

James Galanos is the perfect designer for the era, the man who knows how to dress the young dowagers, the column ladies, the wives of new-money millionaires in Tucson, Dallas, Newport Beach, and New York. "My clients are the women who have taste, who care for the finest fabrics, the perfect buttons, the handcrafted frog closing in sterling," says Galanos. "My women are middle rich and upper rich. They think nothing of spending $15,000 for a dress because they would spend a million for a painting." [illegible] standards. He is, as he says, "a prissy fuss- [illegible] lady" who, at sixty-one, still cleans up [illegible] and sells just about every dress himself, [illegible] model twelve or fifteen times be- [illegible] ours the country, seeing his ladies [illegible] alm Beach, at Neiman's in [illegible] with the flat behind, no bust, [illegible] his sample size a sylphan ideal: 32-23-33½. He is happiest in Los Angeles, where h worked designing costumes for Rosalind Russell in *Wave at a WAC*.

The son of a Greek immigrant who owned a restau New Jersey, Galanos says, "I grew up telling my what to wear and seeing Jean Harlow and Marlene D movies, where I first got my notion of taste." He w Paris, talked his way into an apprenticeship with Rob guet, came back to America, and headed west to wo Jean Louis. The movies influenced his clothes as well look; he is a slim man, a constant dieter, who wears and-white shoes and moves like the dancer he rese Fred Astaire.

Each of his dresses is, he says, "eternal, class investment you wear for twenty years." Simple s blousons, nipped-in waists—the quality is all in the the seaming, and "the million dollars' worth of pu linings I face everything with." His clients app those linings, as well as his beading, which is done former costume beaders at MGM, and Galanos worries around collection time about how to make thing perfect in order to satisfy such favorites as Vanderbilt, Ann Getty, and Lee Annenberg, who feel compelled, as he says, "to show status by buyin from the French couture." He has been designing for Nancy Reagan since she was, in his words, " actress named Nancy Davis, who used to chat with my showings, thirty years ago, at Amelia Gray."

When Galanos thinks of pure elegance, he thinks of Guinness, a woman he worshiped, as a young design cause she was "delicate, refined, and had perfect, ex taste." Roz Russell favored him with a dinner with and Loel Guinness. Galanos says, "I wore a magn coat with a fur collar I had bought at Dior, and when Guinness saw me, she wafted across the marble foy said, in her extravagant voice, 'Darling, I must ha coat.' " James Galanos knew at that moment that been ordained a master of style forever. □

Photograph by HARRY BENSON







Helmut's Hollywood Album

Each winter HELMUT NEWTON, the great European photographer, leaves Monte Carlo for three months in Los Angeles. Three months of sun and stars, of fabulous flesh and fantasy

MICHAEL CAINE AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE, SHAKIRA.

There's a Hollywood picture for you. I'm a fan.



GEORGE HURRELL GETS A SMILE FROM MICHELLE PFEIFFER.

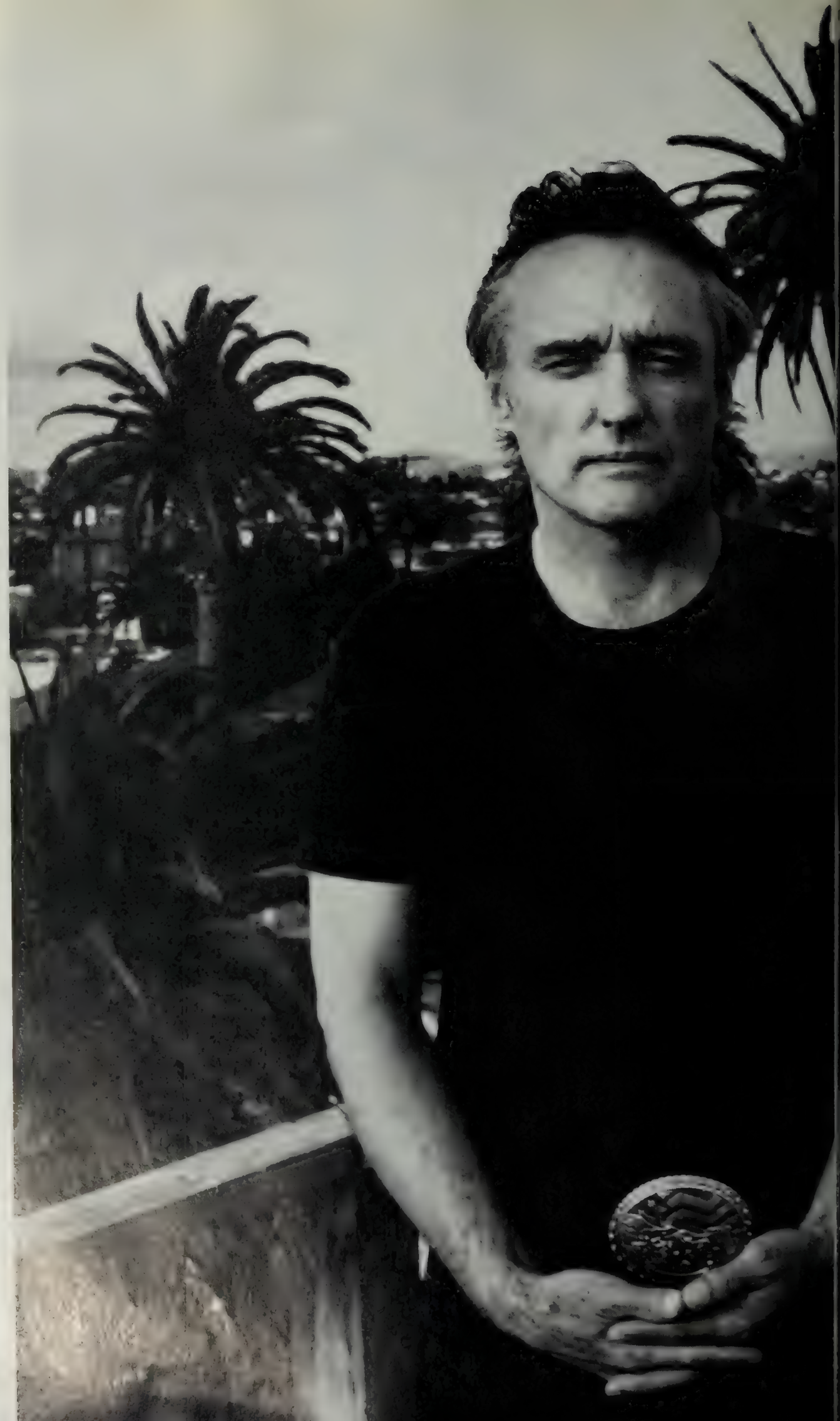
Here's my pal George and a gifted gal

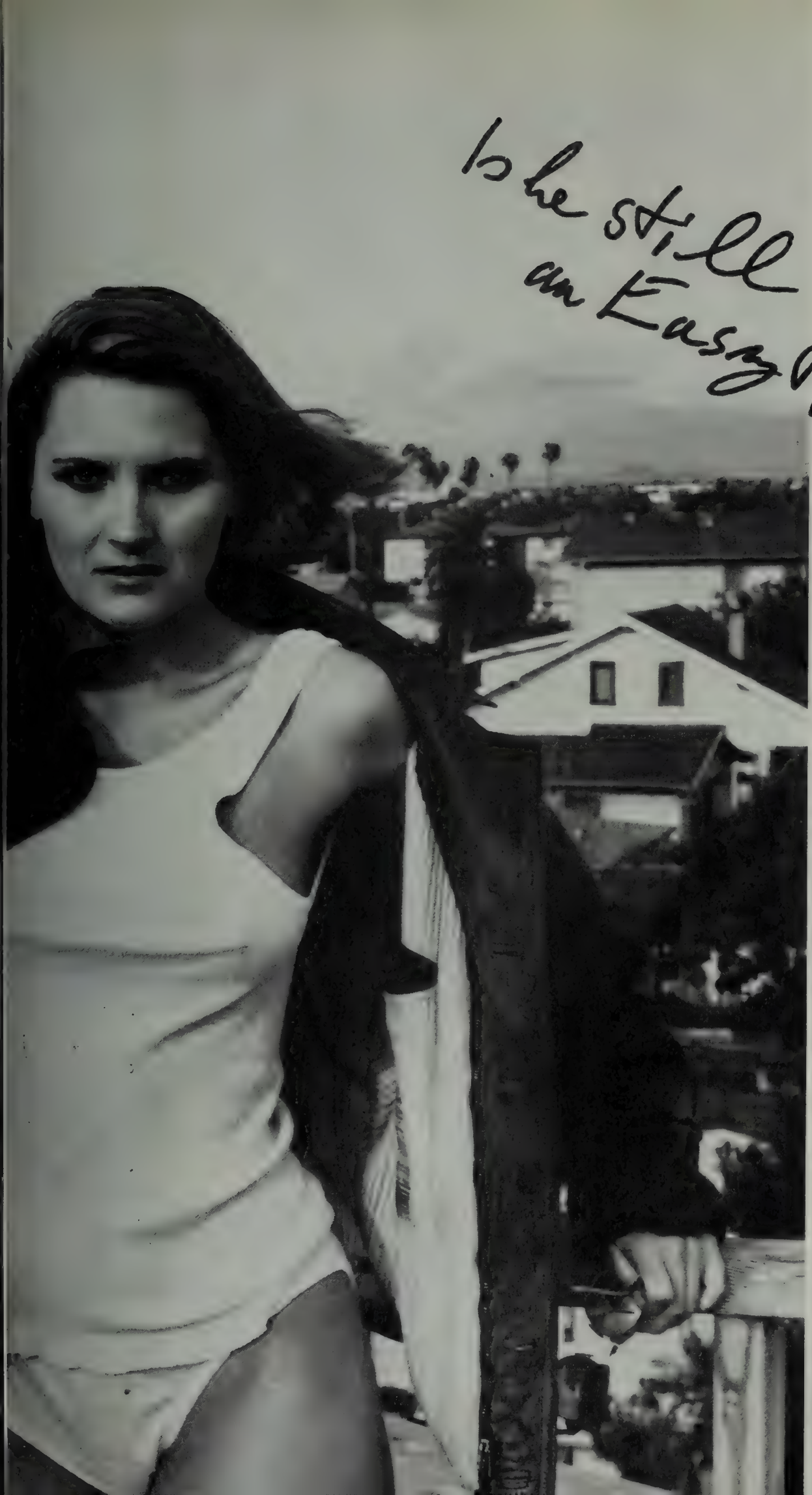
Helmut Newton hates winter. Each year, at the beginning of December, he takes his wife and his camera to Hollywood, where he settles in for three months at the Chateau Marmont hotel. He normally lives in Monte Carlo, where the winters are balmy enough, but Hollywood has an added attraction: the greatest concentration in the world of handsome, powerful, and professional exhibitionists. Hollywood allows him to set his light meter to permanent sunshine and illusion. He discovered Hollywood as a [illegible] and says, "I felt like I was acting in a [illegible] there." Hollywood is the ideal natural habitat for the photographer who approaches each [illegible] director and who is more interested in [illegible] famous people than in any of their [illegible] a place with no reality, a sort of extension of Monte Carlo, and I can go there from [illegible] without getting the bends."

He says, "The home industries in Hollywood ar[illegible] sic and movies, just as the home industry in Limo[illegible] porcelain, just as in the middle of the Black Fore[illegible] find little old women making dolls." The dolls of [illegible] wood are served up to Helmut Newton as if on a [illegible] platter. The swimming pool, a recurring motif in hi[illegible] tographs, is the most common garden accessory. [illegible] legs with high-heeled shoes are the norm: everythin[illegible] mut Newton has to assemble painstakingly in Euro[illegible] order to make his pictures, grows here naturally. [illegible] that's why he feels so comfortable in Los Angeles. [illegible] get in my car, turn on the country-and-western st[illegible] and cruise around town just for fun, with nowh[illegible]



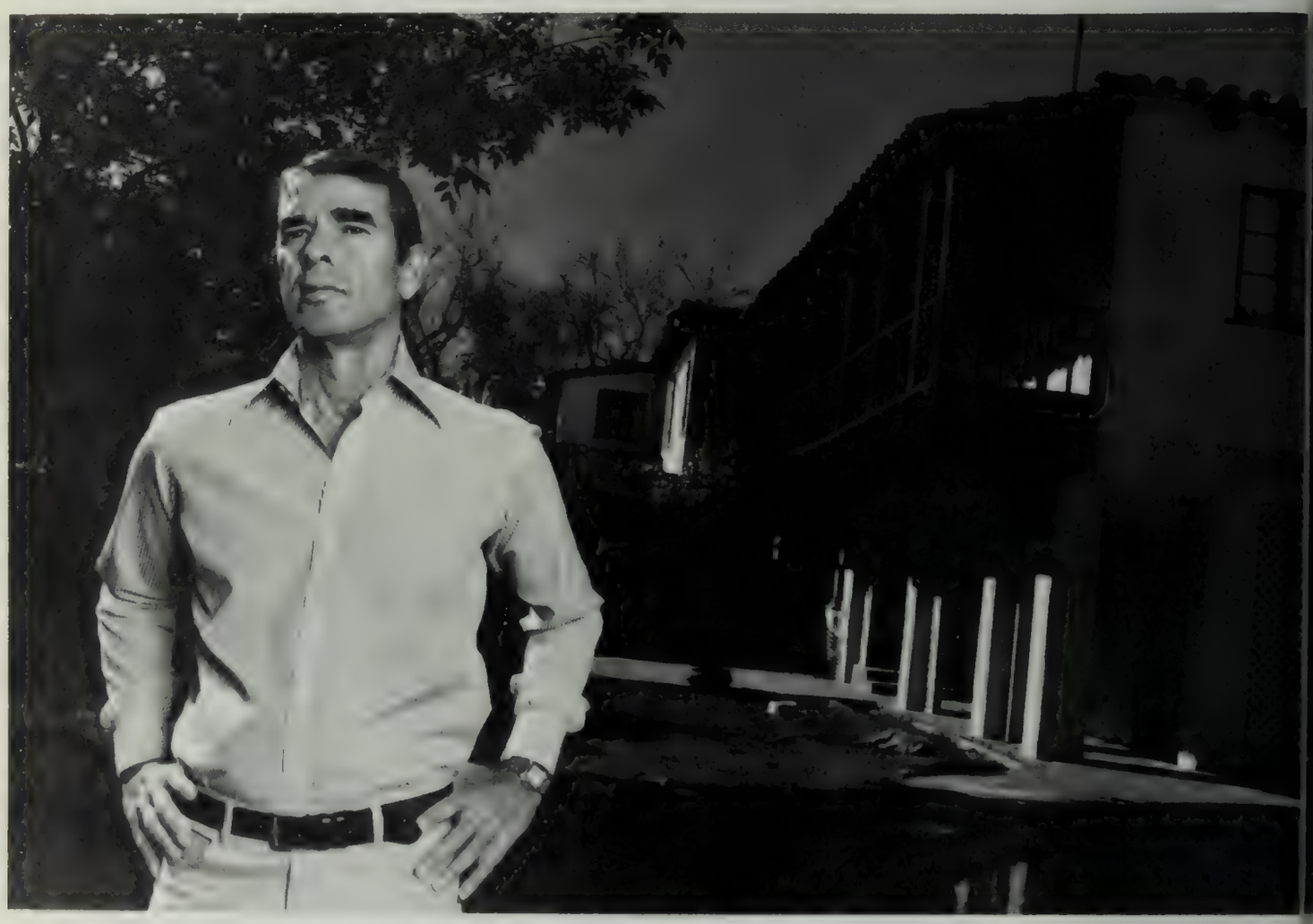
AUTHOR ARIANNA STASSINOPOULOS, LEFT, AND FRANÇOISE GILOT SALK, PALOMA PICASSO'S MOTHER.





DENNIS HOPPER WITH DENISE CROSBY, BING'S TWENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD GRANDDAUGHTER, ON HOPPER'S STUDIO IN VENICE.

Strong, silent type. Didn't wan
talk, that was O.K. by me.



ALAN LADD JR., PRESIDENT OF MGM/UA.

DIRECTOR BILLY WILDE
AUDREY, HIS WIFE, IN
WESTWOOD APART

particular to go. I feel free. There's no angst. It's also amusing." The only cloud in this brilliant sky is the modesty that besets young actresses confronted by Helmut Newton's camera: "They don't want to show one square inch of their flesh. They're even more [illegible] during the Hays Office days. It makes [illegible] but I'm always optimistic that they'll [illegible] more next year."

[illegible] any critical attitude in his photo- [illegible] an ingenuous voice, "I am an [illegible] happens to have a camera [illegible]"

—*Nicole Wisniak*

Love photographing people I admire.



ARTS FAIR

Autumnal currents: Steppenwolf's kinetic quartet. Mentor's charged fiel Taviani solar power. La Belle's high-voltage energy. Art is all. All is fair

THEATER

Stepp Sisters

by Sylviane Gold

Just a few years ago, you might have found them nursing drinks at the Gaslight bar on Chicago's Halsted Street: four actresses from the up-and-coming theater across the way. These days, the Steppenwolf Theatre Company (celebrating its tenth-anniversary season this fall) is up-and-here; it's the actresses who are up-and-coming. And just getting them in the same room at the same time for a *Vanity Fair* photographer was a major test of negotiating acumen, involving four cities, three agents, two coasts, two plays, and two movies. Take a good look—they may never be together again.

The first to break out of the Chicago ghetto was smoky-voiced Joan Allen, glowing with brains, humor, and goodness as the lame plain Jane in the Lincoln Center production of *And a Nightingale* [illegible]. Then Laurie Metcalf astonished [illegible] audiences in *Balm in Gile-* [illegible] stopping monologue in [illegible] bare the unspoken [illegible] whore. By last [illegible] ining Steppen- [illegible] to New [illegible] rustive. [illegible] *Belle* [illegible] naughty, petu-

KEN NAHOUM



Four fetching actresses, all schooled at Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre: Laurie Metcalf, Moira Harris, Glenne Headly, and Joan Allen.

lant Raina fluttering through the Circle in the Square's *Arms and the Man;* and Moira Harris's outrageously lubricious *mère de famille* and Metcalf's ferociously feral daughter goosing the staid patrons at *Coyote Ugly* at the Kennedy Center.

These four of Steppenwolf's six [illegible] en are also starting to show up in [illegible] Metcalf, looking soignée and de[illegible] unferal, in *Desperately Seeking* [illegible] Headly as Nicholas Gage's wife i[illegible] Allen as a compromised girlfri[illegible]

promising Positions; Harris as a -hungry divorcée in *Datenight.* 're getting the kinds of small roles can end up having a big impact on a r. But unlike other actors their age— ar or two either side of thirty—these s are not consumed with career. won't quit Steppenwolf to pursue pendent career tracks. Headly says rejects out of hand any movie that res nudity or excessive violence. alf can't figure out whether she'd be r off in L.A. or New York, so she s on to her Chicago apartment. And is is frantically concerned with how ther two women in Steppenwolf are g to feel about not being included in piece.

ne thing is, except for Headly, they e from small towns in Illinois; except Headly, they all agree that Steppen- taught them how to act; and except Headly, they all believe that they d not be acting today if Steppenwolf 't happened. In fact, Metcalf, Allen, Harris paint an almost comic picture emselves as timid, modest hicks au- ning in frightening big cities like St. s for jobs they wouldn't get, and be- ng too discouraged to try again.

when, in the late seventies, Terry ey, Jeff Perry, and Gary Sinise d the three if they wanted to join their d-new acting company in a subur- Chicago church basement, it seemed the rational thing to do—it was a ce to act in the protective bosom of a picked family. (The illusion of fam- ventually gave way to the fact: Harris ied Sinise and Metcalf married Per- And after the second wave of actors d, in 1979, original member John tovich married new member Head- Metcalf now says she didn't think the pany would last. "I gave it about a ," she says—which is what any rea- bly intelligent observer would have n a small company of young actors ng money at odd jobs by day and ling scenery by night so that they d do plays in Highland Park, Illinois. diculous as it seemed at the time, it's now that the very isolation, the safe- d comfort it provided, allowed these ent women to work in a profession usually intimidates all but the tough- most hardened egos. The acting of women (even in the rowdiest, most stylized pieces) retains a delicacy and a restraint that's hard to find in the work of most of their battle-scarred freelance colleagues. In a way, it's ironic that Steppenwolf has become famous for a raucous, gritty, headlong style of acting, but the Steppenwolf men—as directors, as actors, as company administrators—are responsible for that reputation.

Tempting though it is to lump these women together as an ensemble, their acting styles do differ. Allen has a regal composure—Headly calls it "a real even keel"—that can dignify the most abjectly farcical scene. In *Bette and Boo,* she played to a child's doll and left audiences weeping. Metcalf's acting has the propulsive thrust that keeps a twenty-minute tour de force monologue alive, but that can also keep you watching her even when you're not supposed to be. That's not always an advantage, she says—"Movie directors are a little overwhelmed." Harris's offstage warmth gets translated in performance into a physicality that can explode into the sweaty sexuality that oozed through *Coyote* or implode into the self-absorbed obliviousness she brought to the role of Allen's younger sister in *Nightingale.* And Headly has a cool ease that works just as well for the streetwise hooker in *Balm* as for the spoiled young woman in *Arms*—"an energy that looks like anti-energy," she calls it.

When the ladies of Steppenwolf get to talking about acting, *energy* seems to be the word they keep coming back to. Energy not necessarily in the sense of energetic, but in the sense of "We all know where a play's energy has to be every minute" and "If someone's energy is a little off one night, the rest of us can make up for it." Or "Our energy may seem reckless, but underneath, it isn't at all—it's all thought out." But Joan Allen's explanation for the mysterious energy that Steppenwolf seems to have bred is not especially metaphysical: "Steppenwolf gave us a chance to work a lot, to do parts that the outside world would never cast us in. And the more you do something, the better you get." □

VISUAL ART

Happy Medium

by Gerald Marzorati

Will Mentor wears wire-rimmed glasses and suspenders; he could move to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and people would be certain they knew him. He is twenty-seven years old, and makes paintings that are polished and quietly metaphysical, paintings that owe something to Magritte and Picasso, something to Jedd Garet and Gary Stephan (neo-expressionism's lowering symbolists), and a lot, it seems, to no one at all.

Mentor had his first one-man show last spring at the Wolff Gallery in Manhattan's East Village. It was by most measures a striking debut. There was much talk, a good deal of interest among the more established painters, and sales to several of the right collectors. This month he will show new paintings at the Dart

Will Mentor in his New York studio.



KEN PROBST

Gallery in Chicago. The instruments are admittedly crude and fickle—how do you gauge an artist's success today?—but my calculations have Mentor entering the art-world stratosphere (the overture from the blue-chip dealer, the invite to show in the Whitney Biennial) late next year.

Mentor talks about his paintings with a kind of college-kid enthusiasm, an excitable seriousness. "I want people to get this ineffable, this indescribable turn-on when they stand before my paintings," he says. It's what so many East Village painters are after. This mystery-making among the young and sensitive has even got a name: neosurrealism. You see these pictures everywhere: airless doomscapes, icy dislocations, tremulous atmospheres, figures from the dark edge of night. Yet there is nothing disquieting about these new paintings, nothing to bring on sardonic laughter or watery dread—none of the feelings you associate with a close encounter of the Ernst or de Chirico kind. They utilize pictorial devices and strategies that when glimpsed read "surreal." Or they rarefy in oil or acrylic American Teen-Hip Surrealism, the DC comic book, the heavy-metal album cover.

[illegible] means nothing to [illegible]. And though his paintings [illegible] "look," there is [illegible] saying—his [illegible] feeling that set [illegible] stand [illegible] different [illegible] erted, when purged of its melancholia and Catholic night fears, does the surrealist sensibility seem to work now, to evoke what André Breton called "the marvelous." Mentor's paintings have the desert stillness and vacuum compression the surrealists went in for. And he knows how to lick his surfaces smooth and to use hyperspecific image fragments (a shadow, some foliage) to heighten the weirdness and visual drama. In the big paintings especially, there is full-blown theatricality: huge antique frames cordoning off the canvas from the world; hints of thick drapery at a picture's edge; stagy space; and brilliant, slanty light.



KEN PROBST

Glimpses of another world: Mentor's *Hang* (1984), at top, and two works from the series *One of 20 Episodes in the Story "Between the One and the Three"* (1985), all oil on board.

But what Mentor paints downstage center are not nightmarish scenes or Psych 101 symbols. There's nothing recognizable, or recognizably surrealistic. He simply paints shapes, full and mystic. One favorite device is a bleach-white volume, egg-shaped or tapered like a [illegible] and at its center, as if deep with[in] small, perfect sphere. Sometimes th[ere] a cluster of enigmatic forms, el[se] dream-shard landscapes. Mostly, a[n] greater effect, one shape looms alon[e] some newly unearthed stela, inscru[ted] and until that moment unimagin[ed] Mentor's backgrounds tend to be b[are] and boundless[ly] spectral way[s] sky-vast clouds out of [a] polo. So the strangeness. [Th]ere is no u[n]ness. The int[o] and incongrui[ty] those of a m[an] soft rapture. I[t] if his pain[t]s were dreame[d] Borges.

Mentor gr[ew] in Massachu[setts] near Spring[field] and attende[d] Rhode I[sland] School of D[esign] After graduat[ing] 1981, he mo[ved] the East Vi[llage] He left New [York] last year, an[d] lives on a [100] acre farm ju[st] side of Fai[rfield] Iowa. The [Ma]rishi Interna[tional] University [in] Fairfield, as [one] of the wo[rld's] largest co[llec]trations of [Vedic] practitioners.

Mentor says he meditates twice [a day] for several hours. "It's not that I m[editate] before I start a painting . . . but I know it's there in the work." I as[k] he does make a painting. "I'll dra[w] or five images almost exactly alik[e] small pad of paper," he says. "Th[en] just chuck them and go into the [studio] with this pre-vocabulary. The first [ten] twelve sessions, I'll scrape all th[at] away at the end. Eventually, the [work] gets pretty atmospheric. Putting [on] taking away, something emerges."

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MOVIES

Taviani Tale Spinning

by Stephen Schiff



GIUSEPPE PINO

With their most recent film, *Chaos*, Vittorio (standing) and Paolo Taviani serve up another visual feast.

Vittorio and Paolo Taviani are the old-world grandpas of the cinema, plopping their audience on their knee and, between long draws on the meerschaum, unraveling some of the loveliest, twistiest, most digressive yarns the movies have ever heard. For them, storytelling isn't merely what goes with Raisinets, it's a form of spiritual sustenance, a sorcery whose richest effects are sometimes the least explicable. But they are grappling with a stubborn medium. Film is, by its very nature, about surfaces, about the way things look and sound—not about the churnings of the soul. And yet the Tavianis want to be everything storytellers in other media can be: omniscient, omnipresent, privy to a thousand worlds at once. To that end, they take liberties that shatter all the rules of naturalism. In *Padre Padrone* (1977), we hear boys argue with goats, and the goats argue back; in their masterpiece, *The Night of the Shooting Stars* (1982), we enter the last blissful fantasy of a girl who has just been shot to death, and it's a fantasy of gentle rescue—perhaps the fantasy her soul indulges in as it leaves her body. In the bitterly funny political film *Allonsanfan* (1974), Marcello Mastroianni plays a revolutionary who warily returns to his *haute bour-*
hen he discovers to his
they still love him,
n as he does, as
literally gilded
hew sprouts
hair.
ably the
the movies

have seen since Hitchcock and Welles. Their films are rhapsodically stylized, and yet they feel gritty and unadorned. The world they inhabit is rural Italy, the timeless, sunstruck Italy of bleached dirt roads and rocky meadows, of medieval hill towns, olive trees, toothless peasants in black shawls. And when the Tavianis loose their prodigious trickery on this landscape, it doesn't have the movie-movie effect of Hitchcock's cutting or Welles's fish-eye lenses. It feels primitive, tribal, mythic—it bursts past logic and heads straight for the bloodstream.

Their new movie, *Chaos* (the closing entry in last month's New York Film Festival), is a 190-minute collection of Sicilian stories by Pirandello. Like most anthology films, this one never quite works—of its five parts, only the first, "The Other Son," and the epilogue, "Conversing with Mother," sustain the sublimity we're used to from the Tavianis. But they are worth the trip. "The Other Son" moves like a whirlpool. We begin on the outer edge, accompanying Maragraz
madwoman whose ma
gradually sucks us in unti
the astonished listener in
raling Poe story, we are
center of it and we unde
everything about her.
Other Son" is a kind of g
but without the usual sh
castles and encroaching
It takes place on the most
late, sunbaked stretch of
ian hardscrabble imagi
and by its end we are re
believe that Marag
(played by Margarita L
from *The Night of the Sh*
Stars) has parched it h
by the sheer blasting fo
her horror.

This story is a stunne
the movie's epilogue o
it. In "Conversing with
er," Omero Antonutti
Pirandello himself, wh
turns to his remote an
home to summon the gh
his mother. He wants
tell him about an inciden
her childhood, an ench
sea voyage that he has
been able to transform into ficti
moment later, we are on the boat,
cruises the Mediterranean aimless
then stops at a towering white
The children alight, and in their
bleached underclothes climb a mo
of pumice sand. And that is where
of cinematic miracle occurs. Pi
lo's mother has told him, "You
also see things through the eyes
departed. . . . It will make them m
cred, more beautiful." And as th
dren leap down the sides of
mountain toward the impossibl
Mediterranean, which clouds of
pumice have turned into a vision
pling sky, we do seem to be w
through the longing eyes of the
ed, through eyes that thirst f
things of this world.

That image, which breaks
from plot and character, over
you as thoroughly as if everythi
preceded it had made it inex
But of course that isn't the case
free-floating wonder, a con
trick. Only master tale spinners



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have invented such a thing—a scene that penetrates to the heart of storytelling without relying on a story to get it there. You can almost hear Vittorio and Paolo Taviani chuckling triumphantly as they dandle us on their knee. □

MUSIC

La Belle Appeal

by Brad Gooch

Patti La Belle's on a roll. It started one night last May with the *Motown Returns to the Apollo* special, when this brash black diva with the gutsy, tremulous voice swiped three out of four standing ovations in a show featuring such heavies as Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson, Little Richard, and Diana Ross. Zigzagging across the stage with a towering Kabuki-esque hairdo, slicing the air with fanlike hands dotted with ruby-red nails, and zeroing in on the mike with vibrato bravado, La Belle incited a shock of recognition.

The attention has been a long time coming. In spite of La Belle's avowed struggle to become a household word (ever since she traded in her choir gown from Philadelphia's Beulah Baptist Church for a satiny Bluebelles girlie gown), a Donna Summer she's not. As one fuzzy housewife from New Jersey wondered, "Patti La Belle? Wasn't she on 'Laverne'?" But many remember her as the [illegible] singer in *A Soldier's* [illegible] the last six months La [illegible] tted on *Live Aid*, [illegible] *Show*, *Good Morn-* [illegible] l. Now she has a [illegible] NBC in early [illegible] new al- [illegible] hard Per- [illegible] d the Pointer Sisters with "Jump." So it's tempting to take the lyrics to her hit single "New Attitude" straight: "I'm feelin' good from my head to my shoes, / Know where I'm goin' and I know what to do, / I got a new attitude."

But La Belle balks at that reading. "As far as my attitude being new, I think I've always had the same attitude. Maybe others' attitudes are changing towards me." True, Patti La Belle, forty-one, hasn't just blown into town along with such fun-loving musical virgins as Madonna and Cyndi Lauper. Although a few of her recent albums have been warped by uneven production, she's long been satisfying live audiences with her multitrack voice. And the Live Aid concert gave her a chance to flaunt her instrument before the widest audience ever. In the "We Are the World" finale, her v[illegible] hovered over the stadium, addin[illegible] organlike tremolo to a Mormon T[illegible] nacle Choir of rock stars. Some c[illegible] accused La Belle of hogging the m[illegible] but she has an excuse: "I al[illegible] wanted to do the 'We Are the W[illegible] video, but I was never asked."

Patti La Belle's been stirring [illegible] ever since 1962, when the ori[illegible] Bluebelles—Cindy Birdsong (soc[illegible] join the Supremes), Nona Hendry[illegible] Sarah Dash—first put themselves [illegible] map with the funky "I Sold My [illegible] to the Junkman." That map's co[illegible] points were the Apollo Theatre i[illegible] York, Philadelphia's Uptown, an[illegible] cago's Regal. The Bluebelles s[illegible] the circuit, along with their siste[illegible] Supremes, Martha Reeves and the [illegible] dellas, the Chiffons, and the Shi[illegible]



Every time Patti La B[illegible] opens her mouth these [illegible] more people listen.

tti colors those early, rinky-dink they were one big "battle of ": "We were all in the same . You ended up battling because ere all wearing the same costumes Woolworth's and hoped you were first so you could get your cos- seen first."

h the British invasion in the late , the Bluebelles skirted extinction ing off to tour England with the g Stones and the Who. Their pi- layer in those days was a young wn named Reggie Dwight, later to as Elton John. When the band re- to the States in the seventies, re- ed as Labelle, they out–Elton l Elton John by copping a space- s attitude and dashing onstage in outfits. Then they were opening ette Midler at the Continental in New York, and the anthems heir album *Nightbirds* were best beneath a dizzying disco ball, es- ly the internationally tittered-over e to "Lady Marmalade": "*Vou- us coucher avec moi ce soir?*"

if Patti La Belle breezed into the s a cult solo artist, she's likely to out a superstar. Along uch comebacks as Tina r and Aretha Franklin, now in the running for iva-dom. So her fans resist stirring up a lit- atfight between La and the nearly de-di- Diana Ross. It started ; the "I Want to Know Love Is" finale at the when Ross sauntered the familiar stage and ly handed La Belle ike. She pointed it t at Ross and blew her away Big Bad Wolf.

nce the Apollo, that's all I hear saying: 'Patti, you're much bet- n Diana Ross.' I'm not better than Ross. It's just that she's been a long time. And maybe people ying that it's my turn. Or they to be my turn. It's not that she's nything bad, it's just that she is y she is." When La Belle tossed to a stranger during a recent con- t New York's Madison Square n, one zealous fan cried out, "Would Diana Ross *ever* give away *her* fur coat?"

Onstage La Belle can be shameless: kicking off any one of her three thousand pairs of open-toed, sling-back pumps; gargling mid-set with Perrier and honey amid a froufrou landscape of potted flowers and white pianos; chattering nonstop with the audience about her "Art Deco Patti La Belle outrageous hair" and nails. But offstage Patti La Belle becomes Patricia Louise Edwards, a suburban-Philadelphia housewife with a husband of fifteen years, a twelve-year-old son, Zuri (Swahili for "beautiful"), and two adopted sons whose parents, once her neighbors, were killed in a car crash. She can be positively Earth Motherly, fastening you with her oversize, watery, oval chestnut eyes. Patti, dating herself, attributes her split personality to her Gemini birth sign. "When I'm onstage I become this other person," she says with the hushed tone of someone telling a ghost story. "Patti and Patricia, they all leave, and Priscilla comes out. Priscilla's the one who talks about the nails and the feet. I don't normally do that."

If Patti La Belle breezed into the eighties a cult solo artist, she's likely to storm out a superstar.

But there are plenty of traces of Priscilla in real-life Patti La Belle. As when she recently claimed over lunch, squeezing my arm for emphasis, "I *am* going to become a superstar." La Belle is too seasoned to base her prediction on P.R. prescience: that she's riding on the sequined skirttails of Tina Turner, or that a sixties revival makes her renditions of Lennon's "Imagine" or Dylan's "Forever Young" sentimentally correct, or simply that she looks so chilled in her new flip. No, La Belle puts all her confidence in her uninhibited voice, a voice that seems to touch everyone where they live.

"I do know that this is my year," she insists, her aura turning bright orange. "I can feel it in my bones. I just do. It's not because of the Tinas and the Arethas and the Lenas and everything. If I were twenty-one I'd still feel the same way about this being my year. I just know it." □

BOOKS

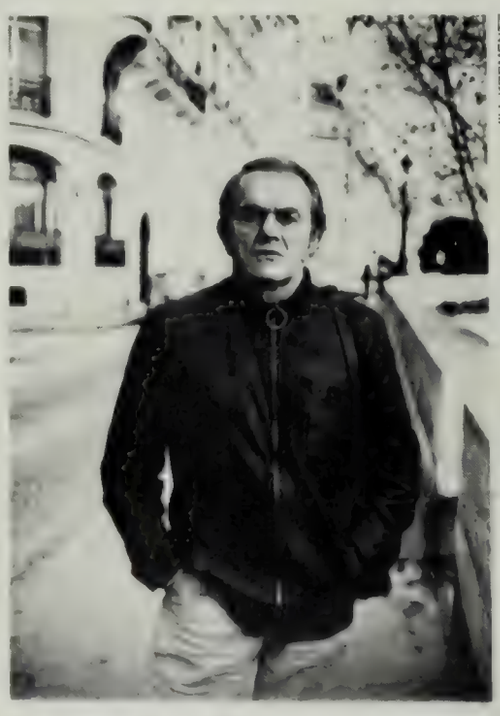
Keeping Up with Jones

by James Wolcott

James Jones had a brow like a mallet, and he often wrote as if he were splitting rocks in a literary gulag with the business end of his skull. Prose for him was brute fact and hard labor and critics in the prison yard peeking over his shoulder, snickering. After *From Here to Eternity* (1951), a fortress of obsession about how men carry their loneliness into bed and battle, Jones hammered out *Some Came Running*, a neo-Elizabethan epic of hometown sin, *The Pistol*, a tightly buttoned formal exercise, and *The Thin Red Line*, a long infantry march that became an intricate study in fear. Even the worst of Jones's post-*Eternity* novels had a monstrous grip. But if Jones never quite knew when to let go of the reader's windpipe, he was certainly more than coil and muscle. Perhaps the best portrait we have of Jones's pockets of tenderness is Willie Morris's memoir, *James Jones: A Friendship*, which emphasizes the violet dusk of Jones's final years in Sagaponack, Long Island. (Jones died in 1977.) But Morris's book, brotherly as it is, doesn't quite travel the full arc of Jones's career or bridge the gap between the man who created the rebel bugler Prewitt and the man who became big bwana on the Paris expatriate scene. Jones deserves a major interpretative biography, and Frank MacShane's *Into Eternity: James Jones, The Life of an American Writer* (Houghton Mifflin) tries mighty hard to be just that.

As a biographer, MacShane is drawn to the heavy drinkers among the heavy thinkers. He's written biographies of John O'Hara and Raymond Chandler, two men who knew how to put their elbows on the table and imbibe. Alcoholically, James Jones was no slouch.

While working on *Some Came Running*, Jones would have dry martinis before lunch, using an atomizer for his vermouth. Drink could make Jones coarse and mean, and even when sober he liked to bang the outhouse door. He blew his nose into his fingers, and worse. "When he was introduced to a beautiful and delicate young Israeli actress, he responded by belching in her face. It was as though, in comparing her beauty and grace with his momentary idea of himself as a monster, he allowed his feelings of inferiority to manifest themselves." That's pretty much the pattern for *Into Eternity:* Jones belches, and MacShane fumbles in his pockets for an explanation (which usually turns out to be Freud covered with lint). Despite outbreaks of bad table manners and a tendency to blow smoke, Jones emerges as a decent, companionable roughneck, which is more a tribute to Jones the man than MacShane the biographer. Indeed, MacShane seems to swerve out of his way to be picky and condescending. When Jones takes up sailing, for example, MacShane reports, "He had little natural grace, but he sailed correctly, as though he had learned to do it from a manual." Gee, thanks, Professor. Amusing anecdotes are scattered throughout *Into Eternity*, but not once does MacShane truly get under Jones's [illegible]. He's like Mr. Magoo, constantly mistaking clocks for human faces. MacShane certainly doesn't "get" Jones [illegible]. Although he teaches at [illegible] University, when he talks about Jones and his contemporaries [illegible] librarian passing [illegible] make up [illegible] quotations. [illegible] ns that Jones [illegible] *Baker* "in an awkward way on purpose," but only a page or so later he declares that Jones "had no facility with language." Similarly, MacShane chides critic after critic for misunderstanding and misinterpreting Jones's work ("Like many critics, [Wilfrid] Sheed completely misunderstood Jones's intentions"), yet his own summaries are self-contradicting and bland. At times he even manages to make James Jones sound as boring as James Michener in a safari jacket. Of the posthumous success of *Whistle*, MacShane writes, "It more than earned back its advances and showed that Jones's public was always eager to hear from him on important subjects." Here, have a bun.



JILL KREMENTZ

James Jones, a big bwana on the Paris expatriate scene, in 1972.

My favorite unintentional laugh in *Into Eternity* comes when MacShane says how Elaine's was "the sort of unpretentious place Jones liked, with its checkered tablecloths, familiar waiters, and good food." Good food! Even Elaine's regulars have been known to rue the place as heartburn central. Celebrityhood made a king out of James Jones, but it also cut him off from his subjects (pun intended), a dilemma a less star-struck biographer might have given some digging thought. MacShane is too busy filling us in on the eats at the publication party for *Whistle*—striped bass and beef Florentine—to worry his head with bigger issues. Fortunately, there's currently a James Jones paperback boom—his war trilogy (*From Here to Eternity*, *The Thin Red Line*, and *Whistle*) has been reprinted by Laurel/Dell, and *Viet Journal* and *The Ice-Cream Headache and Other Stories* are also hitting the racks—and readers will be able to read Jones plain without bumping into Mr. Magoo. Like Dreiser, James Jones is a great undisciplined American original whose novels, no matter how mocked or reviled, refuse to die. □

Hot Type

After the literary sleight of hand [illegible] his recent works, E. L. Doctorow's *World's Fair* (Random House)—[illegible] straightforward an account of growing up as can be—comes as a surprise. *World's Fair* builds upon some of the autobiographical elements found in *Lives of the Poets*, though it forgoes the latter's tricky shifts of style. [illegible] the ammoniated sting of the protagonist Edgar's first bed-wetting memory to the nine-year-old's rite of passage at the 1939 World's Fair, the novel traces the gentle curve of a Jewish childhood in the Depression-era Bronx.

As in *Ragtime*, Doctorow lovingly and meticulously evokes a time of [illegible] cent double features and Sunday [illegible] a Rockaway beach, of Hitler and *The Shadow* ominously lurking on the radio. He conveys a child's view of the [illegible] banal incident—a family argument, a crowd at a Klein's sale—as an elemental force. There's a wonderfully [illegible] moment when Edgar witnesses the *Hindenburg*, "an enormous animal let down from the sky in monumental slow motion," passing over his neighborhood toward [illegible] hurst and *World's Fair* [illegible] when [illegible] al memory does not [illegible] tail so [illegible] with his [illegible] when the author's narrative voice oscillates certainly between childhood perception and adult reflection. But Doctorow once again conjures up a bygone era with dazzling



TIM SHEAFFER

—Jean-Christophe C[illegible]

The British satirist and artist Ronald Searle has been so good for so long that we have almost come to take him, and his startling, iconoclas[illegible]

the writer-producer Jennifer Mil- who created the TV show *Paper* and now has a Disney deal. "It's contract that what I do has to be PG rating." Although there have been exceptions, the guidelines r and Katzenberg drew at Para- t are notorious. Nothing rural. st. No snow. No quaint New En- villages. No saddles. "At many s people are encouraged to bring jects that are sort of their own," a prominent screenwriter. "The ttives have separate bailiwicks, ince there's diversity among the ttives, there's diversity among novies. But the Disney team a fairly uniform product. They o generate their own ideas, and if you bring them an idea that t originally, say, a fish-out-of- story, they will try to fashion it a fish-out-of-water story." The nwriter's agent once read him a f projects—mostly comedies— he gang now at Disney wanted one to write, "and I nearly cried. wanted four sailors on shore . Or four Wacs on shore leave. avorite is this one: A man has lost everything in life except his dog. And his dog gets ill and has to go to the vet, and the vet says, 'The dog is going to die unless I perform a certain procedure within twenty-four hours.' The procedure will cost seventy-five dollars, and the guy hasn't got seventy-five dollars. So the project is about how the guy tries to raise seventy-five dollars in one day. The name of the project is, so help me, 'Save My Dog.' And if you want to write it, call up Disney."

Whether or not "Save My Dog" is ever made, a great many Disney films soon will be—and that's not to mention the new *Golden Girls* sitcom on NBC, the two new Saturday-morning animation shows (on CBS and NBC), the $300 million studio-plus-theme-park Disney is planning for Florida, and the EuroDisneyland projected for France or Spain. Jonathan Taplin, who produced Disney's *My Science Project*, has heard Michael Eisner fantasize about a hotel in the shape of Mickey Mouse, "with people staying in the arms and legs." Analysts figure that Disney's new major stockholders, the Bass brothers of Fort Worth, will give the Eisner-Wells-Katzenberg team a grace period of three years. But moviegoers may prove less patient. And for good reason.

The Disney of the seventies was haunted by the ghost of Uncle Walt; no decision could be made there without someone's asking, "What would the old man have done?" And the response was always far more timorous than Walt himself might ever have dreamed. Entrapped by the patterns of the past, the people at the old Disney lost their grip on the future. Now, in the industry's eyes, Disney owns the future—and with great expectations come great responsibilities. Hollywood admires the new Disney energy and the willingness of Eisner and Katzenberg to give untested voices a hearing, but it also hopes there's room in their plans for the kind of experimentation that creates not just popular movies but great ones—the kind of experimentation other studios may no longer be able to afford. The excitement you hear amid the crowing over Eisner and Katzenberg often masks a certain desperation: if not at Disney, then where? After all, as one Disney vice president puts it, "Mickey is a very rich mouse." □



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[illegible]
NGER

New Alexandria

(Continued from page 73)

These works are both learned and pop—reflections on a media-besotted society. Oddly enough, the same can be said of much recent architecture on the Coast. To describe latter-day California buildings, observers have had to raid the vocabularies of rock critics and anthropologists. The opinionated and quotable Chicago architect Stanley Tigerman came up with Manipulated Modernism, Dematerialization, Ironic Architecture, Concealed Contextualism, Blendo, Punk, and Attitude—e.g., the hot-dog emporium Franks for the Memories in San Francisco is an Attitudinous design.

Blendo is the compendium word. Ace Architects of Oakland told an inquirer, "A house is much more revealing (and interesting) when it's not just a house; better if it's a theatre, an ocean liner, maybe an artichoke." As an aesthetic program, this is a long way from the rigorous California modernism of Richard Neutra and Rudolph Schindler, those Berliner and Viennese severities that actually made much more sense in sunny California than they did in snowy, cultivated Central Europe... though it does evoke the beloved twenties vernacular architecture that produced the Brown Derby. "I'm confused as to what's pretty and what's ugly," confesses Frank O. Gehry, the godfather of California postmodernist architecture. Gehry has worked with chain-link fences, cardboard furniture, and asphalt shingles, and his leading preoccupations, he says, are "cheapness, destruction, distortion, illusion, layering, and surrealism."

But the giddiest, most imposing Blendo monument is the immense, $140 million Horton Plaza shopping center, which opened this year in downtown San Diego. Designed by Jon Jerde, Horton Plaza is a Babylonian-Renaissance-Baroque-Moorish extravaganza, splashed with cerises, puces, and dainty pastels. Howard Roark would have dynamited it at first sight.

Another Alexandrian motif is California's émigré culture. It has been observed that Hitler's enormities set off the greatest brain drain since the exodus of Greek scholars from Constantinople in the years before its capture by Mehmet the Conqueror. The conventional wisdom in Manhattan is that Euro[illegible] intellectual exiles decamped en m[illegible] for the West Side and started teachin[illegible] the New School. As Elizabeth H[illegible] wick says, "So if you are banis[illegible] from Frankfurt, Berlin, St. Petersb[illegible] or Warsaw, there is left no possib[illegible] except the twentieth-century capital[illegible] New York. Stravinsky, Schönberg, [illegible] tolt Brecht, Thomas Mann, Aldous H[illegible] ley, Christopher Isherwood, to name [illegible] the grandest names, preferred the W[illegible] Coast "troll-nest," as Edmund Wil[illegible] called it, attracted by—what? the m[illegible] ies? the climate? the distance from N[illegible] York? "They were mostly middle-a[illegible] people," William Brice ventures, "t[illegible] intellectual suitcases were packed, [illegible] they could live anywhere." Mann, [illegible] wrote *Dr. Faustus* while living in Pac[illegible] Palisades, claimed in *The Story of a N[illegible] el,* "Hollywood during the war wa[illegible] more intellectually stimulating and [illegible] mopolitan city than Paris or Munich [illegible] ever been."

"And don't forget Saint-Exupé[illegible] whose roommate in Los Angeles [illegible] Jean Renoir!" says Eve Babitz. Her [illegible] ther, the violinist Sol Babitz, was [illegible] of Stravinsky's émigré circle. "Strav[illegible] sky was my godfather. Igor and V[illegible] kept circling the hospital the day I [illegible] born. I remember Stravinsky so w[illegible] He was tiny and drank. On my t[illegible] teenth birthday, he kept passing li[illegible] glasses of scotch to me under the ta[illegible] and dropping rose petals down my top[illegible]

Not only does California contain[illegible] youth culture and a museum culture, [illegible] 1985 both are the richest in the world[illegible] youth culture is at present incarnated[illegible] the Brat Pack, the J. Paul Getty Mu[illegible] um in Malibu is poised to become [illegible] Western world's new Library at Al[illegible] andria.

With funds of $2.3 billion, the mu[illegible] um's parent institution, the Getty Tru[illegible] is by far the most heavily endowed a[illegible] organization anywhere. This kind [illegible] money has inspired alarm in such f[illegible] flung quarters of the art world as *L[illegible] quire* ("An Embarrassment of Ric[illegible] es"), the House of Lords, and [illegible] British press. PLUNDER OF A NATION w[illegible] the headline after the Getty spent $9[illegible] million for the drawings in a private c[illegible] lection in Britain. But in sober fact t[illegible] Getty Trust's endowment is nearly t[illegible] times that of the Metropolitan, and [illegible] present it must spend $100 million a y[illegible] simply to keep its nonprofit tax status.

The museum is the most glamoro[illegible]

ew Alexandria

mple of the fantastic archival energy California, which long ago created DeYoung, the Los Angeles County seum, the San Diego Museum of , the La Jolla Museum of Contempo- y Art, and now the new Museum of ntemporary Art in Los Angeles and even newer San Diego Art Center. der the direction of Harold Williams, ormer chairman of the S.E.C., the ist has launched a conservation insti- e and a highly ambitious Center for History of Art and the Humanities t will house half a million books and vast photographic archive. Another tty project will computerize the rld's accumulated knowledge of art tory.

Almost as controversial as the Get- s money are its plans for a stately w home on a hilly 742-acre site near ntwood. Not including property, the w Getty center should cost more than 00 million. "Not since the Roman perors built their summer villas on isle of Capri has there been an op- rtunity like this," exults the architec- al critic Reyner Banham. Actually, existing Getty Museum in Malibu *is* Roman villa, or, to be exact, a vivid to-postmodernist reconstruction of a la in Herculaneum that was buried in ick when Vesuvius erupted.

The architect for the new Getty is chard Meier, the Pritzker Prize win- r whose arctic, porcelain-covered el-and-glass constructions include the gh Museum in Atlanta. Meier is a ciple of Le Corbusier, who has been scribed as the Antichrist of the endo architects. Indeed, J. Paul Getty nself expressed in his autobiography determination *never* to spend a pen- on another "tinted-glass-and-stain- s-steel monstrosity." John Walsh, museum's urbane director, concedes point: "Well, yes, modernism sn't to Mr. Getty's taste." To gener- amazement, the Getty did not require ier to submit a single detailed draw- or plan. Paradoxically, it did exact promise that he would *not* produce signature Richard Meier building. ays another architect, unconvinced, hey'll get a big refrigerator on top of t hill.")

"Is there a cultural renaissance in lifornia?" Walsh asks. "I think there an odd combination of historical im- peratives, some vast slow turn of the cosmos toward the West, and then sheer historical arbitrariness and chance. That Norton Simon's collection is here, for example, and that Mr. Getty had this ranch in Malibu he intended to retire to after the war. He didn't, and he never visited the museum, though he saw and approved all the plans.

"Initially, the museum was thought to be a folly, something hilarious. But after a long pause, people were...disarmed. What I do know is that the new museum will *not* be a monastery, or a Parthenon, or some immense ranch house. It will be classic in its lighting, peaceful of décor—a place inviting contemplation. Something Mr. Getty could respect, if not adore."

Of course, to the teenage stoners on Melrose, the glories and amenities of Western civilization are just another mystery cult. "What have you been doing?" one voidoid asks another in Bret Easton Ellis's novel, *Less than Zero*. "Not too much. Took some animal tranquilizers last night with Warren and went to see The Grimsoles," his friend replies. "They were cool. Throwing rats out into the audience."

Ellis's gilded L.A. youths are forever bruising, or selling, their lithe tan bodies to pleasure their dead souls. Consuming mountains of dope, they stay faithful to their Nautilus machines. *Less than Zero* is scabrous but elegantly written, and since Ellis himself is only twenty-one, a senior at Bennington, the novel is strong evidence that his generation is already taking literary possession of its experience in a way that the *Big Chill* generation never has.

A bright, unfazed veteran of *Today*, *Firing Line*, and MTV, Ellis says, "I never asked to be some kind of voice for my generation, though I guess by writing the book I was asking *for* it from critics. It's not a tract, or an autobiography, or a piece of sociology"—but *Less than Zero* has been reviewed as all three, and it does exhibit a sure touch for the particulars and the brand names of a milieu defined by KROQ, On the Rox, Spago, Mortons, Parachute, and smoking clove cigarettes to irritate your psychiatrist. "Party at Kim's on a hot Sunday afternoon. B-52s on the stereo. Gazpacho, chili from Chasen's, hamburgers, banana daiquiri's, Double Rainbow ice cream." John O'Hara, an old Hollywood hand who knew about chili from

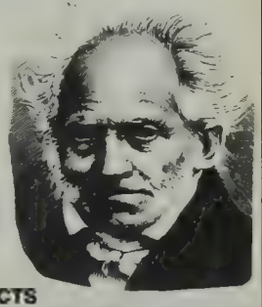
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JOHN SHIRTS

S

New Alexandria

Chasen's, would have admired this list.

Of another young writer who recently described "The New Lost Generation," Ellis says, "Well, he's twenty-four and his experience is light-years different from mine. Today, I think generations arrive every eighteen months or so." Of a California essayist who recently defended L.A. teendom as a peaceable kingdom of consumers, he says, "Oh, God, he can't know how utterly shallow they are. He hasn't listened to them, or gone home with them. Besides," he adds, the careful social cartographer, "he was talking about *Westwood*."

Kem Nunn's *Tapping the Source*, describing a surfer's cultic initiation rites, has also received considerable acclaim. Nunn's protagonist, Ike, is grungy, where Ellis's Clay is golden. Clay would be bored and anxious in Xanadu, but Ike is entranced by Huntington Beach, "the machinery of the town . . . heating up . . . moving into high gear now, the boomer gear, greased with hash oil and cocoa butter, hot-wired with cocaine, chugging to some New Wave anthem." But drugs, rock, and pornography are common themes, and there is an explicit sense in these novels that grown-up culture in California both apes and detests youth, which like Goya's Saturn it longs to devour.

"In the thirties you'd go to the movies and all the stars on-screen were in evening clothes, and you couldn't even see them for the cigarette smoke," Brice remarks. "You had a sense in New York of very young people sneaking into their parents' closets and dressing up. It strikes me that two qualities youth is not overburdened with are a sense of the past and possessing many preconceptions; and both of these conditions apply to California. There are metaphorical overtones that make it highly appropriate that California should be the leading youth culture. I suppose it was in the late fifties, early sixties, that one suddenly had the sense that now parents were raiding their kids' closets."

This untamed, undomesticated, aloof, prehistoric landscape . . .

—Christopher Isherwood

Literary tourists are forever discovering what a great soft vacuum California is, and even the occasional native will commit apostasy and head east, p pressed by the "dreamlike torpor," one wrote. But are they reacting to ture and society in California or, n than they realize, to the ominous nat environment which shadows b "The great tragic sites," as Ro Barthes said, "are arid lands, squee between the sea and the desert, sun shade raised to the absolute sta Czeslaw Milosz, the Polish Nobel F winner for literature who lives in Berkeley Hills, writes of "menac monstrous vistas, the light lurid on bare mountains. There is nothing eq ly exalted, equally grandiose in Eur its wildest panoramas are small tame by comparison."

The French philosopher Michel F cault, who died in 1984, spent his active months in Palo Alto and Be ley. Evidently, Foucault thought a g deal about the "Californian cult of self," which he decided had nothin do with the classical cult of the self. example, he said, the Greeks had m elaborate taboos about food than a sex. "But couldn't everyone's life come a work of art?" he asked rhet cally in an interview with two Bay A professors. "Why should the lam the house be an art object, but not life?"

The interviewers protested. All k of people in Berkeley live just like Perfect breakfast, perfect sex, pe daily round . . . such a project is " common." And in fact it was very observant of the great man not to noticed that in Berkeley the Revolu has long since been replaced by the gion of food. Sensuality and ascetic hysterics and extremists. Realm light. "They say Americans are ma alists, and especially Californian David Hockney reflects, "but the mans built of marble, and you can' more material than that. You alw have the feeling Los Angeles c blow away, or burn up, tomorrow."

No dispatch from California is c plete without an apocalyptic note, anybody who writes about Ameri cultural prospects is required by la quote something from Alexis Tocqueville. In an afterword to *De racy in America* in 1840, Tocque predicted that the American pe would reach the Pacific and once did they would retrace their steps— disturb and to destroy" the society had left behind. ☐

·ouble in Chinatown

ntinued from page 61) strike, and
a shutdown, prompted by the feel-
of executive producer David Geffen
Towne was "over budget, behind
edule, and not in a condition that in-
ed confidence."

he picture seemed frozen—at least
e-quarters shot, some $13 million in
hole, but going nowhere. Towne
frantic in his search for help. With
aid of Allen Klein (once personal
nager of the Beatles), he got a tor-
d agreement whereby *Personal Best*
ld be finished. The price turned out
e the script to *Greystoke*. Towne
it was the most painful decision he
ever had to make: "It meant for me
d to accept the death of one child to
erve another."

ersonal Best came out and it didn't
well. Geffen was sick of it by the
it was finished. Towne started a
suit. The reviews were mixed and
picture flopped. No one could say it
as sharp as Robert's best scripts—it
sweeter, but less alive. It did moon
a bit over the lady athletes, as if a
uralist were celebrating gorgeous an-
l bodies. The eye loved it, but the
was tame; and Robert has never
n as good on women as he is with
potent men who sniff sex and chal-
ge in the air.

reystoke did rather better, but its new
ctor, Hugh Hudson, had changed a
–more than Robert will know, for he
ses to see the picture. But a rueful
y had him nominated for an Oscar for
n the guise of P. H. Vazak, the pseud-
m he took in the credits and the pedi-
name of his adored Hungarian
pdog. Vazak didn't win the Oscar,
the dog died in 1982.

t least two other big projects came
othing in the next few years: *Tequila*
rise, a script Towne had written
ut old school friends who meet again
op and drug runner. Robert wanted
ren Beatty in it, with maybe Pat
y, the spiffy coach of the Los Ange-
Lakers—that's the kind of off-the-
notion that can seem like genius or
iness in Robert. But *Tequila Sun-*
hasn't been made yet. Nor has *Mer-*
d, a Ray Stark venture he wrote for
tty and Arthur Penn.

he Two Jakes was therefore a major
effort of recovery. The first *China-*

READ THE SEQUEL HOLLYWOOD WOULDN'T DARE MAKE INTO A MOVIE.



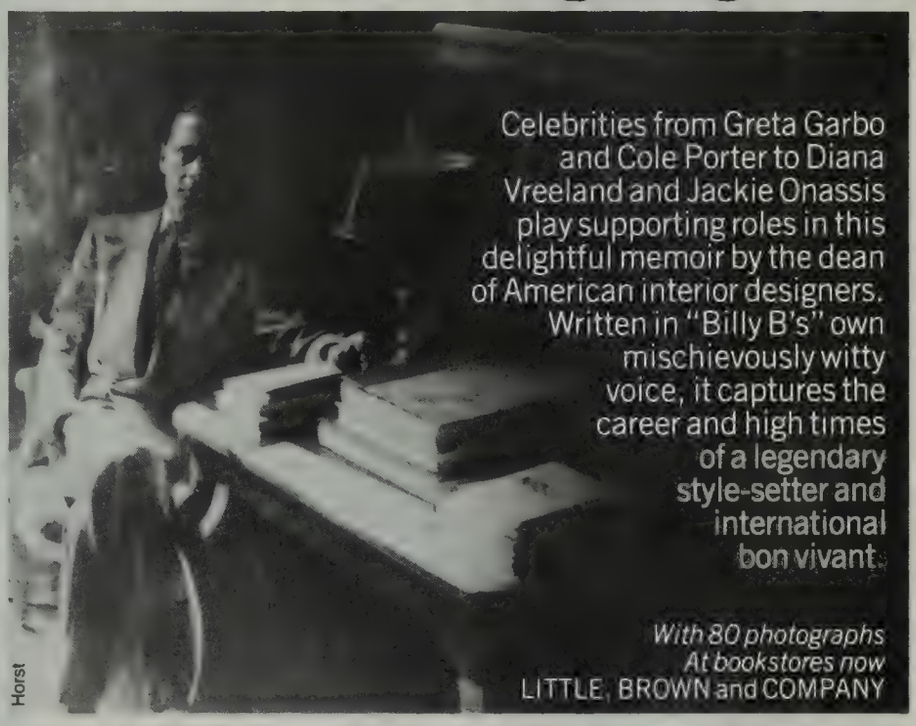
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Trouble in Chinatown

town was in love with loss—it is haunted by the melancholy of an exploited Los Angeles, the rape of Evelyn Cross Mulwray, and the fate of her child, Katherine. Towne gave the name Katharine to his only child, born in 1978 to his first wife, Julie, the daughter of movie actor John Payne. The picture is a tragedy to the extent that, at the end, you know Jake Gittes is never going to be the same again.

But Robert wanted him to live on. After all, his own *Chinatown* had been interfered with by Polanski. He wanted a chance to have his say, and he wanted to pursue the history of Los Angeles. So he wrote *The Two Jakes*, in which an oddly unaltered Gittes has further adventures, meets another Jake, and finds Katherine Mulwray again. Like the ending Robert had wanted for the first film, this one would turn out hopeful, half happy. Indeed, it has one of the most poignant and unlikely of all endings—snow falling in Los Angeles, as it really did in January 1949.

And the picture got set up. Roman Polanski, of course, was out of reach. So Towne, Nicholson, and Evans formed a company to make *The Two Jakes*, and Paramount agreed to distribute it. But the picture was not conventionally financed by the studio: the three principals would own the finished picture, Towne owned the script, and none of the three would take any money up front except for the reported $125,000 received by Towne for a sequel fee. Paramount would pay for the production. The three men, all on deferred payments, were making it as something they loved: it was a reunion and the continuation of a great story—that was the line.

The finances are still cloudy, for Paramount and the *Two Jakes* company never quite finalized the monetary arrangements. That's why unpaid actors and vendors took their complaints to Towne and company, and why Towne would consider selling his script (for as much as $2 million) just to pay them. *The Two Jakes* was budgeted at around $12 million, with at least $10 million of the eventual gross earmarked for Jack and the two Roberts. One day the courts may decide just what had been agreed, left hanging, or fixed. For now, it is unholy mess. When the project br apart, Hollywood was shocked at unprofessionalism. But it could emerge that greed and anxiety about money were also reasons for halting It is not always just a movie that is ing made, but a deal.

Robert Evans was to play the o Jake, Jake Berman, a real-estate de oper who is building on what may oil-rich land. Evans had last acted screen in the late 1950s. No one ever accused him of being a great ac In the years since, he had been a ducer, a studio head (at Paramount). best-looking fast-talker in Hollywoo ladies' man, and a cocaine u though, he said, "It's bad for sex also ruins your tennis game, and I to play well." His last few years been bad, and on his most recent duction, *The Cotton Club*, he had ha go to law to retain a hold on the pic when his problems had so inflated budget that others had taken it ove desperation.

Why did Robert Towne cast Evan Jake Berman, a very difficult rol that Berman lies most of the ti seems inept but is really shrewd, strikes up a bizarre but touching fri ship with Gittes? Not easy to ans now, except to say that Towne is ad ed to the hope of friendship an glamorous, stylish men who smile power. It is a movie about friends and Robert may have thought to re Evans without seeing how that gene ity could damage himself. He wrote, "Bob Evans remains, in me ry and in life, a standard for every of human generosity, and one I have to see matched in this town." There those in that town bewildered by line and what it says of Towne's ju ment. But if you want to unders Towne, you need to see the roma view the once fragile recluse kept his old heroes.

The Two Jakes lined up better anyone could believe—even if m crossed their fingers that some would see sense about Evans. C Deschanel was the cameraman, Ric Sylbert the designer. Frank Mancus was the executive producer, and F senior is chairman of Paramount. cast also included Kelly McGillis Cathy Moriarty in the two female le and Perry Lopez, Harvey Keitel, D nis Hopper, Joe Pesci, and Scott Wi



ıajor supporting roles. The oil ty-ı, the rough equivalent of John Hus-s Noah Cross in *Chinatown,* was to layed by Budd Boetticher, a veteran ctor of Westerns and a whip-smart, -haired wolf.

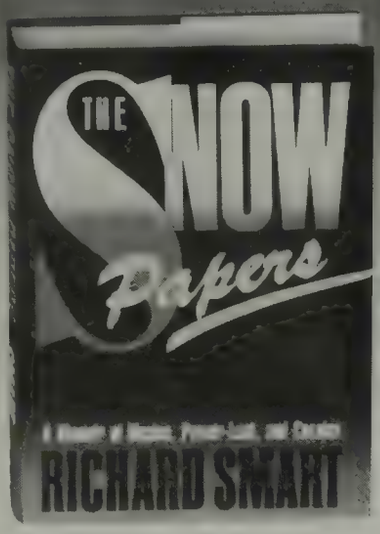
ıooting was set to start in late April 5. Sets were built at the Laird Inter-ɔnal Studios in Culver City. Loca-s had been found all over the city out at Ventura. I was at Laird one when Robert was still casting and iting. He was with his new wife, a, previously the wife of Piero Sel-gio, owner of the fashionable restau-Valentino. It was late in the day n a black Cadillac convertible ar-d, vintage 1948—Jake Berman's a thing of beauty, all set to be re-ted celadon. People on the picture already bidding for that car when shooting was over. Robert seemed it as relaxed as a nostril suspicious ɔison gas.

ɔr a month Towne had been coach-Evans at night, and getting no-re. A day came for the routine of ɔting makeup camera tests—estab-ng how the central characters would in the picture. In one smooth ning, tests were shot for McGillis, iarty, and Nicholson, who had gone hard training for the film and shed ity-five *Prizzi* pounds.

ne afternoon had been cleared for ns, but the afternoon was insanity. needed a haircut so that he might like 1948. Some actors would have hed going to the barber well in ad-e. But Evans came to the set in his up-to-date hair, and as scissors ap-ed, every kind of fear and panic ering inside him surfaced. He re-d the picture's hairdresser; he want-nis own. He resisted cutting; he ted the hairs sensitively "tweezed" ı his head. The situation stretched or hours.

t last, Towne announced that he ld not proceed with Evans in the nan role. An understanding had ex-between Towne and Evans. If the ctor thought the actor wasn't cutting ne old friend was to tell the other. ne did speak, and Evans blew up. e was a standoff, and as one ob-er felt, "When Nicholson was ed to as a peacemaker, he said, 's start shooting and see about Ev-later. Give him a chance. If he n't cut it then, replace him. His es don't come up for four weeks

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anyway.' "

Nicholson's attitude surely had to do with the fact that it was late in the day for a change. Towne, presumably, had had chances earlier, and he *had* cast Evans. Towne kept hoping. But maybe he put off the evil moment. In his autobiography, Roman Polanski voices a feeling about the defect of Towne's gentleness that is held by others in the business: "Bob Towne is a craftsman of exceptional power and talent. . . .He's also a very slow writer, delighting in any form of procrastination, turning up late, filling his pipe, checking his answering service, ministering to his dog."

For Towne's part, he has always nursed the solitariness of writing. When asked about the difference between writing and directing, he has stressed the distractions on a set and the feeling of being with "55,000 people." He said it was like "going from that incredible silence under water to the surface and that gaggle of sound where it's very fucking noisy."

Some of the actors and crew went out to Ventura on the night of April 30 for shooting the next day. And then, as a witness states, "In the morning, nothing happened. They said the weather was wrong. But you could tell the plug had been pulled, and there was a rumor that Paramount had said not to roll the cameras. There were telephone talks all day with lawyers and the studio, and you heard stories that maybe Towne was going to sell the script and maybe John Huston was going to direct. And maybe Roy Scheider was going to play Berman. One of the problems was that with all the principals getting nothing up front, how could they find the money for anyone new they had to bring in?"

No one moved, and there was no final deal. The sets were struck, the production was closed down, Nicholson went on to another film, cast and crew dispersed, and Towne was heard muttering about disloyalty, lawsuits, his resolve to set the picture up somewhere else, and how "this time they aren't going to fuck the goose that lays the gold-

[illegible] progressed, the pic[illegible] ahead, the subject [illegible] tive litigation. [illegible] kept it alive. [illegible] Laurentiis to take it over; Harrison Ford was interested in playing Gittes. But Paramount was asking a prohibitive amount for turnaround. Meanwhile, Robert was working far into the night to rewrite *8 Million Ways to Die*, a Hal Ashby picture just starting shooting that would be credited to him and Oliver Stone. I saw him then in his Santa Monica house with that movie tacked up on a board, two hundred or so index cards, each one a scene. He was doing this, in his other crisis, because of friendship, because he needed the money, and because it is habit. Robert Towne has been a scriptwriter now for twenty-five years, which means that he's written, worked on, or thought of at least two hundred movie ideas, every one of which at some hour of the night he's thought might be his best yet. And so far, he has his name on ten of them.

I was around then because, long before, it had been agreed that I could be on the set of *The Two Jakes*. We talked, but not much about the picture. There was a lot of anguish and confusion to express, but real legal jeopardy if anything went on the record.

And so when we talked, he grew quieter even than is his norm. At midnight, in the silent house, I had to lean forward to hear him. I have noticed this with Robert before. He draws you in by letting his voice become elusive or invalid-like. I've taped interviews and then had difficulty hearing them. And on the phone with Robert, you press the receiver closer and closer to your ear until you need it inside your head. It's as if he might be in bed, not wanting to wake a companion. It always feels like the middle of the night, and it often is.

"So what *can* you say?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, so faintly he might have been dying. "You could say that with my daughter and my wife I'm the luckiest man alive." And he started singing "Who Could Ask for Anything More?" He had just come from the concert version of Stephen Sondheim's *Follies* in New York, and he was tired and exhilarated enough to ruminate on how bad Hollywood can get:

"I was doing this rewrite once. It had a confrontation scene between a cop and a bad guy. And I had done the scene in such a way that, when he was attacked, the cop had to pick up a rocking chair to defend himself. That's all there was. And I liked it because it was absurd but true. And so they took the scene [illegible] they shot it. And apparently they s[illegible] 'This is silly. This couldn't happen. [illegible] they changed the rocking chair t[illegible] baseball bat. I ask you. It's alway[illegible] baseball bat. And in life, people do s[illegible] things. They pick up what's there. [illegible] that's movies now—the baseball ba[illegible]

He has great fears of conglomer[illegible] making it impossible to produce in[illegible] esting movies; of a Hollywood bese[illegible] rumor and paranoia; of lawyers tal[illegible] over the business: "We all live in[illegible] endless slough of not just despond,[illegible] renegotiation. There are people [illegible] trying to renegotiate the facts. The[illegible] so dependent on appearances, t[illegible] think they can change the facts if t[illegible] alter the appearance. And they have[illegible] nerve to say that appearance is illus[illegible] Whereas illusion is the most prec[illegible] thing—it's what an artist can mak[illegible] and it's a very real thing. And it's v[illegible] movies can be, could be."

Then he feels the risk of becon[illegible] gloomy, and he admits that for a l[illegible] time his life was a mess, too m[illegible] work, not enough sense of relations[illegible] "But there's never a day in my life w[illegible] I'm not happy, because of Luisa. I[illegible] be sad and angry, but I'm still hap[illegible] and I think she and my daughter can[illegible] that. There's something Mandy Pati[illegible] told me, and I think it's vital—that[illegible] best thing you can do is show your c[illegible] dren you are happy."

No doubt Harrison Ford could pl[illegible] detective in the Los Angeles[illegible] 1948, with Kelly McGillis as his l[illegible] But could that private eye be Jake G[illegible] still, and could McGillis really be[illegible] Katherine Mulwray we last saw in N[illegible] Cross's terrible, enfolding arms? [illegible] *Two Jakes* is a tremendous script, y[illegible] always had a problem. For, on the [illegible] hand, it requires a knowledge of *Ch*[illegible] *town*, a film now nearly as old as [illegible] heart and soul of a movie audience [illegible] shows no special sympathy for mid[illegible] aged failure and regret. And on the [illegible] er hand, if you know *Chinatown*, [illegible] wonder why this Jake Gittes of 1[illegible] comes on as slick and sardonic as[illegible] was in 1937, before his first disas[illegible] You see, Robert, I think the first [illegible] was so good, and Jake so stricken, [illegible] he has to be darker now—maybe [illegible] twisted to be the lead in a big pictur[illegible]

By September, an agreement see[illegible] possible for a new *Two Jakes* as a D[illegible] De Laurentiis production, Towne [illegible]

ing, with Harrison Ford and Roy eider. But it could not now be wn as a sequel (for legal reasons), Towne would have to do a lot of re- ting, turning his script into some- g more self-sufficient, free of the nory of Nicholson. Shooting was ected to start in the summer of 1986. hen, on the evening of September Robert called me. He sounded ener- d; I thought the news would be d. "The negotiations to save *The Jakes* have broken down irretriev- ," he said. "Dino has been won- ful. But Paramount and others want much. It would have been at least a million movie."

said I was sorry, but I did think he nded relieved. He talked of getting with other things. *The Two Jakes* y therefore be dead—but can Holly- od let such a property go?

io, cross your fingers, we may see it. question then remains, Does the nate exist now for a picture as good *Chinatown*? And does Robert Towne e the stamina in crowded, crazy, ing circumstances that it would take get this picture done? He may be too ch an islander. I do think there is nething in his very attractive, elo- nt, but crafty nature that could slip n being the uncredited master on er people's films to the thwarted au- r of unmade masterpieces. It is all t of the inherent tragedy of being a ter in Hollywood, of acting cheerful ile being sick. And in Robert's case would be more of a loss because he occasionally broken into the kind of criptive prose that shows what *Chi- own* and the Jake Gittes story could —a book.

n 1983 the script of *Chinatown* was lished, with an introduction by Rob- He talks about a night on Catalina nd when he was writing *Chinatown* he felt the breeze stir the air, the age, and the hair on his sheepdog a's back.

'I can't honestly say the air helped ighten out many plot points. But I can there was never a moment where ie errant breeze didn't bring me some- g that made me care, made me feel it worth trying to straighten out the sto- all the horrible melodramatic machi- ons that remove you farther from ctives and human life than any cross- d puzzle.

'It brought me back to saying, these gs, dead and dying that still linger in the air, had more joy in them than I could have known, and this tepid, deft, adroit, dry breezy collaborator of mine, rustling thru weeds like a child wearing a sheet, this air was worth grieving over more than I ever supposed. There's no other word—'Chinatown' is a sort of eulogy for me.

"It is a eulogy I'm afraid for things lost that would concern others about as much as a missing button or a dead mouse. Easterners, for example have often tended to be a little snide about the tepid weather and negligible change in seasons—things I have loved perhaps the most about L.A. I've loved the first hint of October nipping thru the sunlight after school, New Year's Day, chilly and clear as crystal as tho someone put the sun in the freezer overnight, the February rains that came with Valentines and would flood intersections with muddy waters rushing around stalled cars, vacant lots in March that overnight sprouted thousands of sharp green spears you could pull and send with a clod of dark earth hurtling at another kid, little ponds of black polliwogs squiggling like animated commas—and then spring and summer with the smell of pepper trees mentholated more and more by eucalyptus, the green lots turning to straw leaving foxtails in your socks and smelling like hay in the morning, the Santa Anas progressively drying the city into sand and summer smells—and best of all then you could stand on the Palisades overlooking Portuguese Bend and have all the dry desert breeze at your back abruptly splashed with salt air from the sea crashing on the rocks and swirling tidepools a hundred feet below. Well—time, smog, and development have virtually obliterated these pastel sensations for pastel sensibilities like mine—but like most things I truly value, the weather, along with love and health are more keenly appreciated by their absence than by any dramatic and pushy presence."

That piece is as sad as the thought that somewhere in the Paramount vaults there are a few hundred feet of Jack Nicholson ready for 1948, lean, soulful, and a private eye again, and somewhere there's a Cadillac convertible maybe half black, half celadon. It makes me wish Robert would try the Chinatown novel, even if he has to drag himself away from Los Angeles first, from the money and the intrigue, the sexy telephone calls and the slippery frame lines of loyalty. □

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Out to Lunch

with San Francisco columnist Herb Caen,
who tells JON BRADSHAW why he dropped the "ert"

Nattily attired in a polka-dot tie and a six-button British blazer with a pink carnation in the lapel, Herb Caen waited for me at the bar in San Francisco's Campton Place. He looked like an elegant and jovial troll. "You're late as usual, J.B.," he greeted me with a smile.

"Actually, I'm on time, which is early for me."

"Oh," he said, "you're going to give yourself all the good lines, I see."

The sixty-nine-year-old newspaperman, known hither and yon as Mr. San Francisco, was in a particularly fine mood that afternoon. He had just celebrated the forty-seventh anniversary of his popular column, which runs six days a week in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The column first appeared there under the title "It's News to Me." In 1950 it moved to the *Examiner*, where it was renamed "Baghdad by the Bay." Caen and his column returned to the *Chronicle* in 1958. "Now the column's just called 'Herb Caen,' which is my real name. Actually, it's Herbert Caen, but for reasons of style and brevity I dropped the 'ert.' But isn't 'Herb Caen' a great name for a column? I mean, it's better than 'George F. Will,' isn't it?"

Caen is fond of referring to himself as a three-dot journalist writing three-dot journalism, an upbeat staccato style he picked up from Walter Winchell. Over numerous goblets of Kir, crab cakes with a tomato rémoulade sauce, and sautéed red, green, and yellow peppers, Caen explained that Winchell had been an early idol. "You really felt you were in New York when you read him. I must have been the only kid west of the [illegible] subscribed to the New [illegible] but I just had to [illegible] was the cleverest [illegible]

[illegible] per business [illegible] a crazy [illegible] enthusiasm. I scoured the town every night with chorus girls on each arm. I had a car with a red light, like Winchell's—you know, a siren on the roof. I stayed up all night, I wrote my column at four in the morning, and then went home and slept till noon. It was fantastic. It was fun. Until I ran out of steam." "When was that?" "Oh. . . forty years later."

"Why do you think people continue to read your column?"



GEORGE STEINMETZ

"I've become a habit. Coffee and Caen. People just expect you to be there."

"I've become a habit. Coffee and Caen. People just expect you to be there. My readers have grown up with the column. I've got three generations of readers. I get letters from people who say they remember their grandfathers used to read the column at the breakfast table and laugh over something, and they would say, 'What are you laughing at, Grandpappy?' and he'd tell them and they'd say, 'What's funny about that?' And now they read it at the breakfast table and laugh and their kids say, 'What's funny about that?' People have been laughing at me for nearly fifty years. Uh. . . make that laughing *with* me."

"Do you ever read your column [illegible] ourself?"

"Are you crazy? Never. Early in the morning, when the paper comes in, [illegible] right by it. And if by mistake I [illegible] caught by it, entrapped, I read it [illegible] cringe. And I think, Did I really w[illegible] this crap?"

"And then you call up your ed[illegible] and say, 'Fire this man immediately[illegible]

"Yes, yes. 'For God's sake, [illegible] me before I kill again.' " C[illegible] paused. "Someday I'll write the [illegible] fect column. . . but I haven't yet. [illegible] perfect column would be tw[illegible] ty-four laudable items—w[illegible] short, pithy, and fast-paced [illegible] would be a perfect mixture [illegible] several scoops, a few one-[illegible] ers, a double entendre, a tr[illegible] pun, a needle or two, an[illegible] credibly funny graffito, s[illegible] morsels of choice gossi[illegible] (Two legendary Caenis[illegible] "Isn't it nice that the kin[illegible] people who prefer Los Ang[illegible] to San Francisco live ther[illegible] and a description of the Go[illegible] Gate Bridge as "the car-st[illegible] gled spanner.") .

"You see," he continu[illegible] "the whole problem is th[illegible] don't love this city the w[illegible] once did. You have to be a[illegible] to fall in love with the city[illegible] way I did. In fact, of late I've bec[illegible] a critic of San Francisco instead o[illegible] biggest booster. But the town has [illegible] teriorated alarmingly in many w[illegible] over the years. In the old days, I use[illegible] make the rounds every night. Now t[illegible] aren't any rounds to make. Or ma[illegible] I've just lost my energy."

"Then why don't you write fe[illegible] than six columns a week?"

"Because it's easier than wri[illegible] three columns a week. With three [illegible] umns a week, you've got to be pr[illegible] good. With six columns, you car[illegible] pretty bad, because the readers [illegible] say, 'Well, old Herb really stank[illegible] day, but tomorrow he might be pr[illegible] good.' I've been living on that for [illegible] ty-seven years. And, J.B., tomor[illegible] has never come." □

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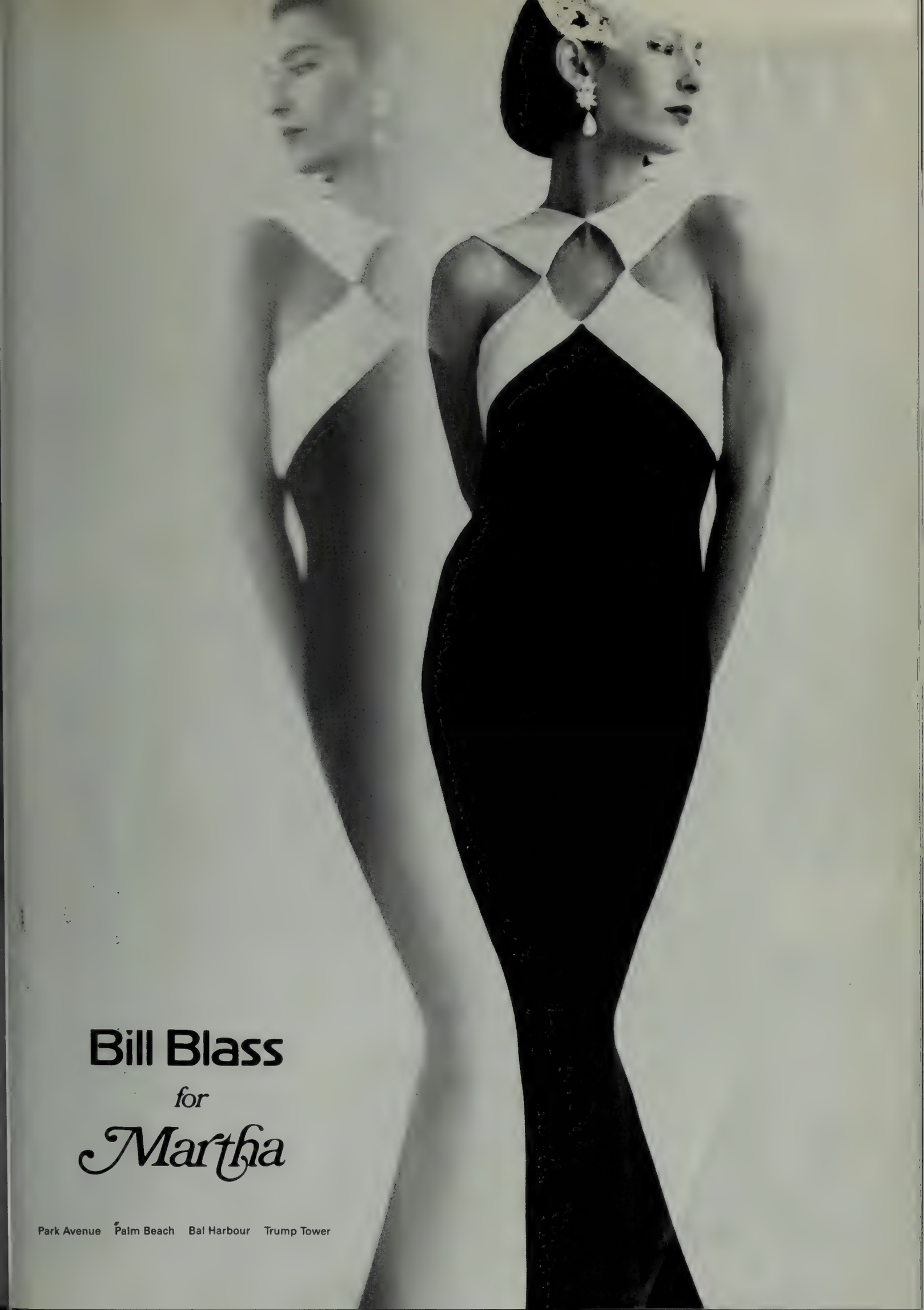
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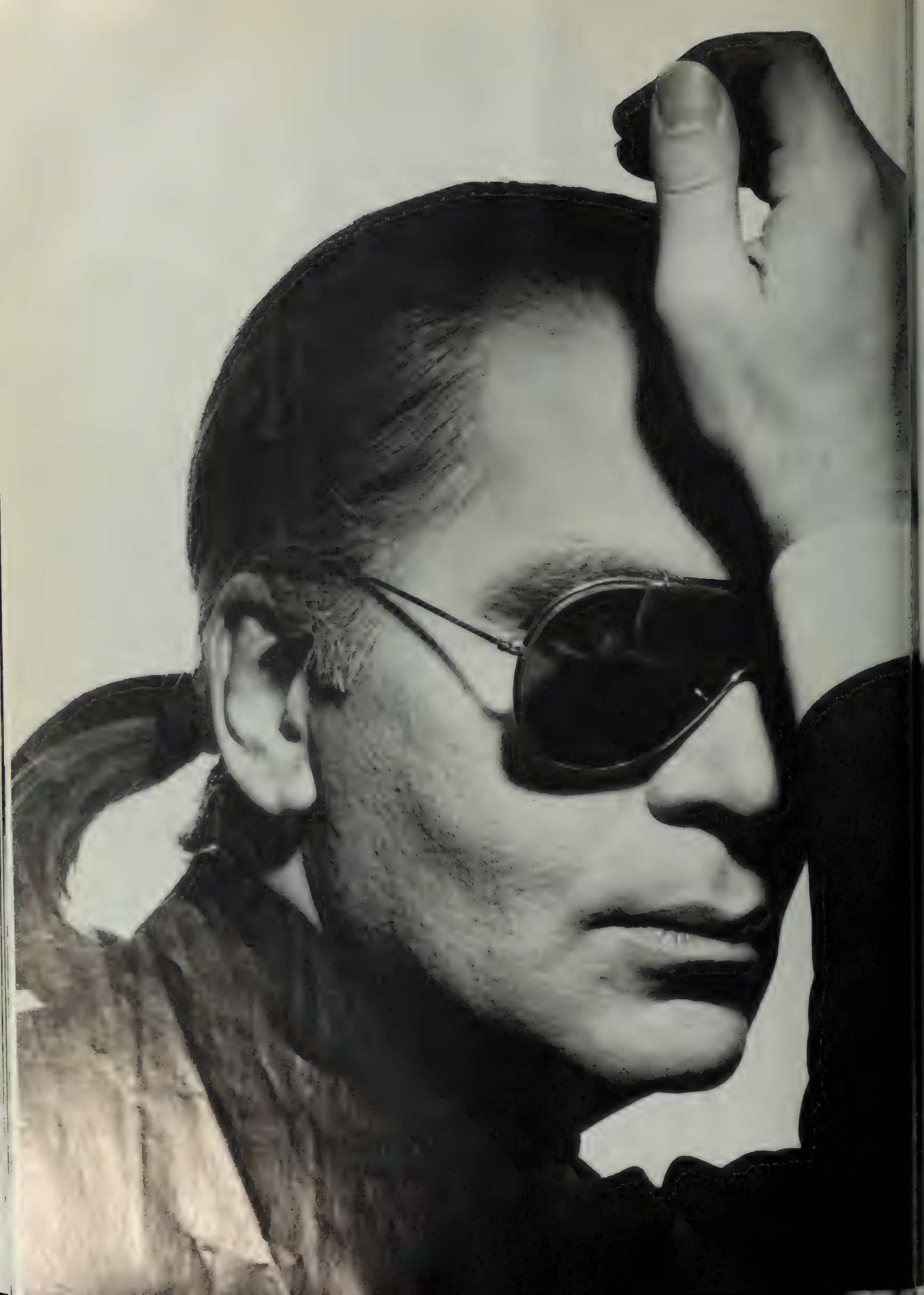
A TIME FOR GUCCI

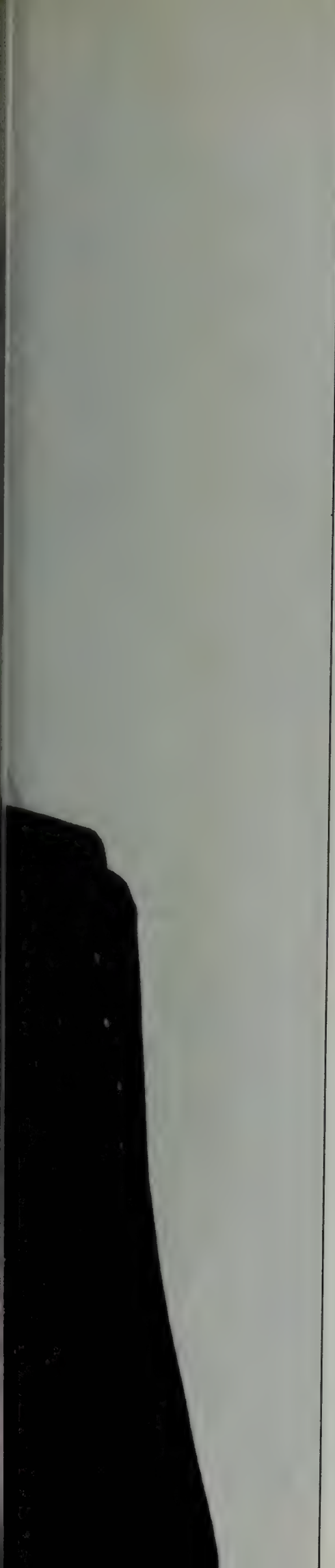
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Karl Lagerfeld

EDITOR'S LETTER

FAME GAME



The December issue of *Vanity Fair* aims to bring Christmas to its knees. We've stuffed the stocking with spectacle and color and literary *richesse*.

As a result, the season of goodwill kept a wide berth of this office. It's been a month of fencing with the egos of superstars and wrestling their press agents to the ground. Fame, Dashiell Hammett said, is just a paint job. We needed his sense of perspective around the *V.F.* office as we sought to define what constituted a nomination for this year's Hall of Fame, our own highly idiosyncratic procession to Mount Parnassus photographed by Annie Leibovitz (page 72). Close your eyes on '85 and the year swims before you as one long mixed metaphor—AIDS and Mexico, yes, but also Ronald Merrick's khaki shorts for fourteen *Jewel in the Crown* weeks and the fierce falsetto of Dr. Ruth Westheimer. Those who made it into the final cut represent our view of life as a comedy of counterpoint. We praise, for instance, Tip O'Neill for his courage and Don Johnson for his hairless chest.

Fame has flickered round Sir Stephen Spender all his life, but he has never quite seized the limelight. Now he is publishing his memoirs, and I predict he will bloom at last. Poet, liberal, critic, and intellectual catalyst, he's always had a high literary reputation, but its luster was eclipsed by his two closest friends—Auden and Isherwood. For fifty years he has been uniquely placed to observe the artistic and political scene of Transatlantica. Happily for us, as you'll see from our excerpt on page 110, he knows how to gossip. His journals are a compulsive weaving of ideas and self-communion with malicious human detail and a poet's grasp of atmosphere. After an evening with Edith Sitwell he comments, "Whenever there was silence it was appalling, as though boredom and sterility might seep like the fog outside through a chink in a door or a window." Reading the journals is like dining with Spender [illegible] in particularly good form. In life, as you might [illegible]t from his writing, he's a vague, self-deprecating figure [illegible]edercuts his professorial dignity by saying [illegible]ious. Last time I saw him he was relish- [illegible] a bookshop in the Midwest. The man at [illegible]ican Express card and said, "Stephen [illegible]n't you a near-celebrity?" "It half- [illegible]n told me. It was the quintessential

Near-celebrity has never been Elizabeth Ta[illegible]lor's problem. As she tells Dominick Dunne [illegible] his cover story on page 60, "I can't rememb[illegible] when I wasn't famous." Photographing her [illegible] vacation in London required a major mobiliz[illegible]tion of troops to transform her from the routinely ravishing [illegible] the simply out-of-this-world. The gowns and the hairdress[illegible] came from Paris; the photographer, Helmut Newton, car[illegible] from Monaco; the writer, Dominick Dunne, came from Ne[illegible] York; and the customs officer came on strong. He pounced [illegible] our Paris editor, Nicole Wisniak, when she sashayed blithe[illegible] past the NOTHING TO DECLARE sign at Heathrow Airport bearing[illegible] sackful of Saint Laurent dresses for Miss Taylor's delectatio[illegible] It was twelve hours before London editor Sarah Giles manag[illegible] to raise the necessary scratch to soothe Her Majesty's custom[illegible] only to find Miss Taylor preferred the British gown by Ema[illegible]uel anyway. ("She eez a crazy dwarf" was Mlle. Wisniak[illegible] verdict on this snub to French couture.)

The last time Helmut and Dominick worked together was [illegible] the Claus von Bülow cover story for the August issue, wh[illegible] Claus slithered into his controversial black leathers. It's gratif[illegible]ing this writer and photographer could team up again to featu[illegible] Elizabeth Taylor in an issue where most of the talents who' [illegible] helped to shape *Vanity Fair* in 1985—Marie Brenner, Jam[illegible] Wolcott, Bob Colacello, Annie Leibovitz, Harry Benson, B[illegible] King—have each done a turn for the Christmas finale. We' [illegible] tried this year to create a place where the brightest could [illegible] their best—sometimes with surprising commotion.

This was the year when little *Vanity Fair* kept getting [illegible] picture in the papers. A near-celebrity at last. Flashbul[illegible] popped not just over the von Bülow revelations but when t[illegible] Reagans kissed for Harry Benson's camera in our June iss[illegible] and again in October when our cover story on the Princess [illegible] Wales pushed Hurricane Gloria off the front page of the Briti[illegible] tabloids and reverberated back across the Atlantic.

It was also a year when you gave us a wonderful vote [illegible] confidence with new subscriptions galore.

Merry Christmas: I hope we all continue to get on *famous* [illegible] in 1986.

Tina Brown

Editor in chief

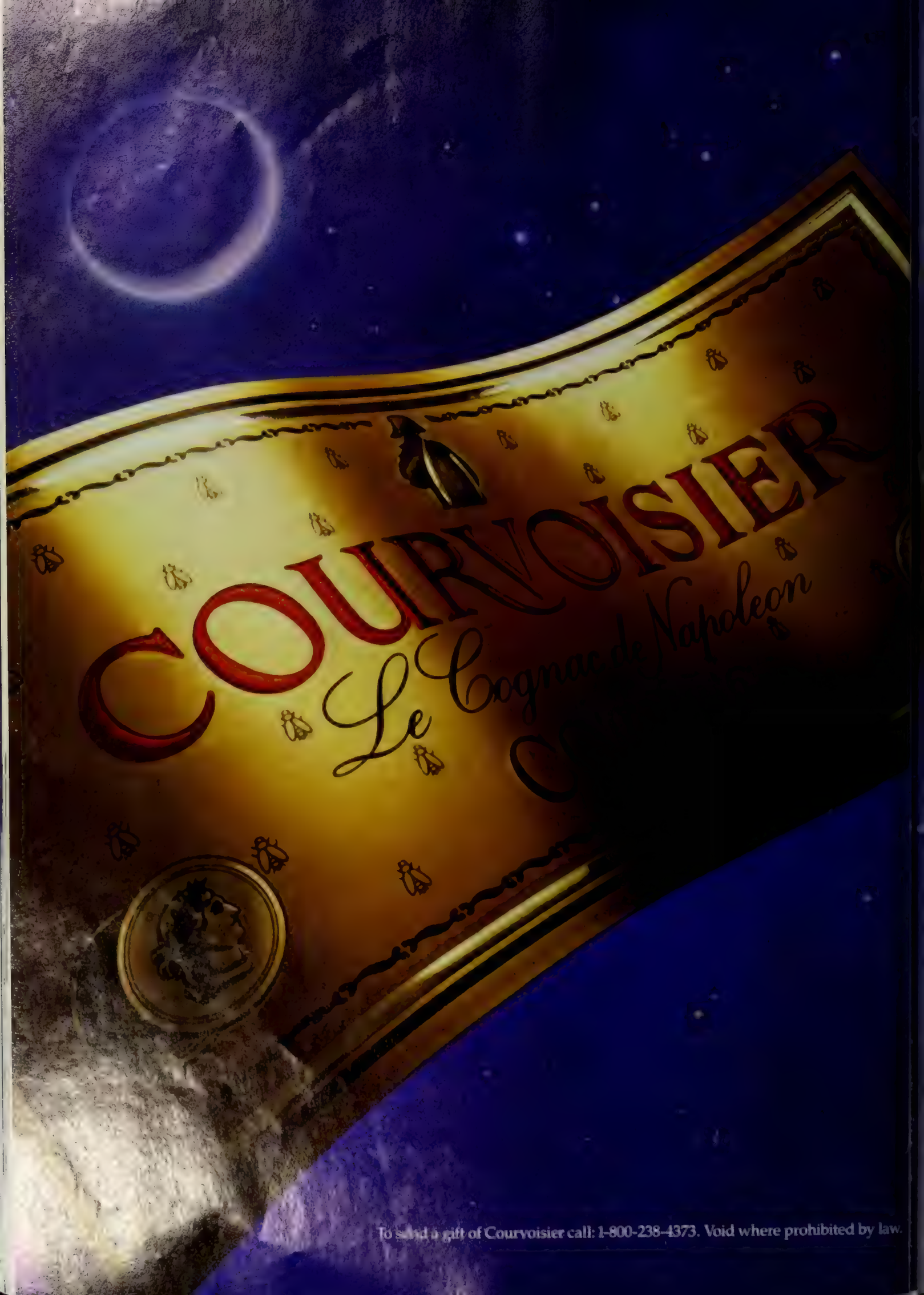
Tradition with a dash of the unexpected.





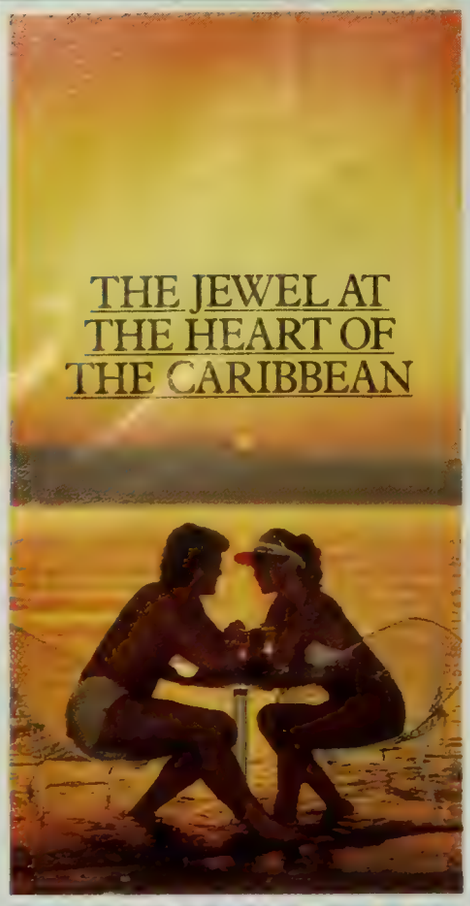
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COVER: QUEEN OF HEARTS

Elizabeth Taylor wears her own diamond-and-ruby jewelry and a ruby-red velvet ball gown by Emanuel, London, to order from Barneys, New York City. Hair by Alexandre de Paris. Makeup by Jacques Clemente. Photographed for *Vanity Fair* by Helmut Newton.

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Work Of Art.

Sometimes, a thing of beauty has additional merit. It also turns out to be useful.

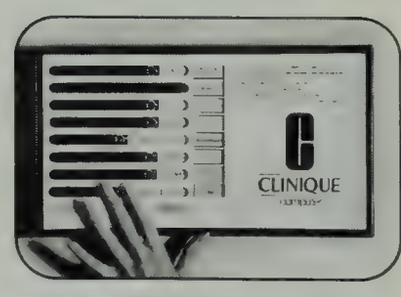
Take, for instance, this square of sculpture coated with rich gleaming silver. Feels smooth, well-formed, solid in the hand. Looks valuable, and it is—it's Clinique's Forever Compact.

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CONTRIBUTORS



Marie Brenner, *Vanity Fair*'s special correspondent, has reported on topics ranging from Jeane Kirkpatrick to a Dallas restaurant feud. Her books include two collections of essays, *Intimate Distance* and *Going Hollywood*.



Bob Colacello is a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair* and *Parade*, and the former executive editor of *Interview*. His most recent piece for *Vanity Fair* was the profile of Princess Gloria TNT of Bavaria in the September issue.



Paula Deitz, co-editor of *The Hudson Review*, has written on architecture and design for the New York *Times* and *House & Garden*. She is at work on a book about New York's IBM building, *The Tower and the Story*.



Dominick Dunne, a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair*, wrote the magazine's recent two-part feature on the world of Claus von Bülow. Mr. Dunne is the author of the best-selling novel *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles*.



Richard Goodman, who spent ten years as a New York advertising copywriter, now writes articles and short fiction. His book reviews have appeared in *Newsday* and *The New York Times Book Review*.



Annie Leibovitz, *Vanity Fair*'s contributing photographer, has a published collection, *Annie Leibovitz: Photographs*. She is currently preparing a series of posters for next year's World Cup soccer tournament in Mexico.



Robert Mapplethorpe's photographs are on exhibit this month at the Betsy Rosenfield Gallery in Chicago. His second collection, *Certain People: A Book of Portraits*, has just been published by Twelvetrees Press.



David Rieff is a senior editor at Farrar, Straus and Giroux, and the coauthor, with Sharon DeLano, of *Texas Boots*, about western boot-makers. He is at present writing a book on Miami and Cuban-American society.



Stephen Spender's work includes poems and criticism. Next month Random House will issue two books by Sir Stephen—*Journals 1939–1983*, from which this issue's piece is excerpted, and *Collected Poems: 1928–1985*.

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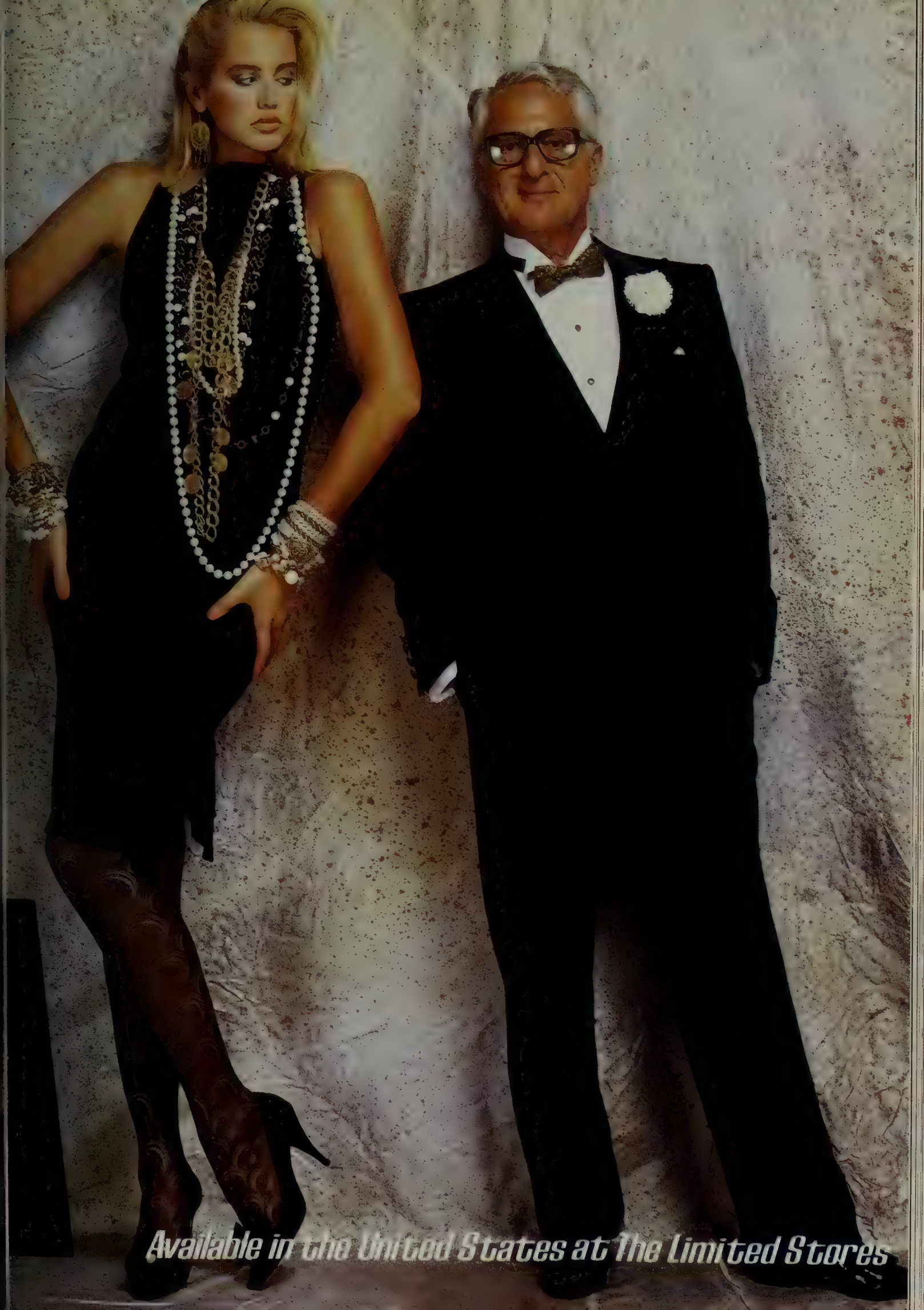
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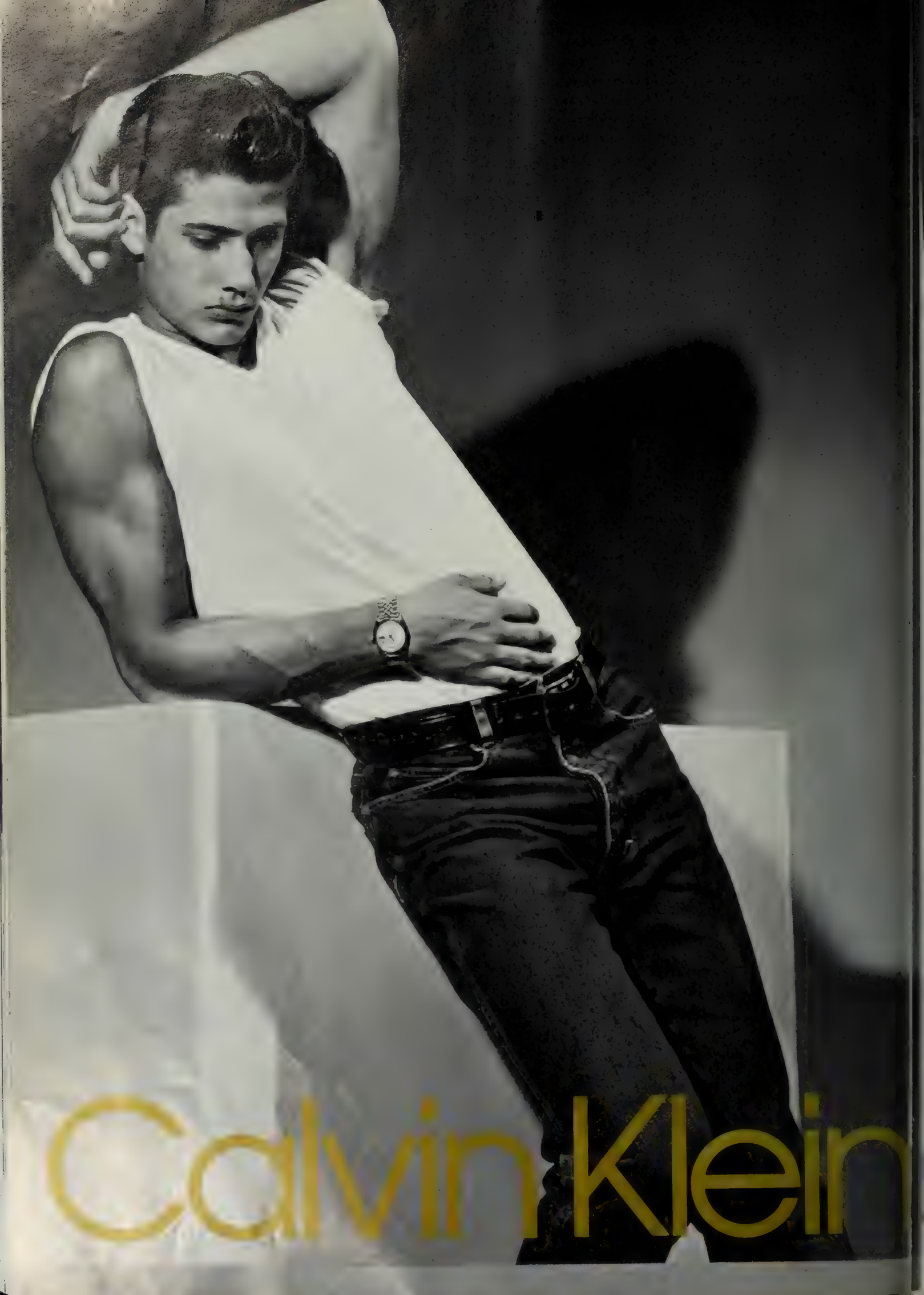
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Vanity Press

'Dynastie'





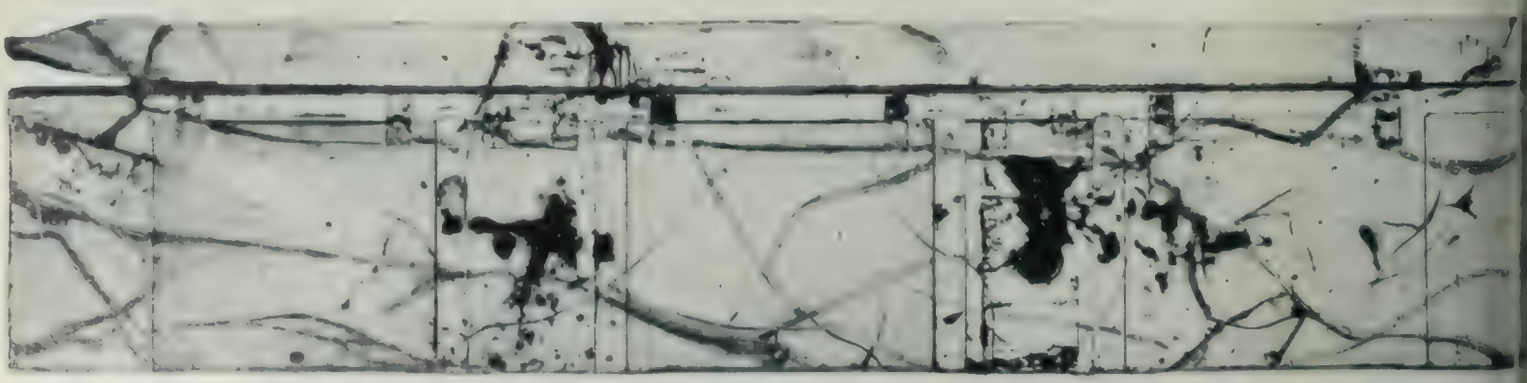
WHO sank the *Rainbow Warrior*? In theoretically socialist France, readers are *affamés* for the answers to such life-and-death questions as: Why doesn't ex-empress Farah of Iran want her daughter to marry the young American millionaire William Conover? Or: What's the latest on how the King of Sweden's uncle Prince Bertil is doing with his brand-new heart valve? Or: Why was Crown Prince Felipe of Spain named an honorary astrophysicist in the Canary Islands? Such, at any rate, is the judgment of two left-wing journalists who have recently launched *Dynastie*, "Le Magazine des Grandes Familles," a glossy new Parisian monthly crammed with color photos of the titled families of Europe and the world, and written in a decorously flattering prose which guarantees that its subjects' oh-so-blue blood will never boil over in anger but merely gurgle with pleasure.

In a country where nominally rose-red President François Mitterrand is lauded on national television by Marguerite Duras because "he knows how to wear his power like a grand duke," where the most inconsequential comings and goings of the royal family of Monaco are chronicled on the front pages of the popular press in loving detail, and where TV viewers made such hits out of the American series *Dallas* and *Dynasty* that they spawned a (soporific) French imitation, *Châteauvallon*, there's already a tabloid weekly, *Point de Vue: Images du Monde*, with a 400,000 circulation, devoted exclusively to the soap-opera lives of the aristocrats. But the modishly *gauchiste Nouvel Observateur*'s Guy Sitbon, who put up the money for *Dynastie*, and the magazine's editor in chief, Nicole Guez—a stylish brunette in her late thirties who used to work for *Jeune Afrique* (a magazine with links to most of the revolutionary regimes in Africa)—figured the climate and the market were ripe for a more tasteful and refined product.

Recent issues of *Dynastie*, which has upped its pressrun to 150,000 copies since it started publishing in the summer, have featured an article on the "alarming rumors" circulating about trouble between Monaco's Princess Caroline and her husband, businessman Stefano Casiraghi (we are assured that, "like all clouds, those hovering over the young couple will soon dissipate"); a profile of the heir to France's throne, Henri d'Orléans, Count of Paris, and the quarrel over the succession provoked when Henri disinherited his son (for marrying a divorced woman in a civil ceremony) in favor of his grandson Jean; and an admiring piece on Prince Johannes von Thurn und Tax ("probably the richest man Germany").

"Of course, we capitalize on the return of interest in th family symbolized by all the TV series," says Nicole Gue "but you have to understar that the aristocracy have a sp cial place in our collective mer ory, they are part of our *pat moine national*." Mme. Gu finds her current job just as e citing as her former employ u raveling the Dark Continen Marxism-Leninisms. Wh each issue of *Dynastie* contai a genealogical chart of one of t royal houses prepared by sp cialists to accompany what s breathlessly calls "these sen tive subjects—if you write th someone is the heir when h only the pretender, the reade don't forgive you, and the m comes pouring in!" And a su vey of reader mail, she ad shows "lots of letters fr young people"—part of that gion of yuppies who have ma of France the most pro-Reag country in Western Europ This winter, *Dynastie* go transatlantic with a series of a cles on the *Mayflower* desc dants; truly, the fifties are b with a vengeance. Can Da and Julie be far behind?

—Doug Irela



Found Art

At first glance it looks like a sprawling country map. But look closer. The lines and splotches [illegible] artist Willem de Kooning. And what may they [illegible] seats. Created in 1954 for a croquet party [illegible] Franz Kline, the hinged wooden panel measures twenty-two inches. The artists were part of [illegible] Island, summer crowd, de Kooning and [illegible] Barnmark red Victorian farmhouse, with outlook [illegible] Montauk Highway. When Joe Lada bought the Red House in 1972 he knew about the illustrious tenants. Considering th anything an artist paints is art, Lada asked de Kooning, who recall the croquet party and authenticated the piece. Opinions vary. Some the art world consider it silly, even plain trash. Taken seriously could be worth anything up to $1 million. The debate continues: I really "art"? It should be noted that the 1985 Whitney Biennial exh ited two bathrooms Kenny Scharf had painted in fluorescent colo And that Marcel Duchamp, back in 1917, signed a urinal "R. Mut and it is now considered a masterwork.

—Paul No


N°5
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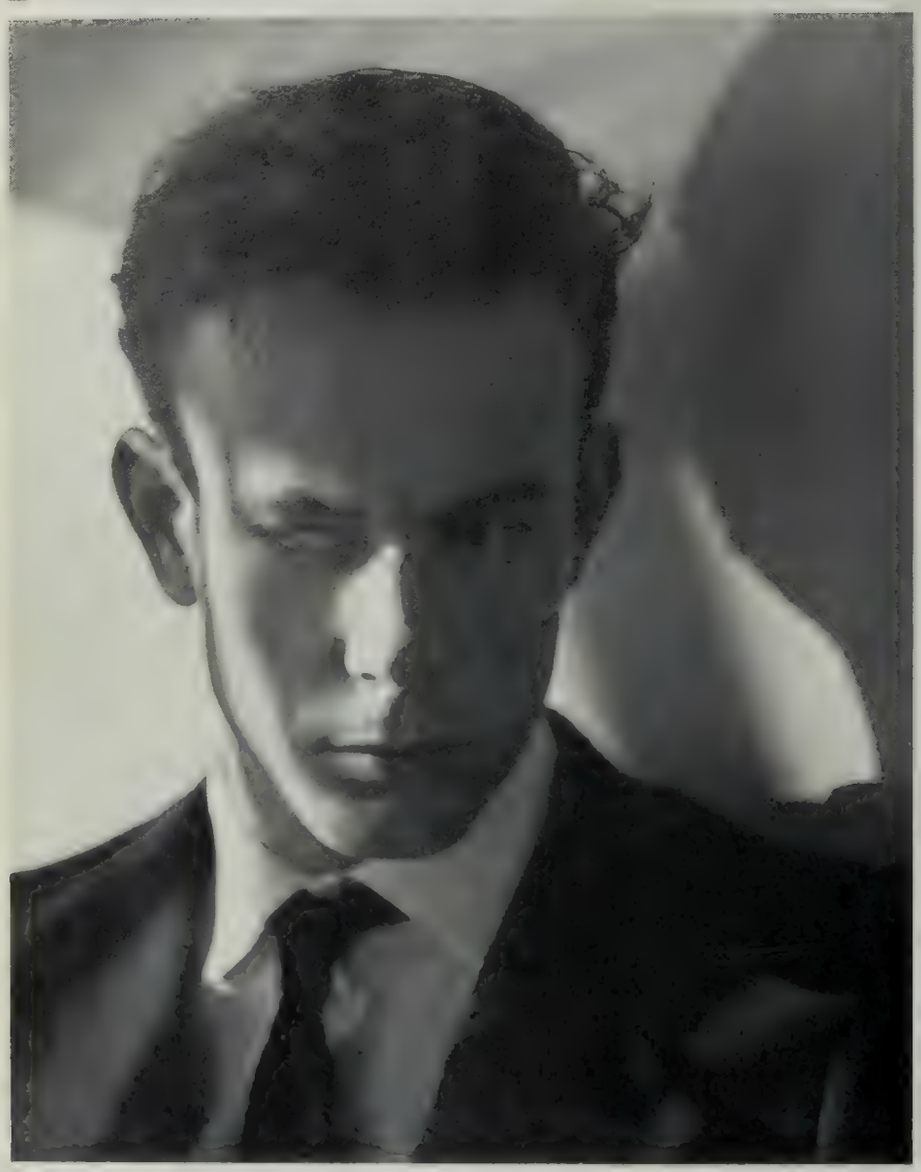
Gold has such power—h warmth—such *depth*. omes to you. I mean, you ver miss gold. It ams. It stretches light into your . It is the urge of glutton. The gift to ild.

love the vocabu- of gold: karats, ounces, bullion, ggets, gilt. Have ı ever seen gold f applied? It is a *cinating* sight. I ched as the gilding cialist from the Louvre ked his art. I stared at him—merized. He reminded me ı medieval scribe practicing lost art of text illumination. stroked a sable brush against cheek, absorbing the natural of his skin. Then the artisan ed up a small square of gold with his brush, and, leaning r, deftly, swiftly pressed it the moistened gesso, and w it into place. It was all e very intimately, very hu-ly.

When I see the art, jewels, native costumes of royal In- I am overcome by the spell old. I am *overcome*. The !, the gold—the glory, the y! It's a magnificent, exqui- and fantastic series of unbe-ability. The turbans, slip-, and saris...The silks, ıs, and the embroidery em-ed with precious stones. It l so golden, it *is* gold. The ans adore gold. Even the ails of elephants are gilded. e you ever seen such ele-nts? Blanketed in pearls—rain falls on an umbrella! In a, everything is rich with ibility.

ne Jazz Age was a golden —of golden youth, of gold diggers. F. Scott Fitzgerald and his gilded angel, Zelda. The Dolly Sisters, and of course the Casino de Paris. It was such a naughty, wild, wonderful place. The Dolly Sisters would come down the stairs with Chevalier, one on each arm. You don't know how attractive he was! *Extraordinaire!* The biggest ladies' man in the world, mad about girls, girls, *girls*. Just when he came to the bottom of the stairs, he lifted his straw boater and smilingly shouted "Hot Mama!" The place went absolutely to pieces. We were shocked in our seats. It was just after the First World War and no one had ever heard Americana before!

In those days, everyone was very young. They were really surprised. They were really spellbound. They were fastened with glee—and discovery! No





Above, a Nevada cowboy by Kurt Markus. *Left*, Jack Woody by Bruce Weber. *Below*, N.Y.C.B.'s *Orpheus*, 1948, by George Platt Lynes.



Booking Good

Jack Woody publishes beautiful books from his Pasadena living room

QUICK: What do you most want for Christmas? According to our latest survey, 99.93 percent of you answered: (a) a Wyoming cowboy, or (b) a George Balanchine ballerina. Anyone can have either now—or both—because both are readily available from Twelvetrees Press.

Twelvetrees, one self-conscious "[illegible]" publishers [illegible] movie-star [illegible] Woody's [illegible] he [illegible] the [illegible] But that's the irony of it. They ended up being Christmas presents anyway."

"They" are the luscious books he's been producing, sporadically, slowly, since 1980. Each is made with the sort of tender loving craftsmanship that doesn't seem to fit in the late twentieth century. Time and attention are lavished on them. The carefully chosen black-and-white-photography monographs that are his specialty—and that have caught the eye of the young, upwardly mobile collectors of art photography—are printed in Japan, Spain, [illegible] Switzerland on luxurious papers, using elegant hand-set type and luminous gravure pictures (a process no longer considered cost-efficient).

Fastidious Robert Mapplethorpe, whose *Certain People* was recently published by Twelvetrees, says, "I don't think I could have gotten a more beautiful book from anyone else."

Running the cottage industry from his Pasadena living room, Woody, twenty-nine, has refused offers to turn Twelvetrees into a million-dollar operation. "Commercialism isn't what I'm interested in," he says.

This season, months behind schedule, there are several highly likely stocking stuffers, incl[uding]: *Ballet*, his second portf[olio] of George Platt Lynes pictu[res]. The previous one, publish[ed] when Woody was twenty-thr[ee], was his first book, financed b[y] $700 tax refund. *Ballet* is [the] cream of George Lynes's do[cu]mentation of the New York C[ity] Ballet from 1934 to 1955.

After Barbed Wire, subti[tled] *Cowboys of Our Time*, is by K[urt] Markus, who says, "The cowb[oy] West has it all: drama, light, a[nd] purity. And when the sun co[mes] up, cowboys ride out into it. [Is] who could miss getting good [pic]tures then?" —**Kurt Kil[len]**


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Grant Colony

It's open house at MacDowell

ONCE a year the tents go up in Peterborough, New mpshire, the herd of cars ar- es from New York, Boston, l points in between, and the sts of the MacDowell Colony, hiding out for a month or two from their real lives all around the country, emerge from their seclusion.

They are painters, writers, and composers, older and established or younger and aspiring, and for this one day they dress up as best they can, smile to the curious public, the board of directors, and the colonists of other seasons, famous or obscure, all to honor the artist of the moment—recipient of the prestigious Edward MacDowell Medal.

This year's laureate was Robert Motherwell, a spry and eloquent artist of seventy, whose work has profoundly influenced the direction of American art since the 1940s, when with Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning he helped create the abstract-expressionist movement. His most memorable works are huge black-on-white canvases, frightening, challenging, or confusing, but never expectable, never dull.

Nor was the artist himself. "I'm actually very shy," Motherwell said in his acceptance speech. Then he went on to explain his art, evoking nods from the artists, gasps of pleasure from the writers: "I make symbolic expressions of the human experience on flat surfaces, made with burnt sticks or sticks with chunks of animal hair tied on one end and dipped in colored liquids.

"Ivory black is bone black, made from charred bones or horns. Sometimes I wonder, laying in a great black stripe on a canvas, what animal's bones or horns are making the furrows of my picture."

Afterward, on this one day a year when benefactors appear in the flesh and rapport matters, artists and public mingled.

Composer William Schuman showed off his new baseball shirt—number 75—a birthday present from the board.

"Look at those desserts!" said one of the writers, Diana O'Hehir, to some important personages by her side. "What a feast this is!" The two men turned to each other. "So," said one of them, their backs to her as they walked away, "what do you do for the winter?" Ms. O'Hehir, shrugging at her failed attempt, picked out her piece of cake and fled back to her studio in the woods.

There, on this one day a year, the artists open their studios for the public to wander into, exclaim at the paintings, nod at the artists, or give in to industrious poets, displaying their books on makeshift racks. When someone appears through the woods, the composers begin to play, the writers to type, the artists to dip their brushes. Or they stand in unnaturally straightened studios, arms crossed, jumping from foot to foot, hoping no one will come, or else, since art will not come on this day, then maybe romance, wending its way through the trees.

Once a year Medal Day comes. The artist is honored, the public sees where art, and careers, begin. And then, in this quiet town where so much talent first found sanctuary, the cars disappear, the tents are folded up, and the artists, closing their studio doors, go back, at last, to work. **—Gary Glickman**



Leo Castelli



David McDermott and Peter McGough



Christine Keefe and James Rosenquist



WOLFGANG WESENER

Allen Ginsberg

ys' Toys

Leo Castelli's birthday party at Palladium was such a hot ticket that the birthday boy self stood in line with rubbernecking hordes to get past the velropes of the bouncers—and Whitney Museum director Tom strong almost didn't get in at all. Once inside, the honored sev--eight-year-old partied for three hours under dangling tricycles, occasionally running down the club's byzantine staircases to greet a special guest. Everyone participated in the "little boy" motif: art heavies Robert Rauschenberg, Brice Marden, and George Segal ate cake amid the squawk of noisemakers, and a party-hatted Allen Ginsberg sang poetry into Tony Bennett's ear.

—Susan Morrison

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Bluestocking Stuffers

Nothing comes between me and my Jays

OR the year of non–static cling, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich is publishing *The Alice Walker Calendar*, a combound affair which also serves a handy appointment book. ccording to the publisher, *The ice Walker Calendar* will also ature quotations from her ooks—most famously *The olor Purple*—and "notations the dates and events she pritely commemorates." When first heard about *The Alice alker Calendar*, we snickered e little hellions and blew big bbles in our milk cartons. hat next? Barbara Pym prayer ssals? Raymond Carver cockil napkins? But then we ought: Why *shouldn't* writers versify? Writing is such a igh way to turn a penny that rhaps writers should come out th their own line of products. , in the interests of capitalism d a few cheap laughs, some ggestions:

y McInerney Jeans. When se bright lights prove too big for your britches, slip into a snug pair of Jay McInerney Jeans, the denim that breathes and moans. Also from Jay McInerney Action Gear: Ransom, the cologne for men held hostage by desire.

Frederick and Donald Barthelme Cough Drops. Quiet those existential qualms with the cough drops intellectuals prefer. You've read them in *The New Yorker;* now look for them on the cover of their cough-drop box—they're the brothers with the ginger beards.

Bobbie Ann Mason's K-Tel Favorites. Have you ever read fiction by Bobbie Ann Mason and wished you could be depressed by the songs that are making her characters miserable? Well, now you can! This two-record set features all of the sound-track music for *In Country*, plus two bonus hits not previously included on *Ann Beattie's Songs for Unwed Lovers*. It's a guaranteed afternoon of poignant drizzle.

Cynthia Ozick Freckle Cream. John Updike has written heroically about his psoriasis, but did you know that Cynthia Ozick is teeming with freckles? "It's true," admits Ozick. "I'm a dense, floating galaxy of cinnamon bits." But with Cynthia Ozick Freckle Cream, you too can be as cool and alabaster as a page from Henry James. Tastes great on crackers, too.

Joyce Quaker Oats. The breakfast cereal that doubles as brain food. Created by Joyce Carol Oates, author and space ranger, this new breakfast treat is the first to combine crunchy sugar morsels and chunks of raw fish. "It'll stink you out of house and home," says Oates, "but the taste—oo-la-la!" Comes with its own serving dish.

—James Wolcott

Limo Scene

The view from the front seat

T was supposed to be my day off. I had just sat down with a er margarita. I was doing a rd-act polish on my latest ipt. I titled it "Concentra-n." It's about this weird virus m outer space, and when it the earth, suddenly every-'s I.Q. is lowered by 70 or 75 cent, except for one guy who ill able to concentrate.

But anyway, that's when I got ll from Dispatch. My friend was begging me to substi-on a run because he'd just e by a couple tickets to Billy a and the Beaters.

Well, I pulled up at Universal as the screening was letting Now, I'd like to be able to you who the two truly gifted cutive producers were I was ing up, but the editors of this magazine asked me very politely not to name their last names. All I'll say is these two guys are probably the most inbound producing talents this town has seen in many a moon.

The first one, Marty, got into the limo. And he was pulling at his beard and his hair.

"Mike, I'm gonna kill myself, I'm gonna shoot myself in the mouth, I hate the world," he screamed at his partner.

"Me too," Mike said. "But you gotta do it."

"I want him to die. Tell me Fred's gonna die," Marty said.

"He's gonna be all mangled up in some big machine, Marty," Mike said. "Now do it."

Well, normally I don't listen too closely to my clients' phone conferences. But these two producers seemed to have such an eye for taste and talent and innovation that I figured to myself I was getting a free film-school degree just listening in. So I concentrated real hard.

I was driving a gray Lincoln stretch. I know, a change for me. But I liked the color for this time of night and the route we were on, the Hollywood Freeway. I was dropping down out of the Cahuenga Pass into Hollywood. That grove of palm trees peeking up through the guardrail. The Capitol Records tower. Hey, you know, I had goose bumps.

"Go on," Mike said, and then Marty picked up the cellular in the backseat and dialed.

"Fred, Marty," Marty said into the phone. "You're a genius director. The picture is genius. Home run, kid. I wept openly."

"Me too," Mike yelled into the phone. Then Marty listened but cupped his hand over the mouthpiece.

"Tell me they're gonna have to cut him out of the wreckage," he whispered to Mike. "This no-talent garbage."

"His kids are in the wreckage with him," Mike whispered.

Marty uncovered the mouthpiece. "No, I loved that part. Wonderful," he said to Fred. "Just promise you'll keep talking to your old friends."

Mike leaned into the phone again. "Tee-off's at eight, kiddo."

Well, listening to them congratulate their friend Fred on his hit movie I got a glimpse of quality producing in this town. You've got to let your creative people—the directors and actors and writers—be. And that takes a hefty pair of pinecones between the legs.

I dropped Mike off at the Century Plaza.

"Take poison and die," Marty said, waving at his partner through the window as we sped toward his home in Bev Hills.

You know, they were real big tippers. **—Stretch**

Table Talk



Purple reign: Princess Gloria TNT has asked Prince to perform at her husband Prince Johannes's sixtieth-birthday bash at Regensburg Palace.

Hare-do: After spritzing her boss's coif between interviews with Vidal Sassoon hair spray borrowed from a Bunny, **Lisa Loving,** Hugh Hefner's personal secretary, confided, "Hef really uses Final Net."

Fashion faithfuls from Joan Rivers to John De Lorean were somewhat dazed at Azzedine Alaïa's fashion show at Palladium when it began with a ten-minute **call to worship** by a wailing muezzin on high.

Sting's party at Area was abuzz with the campaig to rate rock records. Mormon ex-throb Donny Os mond was against: **he'd get a G,** he reasoned, an nobody'd buy his records.

Pont Beige: The **tasteful wrapping** of the Pont Neu raised few eyebrows in Paris. The artwork is bein called, dryly, Christo's "Madame Grès."

O say can you believe it? Gerry Ferraro's possibl reasons for running for the Senate, as told to th National Press Club, include: "Washington is a **super** city to wor in. There are lots of **super** people in both the House and the Senate."



Wesley Addy and Celeste Holm



Stephen Sondheim and Lee Remick



Mr. and Mrs. Al Hirschfeld



Mr. and Mrs. Mandy Patinkin and Bernie Jacobs

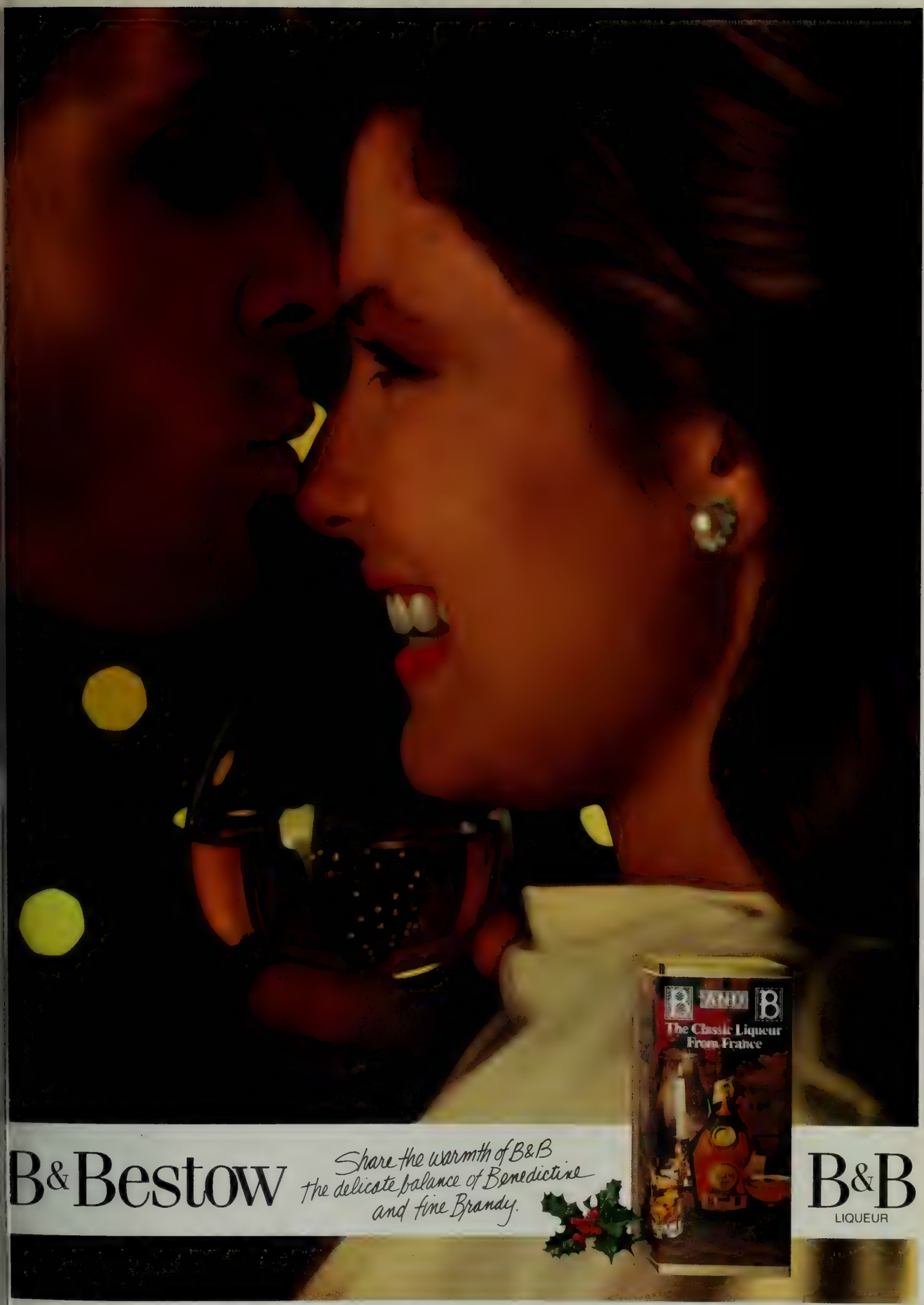


Richard Avedon and Phyllis Newman



Carol Burnett and daughter Erin

Encore Pretty ironic—that the revival of Stephen Sondheim's 1971 flop, *Follies*, should bring together [illegible] factions Nederlander (Arthur Rubin) and Shubert (Gerald Schoenfeld). A troupe of fans lined up in a [illegible], hoping to snare a ticket to Lincoln Center's two-nights-only event. Two things were accomplished: RCA Records set [illegible] straight by rerecording the show with a stellar cast, and a black-tie supper afterward raised $216,000 for two charities. In sharp contrast to the bare-bones staging of the show, the Prom nade was a splashy backstage for the dinner's performers, incl ing Michael Bennett, John Guare, Comden and Green, Wen Wasserstein, and André Gregory. Benefiteers ate raspberry sou mock vanity tables strewn with old photos, sheet music, and glitt Sondheim starred, of course: the friends hugging him had alre forgotten that Mandy Patinkin had fluffed the lyric on "The Ri Girl" just hours earlier.



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Mixed Media

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

The Hagiography of Bruce Springsteen



Bruce Springsteen has turned the deindustrialization of America into a poetic dirge, a bitter hymn to polluted waters and hulks of rust. Silent factories are to him what church ruins were to the English Romantics, crumbling theaters of decay which serve as houses of lost faith. With his guitar slung over his shoulder like an assault rifle, Springsteen has staked out the high ground in rock.

It would be a fib to say that I'm a big fan of Springsteen's; I'm not. His is not a voice that speaks to me in the night. I would rather listen to Elvis Costello pour his blue moods into a shot glass or John "Rotten" Lydon caw like a raven across a field of electronic static than accompany Bruce Springsteen once again down that long, lonesome highway. He's just too cornball sincere for my corrupt taste. But what makes me feel like a killjoy regarding the Springsteen craze has less to do with Springsteen himself than with the elephant caravan of blather that now attends his every move. Piety has begun to collect around Springsteen's curly head like mist around a mountaintop. The mountain can't be blamed for the mist, but still—the reverence is getting awfully thick. It's beginning to obscure the view.

Springsteen has long been a darling [illegible] Establishment. *Time* [illegible] him on their [illegible] barely a rumor be[illegible] Beach boardwalk, and the [illegible] have bouncing him on [illegible] during Springsteen's '85 mega-tour, John Rockwell, Jon Pareles, and Robert Palmer of the *Times* shuffled behind the Boss bearing gold, frankincense, and myrrh.) Indeed, one of the early criticisms of Springsteen was that he might have been built to rock-critic specifications, so perfectly choice were his moving parts. I mean, here he was, a raw diamond from New Jersey who could rock it simple like Buddy Holly, rhyme it complex like Bob Dylan, rasp it from the gut like Gary U.S. Bonds, and comb mystery from the ether like Van Morrison. No wonder cynics (like me) thought he was a slice of Wonder Bread in funky wrapping, blandly wholesome, vitamin-enriched, and doomed to stale. But this great white hope was no Gerry Cooney, making a quick flurry for a fat paycheck. Springsteen's staying power has proved the cynics wrong.

Over the years, Springsteen's mandate has changed. In the beginning his mission was to restore muscular faith in rock during a time of narcissism, power chords, and dazed androids wandering the world in Supp-Hose. (The release of Springsteen's first two albums coincided with David Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust–Aladdin Sane* mutant phase.) Let others play stinky pinky: Springsteen would rule the scene with a righteous raised fist. And as Springsteen became a fixture in the lives of his fans, they began to fashion a larger role for him. This becomes evident with a peek into the devotional pages of Robert Hilburn's recent book on the Boss, *Springsteen*. A coffee-table clunker that consists mostly of photographs of [illegible] subject striking hallelujah poses, *Springsteen* has a sliver of text in which Hilburn fits his hero for a crown. Whose crown? Three guesses, and the first two don't count. "I never thought we'd see another figure in American rock as embracing as Elvis, but Springsteen has become that figure," he declares.

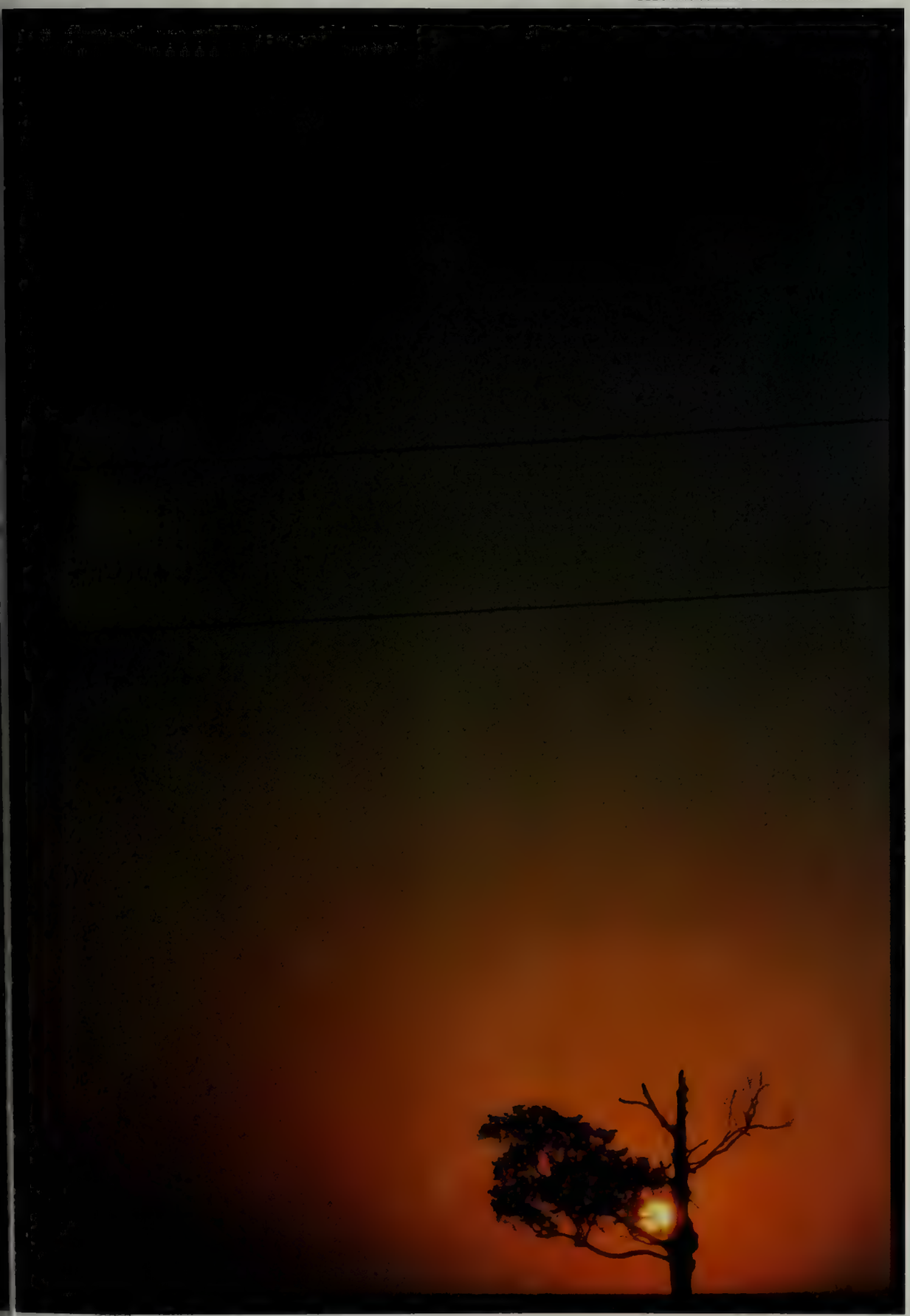
We know what happened to Elvis, of course—bloat, a talent prostituted to kitsch, nights of drug-zombie isolation in an enormous bed. So to the shining eyes of the faithful, Springsteen's task is to redeem the promise that Elvis fumbled. Where Elvis became a pearl-encrusted whale, Springsteen has kept a weight-lifter fit; where Elvis doled out Cadillacs to his friends and embodied honcho individualism, Springsteen donates money to food banks and unions under siege; where Elvis made dim movies featuring speedboats, padded bikinis, and such immortal ditties as "[illegible] the Clam," Springsteen makes home videos in which he plays baseball and his wife waves hi.

To the more political of Springsteen's admirers, Elvis is an iffy role model after all, he shook hands with Nixon, who made him an honorary narc, complete with crime fighter's badge. The journalist Jack Newfield, a Machiavel in search of a prince, finds in Springsteen the "existential growth" of Robert Kennedy and the populist values of a Jack Newfield. "The values he extols are the best old American values: work, family, hometown roots, loyalty, idealism despite bad times," writes Newfield in the *Village Voice*. "They are certainly my values." Oh, Jack, you're such a slut. In the populist dream scenario, Springsteen emerges as the Woody Guthrie of America's tent city and cheese lines. And of course Springsteen has helped cradle such dreams by incorporating Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land" into his live show, blowing the dust off that hokey anthem. What will he do as a follow-up? Carry the entire Joad family on his back in a remake of *The Grapes of Wrath*?

A sacred-heart-of-Jesus note is creeping into the more idolatrous writing on Springsteen. Hilburn speaks of the "prayerful edge" Springsteen gives to the words of "Follow That Dream."

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"ELECTRIC SUNSET." BY MICHAEL O'NEILL



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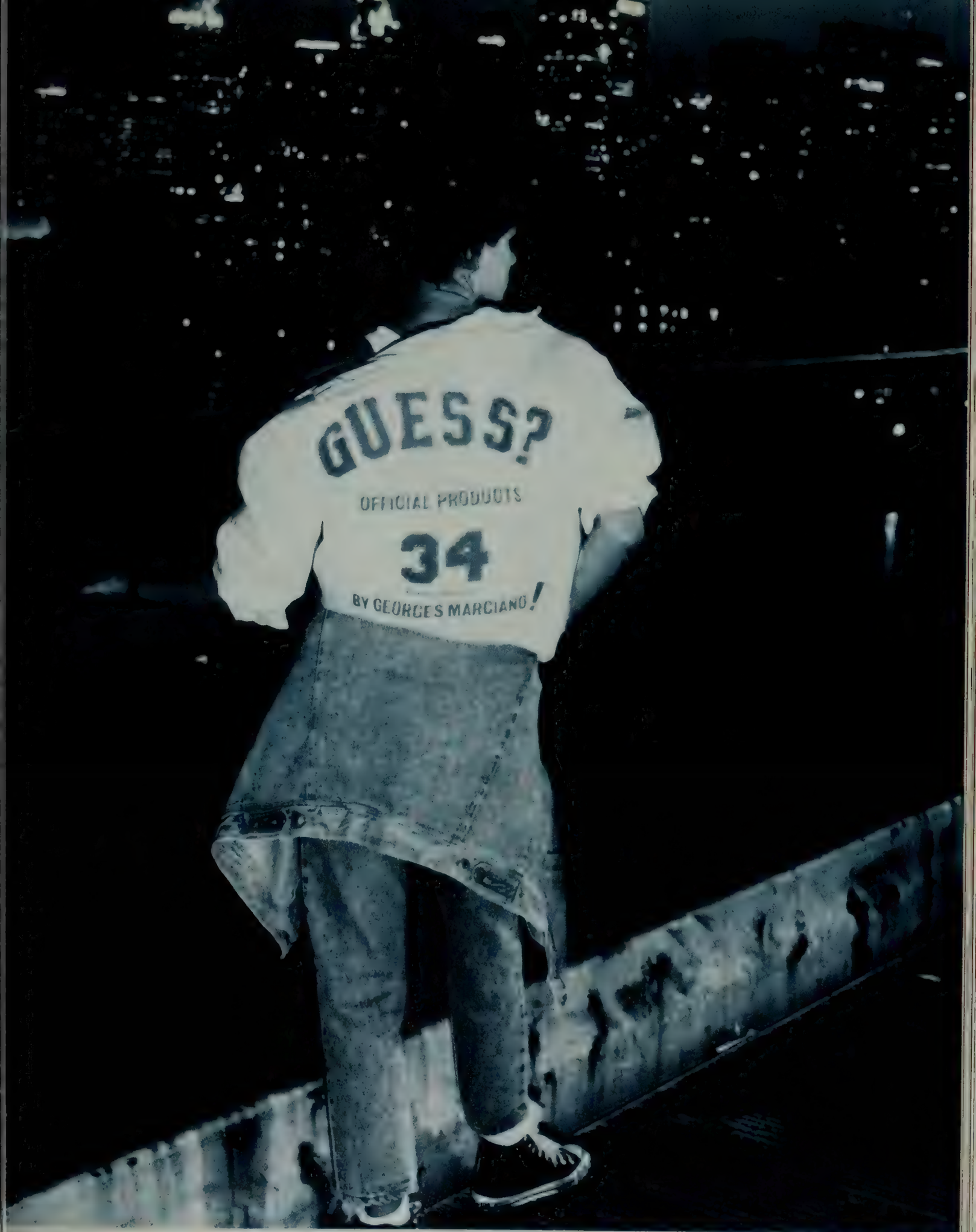


Mixed Media

and Chet Flippo in *People* refers t Springsteen's ''psalms'' and ''rock the ology.'' Concert reports on Springstee have tended to paint him as a gentl shepherd quieting his flock with storie about baseball, his folks, and credi unions. One amusing thing that's hap pened since Springsteen started playin big outdoor stadia is that the native have gotten a little restless during thes parables (''not as attentively listened t as they once were,'' noted *Rollin Stone*), which has put critics and old time Springsteen fans in a huff. Critic have also fretted over the fact that aud ences react to ''Born in the U.S.A.'' a a rouser rather than take heed of i whipped-dog lyrics.

It seems to me that the fans have th saner response. The thunder-boom be of ''Born in the U.S.A.'' is more con pelling than its case history about small-town loser being sent to 'Nam ''kill the yellow man,'' just as the s loon esprit of ''Glory Days'' carri more conviction than its ironic me sage. Similarly, fans recognize th Springsteen's soul-baring raps are sin ply something he has to dislodge fro his craw, like *Nebraska*. Besides, n everybody wants to be evangelized.

Where I part company from the fa is in their hostility to Springsteen's ne wife, Julianne Phillips. (In concer they boo the mention of her name.) A parently, people wish Bruce had ma ried a woman of ''substance'' rath than a swimsuit model and movie-o the-week actress. But if Springsteen going to be coached by stone faces li Jack Newfield as to his social responsib ities, he's going to need every light m ment he can hoard. One of my favor characters is the old college chum of L Johnson's who remarked that he tried to a philosopher but somehow cheerfuln kept breaking in. That's Bruce Sprin steen's saving grace, too. He tries to be prophet but cheerfulness keeps breaking After the car-stereo bombast of *Born the U.S.A.* (album and tour), Bru Springsteen certainly needs to undo his b danna and let his mighty brow cool. M riage may be the place where he recha his cheerfulness between heavy clanks toil. Virtue, it's a wearisome thing. □



GEORGES MARCIANO

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The Mind's Eye

BY TRISTAN VOX



X-Rated Dictatorships

There is a tale told of former president Sukarno of Indonesia—*se non è vero, è ben trovato*—that speaks volumes about the nature of power. It appears that the Soviet secret police once attempted to intimidate the dictator with proof of his promiscuity. Sukarno was presented with a collection of photographs that showed him polymorphously at play in the sack. His interlocutors expected to say no more. They had delivered Indonesia. As Sukarno inspected the images, however, a look of pleasant surprise came over his dour countenance. He was delighted, he said, with these souvenirs of some of his happiest moments in the Soviet Union. The K.G.B. representatives were thanked in advance for as many copies of the pictures as they could provide, and dismissed.

As both dictators and democrats know, there is nothing that cannot be accomplished or acquired when the judgment of others ceases to matter. In the end, what stands most in the way of dictators is shame. More than once in history have people concluded that a ruler who cannot be reached by shame must be reached by bullets.

This grim thought is occasioned by a slim volume, *Marcos' Lovey Dovie* by Hermie Rotea that has, at long last, come into my hands. For years friends in the Philippines had praised it as required reading about Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos and as the world's tackiest and tawdriest account of a tyrant. They were right on both counts. Produced by something called Liberty Publishing (which answers to a post-office box in Los Angeles), the book is indeed a gem. Well, a gem in the rough: it is written in its own idea of English, and its pictures—the lubricious little snaps that nearly did Imelda's husband in—are execrably reproduced. And yet there is instruction to be gleaned from it. For those interested generally in the bedrooms of government, and specifically in the sexual origins of one man's authoritarianism, Mr. Rotea has done good work. The book bears keeping around, moreover, during the Reagan years, when authoritarians give the best parties.

Marcos's "lovey dovie" is one Dovie Beams, born Dovie Osborne in 1932, erstwhile Nashville piano teacher and B-movie actress, who, according to a government-controlled weekly in Manila, "had carnal relations with the late President John F. Kennedy and his brother Ted. She was intimate with the Canadian prime minister Trudeau. She went to bed with the former prime minister of England, Harold Wilson. She had sexual relations with the present prime minister of West Germany, the former mayor of Berlin, the president of France, the Sheik of Kuwait, Baron Ernst Valentine Von Wedel, Prince Hohenhow, Howard Hughes, George East Jr., George East Sr., Senator Gore of Tennessee, a certain 'pogi' Filipino senator, and many others."

In short, a woman who, if she will not go down in history, will (in the immortal words of Elizabeth Ray) have gone down on history. But, alas, it is all lies. Dovie's only brush with history came in the form of Ferdinand Marcos's attentions. From 1968 to 1970 Dovie Beams had an absolutely hilarious affair with the Philippines' president, whom she knew as "Fred." They were introduced by a local movie mogul named Potenciano Illusario who must be the most aptly named movie mogul that ever lived. He was abetted in this bit of mischief by the manager of the Wack Wack Golf and Country Club. Fred loved Dovie by their second meeting, before he had delivered "not a makeout kiss." Dovie loved Fred by the third. "He loved her so much that one day while she was having trouble with her kidney he personally went to a drugstore and bought some medicine himself." Maybe he also bought soap, which he liked to watch the woman of his dreams eat.

It took poor Dovie a long time to catch on, but it appears that Fred's love for her was primarily physical. "His appetite for sex knew no bounds," Mr. Rotea writes. "Besides, what was he in power for?" What, indeed? Included in the book are the transcripts of tapes made by the lovers while love raged, of the Dovie Does Manila kind. Occasionally the burdens of office intrude; at one point, for example, Marcos is heard to say, "Demonstrations and bombings. I'm going to take a shower." But by and large his passion for Dovie Beams is a sorry story of masculine failure. As Dovie almost immediately discovered, there were stronger men in the Philippines than the strongman of the Philippines. Sounding now like an investigative reporter, now like a sex-shop salesman, Mr. Rotea provides even the brand names of the devices and the substances that Fred brought to bed. Presumably the forces of democracy require such information.

Meanwhile, the wicked queen Imelda has learned of the doings in the sack she near the Wack Wack. Dovie is doomed by her displeasure. Fred starts making excuses, and it appears that one of the prerequisites of high office is the grandeur of one's lies to a lover. He cancels a planned a torrid afternoon because "the Liberals . . . are out to wreck the administration" by which Dovie is disarmed. (This must be added to the Philippine opposition's short list of victories.) Then Dovie's movie contract (she played Marcos's love in the trumped-up story of his wartime heroism—Farley Granger and Billie Burke also starred) is broken. Finally

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ircos refuses to see her, and Imelda eatens to deport her. Dovie holds a ss conference and plays the tapes, is (in Mr. Rotea's characteristic us-e) "rocking the Philippines." In the ddle of a media storm she leaves for ng Kong. An assassin follows her, t like everybody else in this farce, he ngles it.

Mr. Rotea insists that the scandal was all that Dovie left behind. The women the Philippines, for example, will be rnally grateful. "In the beginning rth-control pills] were banned because their alleged harmful effects and the position of the Church. But Dovie told ircos: 'Look at me. I've been taking h control pills for years and you don't anything wrong with me, do you?' us after that they brought birth control s into the Philippines, and now the ple were free to make their own deci-n regarding having or not having ba-s." Still, scandal was most of what vie left behind. Her last act before fly-to Hong Kong was to play for report-the tapes of their trysts, grunts and ans included, with no expletives de-d. By way of revenge, Marcos ar-ged for a government-controlled gazine to reproduce his own photo-phs of his spread-eagled former sweet-rt for weeks running.

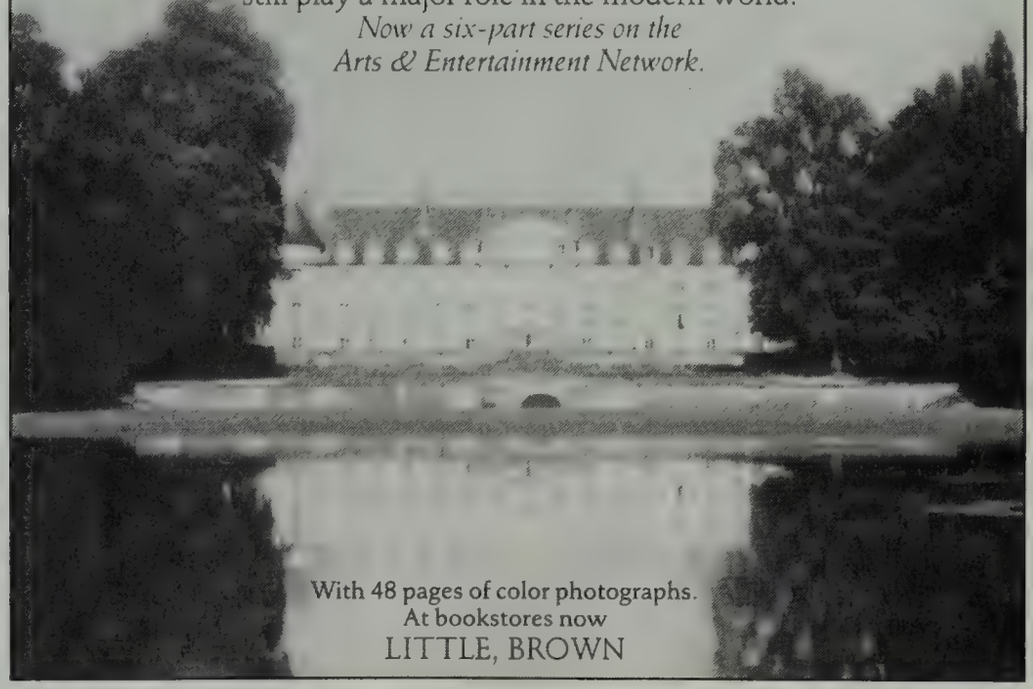
Which brings us back to the relation-p of shame to power. Imagine a politi-culture in which a president responds vidence of infidelity with evidence of own! It makes you appreciate the ral worth of a cover-up. To Ameri-s, whose political scandals are rather re rarefied, and usually can be com-tely understood only by lawyers and ountants, a cover-up seems contempt-. But at least a cover-up is based on admission to oneself. To be sure, it is rm of dishonesty; but it is a form of nonesty that has not lost respect for the gment of others, for the authority of iety. To the "honest" Marcos, how-r, society no longer has any authority. that reason the most scandalous mo-nt in the Dovie Beams scandal came with the president's cheating but with president's publication of the proof of cheating. That required a quality of icism that makes a man dangerous. □



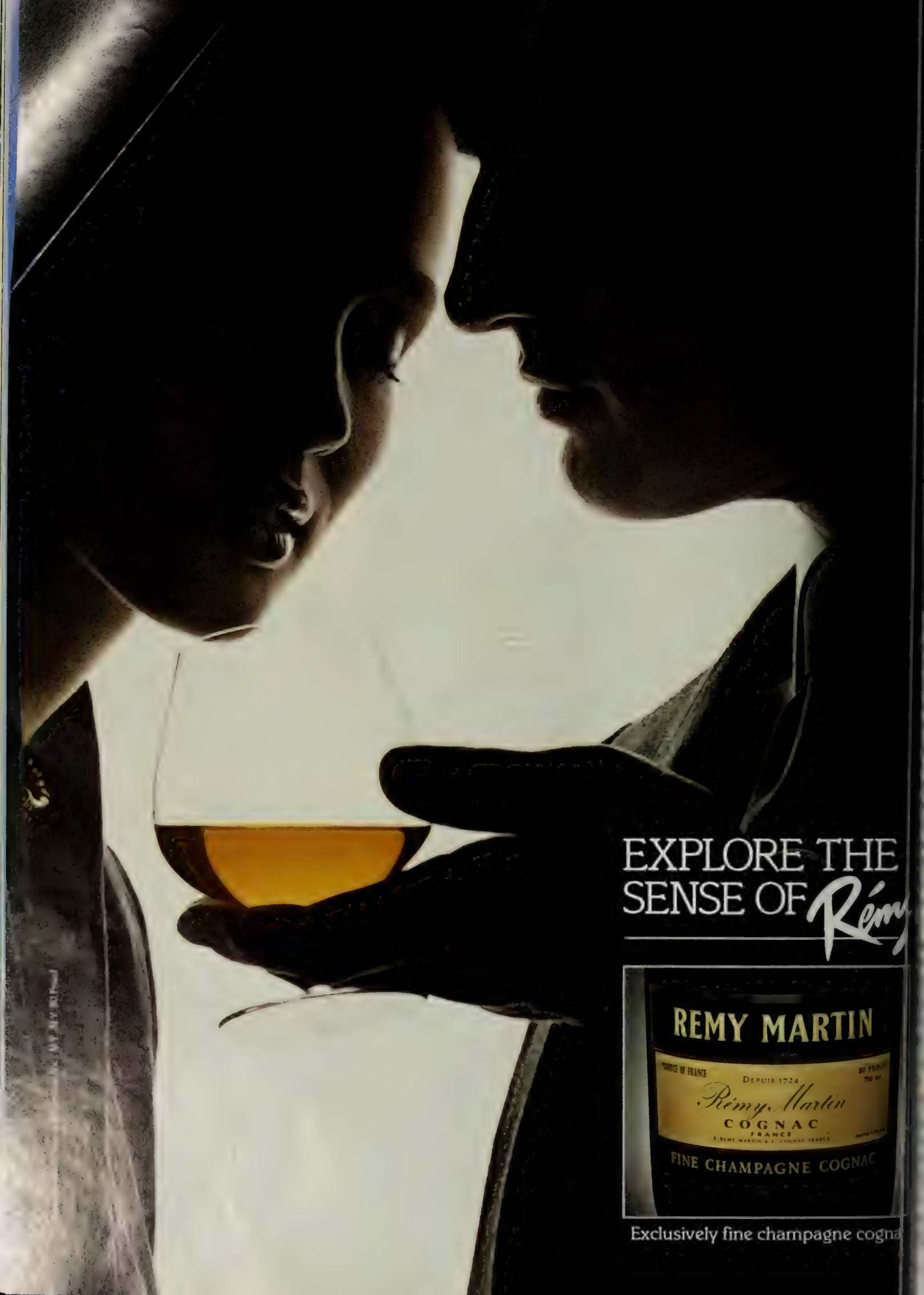
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BY JOEL L. FLEISHMAN



Gifts for the Oenophile

The holidays seem to have been made for wine, not only to imbibe but to give. This is also a vintage season for new wine books, the most impressive and useful of which is *Bordeaux: The Definitive Guide for the Wines Produced Since 1961,* by Robert M. Parker Jr. (Simon and Schuster, $18.95). The book reviews every significant Bordeaux in every vintage from 1961 to 1983. There is a new, even more handsome edition (the third) of the single best map-filled compendium of the world's wine-growing regions, Hugh Johnson's classic *World Atlas of Wine* (Simon and Schuster, $39.95). For wine novices, Kevin Zraly, the wine director of Windows on the World in New York, has produced an imaginative book, *Windows on the World: Complete Wine Course* (Sterling, $18.95). And new this year is *Proof,* a compelling detective story centering on wine by the English mystery writer Dick Francis (Putnam's, $16.95). Arcane wine and liquor lore is woven through the plot.

A subscription to a wine newsletter is a good gift for connoisseurs. *The Wine Advocate* (P.O. Box 311, Monkton, Maryland 21111; $28 a year) is the most comprehensive and least equivocal in its assessments of individual wines. Another useful newsletter is *The Connoisseurs' Guide to California Wine* (P.O. Box 1120, San Francisco, California 94101; $35). There are also two excellent wine magazines, one American and the other English: *Friends of Wine* (2302 Perkins Place, Silver Spring, Maryland 20910; $18) and *Decanter* (St. John's Chambers, 2–10 St. John's Road, London SW11 1PN; $38, surface mail), which is more international in flavor.

Wine lovers may be hungry for words on their favorite subject, but they are invariably also thirsty for the potable itself. Some suggestions, then.

At the highest price levels of recent vintages, anyone would be grateful for even a single bottle of a 1982 Bordeaux First Growth, especially Mouton-Rothschild ($75) or Pétrus ($300). Other 1982 Bordeaux which are only marginally less celestial in quality sell for $20 to $40 a bottle and, given the overall quality of the vintage, are sure to be worth three or four times more within a very few years. They can be found in some wine stores in most major metropolitan areas, but this is very likely the last holiday season they will be available at all. Most merchants still have a good supply of 1981 Bordeaux, too, many of which are superb for laying down. The 1980s are less powerful and less expensive but ripe and ready now.

For American-wine lovers, I recommend the 1977 Heitz Bella Oaks, one of the greatest wines I've ever tasted—a classically restrained, elegantly crafted, highly concentrated, delicately minted Cabernet Sauvignon from the Napa Valley. At about the same price ($40) and of the same quality but more voluptuous and exuberant is the 1978 Joseph Phelps Eisele Vineyard. Less expensive but becoming hard to find are such remarkable Cabernet Sauvignons as the 1978 Conn Creek, Lot 2, and the 1979 Mayacamas, at about $25 each. For half that price and yet impressive is the 1982 Cabernet Sauvignon from Whitehall Lane in the Napa Valley. It is the most elegant, focused, slightly minty Cabernet I've ever tasted at that price, although still a bit young to drink now.

If the donee prefers Pinot Noir, the best available American wines of that variety are the 1982–83 Calera from the Jensen and Selleck vineyards ($20 to $25), the 1981 Chalone ($18 to $20), and, from Oregon, the 1983 Eyrie ($15).

Among Chardonnays, one cannot do better, at the upper reaches, than the big 1983 Château St. Jean Robert Young Vineyard ($18) or the more delicate 1983 Grgich Hills ($17), but the Sonoma-Cutrer, from the Les Pierres or Cutrer vineyards, offers approximately the same quality at $14 to $16 a bottle. The beautifully balanced Chalone, one of the most distinguished Chardonnays, would also be a welcome gift. Other excellent medium-priced Chardonnays are the 1983 Raymond Napa Valley and the 1983 Trefethen.

For sparkling wine, Dom Pérignon is the status symbol, at $50 a bottle. While I would by no means decline a sip, for my money I prefer the comparably priced, tastier 1979 Roederer Cristal and the lower-priced 1975 Pol Roger Cuvée de Blanc de Chardonnay ($30) or the 1975 Taittinger Comtes de Champagne (about $60). Of equal quality is the 1979 Schramsberg Reserve from California, at $26.50. Less expensive and yet lovely are the Pol Roger Brut and the Billecart-Salmon Brut.

This is an exceptionally attractive time for Burgundies, because the 1983 vintage included some of the greatest Burgundies of the last sixteen years. They rank favorably with 1969, 1970, and 1976. The 1983s have only now come on the market and are in plentiful supply. Consult a reliable wine merchant and/or read the August 19, 1985, issue of *The Wine Advocate* for advice on what to buy.

Finally, in the category of miscellany, the most glorious white wine I tasted this year was, to my great surprise, a 1982 Baron de L., a Sauvignon Blanc from the Loire produced by Ladoucette. It is available for $35 at Sherry-Lehmann in New York. Happy holidays! □

Mad. Ave.

BY RICHARD GOODMAN

Marketing for the Young and the Hip



A painter, young, good-looking, sits on a stool in his studio and stares out in that slightly indolent way young, good-looking people stare at you in photographs. In back of him is a jubilant blue-and-rose canvas reminiscent of a Kandinsky or a de Kooning. The canvas rests on a large, black bucket of paint whose sides are streaked. The studio floor is a mess of paint. Even the painter's jeans are smeared with paint. A portrait of the artist in his workplace.

The portrait appeared in the pages of several magazines recently, and it wasn't the opening illustration for an article on a rising young painter—which was at first glance what it seemed to be. For on second glance one noticed at the lower right corner of the page a bottle of Rose's Lime Juice. And there was a glass filled with Rose's in the painter's hand. This was an advertisement.

The young man in the ad, James Mathers (his name, along with that of the photographer, is printed at the bottom of the page), is a twenty-one-year-old artist who grew up in Los Angeles. He had his first show in a nightclub in L.A., and his work has been handled by the Attack Gallery there. He is not yet famous as an artist, though with this appearance he may become so more rapidly than he would have otherwise.

But how did he end up sitting on a stool with a glass of Rose's in his hand? The answer is a marketing story.

Ad agencies have almost never suggested using painters to represent their client's product. No one ever saw Jasper Johns for Colgate or Robert Motherwell for Fruit of the Loom. Although George Lois had the foresight and gumption—in his chaotic, Florenz Ziegfeld way—to use Andy Warhol in a television commercial fifteen years ago, other agencies didn't rush madly in his footsteps. But there's a major difference between what's in the air now and what was in it then. The art world and its denizens have become so prominent, so aggressively in, that you can't avoid tripping over Keith Haring and Jean Michel Basquiat and Julian Schnabel and Kenny Scharf, et al. It's today, it's modern, it moves, as Halston said.

Even so, Madison Avenue generally catches on to a cultural trend anywhere from six months to two years after it's embraced by the general public. Sometimes, of course, it takes even longer. Break dancing? BBDO employed it for Pepsi just about the time you were beginning to be sick to your stomach of it. It's to Rose's credit that it was quick to capitalize on the art-world trend. It actually put down the money and photographed the guy.

The campaign was initiated because Rose's Lime Juice had an image problem. The 120-year-old drink, born and bred in England and known chiefly as the determining ingredient in the gimlet, was going nowhere. Liquor sales were down in general, and room for growth in the "recipe" area seemed slim. So Rose Holland House, the purveyors of Rose's, authorized the Am-



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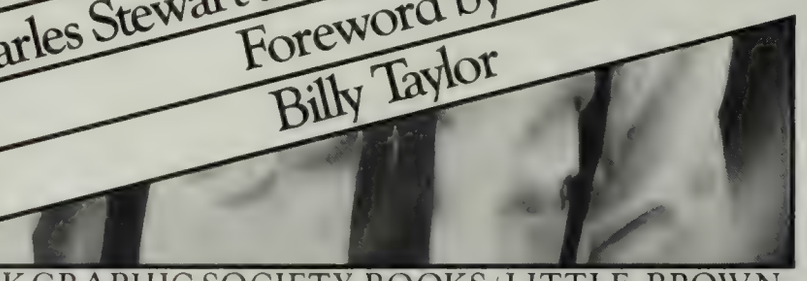
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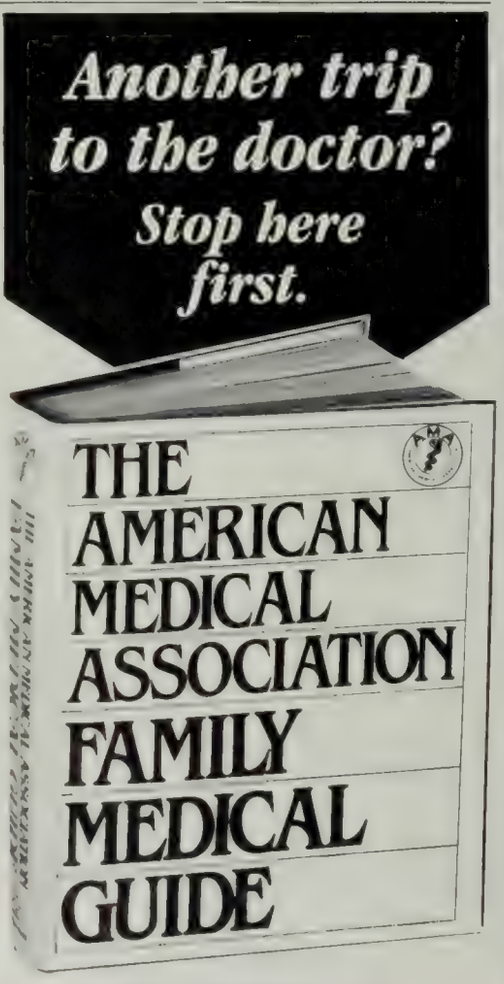
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Mad. Ave.

mirati & Puris ad agency to investiga how the lime juice could be launche for all intents and purposes, as a con pletely new product.

The agency concluded that the way get a new drink started is by word mouth. And *whose* mouth it is th spreads the word is important. Ads f Rose's needed to reach a small, select a dience. Quite select. Howard Lesma the supervisor of the account, describ that audience as "people who read *Inte view* and *Details* and go to Area and the Palladium." They are "open to tryi new products and are influential in g ting others to try them." Basically, th are "gay men and single women in t eighteen-to-thirty-four-year-old ran who live in major urban areas and w frequent bars often." They are ultra-h and they start trends. "They really ser as an advertising medium themselves Lesman says.

And this is where James Mathe comes in. The agency decided to conne Rose's to a series of "cutting edge" p sonalities—painters, musicians, fashi designers—who were doing interesti things creatively but who, as Lesm says, "hadn't yet crossed over into ma appeal." The subject would be obscure most of us but would click with the tren setters. (Rose's found Mathers throu *Interview* magazine, which had publish photographs of him and touted him as interesting young face around tow "The target audience should look at ad and *know* who James Mathers is— try to find out—and they should ev know that he's going out with one New York's leading models." (Her na is Anastasia.) Mathers himself is pre sanguine about the whole thing. "Th said they wanted to do it with me, an said, 'Cool,' because my show at Atta was just breaking. Afterward I did st getting a bit squeamish, but now it rea doesn't bother me."

The agency felt that the target au ence would take to the James Math ad and then to Rose's. Eventually news would reach the rest of us. O day we would feel a mild but insist pressure to try the stuff.

Ammirati & Puris art director M Haligman chose the British photog



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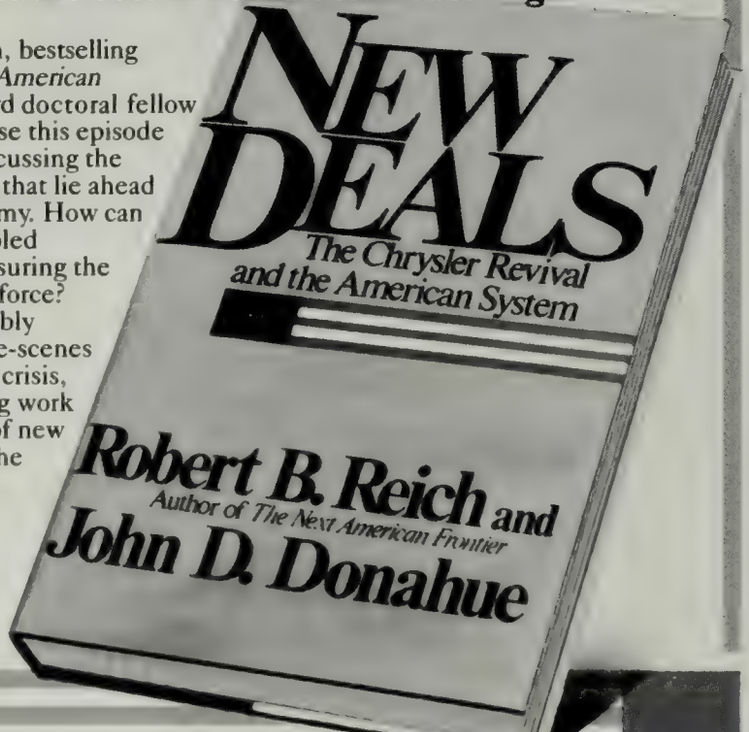
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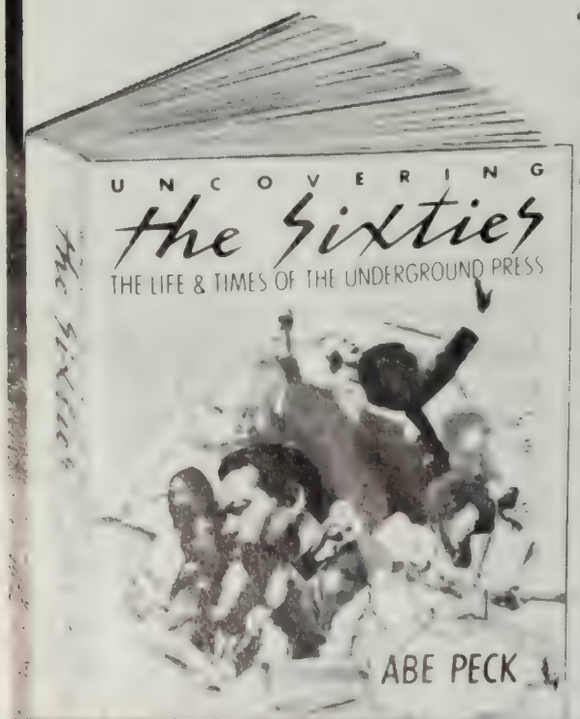
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pher Perry Ogden to take the picture c Mathers. Ogden, twenty-four, is be known for his portraits and his fashio shots. He was basically given a fre hand. "In general," he says, "I tried t simplify things as much as possible. After he found his location, he "decic ed the whole thing should be covered i paint. As for the styling, James wore h own clothing, except for the leathe jacket, which he now owns." Th leather jacket was the only paint-fre object in the photograph. "We were g ing to put some paint on it," Ogde says, "but it seemed stupid." Mathe got enthusiastic about the sitting and d cided to make a painting especially f the Rose's photograph. It's called *Th Methedrine Beef.* (Mathers says *beef* is skateboarding term for "fall," and fallen figure can be made out in t painting if you turn the ad sideways.)

Ogden shot the second ad for t Rose's campaign at the Villa Vanguard jazz club in New York. T subject this time was John Luri founder and leader of the rock group t Lounge Lizards. Lurie, who is also nu turing a film career, was touring wi his group and had to be flown in fr Sicily for the day. Ogden is pleas with both shots: "I think the campai is quite good, quite refreshing—f American advertising."

Is the client happy? "Extreme Very," says Randy Kraft, director marketing for Rose Holland Hou "It's everything we set out to do—a more." She spent $1 million on t campaign this year, and plans to spe more next. Though it's too early translate into any kind of sales sponse—and Rose's really isn't looki for immediate gratification—there's doubt that the campaign has create stir. At Ammirati & Puris, Matt Hal man has a story that seems to indic that the right people are being reache "I get my hair cut in Chelsea, and last time I was there—they didn't kn I did the ad—everyone was talk about it. They all wanted James's ph number. When your gay barber is fl ping out, you know you've reach your audience." □



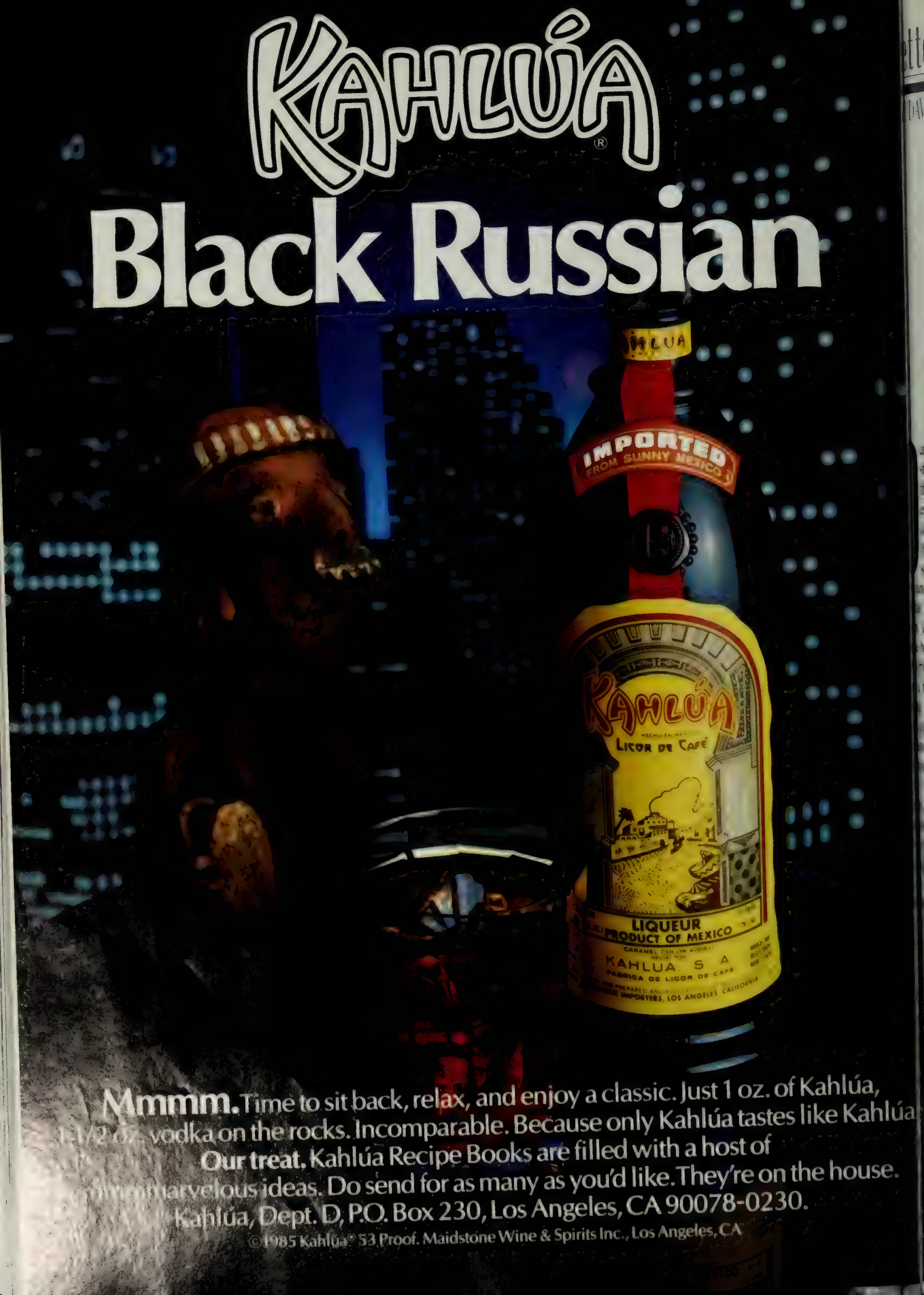
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tter from Miami

DAVID RIEFF



Virtue and Vice in the Sunbelt

uring the morning show on radio station WQBA, *La Cubanísima*, the disc jockey is quizzing listeners about geography. "*¿Cuál es la calle más recta de la Habana?*" he asks, his shoulders still swaying to the rhythms of tune he has just segued out of. nat is the name of the straightest t in Havana?" After a suitable e he supplies the answer: *Virtudes*, irtue Street, and the familiar joke a big laugh from the group of men g outside the D.J.'s booth. The quickly points out that by now the munists have probably changed all treet names in Havana anyway, but "it's important to know these s." Then he shoves a new cassette his state-of-the-art console, the mustarts up, and through the clear iglas wall one can watch him al- dancing in his seat to the Cuban ds he's sending over the airwaves ne people of that most Cuban —Miami, Florida, U.S.A.

t the moment, no city in America is hotter than Miami. *Miami Vice*, its sophisticated montages of jai alai ons, speedboats, high rises, and girls kinis, could just as easily be a fantaout Los Angeles or Honolulu as far e realism of the urban portrait is con-d. But the fact is that, like a some- over-the-hill movie star, Los les isn't quite as bankable as it used , while Hawaii (*Magnum, P.I.* notstanding) isn't quite there yet.

iami is another story. Miami—or parts of it, at least—has been hot for quite a while. Indeed, Miami was, in a certain sense, one of the earliest prototypes for that great continental shift we have come to think of as the ascendancy of the Sunbelt. Already in the 1960s, Jackie Gleason—the hottest television star of his generation—had become so enchanted with Miami that he, along with his entire production company, abandoned New York (thus prefiguring so many corporate moves of the succeeding decades) for that city where the palm trees sway in the breeze from the Caribbean and the golfing goes on all year long. The retirees had discovered Miami Beach, and the former vice president, one Richard Milhous Nixon, began to discover the pleasures of the Miami suburb of Key Biscayne, not least of which were the new friends—so many of them Cuban-American—to be made there.

Had Miami not been transformed by the Cuban presence, it would in all likelihood resemble most other cities in the Sunbelt. Indeed, it is entirely possible even now to live in Miami (or spend time there as a tourist) and think of oneself as being in yet another rich, temperate place that resembles nothing so much as a giant construction site, and where all the help speaks Spanish. The stewardesses and young lawyers who live in neighborhoods like Coconut Grove or on condominium islands like Grove Isle (a development that one cannot enter without a pass) are virtually indistinguishable from their California or Texas counterparts. One finds the same luxury shopping malls, the same pseudo-Italian cafés, even the same preferences in automobiles and ethnic foods: Nissans and sushi bars predominate at the moment, with Audis and tandoori making determined runs.

Even the locals will admit that Miami does not have all that much (besides its climate, its prosperity, and its proximity to the Caribbean) to recommend it. The city has no real museums, no first-rate universities, no symphony, an opera that is not quite dead but not quite alive either, and—with the exception of one in Coconut Grove—no theater of any interest. The arts in Miami never found a patron the way, say, Houston had first the McAgy family and then the de Menils. Indeed, the best place to see modern art may well be Grove Isle. There the developer—Martin Margulies—has surrounded a series of undistinguished apartment blocks with a vast array of Dubuffets (the one at the gatehouse looks half-eaten by kudzu weed already), Calders, Segals, di Suveros, Judds, and the like. No, what is interesting about Miami, what makes it *not* like other pleasant American cities, is precisely the thing that has made it notorious: the Latin, particularly the Cuban, influence.

Miami, everyone agrees, is a modern-day Casablanca. This may be a cliché, but, like other clichés, there is truth to it. The cocaine trade is centered in South Florida, and it is quite possible—indeed, it has become commonplace—for a political murder in Colombia to be decided upon over dinner in Hialeah. And many banks have laundered money from the drug trade, at least according to the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. A customs officer once wrote that "if we were 100 percent effective, we would so drastically affect the economy that *we* would become the villains." Miami is a city awash in "black" money. If one takes as a rule of thumb the Economics 101 principle that each dollar circulates through an economy three times, it is easy to see how crucial the drug trade is to South Florida.

Drugs are only part of the story. Many multinational corporations have set up their Latin-American headquarters not in Caracas or Mexico City but in Miami, and the city has also become a banking center, serving Latin America

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in much the way Switzerland serves the world: it is a haven for the money of almost the entire Latin-American middle class.

A Cuban magazine editor put it this way: "I think," he said, "that if you took any country in Latin America and looked at every businessman worth a million dollars or more, you would find that he had at least one bank account in Miami." The fact is that such people not only hold Florida bank accounts but have also, in recent years, bought houses, boats, and even commercial property. All of this serves them as a hedge against the possibility that one day things may go to hell back home in Colombia, or Honduras, or Peru, or Chile. For the Latin-American elite, this is not simply a bad dream. Key Biscayne is full of Nicaraguans who made money under Somoza and, because there was Miami waiting, have not suffered any marked diminution in their standard of living.

As Miami has become a city of Latin Americans, it has become a focal point for all kinds of political activity. The place is full of Bay of Pigs veterans, anti-Sandinista Nicaraguans, right-wing operatives from the entire continent (and, no doubt, some Communist ones as well). It is a caldron of bombast and intrigue. If Miami is not in fact Rick's place, it is, at the very least, Ricardo's.

What transformed Miami was the Cuban revolution. After 1959, a somnolent South Florida resort town—a rather tough, Jim Crow town—began to receive wave after wave of anti-Communist Cuban refugees. At first, having arrived penniless, the Cubans clustered in the southwestern part of the city. But these people were not typical immigrants from "south of the border." They were not fleeing desperate poverty (although the Castro government had made them destitute by confiscating virtually everything they owned), and they were better educated than most Miamians. Moreover—and this is a subject that people in Miami do not like to mention, although it accounts, among other things, for the bitter friction between blacks and Cubans—most of the refugees had white skins. The cozy elite of Dade County and its environs soon found itself competing with more than a million energetic Cubans—talented, experienced in business, in short, people whose anti-Communist fervor was matched only by their drive to make it in what they persisted in thinking of as their "temporary" home.

And make it they did. The prosperity of South Florida can be considered neither solely a part of the Sunbelt's general prosperity nor simply a function of all the cash that flows from drug trafficking. The Cubans made Miami into a big city—a world-class economic center. As capitalists, they can be compared only to the Jews and to the overseas Chinese in entrepreneurial drive.

The longer one remains in Miami, the clearer it becomes that what appears to be one big Cuban neighborhood is in fact several Cuban communities, often as much at odds with each other as with the world outside. On Southwest Eighth Street, the business hub of the emigration of the early 1960s, one drives past a sign that reads: THE KIWANIS OF LITTLE HAVANA WELCOME YOU TO CALLE OCHO. Old-line anti-Communism is still practiced here with gusto. At station WRHC, Thomas Regalado Jr., the news director (his father also works at the station, after having served thirteen years as a political prisoner in Cuba), has a decal over his desk of crossed American and Cuban flags under the legend "Libertad vs. Comunismo: Reagan-Bush '84."

At another station, Agustin Tamargo, perhaps the city's most popular Spanish-language talk-show host, devotes his entire program one evening to two members of a militant exile group who denounce a guest from a previous segment. They argue violently over whether their adversary is a dupe, an agent, or a lackey. This kind of dogmatism is part of the baggage of exile politics. In Paris during the 1920s, the White Russian émigrés probably argued among themselves in similar tones. And there is little doubt that the views expressed along "Calle Ocho" are indeed the views of the overwhelming majority of Cuban-Americans. What complicates things is

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Letter from Miami

that the Cubans of Miami have made such a success of their exile that, perhaps in spite of their political views, their reality is being transformed. For most of them, economic prosperity in South Florida makes it doubtful that they would seriously contemplate returning to Cuba even if Castro fell tomorrow. Having grafted a piece of Cuba onto the American mainland, they have probably less reason to return than most are willing to admit. America, as it were, is stuck with them, and they are stuck with America.

Their children already seem American. To an outsider, the physical differences between older Cuban men and women and their American-born, or, at least, American-raised, offspring are remarkable. Older Cubans are often short and thickset; clad in their guayaberas, drinking their endless cups of coffee and punctuating their voluble sentences with baroque, flamboyant gestures, they seem like, well...foreigners. In contrast, young Cuban men look like other Floridians. Indeed, it is understandable to mistake young Cubans sitting in one of the all-night cafés of Little Havana for a couple of Anglo tourists. Sometimes they may be heard speaking to each other (or, more often, to a child) in accentless American English only to shift, almost on whim, into pure Cuban Spanish.

So many of these tall, rangy young men radiate a very American kind of self-confidence—the kind so often thought of as "Texan." This physical transformation is something that is remarked on by people who teach in Miami's high schools and colleges. Fifteen years ago Cuban girls usually had the big bottoms and generous figures of their mothers, but now they are as lithe—and sometimes as anorexic—as their Anglo sisters.

It would be preposterous to think that Cuban-Americans will assimilate in the way that, say, Germans, or Poles, or Jews did. The Spanish language is in North America to stay. But whether one looks at the teenage joyriders who flock to Coconut Grove on Saturday nights or at a crowd watching a football game in the Orange Bowl (itself on the edge of Little Havana), young Cuban-Amer cans seem increasingly at ease in ever aspect of American life. Certainly th has damped some of the fury of exi politics in Miami. A young Cuban filn maker said to me in all seriousness th "no one's been blown away over pol tics for the last year or two. It wasn always that way."

If the older generation of island-bo Cubans are brilliant, driven me chants and businessmen, their childr combine these talents with the u ashamed materialism and money hung of the Sunbelt. One is what one own and, perhaps because they realize th their prosperity is so dependent on t drug business, Miamians don't seem care too much how people get th money. As I drove through Cocon Grove one balmy evening, a friend w has lived in Miami all his life mention to me matter-of-factly that although t Grove had once been a hippie neighb hood it was now (after the fortuitous moval of a city ordinance barri high-rise construction) populated "rich doctors, lawyers, and coke de ers." It was not that he had a particul ly low opinion of lawyers or doctors even a high opinion of coke dealers) simply made no difference to him wh soever.

In this sense, at least, Miami is new Casablanca. Anything goes, a yet everything is just fine. No one mits to being shocked by anything, a yet there is a considerable effort to pear respectable. Miami sometim seems like America dubbed into Sp ish and sometimes like Latin Amer without leftists. A relatively insign cant North American city has b transformed into the hub of Hispa America, and the consequences are b reassuring and unsettling. For Miam more than just another free port. W is going on in Miami—whether the s ject is drugs, illegal immigration, wo banking, bilingualism, or any of a d en other issues—may well be what g on in the rest of the Sunbelt not so m years hence. It is an extraordinary sp tacle—both of virtue and, it goes w out saying, vice. □

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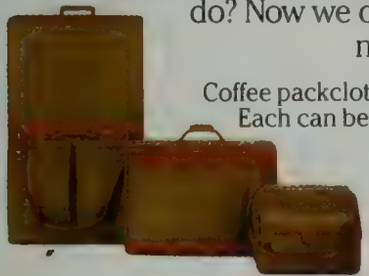


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Vanity Fair, 1934



Radio City Music Hall

These buxom ballerinas may look like a Degas fantasy at the Paris Opera, but they're actually backstage at Radio City Music Hall. This photograph appeared in *Vanity Fair* when forty Rockettes shared this famous stage with a classical-ballet corps of forty, a year after Radio City launched its annual Christmas Spectacular. The show has been an American tradition for half a century; nowadays, though thirty-six Rockettes remain, the ballerinas have given way to thirty-two giant teddy bears, dancing *The Nutcracker* in this year's show (through January 9). "Live" snowmen and a Nativity with real camels lend the scene much of its surrealism. "Wonders," as *Vanity Fair* said of Radio City's Depression magic, "never cease."

Photograph by REMIE LOHSE


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THE RED QUEEN



Crown jewel: The thirty-three-carat Krupp diamond Richard Burton gave Elizabeth Taylor doesn't leave her left hand—not even when she's lunching on salmon mousse in her London hotel suite.

She's Elizabeth T., once a little princess at MGM, now the undisputed queen of Hollywood. Luminous with regal presence, her violet eyes direct and clear, she has come through the Elizabethan dramas of weight and drink and Percodan. She talks warmly here with an old friend, DOMINICK DUNNE

Photographs by HELMUT NEWTON

"I've never asked for alimony in my life."



The royal retinue: Along with the hairdressers and jewelry security guard are Dominick Dunne, center, and Helmut Newton, seated right center.

In 1972, in Cortina d'Ampezzo, a mountain resort in the Italian Dolomites, Elizabeth Taylor, Henry Fonda, and Helmut Berger starred in a film I produced called *Ash Wednesday*. Elizabeth was then in the waning period of the first of her two marriages to Richard Burton. Being with the Burtons, as they were always called, was like being in a state of almost surreal celebrity. Late late one night, during an all-stops-out conversation, Elizabeth said to me, "You know, I can't remember when I wasn't famous." It was a statement made without the slightest braggadocio, simply as a fact of her celebrated life. Except for that other Elizabeth, the Queen of England, who else, then or now, could make it?

In September of this year I went to the London home of Elizabeth's film-producer friend Norma Heyman, where Elizabeth was staying, to take her to the photo session for this article. The photographer Helmut Newton was there, along with the dozen or so necessary people who arrange her hair and make up her face and provide her clothes and carry her jewels. We waited four hours for her to get ready, drinking pots of coffee, passing the Sunday papers back and forth across the kitchen table. "Elizabeth is chronically late," Richard Burton once said about her. Her lateness is as much a part of her as her violet eyes. Bulletins from above were sent down from time to time. She had slept on her left side, and her left eye was puffed up. Were there cucumbers in the house? Were there tea bags? She had not liked all the Yves Saint Laurent dresses sent over from Paris. She had called in the Emanuels. More than once Helmut Newton wondered if the already problematic light would last.

Finally, of course, she appeared, descending the stairway in great good humor, unperturbed by the chaos she causes, and all, as always, was instantly forgiven in the wake of her never diminishing splendor. Even if you know Elizabeth Taylor, it is not uncustomary to gasp a little when you se her. She is a sight that never ceases to fascinate. Now, in th forty-third year of her stardom, she is voluptuous and ravish ing again. The recent image of obesity and alcoholism an Percodan addiction is behind her. Except for her recurrin back problems, she radiates good health and a maturin beauty. "Sheran sends her love," she said to me about he childhood friend Sheran Cazalet Hornby, at whose countr house she had spent the weekend. Unhurried, she examine herself in a hall mirror, the left side of her face, the right sid of her face, moistened her lips, evened her lipstick with th little finger of her left hand, and adjusted a strand of he frosted black hair.

"There are lots of *paparazzi* in front of the house," I sai to alert her.

"So what else is new?" she answered.

"You look great."

"Thank you, love."

Outside, the sky was suddenly bright for the first tim that day.

"You see, the sun is better now," she said t Helmut Newton, as if she had done him a favor b being late.

"You're torturing me," he replied.

"No, I'm toying with you," she said.

Trained like royalty to understand and unde take the obligations of her calling, she moved fo ward to the reporters and news photographe waiting for her in front of the house. She stoppe smiled, waved, posed, and spoke to the ones sh recognized.

"How is Rock Hudson?" asked an English reporter.

She shrugged and blinked slowly, as if her eyelids we suddenly weighty.

"Have you visited him?"

"Yes."

"Will he get better?" persisted the reporter.

"No," she replied. With her security man, her secretar and her chauffeur in attendance, she moved on into h Rolls-Royce and raced across London for the picture sessio

If she understands the duties of a star, she also expec the perks of a star, as she demonstrated at the end the session.

"I want the red dress," she said to the woman who h arranged the sitting. As she spoke she adjusted her make in the mirror, moving her little finger back and forth over h lipstick.

"The Emanuel?"

"No," she said, "I already have that."

"The Yves Saint Laurent?"

"Yes."

"I don't really have the authority," the magazine's repr sentative said.

"Ask," she said with the perfect certainty that the dre would be hers. (It was.)



"I can't remember when I wasn't famous."

Her permanent home these days is Los Angeles, where she grew up as a child star at MGM and where she turned in 1982 to re-establish her roots. Her house, which hidden from view, set behind gates equipped with closed-rcuit television to screen callers, once belonged to Nancy natra Sr. Taylor bought it for $2 million after separating om her sixth husband, United States senator John Warner. om her terrace one looks out over the hills of Bel Air onto s Angeles below. The house is both sprawling and simple, egant and comfortable. A living room opens into a game room, which opens into a dining room. The first floor is monochromatically decorated in off-white; all the color comes from her art collection and a profusion of enormous orchid plants in full purple bloom.

On a lacquered table in the game room are silver-framed photographs of her: being greeted by the Queen of England, talking with President Gerald Ford, laughing with Marshal Tito, being welcomed at the Iranian Embassy in Washington by her onetime suitor Ambassador Ardeshir Zahedi, posing festively at Ascot with Richard Burton and Noël Coward in

"I will remarry once more, but *only* once more

gray top hats. There is an inscribed photograph from Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco, another from David Niven. Her two Oscars, for *Butterfield 8* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, are prominently displayed in the center of bookshelves crammed with other, lesser awards.

While I waited for her in the living room, Liz Thorburn, who runs her house, brought tea and placed a fresh pack of Salems, opened, with several cigarettes pushed forward for easy access, in front of the place on the sofa where Elizabeth would sit. Next to it she placed a lighter. A Cordon Bleu chef, the Scottish Miss Thorburn, young and attractive, formerly worked at Kensington Palace for Princess Margaret. "I've gone from a princess to a queen," she observed with a twinkle in her eye. In contrast to the glamorous chaos of the old life-style I associated with Elizabeth Taylor—trunks being packed and unpacked constantly—this was the well-run, very organized household of a woman settled in her own surroundings with her own things.

No one who knows Elizabeth Taylor ever calls her Liz. Used to homage, she did not remember to thank me, when she arrived, for a hundred-dollar bouquet of flowers in her favorite color, lavender, which I had sent her, and which was nowhere in sight. She was dressed in pink silk lounging pajamas and flat-heeled shoes instead of the spikes she habitually wears. It is always surprising to realize how small this majestic woman actually is. Her only jewelry was the thirty-three-carat Krupp diamond that Richard Burton gave her, which she wears day and night, dressed up or dressed down. Her face was deeply tanned, but her beautiful skin seemed to bear no ill effects from the California sun. Her figure nearly retained the slimness she had achieved last year, when she lost forty-five pounds in two months on a diet program of her own devising. "I read in the paper that someone had a fat picture of me on her refrigerator door to keep her from eating, and I said to myself, well, if it helps her, it ought to help me. You should see the awful picture I have of myself on the icebox door. I don't crave booze at all," she added, "but I do crave sweet things."

Her reverence for Richard Burton, who died last year, is absolute, and private, and she was emphatic in stating that she did not wish to share her thoughts and feelings about him. Her stare is unflinching when she makes such a point. In an interview, even a friendly one, she is on her guard. "I've been burned so many times," she warned me. She said she had never read Kitty Kelley's book *Elizabeth Taylor: The Last Star*. "I've been told I should sue, but it would mean reading the book, and I just can't stomach it." If there were long moments of silence, she did nothing to fill them in. At other times, on certain subjects, she said, "This is off the record," or motioned for the tape recorder to be turned off, with the expertise of someone who has been through the procedure a thousand times before. Several times she pulled out a handbag from behind some pillows and brushed on pink lipstick as a way of changing the subject. When I asked her about her short-term, highly publicized engagement last year to Frank Sinatra's crony Dennis Stein, she said into her mirror, "Let's just say I almost made a mistake," and then added, "but I didn't."

Settled among the soft cushions of her deep sofa, she lit a cigarette. "My only vice," she explained, inhaling deeply. On the wall behind her were a Modigliani, a Renoir, a Van Gogh, a Rouault, a Degas, and a Monet. Elsewhere in the room Utrillos, Vlamincks, and other treasures hung. Her late father, Francis Taylor, ran an art gallery in London and Beverly Hills when Elizabeth was a child, and her knowledge of art was formed early. There are other evidences of wealth. She owns two racehorses, and the racing colors she chose, cerise and chartreuse, are the colors she wore in *National Velvet*. In the driveway outside was her new car, an Aston Martin Lagonda, for which she had paid $153,000, on the spot, one day when she went shopping for a Rolls. "It's all money I've earned," she said. "I've never asked for alimony in my life."

Chief among her accomplishments over the last several years was her seven-week stay at the Betty Ford Center near Palm Springs. Her admiration for Betty Ford is boundless. "My God, what she's done for women alcoholics is just phenomenal! She's lifted the stigma." She went to the Center through a family intervention. She was at Saint John's Hospital in Santa Monica when her brother and his wife, her sons, and one of her daughters arrived to tell her that she could go to the Betty Ford Center by choice or she would eventually end up killing herself. She admits to being riddled with guilt and shame, but the decision to go was her own.

Like most people who have conquered an addiction, she talked openly and freely about it, without embarrassment, aware that the example she had set was a help to other people.

"I'd been taking sleeping pills every night for thirty-five years. I was hooked on Percodan. I had reached a point where I would take one or two Percodan mixed with booze before I could go out in the evening and face people. I think you know how horribly shy I really am. I thought it would help me because that combination would make me kind of talkative. I felt I was being charming. I was probably boring as hell, but it gave me false courage.

"During the course of an evening, like every four hours, I'd take another two Percodan. And, of course, I had a hollow leg. I could drink anybody under the table and never get drunk. My capacity to consume was terrifying. I didn't even realize that I was an alcoholic until I'd been at the Center for a couple of weeks. Just because I wouldn't get drunk doesn't mean it wasn't poison for me."

"How soon after you went to Betty Ford did the press pick up that you were there?" I asked.

"I'd been there over a week, but I have an uncanny sense about the press. I had a feeling in my gut that it was going to leak out, so I talked to Betty Ford about it, and she agreed that I should announce it and get it in print, because otherwise the press would make up a story about me being in a straitjacket, being carried down, or God knows what. I was right. They were on to it, but I beat them by a few hours."

"What was your first encounter *(Continued on page 14)*



The woman from Harry Winston showed her a seventy-seven-carat Burmese sapphire. "It's sweet," said Elizabeth.

A CRYSTAL PALACE

The Palm House at Kew Gardens is the empress of all the conservatories, a Victorian jelly mold of a greenhouse. SNOWDON photographed it just before it was dismantled for its controversial restoration.

Text by PAULA DEITZ





It appeared to loom up out of nowhere like a phantom structure in the misty atmosphere, so light that it might take off in the manner of a nineteenth-century balloon.



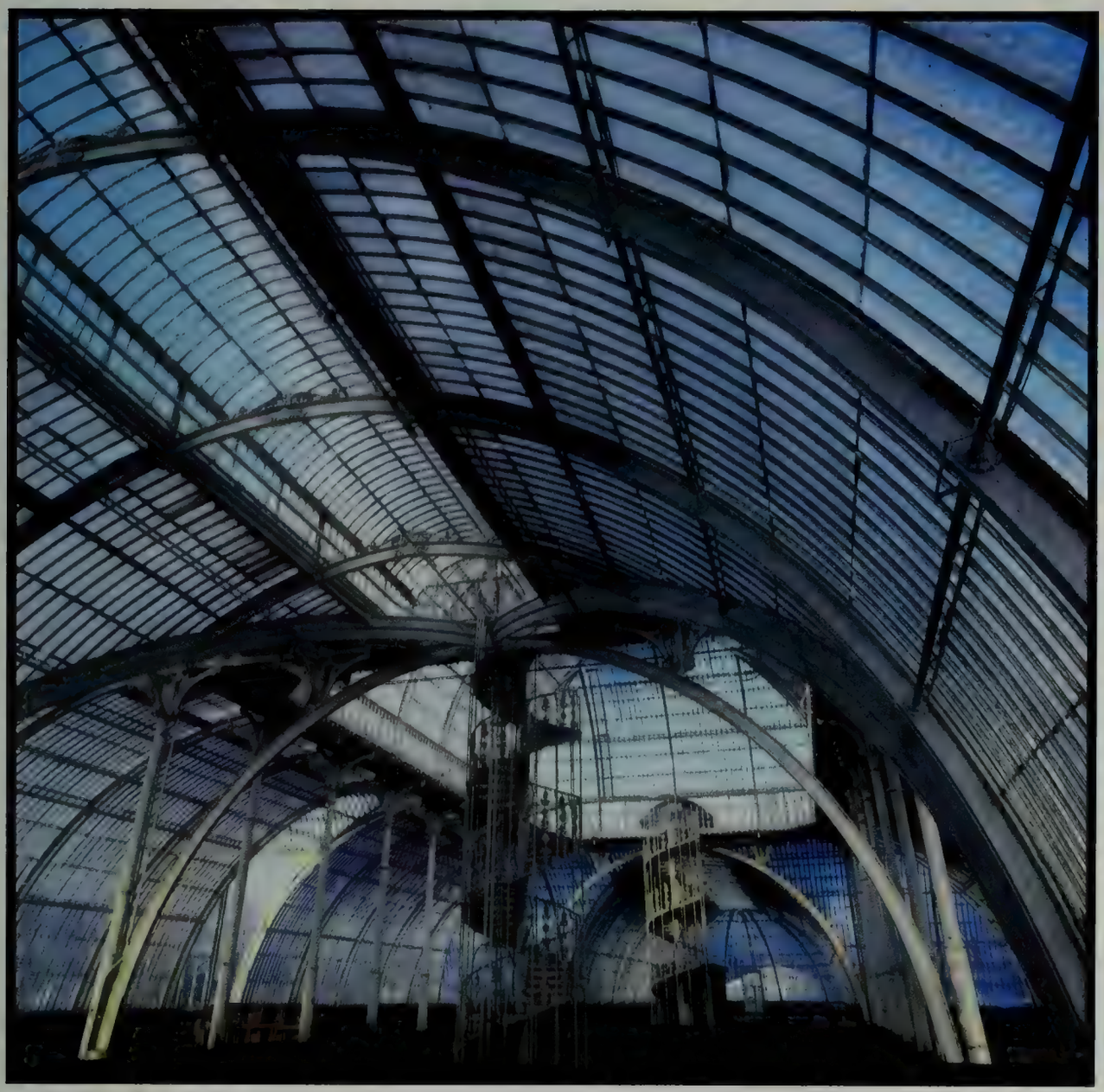
One day last winter, after a fresh snowfall, the arched glass walls of the Palm House at the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew rose up beyond the frozen pond, with only a swooping flock of black-headed gulls and yellowed weeping willows to tinge the pristine landscape. Frosted with snow like sugar icing on a tiered cake, the Palm House became for a few hours the crystalline palace of fairy tales, of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Snow Queen*. It glistened in the pale golden morning light for its final portrait, as it once was.

When I arrived in the early hours after a night flight from New York, Snowdon, his head wrapped in a scarf under his cap against the bitter cold, was already poised and concentrating by his tripod. There was complete silence in the little group that stood near him on the far side of the pond, marveling at the unearthly cast of blue-gold light in the clear air. Then quickly Snowdon began to photograph. By 10:30 that miraculous light was gone, and a gray London sky would take its place.

These historic pictures commemorate the last days of the revolutionary nineteenth-century glass-and-iron Palm House before a controversial restoration that has already begun to replace the dangerously corroded wrought-iron glazing bars with stainless steel and to install new curved glass—a process that can be carried out only by dismantling and rebuilding the entire structure. The Palm House will gradually disappear and then reappear in the same form. The story behind the restoration provides a fascinating chapter in the annals of landmark preservation.

On the March day a few years ago when I first saw the Palm House, a damp, cool mist hung over Kew, and the daffodils were already in bloom. As I approached the immense curvilinear building along the Broad Walk, it appeared to loom up out of nowhere like a phantom structure in the misty atmosphere, so light that it might take off in the manner of a nineteenth-century balloon. Fortunately, the Palm House was not an illusion, and the hour I spent wandering along its pathways in the midst of a lush tropical forest—so humid one could hear the falling droplets of water—was a time of enchantment.

The use of glass and iron signaled a new era in architecture, a marriage between engineering and architecture not fully realized until the modernist buildings of the International Style.



Never has form followed function with better results—eight for the lofty palms and abundant light through arched lass walls, set off by the classical symmetry of two apse ings. Like the Parthenon or a great Gothic cathedral, the alm House has been part of the vocabulary of the architec-ıral imagination—"the heritage of magical space, the fanta-y of transparent architecture," says James I. Freed of I. M. ei & Partners. Created first as a scientific greenhouse, the alm House soon evolved into a picturesque setting that ame to epitomize the Victorian era. Artists' renderings in ie *Illustrated London News* of the early 1850s depicted ıshionably dressed families, dwarfed by towering potted alms, walking along the stone-paved paths of an interior aradisiacal garden. To the Victorians, the palm tree was a ɔmantic reminder of faraway places, and the Sunday prome-ade at Kew an expedition into a secret world of make-elieve. These two images of the Palm House—as an ngoing scientific collection of plants in a world-renowned otanical garden and as a fixed interior landscape, an intact mnant of Victorian life—have been at the heart of the controversy in England over restoration.

The Palm House is an important survivor. The glass structure that inspired it, the Great Conservatory at Chatsworth, was dynamited for lack of funds to maintain it. Designed by Joseph Paxton, head gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, the Great Conservatory, completed in 1841, had perhaps its finest moment one gala evening when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert rode through the central *allée* in an open carriage to the light of 12,000 lamps. That same year Sir William Jackson Hooker, first director of the Royal Property of Kew Gardens, wrote the duke to arrange to see this conservatory with its curvilinear roof of glass and wooden frames. Queen Victoria had given Kew forty-five more acres, on which Sir William intended to build a new glass structure to house the tropical plants from around the empire, overflowing the antiquated greenhouses of Kew. In Sir William's report of 1844, he boasted: "This noble structure, which . . . will be second to none in Europe, possesses advantages of both form and structure, and the means of filling it with the choicest and most valuable *(Continued on page 142)*

VANITY FAIR'S 1985

HALL OF FAME

Photographs by Annie Leibovitz

It was the year of living dangerously. Sex was chancy, flying was iffy, and asking Bernhar Goetz for a buck was asking for trouble. You didn't go to Mexico for your divorce. You melte down your Krugerrands, you hoarded your old Coca-Cola, and you did the mambo wi Rambo. Rupert Murdoch pledged allegiance to the flag and then bought all the stars. Baseba got wired, Bobby Ewing expired, and Broadway got tired. But there were some consolatio prizes: George Bush was president for seven hours and fifty-four minutes and we survive Between the Festival of India and the royal visit we scurried for curry and trumpeted f crumpets. *The New Yorker* got a Newhouse. The TWA hostages were freed. And at long last t Angel of Death sleeps with the fishes. So kiss off '85—it was a star-spangled bummer. Instea let's pop our corks for the bright lights at the end of the tunnel, *Vanity Fair*'s Hall of Fame



QUINCY JONES
BOB GELDOF

Because they mastermin USA for Africa and Live Aid (a global-villa Woodstock with a missio which together have raised $100 million so f Because they cried havoc and let slip the doves of peace. Because they mated Mic Jagger's lips and Tina Turner's hips in front o 1,500 television million

We are the world, we are the children: Bob Geldof (opposite and his daughter, Fifi Trixiebe





DR. ROBERT JARVIK

Because he invented the Jarvik-7, the first permanent artificial heart. Because he has supplied the central organ for the bionic man. Because his bedside manner makes us go boom-diddy-boom, diddy-boom, diddy-boom, diddy-boom, diddy-boom, diddy-boom-boom-boom.

KATHLEEN TURNER

Because she was the satin moll at the center of "Prizzi's Honor," the best movie of the year. Because while other actresses are playing farm wives and making exercise videos, she has the sensuality and high wit of Carole Lombard and Jean Arthur. Because she'll see you later, alligator.







ON JOHNSON

ecause, in "Miami Vice," he brought
w glamour to nicotine,
ubble, and rumpled Versace jackets.
ecause his show painted
ime in pastel colors and set it
ılsing to a rock-video beat.
ecause he sports the
ost famous hairless chest since
ıul Newman in "Hud."

RUDOLPH GIULIANI

Because, as United States attorney
for the Southern District
of New York, he ripped apart the
Sicilian Mafia in the Pizza Connection
case (twenty-two defendants on a
sixteen-count indictment).
Because he turned Nicky Barnes,
the biggest fish in the New York drug
trade, into a canary.
Because, dodging death threats and
poison pasta, he's the latter-day Eliot Ness.

SAHIBS OF THE TUBE

THE CAST OF
THE JEWEL IN THE CROWN



Because they mad the Raj the rage, and showed America how good levision could be.
Because they gave a first-class passage to India.

Because, for fourteen cliff-hanging weeks, we all wanted to get into Hari Kumar's pajama and Ronald Merrick's sick mind.



ioti doting: Left to right, Geraldine James (she sinned), Saeed ffrey (he had trouble getting into the party), Dame Peggy hcroft (she went bats), Derrick Branche (he was butchered), ederick Treves (he came back from prison camp), Fabia Drake (she died), Nicholas le Prevost (he was mad for Sarah), Rachel Kempson (she went dotty), Wendy Morgan (she tried to burn her baby), Art Malik (he was tortured), Judy Parfitt (she drank and fornicated), Tim Piggot-Smith (unspeakable).


DONNA KARAN



ARVIN HAGLER

ecause, in defending
s crown as the
iddleweight champion of
e world, he dismantled
t Man Tommy Hearns in
e best fight since the
rilla in Manila.
ause, in an age when
st fighters look more
e dancers, he
ought back the fine
l of fisticuffs
ecause he always
oks maaahvelous.

ALA KNEISSL AND
ALEXANDER VON AUERSPERG

Because Sunny von Bülow's children were the only figures who emerged from the circus of the von Bülow case unsleazed. Because they turned their grief into personal activism by starting a foundation for coma research. Because they kept the faith.



TIP O'NEILL

Because for ten years as speaker of the House he's been a craggy rock of belief for the Democratic Party. Because, in an era of sexy neoliberals and grumpy neoconservatives, he's held fast to his concern for the underdog. Because he's the last of the grand old pols and this is his last hurrah.





DIANNE BRILL *(men's-wear designer): "First I put on my shoes and stockings and then decide what to wear."* **STEPHEN SABAN** *(Detail columnist): "I go out seven nights a week, so it's like going into the office—my life is an open bar, and I never get a hangover."*

Who dazzled, who ditzed, who boogied, who blitzed? MIRA STOUT works the door list. And ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE photographs the lives and souls of the party

PARTIES of the Year

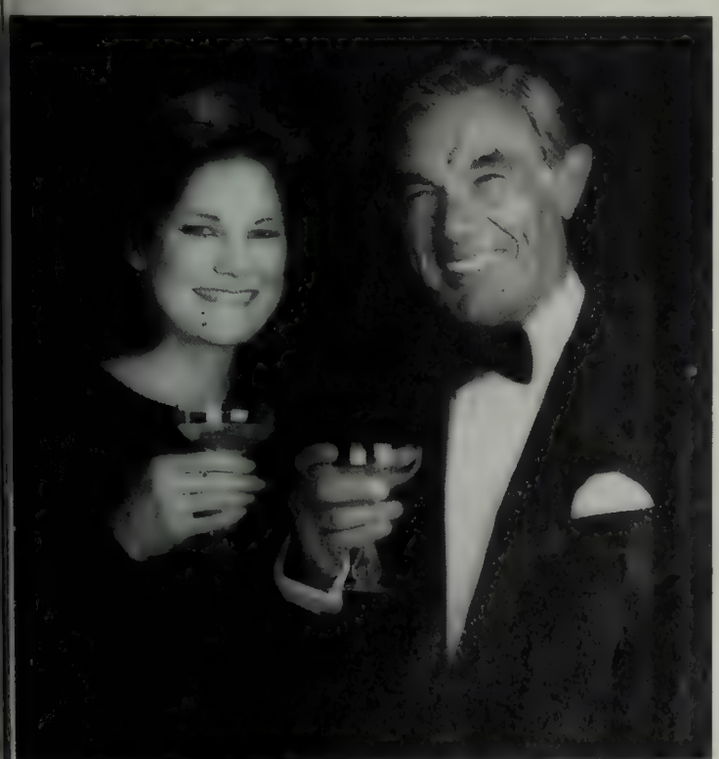
W YEAR'S • NEW YORK
tor George Segal's party upstairs at the Hard Rock Cafe. **Guests:** ry Southern, Julian Lennon, Jeremy Irons and Sinead Cusack, ıy Heckerling, Mariel Hemingway and Steve Crisman, Martin :gman. **Dress:** Black tie and kids' party hats. **Music:** Jeremy Irons l George Segal sang "Who's Sorry Now?" into the wee hours.

NUARY 15 THROUGH ETERNITY • NEW YORK
: Party That Wouldn't Die was the twenty-six harpsichord soirées the Creo Society Bach-Gesellschaft. **Hosts:** Deadly-earnest Bach ilantes such as Bill and Pat Buckley, Inger and Oz Elliott, Anne Sid Bass, Oscar de la Renta, Louis Auchincloss, Estée Lauder. **da:** At the end of one party, Pat Buckley threatened, "We're going lo it again next year!"

NUARY 20 • THE WHITE HOUSE
: president's intimate lunch for fifty of his friends following the vate swearing-in ceremony. **Guests:** Billy Graham, Frank Sinatra, . and Mrs. Jimmy Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Annenberg, Mrs. Zubin Mehta. **Americana:** Plates on laps, room knee-deep in flags and eagles, fireplaces blazing away. President Reagan was elated.

FEBRUARY 8 • PASADENA
Barbi Benton and George Gradow's dinner party for twenty-four at their estate, Pegfair. **Guests:** Angie Dickinson, Ruth and Howard Koch, Bill and Barbara Belzberg, Sydney and Jackie Rosenberg, Tim and Nancy Vreeland, Henry and Arlene Gluck. **Affectations:** Mandatory house tour before dinner. Discotheque downstairs after dinner. Two formal dining rooms with guests changing seats halfway through dinner. Eight waiters in white gloves. **Food:** Quail eggs on potato puffs.

FEBRUARY 14 • PRAGUE
Valentine's Day dinner at the American Embassy for Jerry Zipkin and Betsy Bloomingdale. **Guests:** Count and Countess Frantisek Kinsky, the Belgian and Brazilian ambassadors, the nieces of Jan Masaryk. **Food:** On their way back from Ann Getty's Nile trip, Zipkin and Bloomingdale stopped off in Zurich and picked up some fresh groceries. The strawberries caused a frenzy. **Music:** Love songs in French,



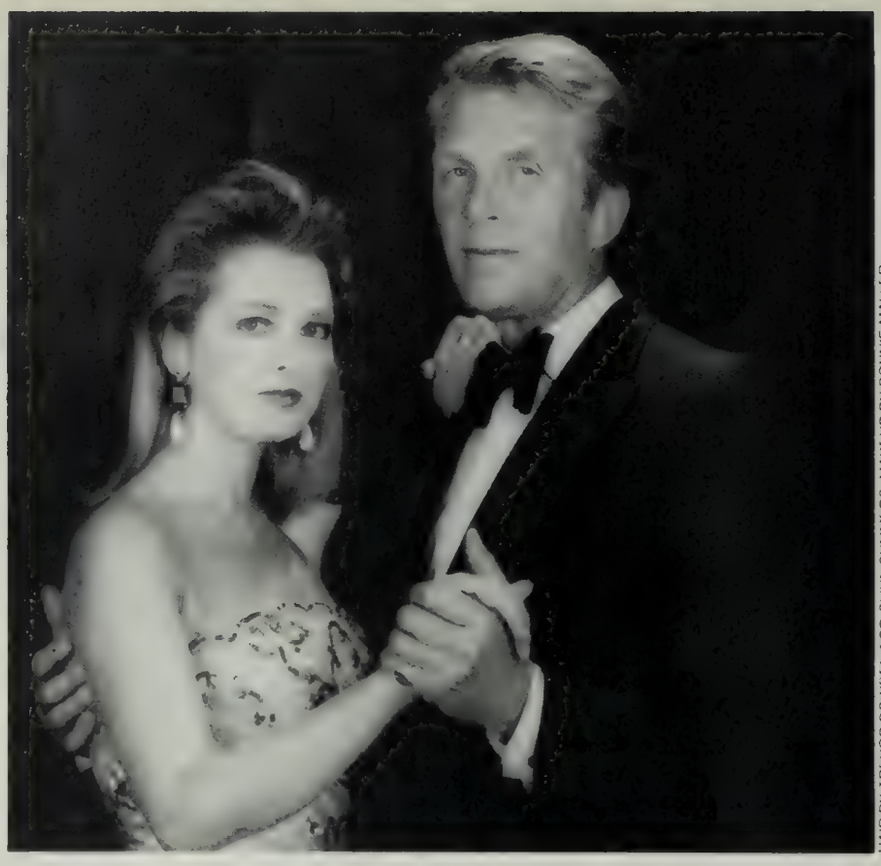
RBARA ALLEN *(writer): "I have so much fun I forget to smoke."*
NRYK DE KWIATKOWSKI *(horse breeder): "I try not nflame anyone at parties, so I talk about horses' bloodlines."*



MICHAEL ZILKHA *(publisher): "I don't like parties."*
CRISTINA MONET *(writer): "I'm usually in search of an escort, given my husband's proclivities."*

KIMBERLY DU ROSS *(artist): "Before going out I usually take a big hot bath and listen to opera records."*

ASHTON HAWKINS *(Metropolitan Museum v.p.): "Going out to parties is an occupational hazard which I fortunately enjoy very much."*



HAIR BY TREVOR BOWDEN FOR CLIVE SUMMERS. MAKEUP BY BONNIE MALLER

Italian, Spanish, and Czech, accompanied by mandolin. **Toasts:** Ambassador William Luers spoke eloquently of love and friendship. Jerry Zipkin, in his renowned two-word reply, said, "Thank you."

FEBRUARY 18 • VENICE
Enrico Coveri's masked carnival ball at the Palazzo Pisani-Moretta on the Grand Canal. **Guests:** Françoise Sagan, Rudolf Nureyev, Carla Fracci, Florence Grinda, Mick Flick and wife-to-be Countess Maya von Schoenborn, Pierre Cardin, Verde Visconti, Prince Egon von Furstenberg, Laura Antonelli, Barberinis, Ruspolis, Torlonias. **Food:** Champagne. **Drink:** Champagne. **Scena:** Italians accustomed to the operatic excesses of Fellini and Zeffirelli were awestruck. Everyone was stunning and giddy and dancing on tables. People said it was the best party they had ever been to, anywhere, ever.

FEBRUARY 19 • NEW ORLEANS
Lise Anne and Parham Werlein's all-day Mardi Gras party on St. Charles Avenue to watch the Parade of Rex. **Guests:** Mr. and Mrs. August Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Stouse, Maurice Hartson, Dr. Moss Antony, Kirk Stirton, Dr. Ed Fant. **Dress:** The Werleins played king and queen, guests came as clowns and Raggedy Anns. **Food:** Coffee and beignets at 9:30 A.M., open buffet with grillades, grits, and Mardi Gras King Cake. **Drink:** Endless absinthe frappés and Dixie beer. **Dancing:** Saxophone-crazy Parham played along with the Dixieland records. **Favors:** He and Lise Anne threw doubloons to the guests.

MARCH 2 • SOHO
Jean Michel Basquiat's loft party. **Guests:** Boy George, Sabrina Guinness, Tony Shafrazi, Francesco Clemente, and a pack of downtown art-sceners looking very pleased to be there. **Food:** Sushi. **Drink:** In incredible demand. **Entertainment:** A power powwow in Basquiat's bedroom, where twenty stoned people were staked out watching *A Clockwork Orange*. Basquiat sat on the bed and pretended to be asleep for a whole hour.

MARCH 17 • GREENWICH VILLAGE
Poet Galway Kinnell's dinner in his Hudson Street kitchen (with his bathtub). **Guests:** Mark Strand, Howard Moss, James Atlas. **Food:** Hearty Italian cooked by his daughter, Maud. **Drink:** Tons of Calvados. **Conversation:** A lot of yelling about fabulist rather than narrative novels, general reminiscing about the many hours each had spent alone in bars, disconsolate.

MARCH 21 • NEW YORK
Imelda Marcos's dinner for Adnan Khashoggi at her East Side tow house. **Guests:** "Restricted." George Hamilton brought his mothe **Rocks:** Mrs. Khashoggi wore a blinding spray of diamonds tha seemed to cover her entire upper torso.

APRIL 18 • AREA
Horniest party of the year. **Host:** "The Living Unicorn" from Ring ling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. **Guests:** Tiger tamer Gunthe Gebel-Williams, Keith Haring, Andy Warhol, Kenny Scharf. **Foo and drink:** The Unicorn ate rose petals and drank Coke. **Dress:** Th Unicorn had his horn gilded. John Sex wore his hair especially vert cally. **Comment:** The animal summed up his feelings about the ev ning by urinating before going back to his limo.

APRIL 24 • FIFTH AVENUE
Jacqueline Onassis's dinner for Ayesha, the Rajmata of Jaipur. **Guest** Mark Shand, Prince and Princess Michael of Greece, Maurice Tempel man, Anna Luisa Behrens, Jayne Wrightsman, the Honorable Har Fane, Cary and Edith Welch. **Food:** "Impeccable," snorted one gue **Conversation:** Erudite parries between Prince Michael and Ca Welch, organizer of "India!" at the Met. Also, talk about Naveen Pa naik's new book, *A Second Paradise*. **Comment:** "To the great excit ment of the girls, John Kennedy arrived to drop off his backpack. To t great disappointment of the girls, he left after ten minutes."

MAY 17 • NEW HAVEN
The Yale Literary Magazine's Armed Forces Day Eve garden par given by Andrei Navrozov and Kathleen Kilpatrick. **Guests:** Lo Nicholas Hervey, Igor Galanin, Harry and Susan Morgan, King-l Wu, and carefully assorted Young Fogeys. **Food:** Perfectly grill lamb chops. **Drink:** Cheap wine. **Dress:** Savile Row suits and bo ers—editor Navrozov wore a lacy apron over his blue blazer and gr flannels. **Dancing:** On the lawn to Russian imperial waltzes such "On the Hills of Manchuria." **Conversation:** Everyone, in a diff ent charming way, talked about the banality of academic life and co plimented Igor on not getting drunk.

MAY 20 • PARK AVENUE
Nan Kempner's lunch for Valentino. **Guests:** Andre Oliver, B Blass, Mercedes Kellogg, Christopher Burge. **Comment:** "The so shell crabs are always such a hit that my parties seem to be in honor the crabs rather than the person."



HAIR BY THOM PRIANO FOR GARREN, NEW YORK

PETER AND JAIME FRANKFURT: *"When someone accused me of being ubiquitous, I blanched and said it must have been my brother they'd seen."*

\Y 20 ★ PALLADIUM

:oon Ronald O. Perelman and Claudia Cohen's wedding dance—first seated dinner held there. **Guests:** Roy Cohn, Fran Lebowitz, rt and Linda Janklow, Andy Warhol, Cornelia Guest, Saul and yfryd Steinberg, and Claudia's relatives from New Jersey. **Food:** rious Food. **Music:** Peter Duchin played through dinner, and then Pointer Sisters sang for an hour after dinner. **Wisecrack:** Fran owitz, looking at all the star-wars flashing lights, said, "This is a Bar Mitzvah from Mars."

\Y 30 ★ BEVERLY HILLS

anna Stassinopoulos's dinner party for Lord Weidenfeld and Jean-Chandris. **Guests:** David and Gloria Wolper, Fran and Ray and ndy Stark, Sidney and Joanna Poitier, Kirk and Anne Douglas, hael and Pat York, David Geffen, Henry and Roz Rogers. **Food:** Jean-Pierre. **Dress:** Hollywood chic. **Toasts:** Arianna had words assion and friendship for George Weidenfeld, which he easily re-ocated. **Blooper:** Dr. Dorothy Zinberg from Harvard kindly nted out to Lord W. the presence of Vernon Jordan, who was actu-Sidney Poitier.

NE 5 ★ POWERSVILLE

bara Walters's birthday party for Henry Kissinger at Le Cirque. **ests:** Robert McNamara, Winston and Bette Lord, Mike Wal-, Rupert and Anna Murdoch, Kay Graham, Shirley Clurman, abeth and Felix Rohatyn. **Food:** Luscious lobster medallions. **sing:** Ted Koppel stood up at toast time and did a brilliant pression of Kissinger complaining about the press. **Summit k:** "An ordinary New York evening, really."

IE 6 ★ EAST RIVER

o Bruno's outlaw birthday party for *Details* editor Annie Flanders he upper level of the Williamsburg Bridge. **Guests:** Dianne Brill, hen Saban, Steve Rubell, Betsey Johnson, Anita Sarko, Jon iser. **Music (and security):** Hip-hop from the CBS (Can't Be oped) crew. **Dancing:** Photographer David Lachapelle was go-go cing. **Details:** It was a beautiful, breezy night. Traffic roared by on lower level, commuters agape. A total madhouse for an hour and a until the police broke it up.

IE 14 ★ NEW YORK

nelia Guest and Couri Hay's birthday dinner for Boy George at the 's' West Side brownstone, then Palladium, then a gigantic break-fast in bed at Area. **Guests:** Kimberly Du Ross, Roger Erickson, Way Bandy, Francesco Scavullo, Patty Hearst Shaw, Nabila Khashoggi, Eric Goode, Rupert Everett, Marilyn. **Drink:** Because of New York's drought, champagne flowed from the fountain. **Dress:** Nabila Khashoggi had the *biggest* diamonds and *biggest* bodyguard. **Conversation:** Patty Hearst Shaw talked about heavy metal's bad influence on children. Rupert Everett asked Susan Blond if she was Boy George's mother. There were so many people in the birthday bed that Boy George got an asthma attack.

JUNE 21 ★ WINDSOR CASTLE

Twenty-first-birthday ball given by Queen Elizabeth for Prince Edward, Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, James Ogilvy, Lady Helen Windsor. **Guests:** The entire royal family, Anthony and Georgina Andrews, Jackie Stewart, Janet and Pauline Astor, Ari and Nick Ashley, among the six hundred. **Food:** Scrambled eggs, sausages, and fried bread for breakfast. **Drink:** Trays and trays of champagne carried about by liveried footmen. **Dress:** Enormous ball gowns. Princess Diana wore an off-the-rack gown also worn by someone else (looked stunning anyway). The Prince of Wales wore a kilt (looked less than stunning). **Music:** Lester Lanin. The disco in the Waterloo Rooms was decorated like Aladdin's cave with huge plastic rocks. **Comportment:** Everyone behaved beautifully, and watched the laser show dutifully, except for a former boyfriend of Lady Helen Windsor's who gate-crashed and was thrown out by Princess Margaret.

JUNE 24 ★ VIRGINIA

Senator Kennedy's dinner for the Kennedy Library Foundation in a tent at the McLean, Virginia, house. **Guests:** Tip O'Neill, Doris Kearns-Goodwin, legions of Kennedys including Jacqueline Onassis, Mark Roosevelt, and, special surprise guests, the Reagans. **Topics:** People talked about what Suprême de Saumon "Hubert de Givenchy" could possibly mean, and also what to make of President Reagan's presence.

JUNE 24 ★ BODRUM, TURKEY

Mica Ertegun's dinner party in the garden for sixty of Dina Merrill's voyaging passengers of the Merriweather Post glory, *Sea Cloud*. **Guests:** Pat Buckley, John Richardson, Boaz Mazor, Mary McFadden, Cliff Robertson, Kenny Lane. **Food:** Turkish stew and local white wine. **Harem scarem:** Mica Ertegun was amazed that she had enough cutlery, and was impressed by everyone's Emily Post manners—she got fifty thank-you notes after the boat sailed for Rhodes.



STEVEN MEISEL *(photographer): "Somehow I like to sit on the floor. . . . I talk to a lot of knees that way."*
SONIA BRAGA *(actress): "I love iced tea. You tip it to your lips and the ice cubes go tingy-tingy-ting."*

JULY 6 • LOS ANGELES
Robert Graham's party at his Venice studio to show off his new sculptures. **Guests:** Christopher Isherwood, Joan Didion, Richard Diebenkorn, Timothy Leary, Dennis Hopper. **Food:** West Beach Café taquito bar in the garden. **Drink:** Fresh orange juice (to the relief of the Perrier-saturated). **Dress:** Whites. **Ambience:** Surreal juxtaposition of god-like guests and Graham's herculean bronze torsos bathed in afternoon light. Equally surreal: Warren Beatty, who came by himself and stood in the garden eating a taquito solitarily, went up to one of the ladies present and asked, "Haven't we met somewhere before?"

JULY 13 • LOS ANGELES
Dinner for Francis Coppola at 72 Market St. launching his new vintage, Niebaum-Coppola Rubicon 1979. **Guests:** Talia Shire, Jeff and Susan Bridges, Roy and Carol Doumani, Paul Gurian, Wolfgang Puck, and Eleanor Coppola, Francis's mother. **Food:** Coppola himself made a sweaty, hearty peasant dish from his mother's recipe. **Dress:** The women wore dresses by Victoria. Coppola sported white Gurkha shorts and a butcher's apron spotted with spaghetti sauce. **Set:** Hollywood's idea of a trattoria. Many toasts were made between Verdi baritone arias, including an inevitable one to his mother.

JULY 31 • CHICAGO
The Chicago Limelight opening was the worst party of the year. **Guests:** More than three thousand invited, but a three-hour wait to get in. Tony Bennett, Danny Aiello, Bonnie Swearingen, Sugar Rautbord. Biggest insult to Chicagoans: Andy Warhol being imported to jazz things up. **Food:** Not even one pretzel. **Drink:** Cash bar. **Dress:** One eye patch, many live reptiles. **Moans:** How disgusting it was to be made to wait for three hours to get into a party no one wanted to go to anyway, how maybe people put up with that sort of thing in New York.

AUGUST 16 • GLOUCESTERSHIRE
Baron "Heini" Thyssen-Bornemisza and former Miss Spain Tita Cervera Barker's wedding reception at his country house, Daylesford. **Guests:** The Duchess of Marlborough, Lucien Freud, Ann Getty, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II, Alecko Papamarkou, the Duke of Badajoz, Heini's son, Heini, Tita's son, Borja. **Food:** A wedding cake out of which two doves flew as Tita sliced. **Music:** A small but relentless Eastern European orchestra including a freak ten-inch violin. **Notes:** The ceremony took place in a little registry office crawling with *paparazzi*. Tita herself organized the press call to make sure no one missed out. Mrs. Ford was mistaken for a *paparazza*, and people thought that hysterical. Heini dashingly carried his fifth bride over the threshold.

AUGUST 18 • THE HAMPTONS
Impromptu dinner party given by Christophe de Menil for John Guare, Adele Chatfield-Taylor, Jill Spalding, Bill Devane, and Lukas and Cornelia Foss, prepared by all, eaten in her Amagansett kitchen. **Provender:** Bedazzling. Two huge lobsters each, twenty-four ears of corn, thirty different cheeses, a cornucopia of exotic fruit, four kinds of bread, eight flavors of Häagen-Dazs, magnums of Château Pétrus, Dom Pérignon before and after dinner. Adele Chatfield-Taylor's job was to massage the lobsters' foreheads, inducing a reverie that took their minds off being boiled to death. **Music:** The sound of water boiling away in great caldrons.

SEPTEMBER 1 • CAPE COD
Ding Watson, Eleanor Munro, and E. J. Kahn Jr.'s annual end-of-summer party, Ballston Beach, Truro. **Guests:** Marge Piercy, Paul Resika, Philip Hamburger, Annie Dillard, Robert Jay Lifton, Anne Bernays. **Food:** Smoked bluefish from E. J. Kahn's own smoker. **Drink:** Cheap Spanish champagne served by E. J. Kahn in a woebegone Panama hat. **Dress:** Bohemian purple and white. **Music:** Intergenerational dancing to the Beatles and Talking Heads, D.J.'d by Tom Watson. **Comment:** Summer people and year-rounders get together on this high green hill and reminisce looking out over the dunes. Joe "*Cape Light*" Meyerowitz with his 1938 Deardorff camera takes beautiful photographs.

SEPTEMBER 17 • UPPER EAST SIDE
Alice Mason's season-premiere black-tie dinner for fifty in her art-stuffed rooms. **Guests:** Norman and Norris Church Mailer, David and Helen Gurley Brown, Arianna Stassinopoulos. **Conversation:** At Alice's table Carl Icahn, not content with grabbing TWA, made a takeover bid, fended off only by the wit of Malcolm Forbes and sly deflection of Norman Lear. Icahn accused all C.E.O.'s of being "Waspy guys who sit on blue-ribbon boards and cheat the shareholders out of their rightful dues." Aileen Mehle defended the Revlon board: "A fine board, an honorable board, Mr. Icahn!" "Don't patronize me, Eileen [*sic*]!" roared Icahn. In fact, the tycoon preying on Revlon, Ron Perelman, was craning his ears at the next table. **Minutes:** This was a pop-up book of the *Times*'s business news, a cabaret of corporate life. Forbes walked away with a half-million bucks from Icahn for Princeton.

SEPTEMBER 18 • NEW YORK
Judy Taubman and the Earl of Westmorland's Indian durbar at Sotheby's. **Guests:** Liz Fondaras, Freddie Melhado, Jesse Kornbluth, Fred Hughes, Larry Lovett, Mrs. Henry Ford II, Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall, the Maharaja of Jodhpur and the Rajmata of Jaipur. **Food:** Glorious Food went Indian from mango chutney to mango sorbet. **Conversation:** South Africa, how amazing the invitation was, and how glamorous the rajmata looked. **Estimate:** Guests wore $23 to $28 million worth of jewelry.

TEMBER 23 • PARIS

opening of the ravishingly elegant Picasso Museum in the Ma-
, hosted by Jack Lang. **Guests:** Various Picassos, Drue Heinz,
/in Tomkins and Susan Cheever, Richard Serra, Richard Olden-
, Ashton Hawkins, Thomas Ammann, "Heini" Thyssen. Pres-
t Mitterrand arrived at four P.M. with a claque of submachine
ers. **Dress:** Best friends Lily Auchincloss and Joanne Stern
/ed together wearing the same black Bill Blass dress, and were
ed "the Dolly Sisters." **Ambience:** Romantic and leisurely.
lized rivalries: Between museum directors Dominique Bozo
Pontus Hulten, and Picasso biographers John Richardson and
nna Stassinopoulos.

TOBER 30 • WASHINGTON, D.C.

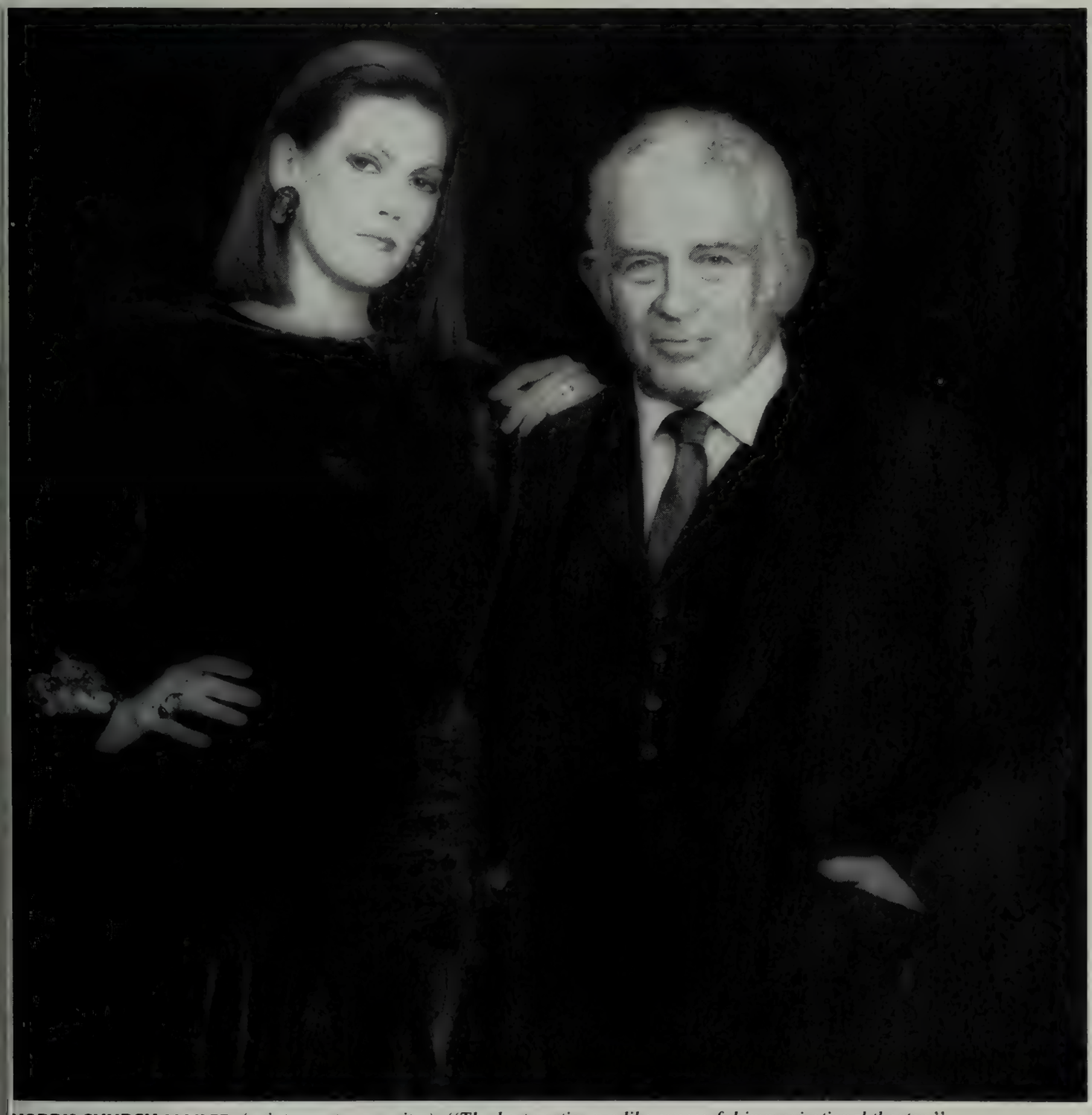
n Coleman's Ritz-Carlton dinner for the "Magnificent Seven"
ers of the great "Treasure Houses of Britain" in the National Gal-
of Art's exhibition. **Guests:** The Marlboroughs from Blenheim,
Montagus from Beaulieu, the Romseys from Broadlands, the Howards from Castle Howard, the Herberts from Warwick Castle, the Tavistocks from Woburn (Lord Harewood couldn't come, thereby reducing it to the Magnificent Six). **Grace notes:** Bagpipes, trumpeters in beefeater togs, British toastmaster Ivor Spencer, raised eyebrows of certain lords and ladies.

NOVEMBER 9 • THE WHITE HOUSE

The Reagans' private dinner for the Prince and Princess of Wales was the year's hottest ticket, with Di as the socialite's Bruce Springsteen. So many strings had been pulled all year, the social secretariat were twitching like marionettes.

DECEMBER 9 • NEW YORK

Mrs. Vreeland's gala soirée previewing her annual Costume Institute show at the Metropolitan Museum is the dizzying pinnacle of the social climber's winter season. With all those sumptuous Indian embroideries to compete with, this year's dresses should be particularly eye-boggling. It is the bread and circuses of the *W* crowd, where gown watching is a blood sport. □



NORRIS CHURCH MAILER *(painter, actress, writer): "The best parties are like successful improvisational theater."*
NORMAN MAILER *(writer): "I don't mind a little magic in my life, but I don't expect to find it at dinner parties."*



In this detail of an early-twentieth-century anga coat, a maharaja is enshrined in a flowering paradise of gold and silver.



Robes of PARADISE

Undisputed mistress of this month's blockbuster show at New York's Metropolitan Museum, "The Royal Costumes of India," is the Maharani of Cooch Behar—the same princess captured by the pen of another maharani, her daughter the Rajmata of Jaipur, in *A Princess Remembers*.

Diana Vreeland, organizer of the Met's show, remembers the Maharani of Cooch Behar when "she was dancing in Paris. She was by far the most beautiful woman I'd ever looked at: frightfully gay, raucous, marvelous." Her jewelry was legendary. In this 1925 portrait by Philip de László, she wears cabochon emeralds suspended from gold earrings, and strands of pearls. For a pet, she kept a live turtle with gems embedded in its shell and brought it along when gambling in France.

The maharani's portrait reigns over a collection of enviable riches from December 20 through August 31. Vreeland and her associate Stephen Jamail have gathered together the treasures of India's princely families—gold-encrusted coats, silver furniture, silk turbans, and opulent jewelry, including a silver elephant crown. The princess would have approved.



Set in a sunburst of precious sequins and gold embroidery, another maharaja peers out from an early-twentieth-century anga coat. Not far away sits his coiled cobra, at right.





Taking on the world. Kirk Douglas flanked by the four sons from his two marriages: left to right, Joel and Michael, Eric and Peter, all fighting their way through Hollywood.



The Douglas Dynasty

For Kirk Douglas and his four sons, it's us against them. His angry Russian blood has spilled over into them. MARIE BRENNER investigates how he goads them, excoriates them, energizes them into Hollywood's most dynamic dynasty

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Kirk Douglas's four sons—two from each marriage—received frequent letters from him when they were growing up, mailed from the house on North Canon Drive in Beverly Hills or from wherever he was on location, whether it was Laramie, Mexico City, Rome, or Haifa. When Douglas's career was at its zenith, in the fifties and sixties, he often made three pictures a year, and at the end of a working day he would sit down in his trailer or hotel room, pull out plain paper and pen, and try to get his point across to his sons in a diatribe or a panegyric. "Dear Mike," "Dear Joe," "Dear Pete," "Eric dear." The handwritten pages filled up with his bromides: Get your grades up, stop fighting with your brother, try harder, be modest, be a lawyer, stay out of the movie business, *function*. Always implicit was the same theme: You are letting me down. "Never forget, I was lucky. I grew up poor. I had nowhere to go but up," he would write them. "I used to ream out the boys a lot," Kirk Douglas explains. "That way they knew I was concerned, that I really cared." Having been abandoned as a child by his own father, he was determined not to abandon his sons.

The first thing you notice about Kirk Douglas is the tension in his jaw. His chin shows no sign of receding, even though his hair has thinned, his face is somewhat drawn, and he is close to seventy. Douglas had to fight to keep his chin in his early days in the picture business, when the studio wanted him to get plastic surgery; it was later his signature on-screen, the fount of his acting energy, and now its prominence signals that he has not yet begun to retire. The second thing you notice about Kirk Douglas is his sinewy body; he moves like a much younger man. He is vain even as a grandfather, the last angry star. At home he paces, rides his sons, corrects their errors, accuses Peter of being "chickenshit" because he once used a pseudonym on a script. He rests his feet on a coffee table as if he were ready to spring; instead his finger jabs at the air, his voice rises, his hand comes to rest for a beat on his muscular thigh.

Douglas talks about his body the way some men describe the Dome of the Rock; he calls it a temple, a shrine, the abuse of which is a total sin. Each morning he is up early to work with his trainer on weights and special gravity machines. He still competes with his sons and points out their every imperfection, each pound, each cell of fat. "Jesus, Michael tells me he won't even come down to our house in Palm Springs anymore, because he knows I'll be there in my bikini and I'll tell him, 'What is that flab?' " Douglas hates sloth, and when he says the word *sloppy*, his lip curls with the fury of the gunman at the O.K. Corral whom he once played.

His father, Herschel Danielovitch, a junk dealer, abandoned him and his six sisters when he was fourteen, yet when he talks about him, the first thing he says is that he was a *bulvon*, Yiddish for more brawn than brains. "He was the most physically powerful man in Amsterdam, New York," Douglas says, and when he tells stories about his past, they are framed in *bulvon* terms, Kirk Douglas against the world. He questioned each success. When he was invited to join Hillcrest Country Club thirty years ago, he railed against the membership committee, and he is still railing: "They asked me how much money I gave to charity! What business was that of theirs?" He describes himself as isolated, "a man without cronies," burrowed into his Beverly Hills shtetl, never quite believing that he actually became a star. Star or not, over the years he developed another persona, which became his reality. "I am," he says constantly, "always fighting. I am reliving the Danielovitch story."

The boys were never shielded from their father's emotions, which was probably their salvation. They grew up with real-life behavior in an unreal world, as well as with a litany of rags-to-riches clichés. They learned how their father, who first changed his name to Izzy Demsky, and who slaved to support his mother and sisters, grew up so poor that he had to "bake a potato in the gutter" until he talked his way into St. Lawrence University and rose to become president of the class. At twenty-two the tireless Sisyphus hit New York, got into the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, fell in love with a classmate, Diana Dill, stole his name from Douglas Fairbanks, and so impressed Lauren Bacall, another classmate, that she gave him her uncle's hand-me-down coat. Once he got to Hollywood, his career took off. But on some level he was still living in the shtetl. "Whatever skills my father had to deal with success and failure he learned as Danielovitch," says Peter Douglas. "And he is still using them."

When one of the boys did something wrong and Douglas's wife or his ex-wife reported it into the long-distance air, Spartacus would sigh and reach for the letter paper, binding his sons to him forever with the power of his disapproval, translating his clenched jaw and tightened fist into stern prose. Douglas's style as a father was as deterministic as his acting manner was direct; subtlety was never his strong suit, offscreen or on. His vision for two sets of sons, anchored on separate coasts, was nothing less than dynastic. The four Douglas boys were bound together by their father's "crazed Russian temperament," as Michael, the eldest, explains, and by the "immense stability" of his two wives. Somehow, in this extended family, the mantle of the movie business passed smoothly. In a métier that often does in its young, all four Douglas sons grew up, as they say, functioning.

Michael, who is forty-one, was always the star, whether he was wrestling at Choate or acting on television in *The Streets of San Francisco* or taking political stands. Even when he briefly dropped out of college to work at a gas station, he was named Mobil Man of the Month. "Michael perseveres, he is very serious about work," says his friend Lisa Weinstein, the producer. He persevered, for instance, in getting *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* to the screen after his father had tried without success for over ten years. When Michael won five Academy Awards for *Cuckoo's Nest*, a certain amount of sorting out had to be done by father and son. "It was a question of the old stag versus the young stag," says Michael's mother Diana Dill Darrid, Douglas's first wife and the mother of the two eldest boys. "It took my father and me a long time to work through all our problems," Michael says. Their professionalism served as a balm; Kirk Douglas struck a tough deal with his son, demanding 7.5 percent of the film's gross. "My father always wore his producer's hat," Michael says. "Dad has made about $15 million on the picture so far," says Pe

"so whatever his feelings were, he been well compensated."

Michael's brother, Joel, who is thir-ight, was the line producer on *Cuck-s Nest,* just as he has been on most his brother's films, including *Ro-ncing the Stone* and *The Jewel of the* . Their fraternal bond is as strong as when they were Central Park st schoolboys living with their moth- in New York. Their stepmother, ne, calls Joel "the nicest member of family, a teddy bear who falls in every other month." However ca-ious he may be with women—he been divorced twice—he has stayed ked with his older brother in busi-s. He is, in his words, "lawyer, her, father, psychiatrist, and iness head" of their produc-s.

Their closeness was fused when were children. Their mother, na Dill, was an actress whose er was the crown solicitor of muda. Their stepfather, Bill rid, was a theatrical producer, rmal, stable, and a powerful in-nce in our life," Michael says. kids, they would leave their ld of East Coast manners and west to the Canon Drive home heir father, the star. "I would on the plane going west and I ld cry going east," says Joel. "We to develop an emotional toughness eling between our two different lds," Michael says. They relied on other then, and still do. "When hael and I have been working twen-ours straight and everything is going ng," says Joel, "I will look at him etimes at three in the morning and 'Brother, I need a hug.' "

On their visits, Michael and Joel ked as studio gofers and later as nical assistants. Their father's mes-was mixed: Work this summer, but out of this crazy world. They ld play with their half brothers, Pe-nd Eric, who were ten years youn-Peter, now thirty, grew up to be ewhat grave, an accomplished pro-r and screenwriter. He apprenticed a disaster, *The Final Countdown,* ch his father's company developed, he vindicated himself last summer a hit, *Fletch.* "Jesus, I had just en used to Michael being famous now I have to cope with Peter as ," says his father. His brother, Eric, the family's only other actor, is as vain about his body as his father. "We don't discuss age in our family," says the twenty-seven-year-old blond. Named Eric because he was born during *The Vikings,* he is appropriately jut-jawed and determined. He trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and complains that directors prefer the non-acting style of the Hollywood Brat Pack. Like his father, who was always fighting the conventions of his time, Eric rails at the Brat Pack and says that directors find him arrogant even when he takes small parts, as he did in *The Flamingo Kid.* "I say things like *Is there a first-class ticket? Is the limo coming? What is the completion bond?*" Then he catches himself, hearing his father's voice say the words. "Jesus, my dad always told me, 'It is a curse to know too much.' "

Like the Kennedy heirs, the Douglases grew up seeking their father's approval by carving out their lives in his world.

They all have their own stories about the moment when it sank in that their father was different. Eric was in Mexico City, on location with him, "frustrated because he would never take me anywhere like other dads would." One day they went to an amusement park. "All of a sudden Dad was recognized, and they started coming at us like a swarm of bees. Nobody cared who I was. I was a nonentity. But Dad had to hold me so tight so I wouldn't get crushed that he wound up breaking my arm." Joel remembers being in Israel with his father, in a barbershop, seeing faces staring in the window. "When we got outside, there was a mob two blocks long." Peter says, "My dad was always uptight. He didn't get off on being mobbed like other stars did."

They grew up with the vernacular of the business, "sleeping and drinking and eating my father's career at the dinner table," as Eric says. They heard about "go projects" and no-go scripts destined for "turnaround." They watched their father become one of the early independent producers, and they absorbed the lessons of betrayal and falsity. They watched Anne, Eric and Peter's mother, go after their father's mentor and business manager, who was robbing him blind, and attach the assets of a best friend, who had welshed on a loan. The Douglases bonded together, united in a psychological shtetl, where it was *us against them.* Even today, says a friend, "they are still leveraging for each other." In the early days,

> Douglas was called a Commie sympathizer by Hedda Hopper when he hired the blacklisted Dalton Trumbo to write *Lonely Are the Brave.* Later, after his career had peaked, his closest friend wouldn't hire him for a film, implying that he wasn't bankable anymore. Douglas would tell his sons, Forget it, keep trying, just keep working, and they would keep talking projects, and still do, only now they are packaging movies for their father to play in.

It is a Saturday afternoon on North Rexford Drive in the Beverly Hills flats, south of Sunset. Kirk and Anne Douglas are at home, observing their Saturday rituals. They are just off the tennis court. Anne is still in her jogging clothes; Kirk has changed into a fresh pink shirt.

Their French Provincial cottage, acquired after the boys grew out of North Canon Drive, is filled with their paintings—Chagalls, Vlamincks, Mirós. "Bill Holden's sculpture collection" is out by the pool. Douglas talks a lot about his pictures, his "new Balthus," his "early Miró." The acquisition of these romantic pictures says a great deal about the journey he has made, the *mise en scène.* For some reason, the art collections in the Beverly Hills flats are almost always French, which carries an easily understood label of class; you rarely see a Francis Bacon or a Constable. The Ray Starks—close friends of the Douglases'—have a Picasso in their library which rises electrically to reveal the windows of a projection booth, but the only time the North Rexford Drive pictures *(Continued on page 135)*



Sugar Plum Furry

Encore, encore: It's Christmas again, season of furs and ubiquitous performances of *The Nutcracker.* At the New York City Ballet Mr. B's perennially lovely production—as breath-catchingly nostalgic as a blanket of snow—features Stephanie Saland (the Sugar Plum Fairy) and Otto Neubert (the Cavalier). Here, ballet's newest romantic couple execute a pas de deux swath in the latest ermine and fox and mink. Deep and crisp and even lovelier



This page: White fox stole from the Revillon Collection, to order from Saks Fifth Avenue stores. White fox fling from Goldin-Feldman, N.Y.C., and to order from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; N. H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; and Bullocks Wilshire, L.A. Aquamarine-and-diamond necklace and earrings, all from Fred Leighton.

site page:
te ermine
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ts by Capezio.



Amalita Fortabat
her Buenos Aires drav
room with the Tur
that made her fam

Don't Cry for Me, AMALITA

She's the cement queen of South America, the beef baroness of the pampas. And is she the mystery figure who bought Florence Gould's 9.9 million Van Gogh? BOB COLACELLO flew to Buenos Aires to meet the most powerful woman in Argentina, Amalita Fortabat

Waiter! Waiter!'' Amalita Fortabat calls across the Pool Room of the Four Seasons.

'Yes, madam.''

'A tape recorder, please. And quickly, eh?''

'I'm sorry, madam. We don't have tape recorders at the ır Seasons.''

t is a cold day in March, and Mrs. Fortabat, the Argentin- lady who put herself on the international publicity map buying a Turner for $7 million at Sotheby's in 1980, has ɔed her sable coat over her shoulders like a cape. A strik- blonde, with eyes the golden gray of good caviar, fair ı, and great legs, she looks a decade younger than her y-odd years. At her side sits Luis Máximo Premoli, a ner colonel and government official now active in the ;entinean publishing business. Lunch has been arranged liscuss the possibility of my going to Buenos Aires to rview Mrs. Fortabat, and she is doing everything possible ntrigue me. Of course, she's succeeding.

'I am a lover!'' she proclaims. ''I am a giver! Am I a ɐr, Luis?''

'The biggest giver of them all.''

'But don't cross me, eh? Because then I am ruthless! s, tell him how ruthless I am.''

'The most ruthless of the ruthless,'' says ex-colonel Pre- li.

As she moves from lobster and Cristal to steak and Châ- ı Margaux, Mrs. Fortabat and I discuss itineraries: ''To- rrow I take my Lear to Washington for the White House ner for our president, Alfonsín. Then back to Buenos es for the big ball of Rosemarie Marcie-Rivière, who I re, then back to Washington for another dinner at the ıite House—my God, I have three White House invita- ıs in one month!''

'I wish I had my tape recorder'' is all I can think of ing—hence the dialogue with the waiter at the beginning his story.

After lunch, at the coat check, Mrs. Fortabat treats me to ıther scene of social theater. As she opens her bag to fix face, I spy a velvet case. ''What's in there?'' I ask mis- evously. Without a second's thought, Mrs. Fortabat pulls out a diamond bracelet and a diamond ring, both of the quality auction houses call ''very important.'' ''Not bad, eh?'' she says, holding up the *pièce de résistance:* a simple gold ring boasting an emerald the size of a Chunky bar. The coat-check girl, not as cool as the waiter, can barely say thank you when ex-colonel Premoli hands her a ten-dollar tip.

Exuberant, uninhibited, flirtatious, tempestuous—Amalia Lacroze de Fortabat is all of those things. She is also an increasingly important figure in Pan-American business and political circles, a woman who—like Washington *Post* publisher Katharine Graham—took the reins of power when her husband died. Loma Negra, the giant, privately held company she inherited ten years ago and runs single-handedly, is the largest supplier of cement in South America (''I do four and a half million tons a year,'' she says). Her 400,000 acres of Argentinean ranchland make her the country's biggest producer of beef—and beef is to Argentina what oil is to Saudi Arabia. Her charitable and social-welfare programs rival those of the government itself, and during the 1982 Falklands/Malvinas war against Great Britain she lent the military her Learjet, her helicopters, and her pilots. She is building the most up-to-date children's hospital in Buenos Aires, gives annual literary prizes for fiction and poetry, and finances exhibitions of contemporary Argentinean art. No wonder President Raúl Alfonsín and opposition Peronist Party leaders regularly seek her advice and support. Some Argentineans think she'd like to be president herself.

In New York, while other ladies are chewing the chintz with their decorators at Le Cirque, Mrs. Fortabat discusses the Latin debt crisis with David Rockefeller at the Knickerbocker Club. Henry Kissinger gives dinners for her, and she's a regular at the tables of Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, the secretary-general of the United Nations, and, in Washington, of João Clemente Baena Soares, the secretary-general of the Organization of American States. Her horse farm, in Middleburg, Virginia, adjoins Paul Mellon's. And although she denies it, visitors to her apartment at the Pierre hotel whisper that she is the hitherto mysterious collector who landed Florence Gould's $9.9 million Van Gogh.

Photograph by KAREN RADKAI

Buenos Aires is a three-hour flight from Rio de Janeiro, itself already ten hours south of New York as the 747 flies. On the Monday that I arrive, the airport is nearly deserted: this is the end of the line—there is nothing beyond but empty pampas stretching toward Antarctica. More than 11 million people, nearly 40 percent of Argentina's population, live in Buenos Aires and its suburbs. It is, as one Argentinean puts it, "a metropolis in the middle of nowhere. Maybe that's why we try so hard to be European, sophisticated, civilized."

The highway from the airport to the city is straight, flat, and old. The overhead bridges and occasional billboard advertising Jockey Club cigarettes are covered in graffiti, all political: LAS MALVINAS SON ARGENTINAS; VIVA ISABELITA; PATRIA O MUERTE. The center of the city, with its peeling Bellas Artes palaces, seems small and faded. From my room at the Art Deco Plaza Hotel I can see the only two contemporary skyscrapers: the IBM tower and the Sheraton. Buenos Aires is always compared to Paris, Barcelona, or Madrid. It reminds me of Prague, a once grand and prosperous capital where time has stopped.

Until the 1930s, Argentina had a standard of living almost as high as that of the United States. Then came the Depression, the Peróns (who stole from the rich and gave to Swiss banks), rotating dictators and democrats, Perón again (with his second wife, Isabelita, in the role of Evita), the Montonero terrorist campaign, and eight years of reactionary military rule, culminating in the disastrous Falklands/Malvinas war.

During the 1982 Falklands/Malvinas war against Great Britain she lent the military her Learjet, her helicopters, and her pilots.

Mrs. Fortabat arriving at the White House state dinner for Argentina's President Alfonsín.



"To be rich in Argentina is an exercise in survival," says ejandro Furlong, whose family is among the wealthier. nd the greatest survivor is Amalita. Look at her! During seventies she was known for entertaining the wives of ierals. Now she's known for going to the White House h Alfonsín. But remember, the rich clung to the military ause we felt very threatened by the Montoneros—and we re right to be. I was sitting in the Restaurante Munich en the Montoneros machine-gunned it."

Restaurante Munich is the Mortimer's of Barrio Norte, ich is the Upper East Side of Buenos Aires. Amalita Foat lives there atop a new thirteen-story apartment house lt by her construction company with her cement. It is not emarkable building, except for the two entrances, each h its own doorman, lobby, and elevator: one for Amalita l her daughter and grandchildren, who live in the duplex ow hers, and the other for everybody else. The Fortabat ry is done entirely in white marble; on the other side, only trim is from Carrara.

The apartment itself is huge, an odd mixture of the modern l the manorial, elaborate parquet floors and plain low ceils, coromandel screens and sectional sofas, bright white lls and miles of Marie Antoinette moldings. From the vate elevator, one enters a foyer featuring a pair of Warhol traits of a Marilyn-esque Mrs. Fortabat hung on either e of a large Chinese chest. A neatly uniformed butler ows me upstairs to a large Windsor-blue drawing room h a commanding view of the Parque Palermo and the wide de la Plata beyond. At the far end, over the mantelpiece, ngs the famous Turner painting of Piazza San Marco, *Ju and Her Nurse,* circa 1836. A waiter appears with a tle of Dom Pérignon and a tray of beluga on toast, and n, looking very *comme il faut* in brown silk set off by a bit gold jewelry, the lady of the house.

She sits on a cream brocade sofa, takes a glass of champagne, sips, and smiles at me coquettishly. "What is it you nt to know about me?"

"Everything."

She laughs exuberantly, her lipstick glossy red, her teeth pensively perfect.

"People say you bought the Van Gogh at the Gould sale."

"No. Why would they think it was me?"

"Because you are one of the few people who can afford to y a painting for that amount of money."

"Good." Another sip of D.P. "Maybe Alfred Taubman ught it and doesn't want to say. I love champagne at this e of day, don't you? Well, it's the time of day I love the st: midday. Then I take a little nap before going back to rk. I get into my bed and in five minutes I'm out. I sleep like g."

A table is set for lunch at the other end of the room—with r places. Mrs. Fortabat explains that she thought I might nt to change places and views with each course. "First, u sit here and see the swimming pool. I have a very nice ueghel by the swimming pool." Indeed she does, and a -size china leopard beneath it. "Then you sit here and see dining room. Unfortunately, as I'm leaving for New York he end of the week, I put some of my pictures in a safe, so u don't see my Gauguin and my Van Gogh—not the one you think, eh? And for dessert, you sit here and see the Turner."

Lunch is long and lavish. Crêpes stuffed with maize in a thick cream sauce are followed by duck in orange sauce surrounded by rosettes of chestnut purée, then hearts-of-palm salad, and, finally, a cake covered in marshmallow and caramel, all of it borne on heavy silver platters. Mrs. Fortabat drinks champagne throughout, and does most of the talking, but she always remains in complete control, dodging touchy personal questions with the wiles of a Hollywood veteran, tricky political ones with the obfuscations of a seasoned senator.

"I wish you could come with me to Catamarca," she says. "It's a very poor province where I built the most modern cement plant in the world, a beautiful little jewel—it cost me $194 million. You would see what a good relationship I have with the people who work in the factories. They all call me Señora Amalita or La Señora. Even when there is a general strike, sometimes they don't strike against me. They call me and say, 'We don't need to strike; you treat us very well.' Well, it's very normal what I do. Maybe it's not general. But I mean, they have fantastic houses, very nice schools, very nice playgrounds for the children, scholarships for those who want a higher education.

"Every weekend I go with the Lear and visit the factories—I have seven factories of portland cement, four thousand employees—and the ranches, because generally I don't have time during the week. I go and come back that night. I used to spend a lot of time in the country ages ago—my husband adored it. But I'm a worker. I'm not a dilettante. I'm not contemplative. I don't know how to relax. A friend of mine calls me Apollo 12. He says I was like a missile that was tied to the ground and once they let me go, out I went!

"But a woman who works is also a woman, who takes care of the house and sees if the champagne is cold and the air-conditioning is on. I have a double job. I am president of companies, president of the foundation, and I am also a mother and a grandmother and a very dear aunt for nephews and nieces that are like my children. They depend on me—I don't mean economically, but I'm the father and the mother for my daughter, my grandchildren, my sister. . .I'm the father, eh? I would love for you to meet my grandchildren—they are simply fantastic. I generally have dinner alone here whenever I come in from the office, and then they come upstairs and sit on my bed and tell me their day. But their day completely, eh? And how they work! The boy is already in the foundation, and the girl will start to work there when she finishes school. And not one of them thinks that they will not work forever. They saw their grandfather work, like they see me, and they know they are going to work until they're ninety."

I ask Mrs. Fortabat if she could conceive of retiring someday.

"Retire! Me? Never."

But it's not very usual for a woman to work so hard in Argentina, is it?

"I'm not usual."

The line that the Argentineans are Italians who speak Spanish, act French, and wish they were English is a cliché, but it illuminates the cultural confusion that plagues the national identity. "I'm a fourth-generation Argentine," says Mrs. Fortabat. "My mother's side was Spanish, *(Continued on page 138)*

The Pirates of Polanski

Just what has that naughty ROMAN POLANSKI been up to? Well, as he writes here, the buccaneering director is making a rambunctious costume romp called Pirates. Shiver me timbers



Almost ten years ago, I decided I wanted to make a movie about pirates. I've always loved pirate stories. At the beginning of one of his pirate books, Howard Pyle says that a little bit of devilry is necessary for the young reader, and that's what you get from a pirate story—that and the atmosphere of a fairy tale. No one has ever made an authentic, convincing pirate movie before. There were some lovely Hollywood films, like *Captain Blood,* but they were shot on soundstages or on the back lot. I wanted a full-fledged pirate picture, with real ships, and sails flying, and blue water, and I wanted to get some humor in it. So in *Pirates* I have Walter Matthau playing Captain Red, I have a huge Spanish galleon that we built for $8 million, and I have a beautiful princess that the pirates capture and hold for ransom. The princess is played by Charlotte Lewis [*opposite page,* with Polanski], an English model who had never acted before. She's eighteen years old now, and she has what I needed for the film: dark hair, dark eyes, and the look of innocence.

Photographs by HARRY BENSON

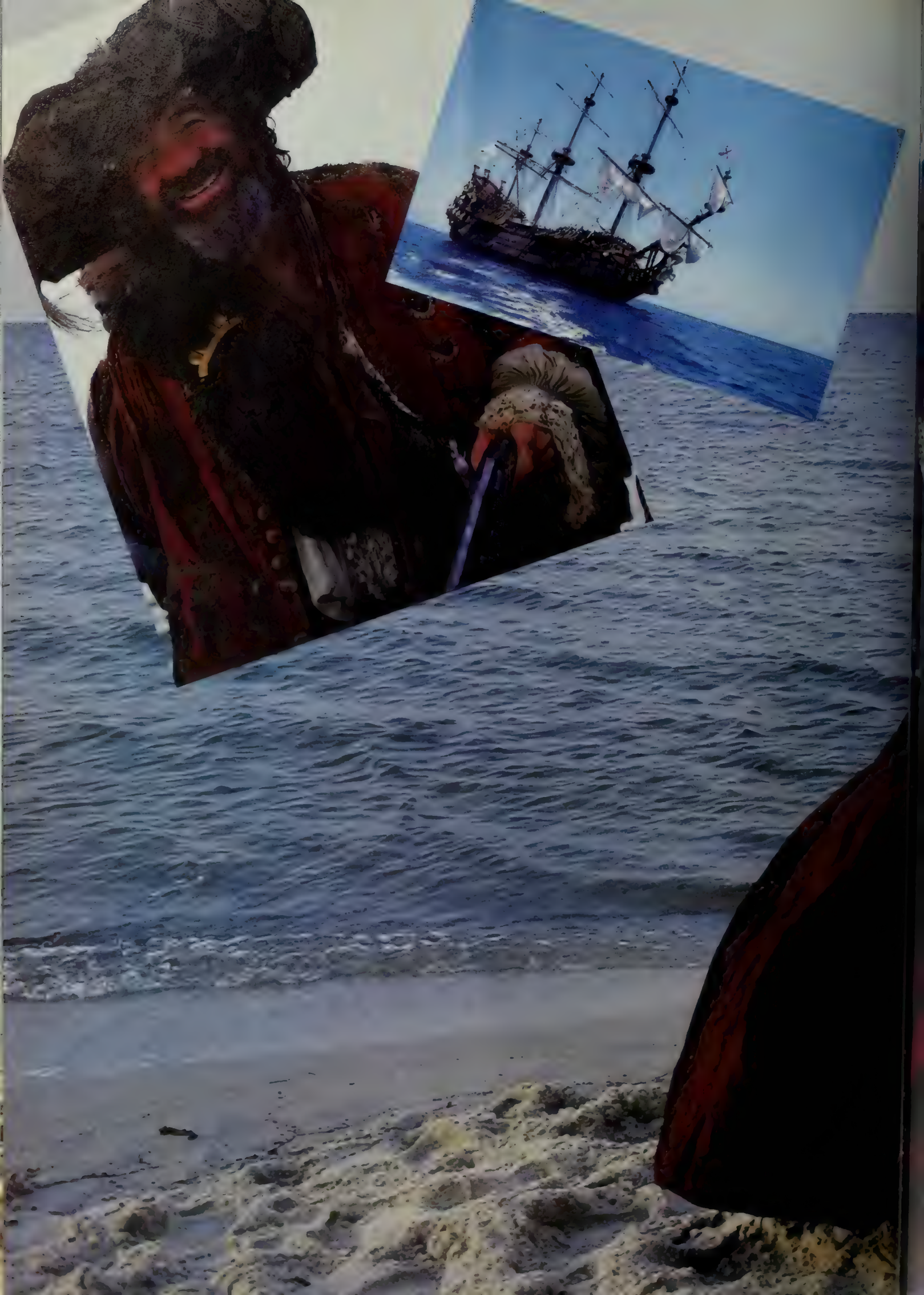


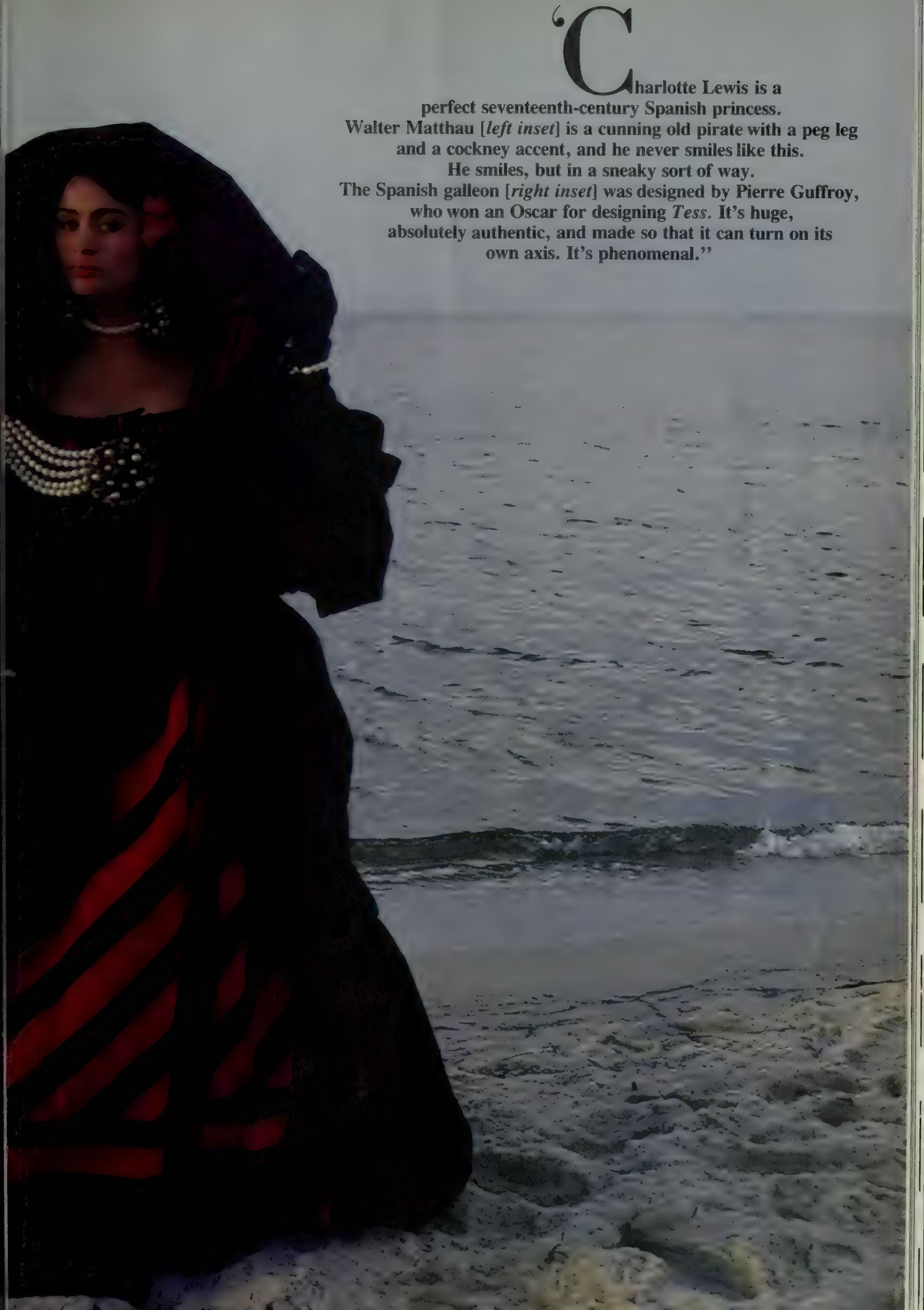


"These pictures were taken on a Mediterranean beach in Tunisia, where we were filming; it was August and the sand was so hot it felt sexy. That's me in the foreground with my pistol."



Behind Roman Polanski, from left to right, are Sydney Bromley, Charlotte Lewis, Walter Matthau, Cris Campion, Damien Thomas, and Ohu Jacobs.





"Charlotte Lewis is a perfect seventeenth-century Spanish princess. Walter Matthau [*left inset*] is a cunning old pirate with a peg leg and a cockney accent, and he never smiles like this. He smiles, but in a sneaky sort of way. The Spanish galleon [*right inset*] was designed by Pierre Guffroy, who won an Oscar for designing *Tess*. It's huge, absolutely authentic, and made so that it can turn on its own axis. It's phenomenal."



PORTRAIT OF STEPHEN SPENDER, MAUSSANE, FRANCE, 1985, BY DAVID HOCKNEY

From a wartime lunch with T. S. Eliot to dinner with Jacqueline Onassis, SIR STEPHEN SPENDER's memoirs (published next month) record an extraordinary cross section of literary life. These excerpts also include W. H. Auden, Willie Maugham, Edith Sitwell, Germaine Greer, Guy Burgess, Vera Stravinsky, and even the Queen Mother

Splendid SPENDER

September 26, 1939, London
Lunch with T. S. Eliot

I had lunch with Eliot a few /s ago at the club. I remember that we had Port Salut cheese, ich he chose. We each had a half of draft beer, so we were y abstemious. He smoked his French cigarettes. He was y gentle and courteous, as he always is, and more than that talked with a great deal of freedom, was not at all "the great n." At lunch I said that it might be a good thing to start a v magazine now. He agreed, but asked whether I thought we ıld get any subscribers. I said not till January, I suppose. He .ed me what I was doing, and I said, I think, writing my sthumous works, and that I wasn't taking an official job. said, "I think it's very important that as many writers as sible should remain detached and not have any official sition." I mentioned that I had sent in my name to the nistry of Information and the War Office, but had had no ly. He had done ditto to the Foreign Office and had also l no reply.

He said he had designed a cover for his children's book ut cats. "I don't know whether it's altogether successful. ind that in drawing it seems purely a matter of chance ether I get the expression I want on a cat face or not. So I /e to make a great many drawings and hope that sooner or later I'll strike in the expression I want."

About writing, he said that it was very important that one should, at all costs, go on writing now. "It doesn't seem to me to matter very much whether one isn't able to do anything very good. The important thing is to keep going. Probably it's impossible to do excellent work while things are so disturbed."

I mentioned that I hadn't been able to work, so had started this journal. He said, "Yes, that's an excellent idea. Just writing every day is a way of keeping the engine running, and then something good may come out of it."

He talked a little about Joyce. "If he wrote anything now, it would have to be so entirely different from *Finnegans Wake* that one can easily imagine the necessary reorganization of his whole way of thinking would be too much for him." I said that perhaps he might write something simple, as, indeed, it is in parts of *F.W.*, but that it would be difficult to imagine him using a simpler vocabulary. Still more so abandoning his linguistic discoveries.

I said how necessary I felt it to be to be lucid in poetry when the world was so confused. I tried to explain my difficulties. I write entirely from ear and from my own inner sense of what the poem should be. That is to say that from the first few lines, which occur to me suddenly as a "gift," I work the rest out simply by writing and rewriting so as to develop the logic of what I have to say as fully and clearly as possible. I dream that one might attain a great freedom in this

way. But there are disadvantages in this way of writing, which is *par excellence* the method of the vers-librist. In the first place, it concentrates entirely on expression, and it is poetry only insofar as the thought happens to be poetry. Whereas if one chooses a form which is in itself poetry, like any of the well-known traditional forms, the traditional use of the form tends toward poetry, to which one conforms.

Eliot seemed to agree with me that Auden's virtuosity in using accepted forms, while it certainly saves him from extremes of subjectivity and also, to some extent, from absurdity, has evaded the real problem—which is to discover new, recognized, generally acceptable forms suited to the requirements of today.

Another consequence of my way of writing is that I have no predisposition toward any particular medium. I have a prejudice in favor of poetry, a romantic feeling about the poet, a desire to achieve immortality, a desire to condense what I have to say in the shortest and most memorable phrase possible. But really my only qualification as a writer is that I have something to say. That is, my situation as an individual human being seems to me interesting and potentially, if it is fully realized, to contain implications reaching out into the whole of contemporary life.

Eliot said that an objective form might be the poetic drama, because here one had to meet one's audience halfway and adopt to some extent their standards. I agreed.

May 27, 1948, Chicago
Dinner with the Tates

Dinner party where there were Allen and Caroline Tate (Gordon). The Tates were very friendly and we got on well, though they made some extremely pointed remarks in the course of the evening. Told me that Hart Crane was always drunk during the last two and a half years of his life. He used to sit composing poetry to the music of an old-fashioned H.M.V. gramophone. From time to time he would walk across the room and put a pinch of salt down the horn of this machine. Said that Robert Lowell, who is almost in the position of being their adopted son, is pretty well insane. Conflict between Lowell and his parents. When Lowell was sixteen or seventeen his father found him in his room with a college girl: a row followed in which Lowell knocked his father down. Now he is looked after by his silly (according to the Tates) mother. Allen dislikes *Partisan Review*. They told me several stories about Wystan [Auden] and complained that he lectured them a lot about America and the Americans. I said people made rather absurd complaints about Wystan, e.g., that he exploits his situation in America. "That's exactly what he does do," said Allen, laughing hard over his drink.

He said in a way that was and was not serious (his usual way of taking the sting out of remarks which otherwise might seem hostile) that the British sent over here writers whom "we American writers" have to put up with. "You have no idea," he said, smiling most amiably, "how we hate you. We hate all the British, but most of all we hate Auden, MacNeice, and Spender. You are much cleverer than us, and we can't forgive you for it. You come over here and everything is made easier for you than it is for us."

This declaration of war was made in such a way that reall it was a declaration of peace, of taking me into his conf dence. Allen obviously enjoys gossip of this taunting kind. was a very cordial evening. By being declared, the Angl American hatred had receded almost into abstraction.

The dinner was rather strange. Living in a lavish apar ment, our host was a lawyer interested in poetry. Howeve he hates modern poetry, and announced that he held T. S Eliot to be on a level with Coventry Patmore.

November 30, 1951, London
The Dress Rehearsal of Billy Budd

I managed to get a ticket the dress rehearsal of *Billy Budd*. The stalls at Covent Ga den were full of the Harewoods, the Clarks, Will Maugham, Rose Macaulay, William Plomer, Joe Ackerle John and Myfanwy Piper, Desmond Shawe-Taylor, et Benjamin Britten conducted. The curtain went up on cloaked figure, the narrator—Peter Pears.

It is interesting to compare this opera, with its master libretto, with the Auden-Stravinsky *The Rake's Progres* Stravinsky's score has a wonderful purity and a profou heartbeat which is lacking in the contorted and neurotic *Bi Budd*. All the same, Britten and Forster build in the first t acts a massive picture of life in the navy in the late eig teenth century, with its barbarism. This use of opera to ma a vast painting is something I have not seen before. T music is dense with the heaving and howling of the se sound of whistles and foghorns and tolling bells, the feel the mist, the constant changes of atmosphere. In the last t acts the narrative really gets going. What is most impressiv though, is the elation with which Billy revives spiritua when he is confronted by death. At the end, when the old s captain takes over the narration and says, "I am an old m now, and my mind can go back in peace to that far-aw summer," one feels that Forster is writing his o testament.

In the interval I talked with William Plomer, who sa "The world's number-one exhibitionist is standing o there"—alluding to Willie Maugham. After the second ac sat next to Forster, who, wrapped in a greatcoat and with satchel at his feet, like a warming pad, was completely a sorbed in contemplating his own work. "Deeply moved my own words," he said, "and enjoying my first experien in the theater." A man standing in the gangway just bes me said in a loud voice to his wife, "If you see a man w looks like an old grocer come up for the day from the co try, that is E. M. Forster." The old grocer seated two f away did not appear to have heard him.

I feel elated and purified by the gloomy yet exhilarati *Billy Budd*, which has the quality of a great white sno night shining through a mist. It takes me back to the Strav sky-Auden *Rake*, in which I recognize more originali more purity, more courage perhaps. But the two works complementary, and it is strange that this year has seen production of two operatic masterpieces.



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February 1960, Moscow
Meeting with Guy Burgess

Our Intourist guide is called Lydia and she wears exactly the same fur coat and green beret every day. She bears a striking resemblance to the Queen of England in her youth.

I told Lydia that I had been a Communist for a short time. "Why aren't you one now?" "Because, much as I admire the achievement of the Soviet Union, I still think that the most important thing—from my point of view—is the freedom to say and write what I think." "Oh, but there is more freedom in Russia than in any country in the world." "In that case, why is there no press which represents a point of view critical of the government?" "There could be." She smiled. "But, you see, no one would read it. In the Communist world there are no contradictions. Everyone agrees about everything."

I rang Mr. Gromeka of the Writers' Union, and he invited me to meet him at four in the afternoon; I would also meet the secretary of the commission dealing with foreign writers. I was received by two ladies who took me into a room where we sat and talked at one end of a long table. They told me that the house was the one that had belonged to the Rostovs in *War and Peace*. They asked me whom I would like to see, and I gave them five or six names. They went through them one by one and said it was most unfortunate, everyone was away, or ill, or terribly occupied. They explained, with some frankness, that they thought it would be extremely difficult for them to arrange for anyone to see me, as he would have to be a great expert ("a real specialist, one might say"), to have heard of my writing!

Guy Burgess telephoned me at 1:15 A.M. one night. He called on me at ten the next morning. As soon as he arrived and I had asked him how he was, he said, "I love living in this country. It's solid and expanding like England in 1860, my favorite time in history, and no one feels frightened." But a few minutes later, while we were talking, he waved in the direction of the wall and said, "I suppose they're listening to everything we're saying."

He seemed oddly changed: Looked at full-face he was quite like he was before—somewhat florid, the same bright eyes and full mouth. Side-face, he seemed very altered indeed—almost unrecognizable: thickset, chin receding, eyebrows with tufts that shoot out and overhang. Sometimes, looking at him, I got the full-face and side-face impressions disconcertingly together—a person I knew, who had added an unrecognizable mask to his familiar features. I was puzzled as to whether this was just the effect of jumping the span of years (as he might find, looking at me) or due to all that had happened to him. He had a seedy, slightly shamefaced air and a shambling walk, like some ex–consular official you meet in a bar in Singapore who puzzles you by his references to the days when he knew the great and helped determine policy.

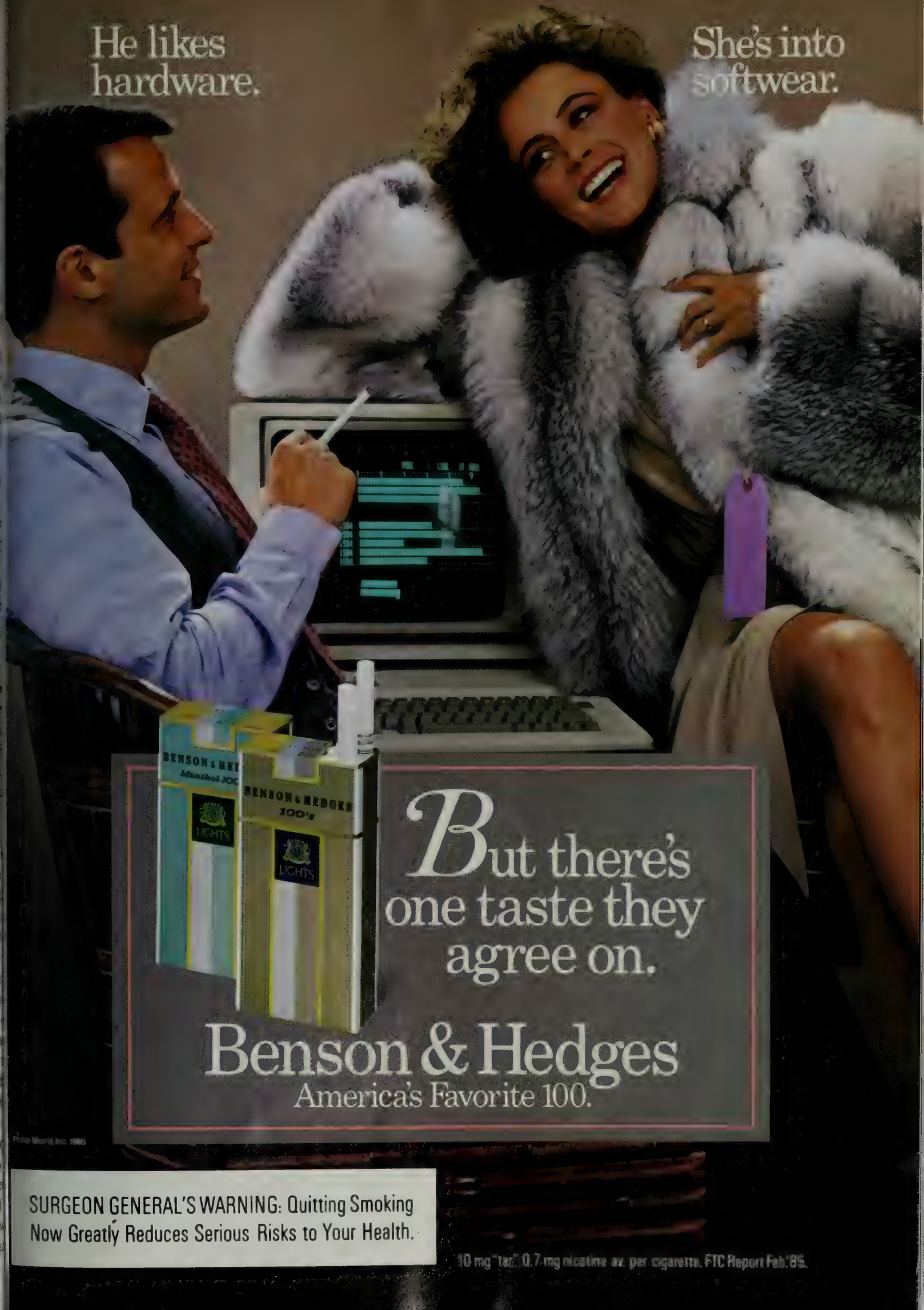
He said, "I have a black mark against you," and cited a letter I had written to the *Observer* about him. I said that I didn't remember very distinctly what it was, and he said, "Never mind, only a tease," quite affectionately. Later I did remember and said, "When I wrote in that letter that Aude (whom you failed to contact at my house, just before yo left) might have refused to see you anyway, I was not attacl ing you; I was trying to protect Auden." He said, "In th case, it's perfectly all right. I understand completely."

He told me he was advising for a publishing house. W discussed books they might translate. They have never do Jane Austen. He was trying to persuade them to do Trollop He was also, he said, working with a branch of the gover ment which spread peace. "Although he won't be aware it, I was able to be a good deal of help to [Harold] Macmill during his visit. I wrote a report that he was in favor friendship and should be trusted, whereas all the others wr that he was a dangerous reactionary. I got a note thanking r afterwards. So at present I am in good odor."

He wanted chiefly to hear gossip from me about the c days and about our friends. The person he spoke of m affectionately was Rosamond Lehmann. I was astonished the extent to which he had woven most detailed legen around every day belonging to the past. For instance, though he and I were never at all close, he remembered seemed, every occasion on which we had met: how, in Par at lunch, I had told him about being psychoanalyzed; hov had once lent him my flat in London—things I had comple ly forgotten. He talked about all his friends in the same w I asked him whether he had friends in Moscow. He said y "Are they like your friends in England?" "No one l friends anywhere like they have in England. That's the th about England."

I asked him whether he'd like to go back. He said onl he were sure that he would be able to return to Moscow. thought the authorities might make this impossible. He s that he would like to see his mother and that she was gett too old to travel to him. I suggested perhaps they might m in some place equidistant from Moscow and London. said the Russians wouldn't give him leave to go anywh but England. They were, he said, pressing him to becom Soviet citizen.

He seemed quite nervous and never stopped walking and down the room. I ordered a bottle of champagne, wh we drank between us. He started talking about his disapp ance from England with Maclean. The background to was his time at the British Embassy in Washington, whe had become horrified by the "police methods" of the S Department. "So when Maclean came along and told that he could not go anywhere in England without b followed, and would I help him, I thought, If they're g to start doing that kind of thing in England, well, I help." He said that the reason why, just before their esc he telephoned me to get onto Auden was that he thought he would accompany Maclean as far as Prague and himself go south to Ischia and perhaps stay with Aude borrow his house there. But when they got to Prague, British press exploded with the news of the "missing di mats," and Maclean persuaded him to go on to Moscow Prague they spent two weeks trying to obtain visas to e Russia, and they were admitted, in the end, because of public scandal at home. When they got to Russia, they completely isolated for the first six months—given a da


He likes hardware.
She's into softwear.
But there's one taste they agree on.
Benson & Hedges
America's Favorite 100.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

servants, a car. "There was an awful time," Guy said, "when we were sent to Kuibyshev. We were given a flat and servants and cars and were well looked after, but it was a horrible place and things were made worse by the fact that just then Beria, in an effort to gain popularity after the death of Stalin, released 80 percent of the criminals in Russia. Kuibyshev was invaded by gangsters and scoundrels. That's how I lost all my teeth on this side of my face—as you must have noticed." ("I hadn't noticed." "Oh, but you must have.") "I was walking along a street when a thug saw the watch on my wrist and knocked me down."

He invited me to lunch at his apartment and telephoned through to his cook to say we would be coming. "We shall lunch off grouse!"

We waited for a taxi and he asked a policeman how to get one that was not pre-empted by Intourist. ("Moscow policemen are sweeties," he said.)

The apartment house where he lives—one of the ugliest—is near a beautiful monastery. "I chose it so as to be near here." He seemed nervous about the impression his apartment would make on me. "I was offered something very grand, but insisted on living in this place for very Spenderish reasons. I thought I couldn't live in five or six rooms when whole families are living in one room."

His attitude to me—which was rather flattering—surprised me because in the old days he had always seemed somewhat contemptuous, as of an ideological superior to an intellectual inferior. But perhaps his changed manner was not just flattery but partly the effect of his minute examination of the old days, partly of pleasure at seeing someone from England.

I said that a mutual friend—R—had become religious. "In her case," said Guy, "I feel sorry for her. But if it was you, I would feel indignant. That anyone like you, in the world of 1960, should believe would seem to be intellectual betrayal."

He apologized incessantly for his flat. It seemed to me small but very nice, neatly and sympathetically arranged: lots of books, a small upright piano with volumes of Bach and Mozart sonatas open upon it, a Chagall reproduction, one or two paintings by gifted amateurs, modest furniture. The elaborately carved headboard of a bed, Guy explained, had belonged to Stendhal. I had said earlier that I would not publish an account of our meeting in the press. He pulled a volume of Winston Churchill's memoirs from the bookshelf and opened it at the flyleaf, which was inscribed: "To Guy Burgess, in agreement with his views, Winston S. Churchill." Under this was written in pencil: "And we *were* right, Anthony Eden." (He explained that Eden had said this at the time—after Yalta?—but not written it, feeling that he should not add to Churchill's inscription, so Guy had penciled it in himself.)

"If you like," Guy said, "you can reproduce that in *Encounter*."

The conversation turned to what people had written about the "missing diplomats." Guy asked again why Goronwy Rees had written his pieces in the *Sunday Express*. Was it just for the £5,000? I said I thought that this figure was exaggerated. A view was that, after Guy's reappearance in Moscow and the publication of his own article, Goronwy panicked for some reason or other: perhaps he thought that Guy would start disseminating articles from Moscow abo his past and friends.

He was particularly annoyed, he said, that Goronwy h written in his article about "orgies" that he claimed h taken place in Guy's flat. The flat, said Guy, had belonged mutual friends, and he had been most careful that nothi scandalous should happen there.

My own feeling about Guy, which is, I think, shared several of the British in Moscow, is to be sorry for him, an as someone said, to wish that he could go back to Englan that the whole thing could be forgotten, and that he cou have some kind of a new start.

June 7, 1962, London
A Graham Sutherland Exhibition

Went to Sutherland exhi tion and bought a small painting on the theme of a pair f scales. The exhibition rather uneven but much better than t previous one with pictures of Venice. Some of the m recent pictures, painted freely and loosely, are extrem impressive. There are various themes: machinery, anima gardens, fruit, etc. Perhaps true what one critic says, that S a miniaturist. Sometimes illustrations in the catalogue giv better idea than the paintings, which seem blown up!

Dined with Francis Bacon. Francis looked sad and talk about his friend who had died.

Showed us two sections of a triptych he is painting. dined at Etoile. Francis talked a bit about his life in Berli 1930. Cheered up a lot during dinner. Talk about Raph and Michelangelo. Francis said, "My ambition would be do something really beautiful and not ugly, as all my pa ings are, before I die." Went back to the studio after dinn Talk about Graham Sutherland: Francis on Graham's lik for publicity, the company of Somerset Maugham, Doug Cooper, and Picasso, etc. Francis refused to be made a Co mander of the Order of the British Empire: "Didn't fill in papers. All this has nothing to do with being an artist," so on. "Still, it may help you to get a better room i hotel."

December 18, 1962, London
Dinner with Edith Sitwell

Dined with Edith Sitw There were about five people there. Edith sat in her wh chair looking very pale and tired and ill and really doing the talking, because when she is with a group of people can only listen and talk on her own wavelength. There w humiliating atmosphere of everyone being sycophan courtiers, feeding her with tidbits of gossip and malice w would amuse her and draw her out. Whenever there silence it was appalling, as though boredom and ster might seep like the fog outside through a chink in a door window. Anecdotes were dragged out of the past and hel for inspection. No one was quite successful in living u Edith's tone. As a matter of fact she was rather brill

lthough this gave one the feeling that she had to make all ıe effort, and added to the sense of humiliation. She gave ne or two amusing examples of her replies to foolish letters. he had a letter from some silly woman saying, "Dear Dame dith, As an admirer of your poems I am nevertheless great- disturbed by a poem containing a line about the mating of gers. I have a daughter of nineteen—at that age where the rook runs into the river—and a son aged ten who is very stless. I wish to entreat you, dear Dame Edith, when you rite your poetry, to consider the disturbing effect that lines ke those about the mating of tigers may have on the oung." Edith wrote back: "Tell your dirty little brats to ad *King Lear*."

1970, Storrs, Connecticut
Auden's Pornography

During the first months of 970 I was in Storrs, teaching at the University of Connecti- ut. I did not keep journals, but I wrote what I called diary oems. The first of these is the recollection of a reading hich Auden gave in London a month previously at some loomsbury church, after which Tom Driberg, who had, in is Church of England capacity, arranged the reading, took latasha, Lizzie, and me, together with Marianne Faithfull nd Chris Jagger (brother of Mick Jagger), to dinner in a rivate room at a nearby hotel.

November, Auden came to stay in London.
Famous, much-photographed creased face
Netted in the past, his eyes can only tell
Their solitude. His talk
Is concentrated 'I.' "I get up at eight,
Then I have cawfee and rolls, then I do
The Times Crossword, if I can get *The Times*.
Then I go to the john, and then I work
Until elevenses, when I have tea,
I have to have lunch at one precisely.
At six precisely I fix up martinis
90% vodka 70 proof.
Dinner at 7:30 not one moment later
Or I tend to become repetitive.
Then at 9 byebyes like mother taught me.
Oh! the relief of getting between the sheets!"

* * *

"How should I educate my four year old son?"
Marianne asks. He hoists his face towards her
Then blandly says: "Send him to boarding school
As soon as he's seven. That's what happened with me.
Teach him Latin. If he makes a false quantity
Beat him like I was beaten if I did." She tells him
Of her suicide attempt. "I took a hundred tablets
In Sydney." "Now that's naughty.
I take one every night
For sleeping and a benzedrine each morning
For working." He clicks his mouth shut.
I say: "You talk of nothing but yourself."
He looks full at me with a kind of sweetness
And says: "What else should I talk about then?
What else do I know about?" Now Chris produces
A magazine called *SUCK*. "Will you autograph this, please, sir?



Your wonderful poem called 'The Platonic Blow Job.' ''
''I wrote that as an exercise in scazons.''
They smile. He can say what he likes, they know
He has written the sexiest beautifullest openest
Poem about a pick-up in Greenwich Village
The knock-out that makes all their sex soap-opera.
Back home, he says to me: ''Promise me one thing,
Promise me this one thing, you'll never
However she may ask you, show to Lizzie
That poem.'' Under the net of lines, he smiles
Under the lines the heart ever the same.

November 23, 1979, London
Lunch with the Queen Mother

We had lunch at the Albany with Philippe de Rothschild. This was for the Queen Mother. The other guests were Miriam Rothschild, Christopher Fry, Cecil Beaton, and the Q.M.'s lady-in-waiting, Lady Fermoy. Cecil, who has had a stroke, paralyzing one side of him, did not realize perhaps that he would have to walk up two flights of stairs to Philippe's sitting room, another flight for luncheon. He was heroic about this tremendous effort. He did not show his exhaustion (as it were with the unparalyzed side of him) but was his friendly, charming self. To make him laugh I reminded him of the time when we both had *fou rire* at Mouton because I rather peremptorily asked Philippe to produce his gardener, famous for his beauty. Cecil leaned against a wall, unable to stand for laughing. Afterward he sent us a drawing he had made of the gardener
We stood around and talked a bit, then noises from the corridor foretold the Q.M. What was irresistible was that she seemed the most at ease and also the freshest guest in the world, as though she had just come in from a marvelous outing to meet old friends whom it was bliss to see. When partridges (perfectly roasted) were served, Philippe took one out of the dish by its claws and plumped it down in her plate. She giggled like a young girl. She talked to Cecil a lot of the time—as to an old friend whom she was refreshed by seeing and about whose welfare she was greatly concerned. I was mostly occupied with talking to either Lady Fermoy on my left or Miriam Rothschild (right). At one point I asked the Q.M. whether she remembered the concerts at the National Gallery during the war. She remembered them as absolutely wonderful—reminisced how a bomb had gone off nearby in the middle of a Beethoven sonata played by Myra Hess. She said what a wonderful time the war had been—at least in some ways—perhaps the happiest of our lives. ''Everyone was so...so...so, I don't know what...so friendly with everyone else. The whole country was like one family.'' Later, I said that when I was given the Gold Medal for Poetry by the Queen, she asked whether people wrote letters these days, and remembered that when she was on one of her tours she always wrote every day a kind of journal-letter for her mother. ''Oh yes, she does,'' she said, ''and then I give it back to her after she comes home.'' She said Prince Charles was a great letter writer.

Miriam Rothschild, who is writing a memoir of her family, produced a photograph of a group of sportsmen standing in front of the house at Tring, and asked her whether she could identify them. ''Well, I'll have to find my specs,'' she said, and fished them out of her bag, put them on, roared with laughter at the group of sportsmen posing in 1903, and said she couldn't identify the ones Miriam wanted to know about. ''But I tell you what, I'll take them to Aunt Alice, Princess Alice. She's ninety-six; she may well recognize some of the faces. She'll be very pleased anyway to see them.''

There was a little talk about the theater and what was going on. She was very glad to hear that there was a success—*Amadeus*, by Peter Shaffer—at the National, ''which seems to be doing so badly.''

August 8, 1980, London
About Boredom

More notes about America When we were with Susan Sontag, I mentioned the name o a friend who had done many good works. Susan said, ''Oh, remember meeting her once. It struck me that she was extremely boring, and made me wonder why it is that people who do good are so boring.''

I wonder about the concept of who are boring and who ar not boring. People who easily dismiss others as boring ar usually judging by the standards of some small, self-admiring group of friends who speak a special language of personalities and gossip. That is what members of Bloomsbury di so well, being mutually self-congratulatory. Nevertheless, has its disadvantages—almost every member of such a grou anxiously asks himself, ''Am I boring to others?'' and thi imposes on him a kind of inhibition. Insiders can be pushe out because life involves them in complications—work, family—which makes them bores.

The most boring thing about Virginia's diaries is that sh finds nearly everyone outside Bloomsbury boring. That a most defines the limitations of her fiction. Chekhov neve found anyone boring.

Auden made the distinction between being boring and be ing a bore (a distinction I found boring). God was not borin but a bore; Beethoven's quartets not boring, but a bore (perhaps it was the other way round). In Proust, Mme. Ve durin's circle came to regard Dr. Cottard as a bore—bu when we discover that he is the most distinguished diagnost cian of his time we realize that he is not boring. According t this classification, the friend whom we were discussing is bore (to Susan Sontag) but not boring.

November 9, 1980, Tulsa, Oklahoma
U.S. Lecture Tour

To go back to New Yor Tuesday, November 4, Election Day.

I went to 920 Fifth Avenue to visit Vera Stravinsky, wh I had been told, was in a bad way. Her nurse-companio took me into her large drawing room, lined with books, mo

which seemed enormous, and full of large sofas and armirs. An effect of untidy opulence. Vera was sitting in an nchair at a table on which there were, I think, some paintthings. "Here is Stephen," said her nurse. Vera looked at me, not recognizing me but seeming to realize I was a :nd and not a stranger. Her face, beautiful, soft, and ınd, with enormous brilliant eyes and the sumptuous Tiıesque hair, seemed to have shrunk. The skin, red and ite, drawn back like a scarf over the bones, wrinkled, ıvily painted. Still, she smiled in her indulgent way. "I ı't know what this room is," she said, looking around . "I am sure these are not my things. Anyway, I don't nt them. One ought not to have any things. One should e them all away."

She wondered where we were. The nurse suggested New rk. "No, I don't think we are in New York," she said, nd it's not Paris either. I have been to so many places. I ow so many languages. Let's see [as though she were ying a game], how many languages do I know—English, nch, German, Italian..." "Russian," I put in. "No, I ı't know Russian. No one anywhere knows any Russian more. It is not spoken," she said firmly.

At this point I stupidly allowed tears to trickle down my e. If she had noticed, which fortunately she didn't, this uld have been fatal. For once having indulged myself in s way, I couldn't stop and was quietly crying for the rest he meeting. There was plenty to cry about, if one thought ut the wonderful festive life, like an endless succession of gifts, borne in on concert platforms, gondolas, good company, fame, wit, laughter, rage, passion, wine; of the life of Igor Stravinsky, Vera, and Bob Craft. I remember the first night of *The Rake's Progress* at the Fenice, and afterward walking through the piazza. People at the café tables stood up and started clapping Stravinsky. I remember visiting them in Hamburg or Paris or in their Hollywood house, a life lit by Igor's glinting humors.

The nurse brought in a large framed photograph of a ballerina of a pure boylike beauty. "Do you recognize this?" she asked. "No," said Vera. "That is you," she said. "That's me?" cried Vera, quite in her old enraptured voice and with smiling eyes like those of a girl in a painting by Greuze. "No, I do not believe that; it is too beautiful." I said something to the effect that it was her and she was beautiful. She smiled, half flattered, half uncomprehending. I left soon after this.

Another reason for crying, I thought as I walked down Fifth Avenue, was that the whole scene was operatic. Even things Vera said—her "where am I?" "what is this place?" "I speak these languages," above all "no one speaks Russian any longer"—were the kind of things a librettist might have written for music by Verdi or Puccini. The tableau of pathos is supremely that in which one sees the life before one frozen into the gestures into which it will be hurried away into the galleries of death. Stravinsky and Vera—while their American lover, worshiper, and amanuensis, Bob Craft, remains in the world, like Horatio at the end of *Hamlet,* to



record the scene—wheeled off to join the other festive princes of the art of music—Liszt, Wagner, Mozart.

On Saturday, October 25, I dined with Stuart Hampshire, and next day, Sunday, went to the concert of late Beethoven sonatas given by Charles Rosen. Rosen plays with ice-cold precision, cutting up the phrases as though with a knife. At the same time, in interpreting the music, he communicates a kind of intellectual passion.

On the twenty-seventh I went to a place called Oneonta, where I gave a reading at Hartwick College. I was met by a pleasant young man who told me that this was one of the very rare days in the year (averaging sixty-seven) on which it is fine in Oneonta. It was clear and sunny and very beautiful. He took me to a motel, where I had a room overlooking a churchyard, with its stones and crosses and with trees that were now bare except for a few large transparent leaves—daubs of yellow. He said that Joseph Brodsky had stayed in this room when he gave a reading here and had adored the graveyard.

I gave my reading. Next morning, he called for me at the motel, took me out to breakfast and then on to the airport. When we got to it, there was a tiny little plane, and a family of father, mother, and son, and a big cloud which sat like a large cushion over the landing ground. We were told the plane could not take off unless there was visibility of at least a mile. The man was in a state of agitation because he had to make some public performance. He had no violin, but from his conversation with his wife it sounded as though he was a member of a quartet, and if he could not appear that evening they would have to find a substitute. After an hour he rang someone to say that he could not get to New York, and then settled down quite calmly. After three hours I became even more agitated, because in New York I had (1) to go to the opening of Rodrigo Moynihan's exhibition, (2) to attend Rosamond Russell's lecture at the Met, and (3) to join her, John Russell, and Jacqueline Onassis and her daughter, Caroline Kennedy, to dine at a restaurant. I had not seen Jacqueline for twenty years or so (before J.F.K. became president), and the Russells had taken a great deal of trouble about arranging the dinner. There was no means of telling them I was delayed. I simply had to get there. I inquired about taxis and found that Oneonta had just one. So I said I would take it.

I got to Rosamond Russell's lecture just as it was about to begin. After the lecture Jacqueline Onassis, Caroline Kennedy, the Russells, and I dined in a restaurant. I sat next to J.O. Her face is an enameled mask, squarish, with large dark eyes. She is beautiful, like some piece of sculpture. She talks in a way that suggests she is marveling at everything. She was beautifully polite and seemed to want to talk seriously.

I asked Caroline how many young Kennedys were prospective politicians. "Sixteen boys," she said, "and they are very annoyed with me because I am the only one who has political office." She laughed, adding that she was a town councillor, or something of that kind. I asked why they were all going into politics, all so ambitious. "It's not that they're ambitious so much," she replied, "as that it would never occur to any of them to go into anything else." I asked Jacqueline what she considered her greatest achievement in life. "Oh," she said, "I think it is that after going through a rather difficult time, I consider myself comparatively sane. am proud of that." I felt humiliated at ever having asked th question, by this answer. We went on like this, having rea conversation or keeping up the pretense of having one—a any rate playing a game of good manners, which I enjoyed.

I spent four days at Tulsa staying with David Plante. Tul sa—or what I saw of it—seemed quite surprising—rathe elegant, stylish people, talking and looking almost as if the came out of a movie, something between *Dallas* and *Oklaho ma!* Immensely rich people live here. D said it had mor millionaires than any city in America. I doubt that.

D is popular with his students, whom he teaches fictio writing.

Germaine Greer also teaches at Tulsa, sharing an offic with David. We went out to dinner with her. She has th look of an overgrown schoolgirl who has won all the prize and has never quite got around to tidying herself up. No does she want to. Lively descriptions of walking throug Central Park and of men emerging from the dark and flashin their dicks at her. She says she is too hefty to be mugged.

David told me that she is dedicated to her students, and can quite believe it. If she has any complaints against th university, she communicates them through interviews wi the newspaper.

November 28, 1980, Cambridge, England
Poetry Reading

Two undergraduates met n at the station. One of them wore a kind of wreath around h head and trailing garments. He looked a bit like Opheli Throughout the reading I kept catching the eye of a stalwa elderly gentleman in the fifth row who nodded encourag ment more to himself than me—he was horribly bored. Ne morning, in a snowstorm, joined Dadie Rylands, Frank a Anita Kermode, Helen Vendler, and Natasha—who'd driv from London—at the lodge of King's College. We took the to lunch at some kind of university restaurant. Dadie, w took my arm in case I should fall in the snow, was all swe ness and concern and affection. I thought back over all t years I've known him, back to Ipsden staying with Ros mond and Wogan Philipps in 1930 or so. Wogan did a pai ing of him with two heads, like a king on a playing card. painted it on wood, put a nail through the middle, hamme it into a wall, and made it spin like a Catherine wheel. those days Dadie was the golden-haired, blue-eyed boy vored by Lytton Strachey. He had acted as the duchess *The Duchess of Malfi* (Isherwood as an undergraduate H seen him perform). He had written a charming book ab Shakespeare's words.

Dadie loved L as no one else did. Affection is his natu And here he was guiding me over the ice (and I was think that if I did fall I would be like a tower of bricks crushing t smiling, frail, delicate seventy-eight-year-old). I thou how I had missed a life of friendship with him because clever, mocking, brittle manner had made me think that fection—for someone as gauche as I have been all my lif was only an act, but I was wrong. □


Jenny

ARTS FAIR

Apparel art and *Messiah* mania. French follies and BAM's big risk. Dazzling dolls and high-rise heroes. Art is all. All is fair.

DESIGN

Fashion Gaul

by Gerald Marzorati

The most interesting artist in France just now is not a new, young painter. French painting has been dead since the Second World War, Dubuffet providing a last, late rattle, and the currently touted Gérard Garouste being but the pale ghost of Mannerists past. Daniel Buren, France's only real international art star, works *in situ* utilizing 8.7-centimeter-wide stripes, period; he has succeeded largely in making installation pieces tasteful and tepid enough for Europe's institution-based artocracy. There was a time (the 1970s) when it was thought—or thought smart to think—that France's best art was "theory," pure if not simple. But the loss of Roland Barthes and then Michel Foucault and the spread of those dire contagions, pettiness and hair-split refinement, have left the Parisian critical community tired and weakened and increasingly out of it: a postmodern scriptorium.

Jean-Paul Gaultier never got into theory; in the 1970s he was sketching for Pierre Cardin and the house of Patou. Which is not to say Gaultier and the theorists don't think about the same things—signs and language and gender. His clothes have everything to do with these things. The fashion press, which finally came around to him early last year, has been satisfied to call the clothes irreverent. (Actually, the fashion press this fall no longer seemed satisfied with irreverence, and hence with Gaultier; "in" this moment is the smooth-curve elegance of Azzedine Alaïa.) But Gaultier deserves more than a runway gloss; his clothes—to borrow a phrase from another Frenchman, the social critic Jean Baudrillard—are wondrous "conductors of meaning."

To talk of clothes as ar is nothing new. There were Russian constructivists who after the Revolution turned to clothing design, a new utilitarian art for the workers. And just a few years ago, the Hayden Gallery a the Massachusetts Institut of Technology mounted show devoted to clothin designers—Giorgio Armar and Claude Montan among them—titled "Int mate Architecture: Contem porary Clothing Design." Gaultier's clothes are n all that sculptural or arch tectural; experimentin with volume has been f the Japanese designers. N at, say, $840 for a sweat are Gaultier's clothes wh the Bolsheviks had i



BETTINA RHEIMS

Jean-Paul Gaultier suits himself and dancer Régine Chopinot in fur tails, *left*. *Opposite page* he imagines a dress blooming in crinoline.

id. (The firm run by Gaultier, who is ty-three, grossed $24 million last r.)

The "art" lies in Gaultier's approach. shares with many American artists his a fevered awareness of self and histo- along with a resolve that understand- and emotion in our time are wrung gely from representations—that be- en you and everything else hangs a m of old photographs, magazine ads, pictures from the vies and television t feed and shape ir memory and de- e. In differing es, and to differing s, these artists ap- priate images from dia high and low re-present them in ys that reveal both ir edgy contingency y are only pictures; invest them with aning) and their kering resilience u *will* lend them aning, or at least ling; memory and ire will have it no er way). In the gap ween these revela- ns, there is a ten- n; often there is try.



PAULINE

Gaultier makes his poetry by appropri- g "looks" not only from designer rs and street-hip youths (two standard ion ploys) but from the whole history ashion, or, better, from this history as s understood through paintings and vies and especially magazines. So st of what he scavenges already has a ificance, already says "elegance" or acho" or "swingin' sixties." And ultier works to preserve this; he sn't disguise what he takes, doesn't color or line or texture to smooth and fy. Having wrenched nuggets of style n their context, he will then re-present n straight (his Grace Kelly coat), or in ay that actually exaggerates their orig- ly intended meanings (his long-tailed ning jacket). Usually, and to dizzying ct, he will combine two or more otes" in one ensemble. What results this: unmoored from their rightful places, the quotes begin to let slip the arbitrariness of their codes. For instance, the Gaultier skirt for men asks: Why is a skirt feminine? But there is more. At the same time that the fashion quotes question their origins, they also cling to them; a Gaultier black cocktail dress *is* "the little black dress" every woman should have. And, of course, Gaultier's fashions *are* fashions, chic and precisely *now* despite—no, because of—his collaging of styles. They are playful palimpsests; his layers of shirts and jackets, slacks and skirts, are at once commenting on and in cahoots with the vagaries of fashion.

The open-toed, open-heeled sandals from Gaultier's spring-1984 collection have high-top basketball-sneaker uppers and vertiginous platform soles of the sort seen on small Chinese women in movies like *The Good Earth*. Masculine/feminine, East/West, athletic/constricting—such tidy oppositions are deftly conflated in these loony, great-looking shoes. For fall this year, Gaultier took the classic fisherman's sweater, timeless and natural and rugged, and stretched it to a dress; Old Spice manliness was further subverted by the addition of breastplates. And then there is the most staid and inviolable of garments, the dark business suit. Gaultier gives it fits. His best is a natty four-piece: a tapered, two-button jacket, worn under a baggy three-button (roll sleeves), with deep-pleated trousers cuffed at mid-calf and a midriff vest. For women, of course.

Just who should wear Gaultier is a tough question. Only those with an effortless self-consciousness and a looming presence to match the clothes seem to pull it off—that pretty much means models and rock stars. But as with all art, the pleasure is in the looking. Try Bergdorf's. □

MUSIC

Handel Bars

by Laurence Shames

In an advertisement for himself that might have brought a blush even to the cheek of Norman Mailer, George Frideric Handel, upon completing *Messiah*'s Hallelujah Chorus, announced to the world that "I did think I did see all Heaven before me and the great God Himself!"

The suggestion that his new oratorio might perhaps have been Holy Ghostwritten was a masterstroke. Pious critics would tread lightly on any work in which the Deity might have collaborated. Further, divine inspiration would account for the blazing speed with which Handel turned out the score, making it unseemly to suggest that maybe he'd been able to write it so fast because he cribbed at least five of the numbers from oratorios he'd written years before. In any case, it took Handel only twenty-four days to compose *Messiah*, and this Yuletide marks its 244th annual takeover of the Western world's cathedrals and concert halls. Per unit time, dashing off that oratorio was one of the best investments in immortality a fellow ever made.

The work's popularity shows no sign of waning. In New York alone, Carnegie Hall is mounting three different renditions this season, three earnest choirs will be essaying the work at Avery Fisher Hall, and it will be virtually impossible to wander past a church without condoling with the gut-busting efforts of a semi-pro brass man trying to hit the high notes on "The trumpet shall sound." There are currently no fewer than twenty-four complete *Messiahs* in print, running the gamut from the unabashed schmaltz of Eugene Ormandy leading the Philadelphia Orchestra and that half of Utah known as the Mormon Tabernacle Choir to the austere and even astringent strains of Christopher Hogwood leading a small band and a

small chorus in an "authentic performance." What makes it authentic is the attempt to duplicate, by instrumentation and phrasing, the way it would have sounded in Handel's own time; the result, to my ear at least, is that the accents tend to fall on slightly bizarre syllables, and the horns, being innocent of spit valve, sound humid.

The question, however, remains: Regarded as music rather than ritual, how compelling a work is *Messiah*? It was George Bernard Shaw's favorite oratorio—a fact that did not prevent him from railing against Victorian extravaganzas in which "four thousand executants" produced an "effect [which] is horrible; and everybody declares it sublime." Besides, calling a work one's favorite oratorio is rather a left-handed compliment. The form was contrived as a substitute for opera, which used to be *verboten* during Lent; its pleasures, therefore, are to those of opera as a hot cross bun is to Sacher torte. Doughy, dry, with the all too infrequent bit of citron or nutmeat suspended in a matrix of often forgettable fluff—that's oratorio for you. And even acknowledging that *Messiah* has the highest possible ratio of goodies to dough, its ubiquity at Christmastime tends to crowd out the untold riches of other great works.

But not completely. If you want mystery, dignity, and transport this December, take in Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*. If you want simple yet audacious jubilation, find a performance of Benjamin Britten's *Ceremony of Carols* (or latch onto one of the three major-label versions in print). For that matter, if the authentic-performance bug has bitten you, what could be more authentic than Eartha Kitt's purringly tremulous rendition of "Santa Baby"?



JAVIER ROMERO

VISUAL ART

Pleasures Fat and Lean

by Cristina Monet

Concurrent exhibitions of Toulouse-Lautrec at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and of Renoir at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston only reinforce one's prejudices. This redoubtable pair have little in common but that they have been domesticated and overexposed to the point of invisibility.

Renoir's bourgeois pastorals, his sugarplum children and uberous women have been reproduced ad nauseam for the embellishment of servants' quarters and doctors' waiting rooms. Lautrec's graphics have been wantonly pre-empted for everything from spicing up the rumpus room to cocktail napkins and department-store shopping bags.

Perhaps the reason both have achieved, if not been blighted by, such questionable popularity is that at their most accessible they seem to offer an illusion of escape (one idyllic, the other devil-may-care) from the humdrum of daily life. Where Renoir creates images of bucolic and blameless delight—only as erotic as a mother's breast, only as seductive as a baby's behind—Lautrec, like a Fellini-esque ringmaster, regales with a glittery grab bag of existence: dancers and whoremongers, rowdy observers, tarts, and dandified, decadent johns.

The bourgeoisie, with its piss-elegant manners, its predictable posing and acquisitive concerns, is alien to Lautrec. In Renoir, its weight and fat stability are implicitly approved. The scion of an ancient, noble house, Lautrec is at home in his *fin de siècle* underworld, illuminating with neither passion nor prejudice its ironic paradoxes, its frenzied gaiety, and its morning-after torpor. The slumped postures of the prostitutes in *Au Salon de la Rue des Moulins* sug-



Toulouse-Lautrec at home in the underworld.

gest that the wages of sin are paid i abject boredom. The thoughtful melan choly in the face of Moulin Rouge dan er Jane Avril even while she is blithe kicking up her skirts (in *Jane Avril Da sant*) attests to the painter's oblique em pathy.

Vicomte Henri-Marie-Raymond Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa was still aflo in his mother's womb when Renoir w exhibiting in the official Salon of 186 By 1880, when Lautrec had had the a cidents which—due to his inbred l eage—were to dwarf him forever, Re oir had secured universal renown wi such sumptuous portraits as his *Po traits de Madame Charpentier et S Enfants* and such scenes of sun-dapp *haute bourgeoise* conviviality as *Bal Moulin de la Galette*.

A tailor's son, apprenticed at thirt as a porcelain painter and a decorator fans, Renoir never ceased to be awed the fullness of life—or by his own g to him the most wondrous of all lif bounty. At home with his senses, distrusted intellectual formulations wished only to share his delight in fecund world—lush fruit and flow cherubic children, and fat, domestica women.

Standing amid an embarrassmen Renoirs a century later, one is apt t

assume you drink Martell."



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surfeited by flesh and stifled by sentimentality. It is not the fatness but the fatuousness that repels. "You've got to have a feeling for tits and ass," he is said to have said. Granted. But shouldn't there be something between the ears?

Except for the late period—when Renoir's lifelong quest for an authentic cultural past led him to abandon his submissively bovine womenfolk for a mythic landscape of brutal, archetypal Earth Mothers—his is an exultation one finds it hard to share.

At seventeen, Lautrec arrived in Paris with his past in his pocket, with his aristocratic heritage and the physical grotesqueness it had visited upon him. Forever barred from the pastimes of his patrimony, he cultivated instead his deft hand and mordant eye, drawing the Thoroughbreds he could never gallop, the hunt he could never join. His hunting ground became the Paris underworld, where the crowds surged and danced—where nothing was still.

Surpassing the celebrated eccentricities of his father, Comte Alphonse (who'd been known to drive through the Bois de Boulogne in a coat of mail and dismount to milk his mare when thirsty), Lautrec made high style of his deformity. He flaunted it flamboyantly and handled it with scorn. He enjoyed going about Paris with his cousin Gabriel Tapié de Céleyran, whose extraordinary height gave Lautrec's own lowly measure even more dramatic scale. When Yvette Guilbert, on seeing one of his caricatures of her, protested, "Really, Henri, you're a genius at distortion!" he suavely replied, "But naturally."

Whoring and drunken, princely and profound, Lautrec celebrated the beauty of the dispossessed, the pretenders at life, the humiliated and brave. At a time when Renoir's sugar-and-spice-and-everything-nice is no longer palatable to the sentient few, a bracing dose of Lautrec's uncompromising vision is salutary. His images are of the underside of the *fin de siècle*, that twenty years or so in which the whole concept of urban ennui came to consciousness. Whether behind the green glow of absinthe and the pop of champagne corks or behind the scraping of coke spoons in tawdry nightspots, the nameless anxiety is ever the same. It seems fitting, as our own century screeches to a halt, to pay homage to Lautrec, the first great portrayer of the dance on the precipice. □



Toulouse-Lautrec offers the joyless follies of *fin de siècle* Paris in *Jane Avril Dansant*, 1893, oil on cardboard.

PERFORMANCE

The Crest of the Wave

by Craig Bromberg

In 1982 the acclaimed director, playwright, and designer Richard Foreman approached the Brooklyn Academy of Music with a proposal for a collaborative project that seemed tailor-made for BAM's upcoming Next Wave Festival. Tired of being told that his plays—those luscious linguistic portals into the detritus of the Western mind—were too aggressively idiosyncratic to attract a wide audience, Foreman proposed only to direct *The Birth of the Poet*, enlisting punk litterateur Kathy Acker to write the script, composer Peter Gordon to create the score, and, later, painter David Salle to make his debut as set and costume designer.

Foreman's original proposal was rejected by BAM's president, Harvey Lichtenstein, who found Acker's script replete with the vulgarity that had thrilled much of the literary world but somewhat lacking in modesty (linguistically and otherwise). But Foreman got European backers, and *Birth* had its premiere at Rotterdam's RO Theatre. Two month, almost two years later, BAM wraps up this year's Next Wave Festival with an expanded *Birth*, a little late perhaps, but none the worse for wear.

If there is one element that will p



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vent *Birth* from being submerged in a chaos of collaboration, it is David Salle's elegant, sexually charged set—seven painted backdrops, revolving side panels, and a set of continually rearranged sculptured body parts. "Being able to take the juxtapositions in my paintings and place them in space and time is exciting. In a painting a juxtaposition exists all the time," Salle says. "In the theater you can link a juxtaposition to a specific sense of time." With his BAM set, Salle has come to recognize that contemporary performance is as much about the art of spectacle as the spectacle of art.

Acker's script, a time travelogue, takes us on a voyage from a post-apocalyptic New York back to ancient Rome and then forward, again, to contemporary Iran, a spiritual dictatorship whose rhetoric lies somewhere between classical Persian poetry and the dementia of John W. Hinckley Jr.

BAM catches Gordon the year he may make it big. Not only has the Obie Award–winning composer rescored this production of *Birth*, but the festival also included two nights of music featuring works on his first major-label recording with his Love of Life Orchestra.

While BAM also braved new work this year with *Russia*, a theater work by Chris Hardman's California-based Antenna Theater, which generated rave reviews from West Coast audiences, it was BAM's only other artistic gamble. This season the festival has been dominated by European performers and choreographers—especially Pina Bausch's Wuppertaler Tanztheater and Bausch disciples Susanne Linke, Mechthild Grossmann, and Reinhild Hoffmann. According to Harvey Lichtenstein, "we're searching very hard for people to begin a relationship with BAM. We do have a commitment to new artists, and we realize we can't keep doing Laurie [Anderson] and Bob [Wilson]." BAM is taking big risks with *The Birth of the Poet*, and it's one way to keep its Next Wave from cresting too soon. □

Painter David Salle sets the spectacle for the Brooklyn Academy of Music's upcoming production of *The Birth of the Poet*. Left, his painted studies for five of the backdrops.

MOVIES

The Gloss of Innocence

by Stephen Schiff

Was it only seven or eight years ag that moviegoers were lamentin the paucity of meaty women's role Now every autumn brings Sissy Spac saving the South, Jessica Lange stea rolling over unworthy lovers, Sal Field hitching up her pout and plowi toward glory. It's men who don't ha choices in the movies anymore. they're not action heroes, they're w geisha boys ministering to proud m tresses—like Kurt Russell in *Silkwoo* Beau Bridges in *Norma Rae*, Ed Har in *Sweet Dreams*, Edward Herrmann *Compromising Positions*, Mandy Pat kin in *Maxie*, Charles Dance in *Plen* There are no fun couples in toda movies, no Tracy and Hepburns, Nick and Nora Charleses. When hero is a woman, the bimbo is a man

Watching Sissy Spacek defend tru justice, and the American way in *M rie*, I kept imagining how different movie would have been with a m protagonist. *Marie* is the factual story a lone crusader fighting the fleshiest cats in Tennessee: when they fire and kill two witnesses, she sues prove her rectitude. Would Hollyw let a man entrust his fate to a smo lawyer and a righteous jury? Not like Audiences wouldn't stand for it—the keep wondering when the idiot wo wake up and buy a gun. Male hero in the movies (and on television) become grimly simple: someb shoots at you; you shoot back. W men aren't pouring the Formosa ool for their embattled mates, they are co soldiers, spies, or cartoony avenger they're none of the above, you watching either a comedy or the ye ninety-eighth film about bicycle raci

Is this state of affairs good for w



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en? Certainly the eighties have produced a crop of fortyish actresses as dazzling as the covey of elegantly aging glamour boys—from Redford to Eastwood—who dominated Hollywood in the seventies. And the heroine genre is maturing. In the old days of *Julia* and *Norma Rae*, women could hardly hiccup without male counseling; now we have *Sweet Dreams*, the Patsy Cline biography, in which Jessica Lange, all



GREG GORMAN

In a string of recent movies, dazzling actresses like Sissy Spacek have been cast in pitiable positions.

crooked sneers and juggernaut hips, fires off fusillades of chaffing wit while hubby Ed Harris stares into the far end of a beer mug, mooing wistfully. Still, *Sweet Dreams* isn't *about* anything: she sings, she scraps, she dies. The movies haven't figured out what to do with a woman who knows who she is and what she wants. Most of the heroine pictures are still about women slowly wising up, and they depend on an assumption that refuses to die: that women are pitiable know-nothings whom circumstances prod toward greatness.

Once upon a time, there was a place in movies for male innocence, too. When the revelations of Watergate made us all feel we'd been too easily bamboozled, Hollywood coughed up a stream of paranoid-conspiracy movies like *Three Days of the Condor*, *The Parallax View*, and *The Conversation*, in which such he-men as Redford and Beatty and Hackman confronted evils they had never dared contemplate. Now, in Reaganaut America, we feel macho and puissant, impatient with our former wimpiness; in movies, the passage from innocence to experience is reserved for high-school wonks—and for women. In *Eleni*, Kate Nelligan is trusting as only a mama can be—and, sure enough, the rotten Commie she shelters eventually betrays her. Events destroy her innocence and cultivate her cunning, but the movie doesn't applaud her awesome courage, her awesome derring-do, or her awesome ability to keep her eyes wet and shiny. It imputes all her strength to a mother's native purity: she dies crying "My children!"

Eleni is a dreadful movie, but at least its protagonist is a grown-up. Most heroine pictures rely on our hidden conviction that women are really overripe children—which may be why those perfect child-women Sally Field and Sissy Spacek keep starring in them. When goons threaten Clint Eastwood, the audience wants to yell "Kill 'em, Clint." But when they're after one of these child-women, we want to yell "Leave little Sissy alone, ya big ape." That's how heroine movies create suspense.

And that, in the end, is what ruins them. I've been wondering why I fee so utterly unstirred by Spacek's pligh in *Marie*, or by a dozen other heroines woes in a dozen other movies. Thes films remind me of those horror picture in which something unspeakable lurk in the basement and the heroine—clear ly no rocket scientist—decides she' creep down the dark stairs for a look see. In *Marie*, Spacek is a chirpy littl thing whose dashing acquaintance Je Daniels gets her a job working for th governor. Two minutes after we mee Daniels, he's talking about loyalty t the governor, about paroling a thu whose dad was a big campaign contrit utor—the movie is fairly screaming "Something awful is in the basement, and yet Spacek is still dimpling an tossing her curls, still tripping blithel downstairs. One is concerned for her, course, as one is concerned for a toddl who has fallen on the sidewalk, b when she finally triumphs—well, ho heartily can we applaud a little freckl face who skinned her knee and didn cry? Reducing men to gunslingers a women to symbols of mindless virtu Hollywood is making it harder than ev to take serious movies seriously. □

ARCHITECTURE

Towering Achievements

by Douglas Davis

In the midst of a decade devoted postmodern revivalism in architectu to the ostentatious display of hone conceits borrowed from the past—whe er a classical arch or a neoclassical umn—two immense contradictions rising to defy this trend. One of them, Hongkong Bank headquarters in H Kong, is completed, though its for opening will not occur until next y The other, the new headquarters of

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MIKE OWEN

Richard Rogers looks over London, where his Lloyd's headquarters rises (model at left).

fabled Lloyd's of London, nestled in the heart of the old financial "City," is almost finished, aiming for a spring opening, but already attracting astonished stares and an incredulous press.

Faced with the symbolic importance of rearing a "headquarters" image, neither institution spared expense: the Lloyd's building cost more than $200 million, the Hongkong Bank three times that. The gleaming, polished Hongkong Bank looks like nothing so much as a rocket ship ready for the launch. Lloyd's of London, encircled by six towers jammed with elevators, ducts, and fire escapes, rises to a height of fourteen stories, but its central glass-covered atrium betrays the surprising truth: it is an empty shell. Its core is a single "room" that boasts a 240-foot ceiling, one of the highest in the world.

Who dared to design these buildings in this manner? Space-age Americans, weaned on NASA, or young Japanese designers, inspired by electronic razzle-dazzle? No, the aesthetic, the lineage, the names are British to the core: Norman Foster, fifty, is the Svengali behind the Hongkong Bank. Richard Rogers, fifty-two, the craftsman of Lloyd's.

When Rogers and Foster talk about their goals they sound like poets, not mechanics: "Architecture," Rogers often says, "is about glorifying building." Foster, who flies airplanes as a hobby, likes to cite the glider as his inspiration in designing architecture, because it combines "beauty . . . comfort . . . low energy . . . high technology."

In an ancient, tradition-bound country struggling to catch up to more advanced high-tech societies, they are anomalies. Further, they are not among the names currently celebrated on American or European campuses or in the architectural press. Indeed, the reverse is the case. Since the decisive shift in the seventies away from any style, motif, or material associated with the despised "modern" movement—or, worse, with the contemporary world—they have been unofficially banished. Rogers, who collaborated with Renzo Piano of Italy to produce the controversial and gregarious Centre Pompidou in Paris—a museum that resembles a futuristic oil refinery—has been shunned by the elite since the late seventies. Foster has not suffered quite the same slings and arrows for his streamlined, precision-fit office buildings, factories, and art galleries. The design for the Hongkong Bank was displayed in 1983 at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, along with new skyscrapers by Philip Johnson and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, which meant that Foster was ready to compete on the big stage.

At a moment when architecture critics clog their columns with references to Lutyens, Palladio, and Borromini, it is impossible to fit either Foster's or Rogers' buildings into the nostalgic jargon of the moment. Save for the barrel-vaulted glass roof that spans Lloyd's atrium, there isn't a single historical or figurative reference anywhere in either structure (the barrel vault is as old as ancient Rome). Metaphorical flourish has been rejected. At first glance, this is an architecture that stands only for itself.

Yet these gorgeous buildings have a little to do with the no-nonsense functionalism associated (often inaccurately) with the early modern movement as they do with neoclassical London or postmodern New York. They are as gaudy, as mannered as the all-glass Crystal Palace erected in Victorian London or the pink granite AT&T building on Madison Avenue. Surely this high-tech romanticism is an ironic consequence of British life—a society committed to yesterday, where modernity is tempting, exotic fruit.

In this dense decade, when one huge monolithic tower after another rushes toward the sky, straining to pretend that it belongs to another, remote era, Hongkong and Lloyd's stand separate from the pack. They are clearly stamped with the imprint of this moment—unmistakably as the surrounding buildings are not. They admit their youth, and by glorifying history have made it. □



MIKE OWEN

Norman Foster with his model for the Hongkong Bank.



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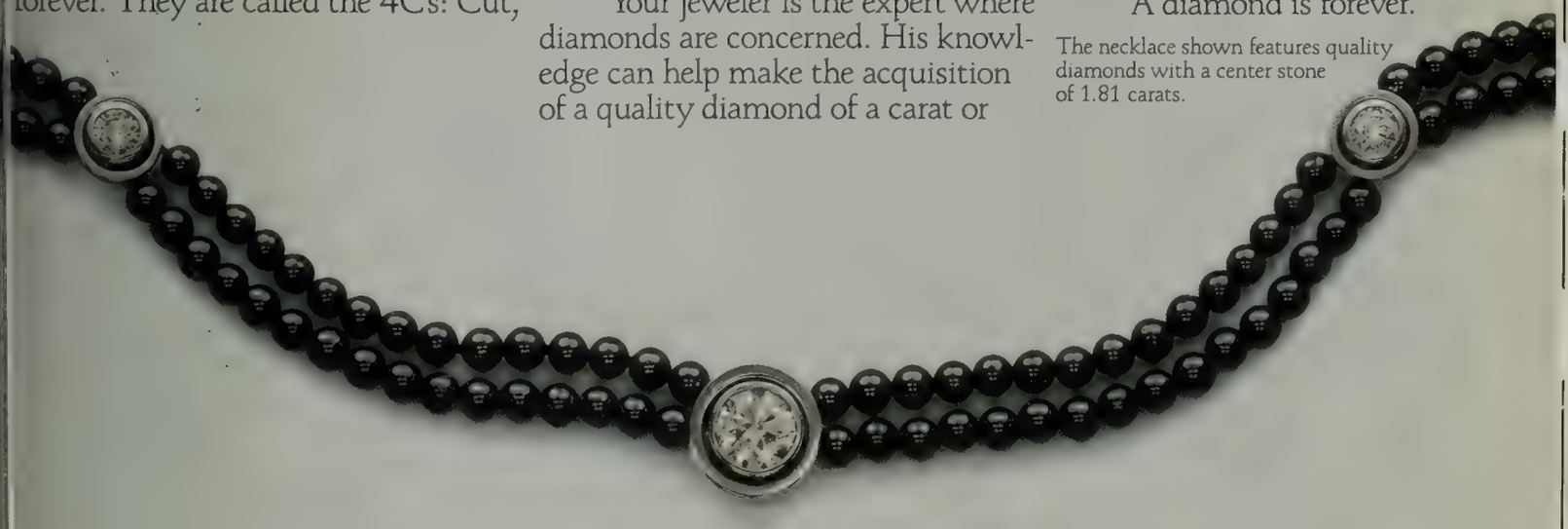
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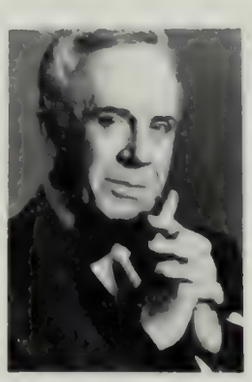
Who reads what between the sheets



KENNY SCHARF (painter): *Look* magazine. "It tells me all the facts I need to know about what's happening today. There's no time for books."



MARSHA NORMAN (playwright): *Collected Stories*, by V. S. Pritchett (Vintage), and *Simon and Schuster Crossword Puzzle Book Series 128*. "Pritchett is extraordinary. And the stories are short, so I can get to the crosswords."



GEORGE ROSE (actor): *Empire of the Sun*, by J. G. Ballard (Simon and Schuster). "He's one of today's very good English novelists. It's very British—all about World War II."



HILTON KRAMER (editor, *The New Criterion*): *Literary Criticism*, volumes one and two, by Henry James (Library of America). "James was the greatest of literary critics. I keep one volume in the city and one in the country."

BOOKS

Hot Type



TIM SHEAFFER

William S. Burroughs's novel *Queer* (Viking), written in 1952 but unpublished until now, is a quirky love story in which Cupid's arrow is tipped with curare. It's the tale of an American in Mexico City, William Lee, who tries to hit on a dirty-blond, Eugene Allerton. Unlike most romantic novels, *Queer* does not trade in psychological urges and surges. Rather, Burroughs's take on sex and love is immunological: the lover is a virus trying to invade, or "contact," a resisting body.

Here in prototype is the notion that was to become the very current of Burroughs's prose in *Naked Lunch* and *Nova Express:* that foreign substances, viral, pharmaceutical, or demonic, are vying for control. His own prescription, set down in a new introduction to this manuscript: "writing as inoculation." Burroughs once crankily asserted that "paranoia is having all the facts." It's fascinating to watch the artist as a young paranoid piecing together his case.

—Brad Gooch

In his eightieth year, Stanley Kunitz brings forth *Next-to-Last Things* (Atlantic Monthly Press). Its opening poems terrify and instruct—through the haunted mind of an itinerant repairman, the cold eye of a beached whale. We are then led into passages of incandescent prose gathered from the "vaults of memory," where "everything unforgotten is equally real." Robert Lowell is alive again, "slumped onto your sofa like an extended question mark," and childhood is returning "out of the mists." In these essays, memoirs, *aperçus,* and aphorisms is revealed "the occult and passionate grammar of a life," and the mind as a "self-contained universe turning on its obsessional axis." The poet's father, drinking carbolic acid in a public park before the poet's birth, becomes many men, mythic and real; the poet's mother is led onto the page to speak for herself in an act of uncommon intimacy.

This is an autumnal work of remembrance and forgiveness, at times portentous, but always instructive. Questions about the life and importance of the poetic imagination in twentieth-century America have not been so well addressed anywhere else, nor with greater simplicity. Mr. Kunitz is a living treasure, and his newest book a blessing.

—Carolyn Forché

With characteristic Borgesian aplomb, it is announced in the prologue to *Atlas* (E. P. Dutton) that this book is certainly *not* an atlas. Instead Jorge Luis Borges points to the reason behind the book: a collection of casual photographs, with text, from his travels with María Kodama through Istanbul, Ireland, and Greece to California and Buenos Aires. There are also poems and musings upon such disparate things as "Fountains," "The Temple of Poseidon," "The Brioche," and "The Totem."



TIM SHEAFFER

Atlas is a collection of meditations, not, as the dictionary has it, a collection of maps. Yet in a profound and elusive way it really is an atlas. For each meditation is a guide to what Borges calls an archetype. This holds true also of the poems, as in "Wolf," a melancholy depiction of the last such animal in the England of antiquity, hunted to death by decree—the archetype of a creature ferocious, banished, and nearly extinct. So in the end we have a collection of archetypes, a strange and enjoyable book, and a monument to what Borges calls "that long adventure which still goes on."

—Eve Ottenberg

'he Douglas Dynasty

ontinued from page 97) move is, ac-rding to Anne, "when we decide to itch the Braque and the Vlaminck)und."

Kirk and Anne Douglas know what ikes a good quote, just as they know w to be a cozy family at home, how look attentive when one of them tells :tory they've told to talk-show hosts d reporters endless times before. This as much a part of their work as the quisition of the Vlamincks, the de-ner workouts, and the autograph nings; they give up privacy and allow angers to talk to them about their irs and neuroses, their children's rinks and scandals, because they ow that as soon as strangers stop ask-; questions their career has peaked. e Douglases are in their sixties, but y still have the star drive, and Anne uglas is strong enough not to let the blic demands get her down. She is c and very much in control, right wn to the way she talks, ever so ntaneously, about their courtship in ris when she met this actor and "had intention of marrying a star."

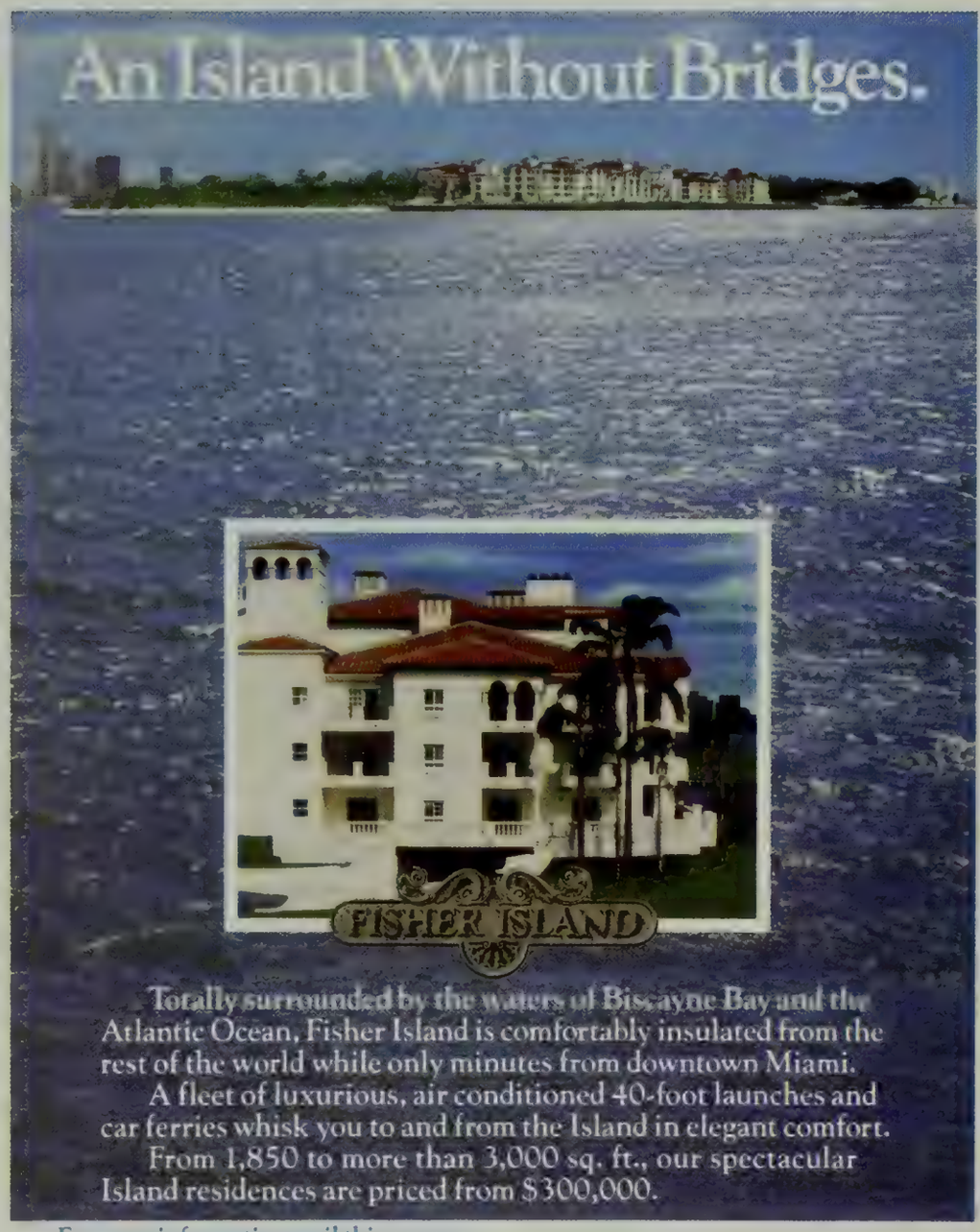
As a young girl Anne Buydens talked Gestapo out of sending her to a np and survived the war in Paris as a lgian refugee. As Mrs. Kirk Douglas has fought cancer and learned to ction as the president of the family's duction company and take care of its ensive investments and holdings in . It was Anne who persuaded Peter's fe, Blanche, to throw away her tacky rt skirts, buy her clothes from Alan stin, and get rid of her "terrible ssy hair."

There are stirrings in the Douglas nker. Eric calls from New York, ndering whether he should sign for a t. Michael and Joel are in communi-ion from London, where they are ting *The Jewel of the Nile*. Peter is immediate focus of the family lever-ng, because Blanche, now chicly ffed, is suing him and maybe his par-s, claiming real estate as well as pali-ny, exercising the litigious muscles acquired during her training as a s Angeles deputy D.A. "She is iming some ridiculous amount from *tch*," Peter says. The Douglases m curiously detached—what pros y are!—riding out another siege.

The doorbell rings, and Peter bounds in to talk business with his father. He doesn't mention Blanche. Peter has produced a movie for TV called *Amos*, in which Kirk Douglas plays a seventy-eight-year-old man. "At last, a part I'm too young for," Douglas said when he did it. A screening has been held, and Kirk Douglas tells his son, "People liked it. I'm getting phone calls. They think you did a good job."

A theatrical silence falls over the blond producer beside a Vlaminck. Then Peter clutches his chest, stumbles over a green chintz armchair, and says, "Ohmygod, be still my heart. Has my father given me a compliment? Could I have heard right?"

The wonder of the show-business childhood is not how children go wrong but how they occasionally go right. The tabloids report on those children who can't compete with their parents' images, who can't take the loneliness, who descend into drugs or madness or suicide. The fatalities hit the headlines—Paul Newman's child, Ray Stark's, Ray Milland's, Louis Jourdan's, the Selznicks'—but there are other children, plenty of them, who relive *Perdido* into their twilight years. "I have known the others: the drug victims, the perverts, the well-meaning, misdirected, badly aimed projectiles of their fathers' ruthless power drives. I've



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The Douglas Dynasty

seen the neurotic wrecks, overdriven like engines unable to attain the high-speed ascendencies they thought their fathers demanded of them—because the fault was not always the father's, it was as often due to the son's inability to accept his own mediocrity," Jesse L. Lasky, son of a founder of Paramount Pictures, is quoted as saying in *Hollywood Dynasties*, by Stephen Farber and Marc Green.

A classic moment of Hollywood schizophrenia sticks in the mind: Louis B. Mayer sits in his screening room at MGM watching the rushes of *Meet Me in St. Louis*, weeping as his idealized family—Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, et al.—gather around the piano to sing carols. Mayer then goes home to Santa Monica, where he is characteristically vile to his wife and children. This disparity between screen life and real life was the destroyer of many Hollywood children. "Think of it," says Michael Douglas. "Here are people like my father and me who are getting paid to give all day long, to be charming and funny and sexy to the public. Reporters follow you around taking down your words. You get a false sense of importance. Then you get home and the kids don't listen to you and you wind up screaming your head off because you are not getting that same kind of attention."

In the Douglas household, the disparity was less acute. If Kirk Douglas was angry at home, at least he was also angry, or so it seemed, most of the time on the screen. If he appeared as the boxer in *Champion*, as the ruthless producer in *The Bad and the Beautiful*, as Vincent van Gogh cutting his ear off in *Lust for Life* (a moment which gave nine-year-old Joel nightmares for years), as Spartacus, or as a gunman at the O.K. Corral, his fists were perpetually clenched, his mandible tight. "I always liked playing the antihero," Douglas says, and at home he was still Sisyphus as well, pushing that rock, fighting everything and everybody—the blacklist, the studios, especially Warner Bros. when it wouldn't let him break a contract. "My dad would come home from the studio, and it was like flavor of the day; he would relive it. Whether it was good or bad, we always knew," says Eric.

Kirk Douglas is, as he says, a mar with acquaintances but no rea friends. He relies on his wives and son for friendship, and he found a perfec match when he married Peter and Eric' mother, Anne. She grew up in Europ during World War II, as she says "trusting no one." The web of thei trust does extend to Douglas's firs wife, Diana, and her husband, Bill. Th lore concerning these two sets of par ents is as much a part of the Douglas family industry as the tale of Izzy Demsky and the potato. Although Kirk and Diana were a mismatch—a volatil Russian and a cool diplomat's daughte who used to, according to Joel, "sta up late at night reading romantic novel when she was married to my father dreaming of a more tranquil life"—the have remained close friends. Whatev their inner tensions once were, for thre decades they have played tennis, attend ed each other's performances, an shared frequent dinners, providing, Michael says, "an interesting ro model for the rest of us about makin new lives."

These two mothers were fairly daun ing individuals. Diana worked, starre in *Storm over Tibet*, and used to pa Mike, as she calls him, "in the lightin booth at the theater when I was rehear ing Shaw." She says, "I had to keep strong grip on them. I remember on Joel and Mike came home from a sur mer with their father and Anne and we throwing their clothes on the floor, a when I said, 'Pick them up!' they sai 'Dad has a butler who does this.' I bri tled and said, 'There will be none that here.' " She packed them off boarding school in New England, whe it wasn't automatically considered wo derful to be an actor's son, and let the survive on their own. "We had to lea very early what it means to have peop make assumptions about us that may may not be true," Michael says. " Choate, I can remember the remar that would be made, and all I had do was come up and say hi." Life on t West Coast wasn't much more seren Eric grew up with a recurring ima "The helicopter would go over Beve Hills and show one governess, child, and one swimming pool in ea back garden." There were compen tions, of course, as Peter says, li "having Greg Peck and the cosmona and the Kissingers at dinner," but th fantasies always had to do with the s

he Douglas Dynasty

ental stuff of sitcom: "White picket ces and apple pie would have been e," says Eric.

Anne Douglas learned how to deal h the vicissitudes of life very early. r father, who owned a silk-manufac- ng plant in Brussels, and her mother orced when she was young. When Germans invaded Belgium, she was enager. "The bombs blew me out of l, and I got jaundice," Anne says. was packed into a car and driven France, but her problems didn't l. "The Gestapo came to get me, nking I was sending letters in code. If adn't spoken German, I would have n sent to a camp. But I lied my way of it and they let me go," she says, ling, "Nothing could be worse than at I have already lived through." She t Kirk Douglas when she worked as a licist on *Act of Love*. As a newlywed Hollywood, she says, she used to fret ut Kirk kissing Susan Hayward and the rest of his screen image as a la- s' man. "It is only in the last ten rs I've felt secure in my marriage," says with a smile, but coming from president of the Douglas company, line sounds like more Hollywood aver, a careful quote calculated to y in Peoria.

Kirk Douglas once played golf with Joe Kennedy and asked him for ld-rearing advice. "Make your boys lependent," Kennedy said, "and n they will come back to you." uglas may have followed the advice ittle too closely. Like the Kennedy rs, the Douglases grew up seeking ir father's approval by carving out ir lives in his world. Like the Kenne- boys, they learned that for celebrities at is private is public, and they grew ustomed to having their personal es splashed all over the press. Like Kennedys, too, the Douglases have l problems bringing civilian women o the shtetl. For years Michael went th actresses who were a bit older— enda Vaccaro, for example. Then he t a Georgetown coed named Diandra an inaugural reception for President rter one night. This daughter of the ropean upper class had a hard time tling down to the mores of the Bever- Hills flats. She felt lost and out of ce, friends say, so she and Michael moved to Santa Barbara.

"Everybody has problems," Kirk Douglas says about Michael. Anne Douglas is less forgiving. "In Europe men would never have put up with such behavior from wives." Diandra went back to school, "created her own world," Michael says, and now all has calmed down. On location, their seven-year-old son, Cameron, is being inculcated with the family values in the same way that Michael was. "I take him to the set and let him see the process. I find it helpful for him to observe," Michael says. Recently, Diandra and Michael decided that life would be simpler back East. "Michael always felt more secure here," his mother, Diana, says. Michael says, "I knew it was time to come back when Cameron asked if he could have punk hair."

Joel wonders, "How can I have a decent relationship with anyone if I am away on location nine months a year?" Peter and Blanche are finished, although, as Peter says, "it looked so good on paper." Eric, according to his mother, "is attracted to a girl in New York, someone who isn't sophisticated, who needs to be taken care of." For any woman, life in the Douglas shtetl would be fairly complex. These boys never had a sister to see in a flannel nightgown or in Clearasil. Their mothers were elegant and formidable. Girls remained mysterious. They all say they have a hard time extending the web of their trust. "Maybe we all expect too much," Peter says. "They come to me for advice," says Kirk Douglas, and all he can do now is issue more fatherly shibboleths: "I tell them, Keep looking, the right girl is out there." One thinks of the Kennedys and wonders if the Douglas family, too, might have so many alliances, stepparents, and siblings that, with all their ambition added in, little room or time is left for anyone else.

Kirk Douglas still writes letters to his sons, mainly on how to handle success. "I tell him, 'Dad, please, stop coaching, it's too late,' " Michael says, but the habit is ingrained, a part of his routine. "I just wrote Michael another letter," he is saying one sunny morning in Beverly Hills. "Just a long gossipy letter, the kind of thing I used to like getting on location, in which I told him about what's going on at home, and I talked about Cameron and how I want a rela-

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The Douglas Dynasty

tionship with him, to help mold him." As he speaks, he is standing in the kitchen near the orange Formica counter, on which lie an electric knife and a pile of stills: moments from his seventy-two movies, the young man with the dimple in his chin strumming a guitar with Jeanne Crain, swinging on a chandelier, riding horseback, slaying Norsemen.

With each picture is a letter. "Dear Mr. Douglas," "Dear Kirk." "It's weird," says Kirk Douglas. "Jesus, I've never asked anybody for his autograph," and then he catches himself, for he remembers being at Wimbledon recently and seeing Don Budge, a bridge figure in his life, who helped him make the journey from Danielovitch to Douglas. "When I first got to Hollywood, I wanted to play tennis, and nobody would play with me, even though I had all the right clothes," Dougla says. "So one day I went to the Beverl Hills Hotel and there was Budge on th court and I said, 'How about a game? and he said, 'Sure!' " When he saw th aging tennis star at Wimbledon, h asked him to sign his program. As h tells the story, Kirk Douglas savors it almost as if he were writing it to one c his far-flung brood in a letter—on more bit of Douglas lore, another lif lesson from the company town. □

Amalita

(Continued from page 103) my father's French, English, and German. I have an ancestor who was mentioned by Voltaire in his *Siècle de Louis XIV*. I spent the first three years of my life in France. So my first language is French. Then Spanish. Then English. I was educated here in Argentina, at a French-Spanish school, with nuns, of course. Then I went to finishing school—we were taught stupid things like *économie de famille*, you know? How to sew, how to make beautiful embroidery, how to cook if necessary. My generation of women didn't go to university, we got married. I wanted to be a doctor, because my father was one. But my family was *horrified* at the thought that I was going to see naked bodies of dead men! So I studied to be a nurse instead. And I went, of course, to the ladies' hospital to practice. That was the most I could get out of them."

She was married at age nineteen and divorced a few years later. "It was a scandal, yes. Here! I was the first one." She says this proudly. "Although I adore the man. Very nice, very sweet, the father of my daughter. I was very friendly with him all my life, and I took care of him until the last moment. His last moment. And then, when I was twenty-four, I got married to Alfredo Fortabat, and we were married for about thirty years. You know, the other day I was reading in *Connaissance des Arts* about all the great balls in Europe: the Beistegui Ball at the Palais Labia in Venice, the Redé Ball at Palais Lambert in Paris. . . And I thought, I went to all those balls and had a fantastic life when I was terribly young and my husband adored me and took very good care of me and. . ." She pauses, smiles her sly smile, and adds, ". . . bejeweled me. Sometimes I think that it would be marvelous to come back, just for three or four days, and be the Mrs. Fortabat of before."

They did have quite a life, traveling constantly and in grand style: to Egypt, for instance, once with Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan, and once as guests of King Farouk. A Brazilian acquaintance remembers meeting them in Paris; they had flown from Buenos Aires for three days during the truffle season and were doing nothing but eating truffles for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

"I could never go back to my other life," says Mrs. Fortabat. "Never. Because I have become so independent that it would be a terrible thing to stand next to a very powerful man like he was and be dominated by him. The other day someone asked me why I didn't get married again. What for?"

Doesn't she get lonely?

"No, I love to be alone. I love it. I'm very happy with me."

One of the many tales told about Amalita is that she left her husband shortly before his death, taking her jewelry and flying to Europe in their jet. Fortabat radioed her mid-Atlantic and told her that he had had her jewelry copied and the real ones were in his possession. She ordered the pilot to turn around. A few weeks later he died of a heart attack, leaving his entire fortune and business to her.

"We were separated for a week or two," she admits. "It was for something very personal between us. It was a joke. Nobody knows why we did it."

Was she frustrated after years of marriage to such a strong man?

"No, it was nothing like that. We were like a lion and a bull living together. Me Leo, he Taurus. I always kept my, shall we say, personality. I was not overrun by him.

"I mean, when he died, my life changed absolutely. From one day to an other. We had a New Year's party i Punta del Este, and he died on the tent of January, a Saturday. On Wednesday was chairing a meeting of the board c directors. When I came home that nigh with all the papers. . . I fell for a momer into my bed and. . . It's a very good thin not to have time to cry, eh? Suddenly, fc the first time in my life, I had to mak decisions. I was surrounded by men wh wanted to help me. They had the bes intentions, but they knew me as the wif of the owner, very nice lady, very charm ing—but they didn't know me as th boss. And I had to be the boss.

"You know, my father had died a yea before, and I was going to Mass ever day, every day of my life. But when m husband died I stopped. Because wasn't helpful for a woman who is ver sensitive to go to church and pray for th people I lost—and then close the door c that church and be a man."

Does she believe she has to behave lik a man?

"I must. In certain things, I must. I'r a woman in the foundation and a man i the business. I direct men, I comman men, so I must have the same style a men."

Does she like to command?

"Oh, yes."

And to take commands?

"To be ordered? No. I think life ha put me in a very interesting situatior where I can be heard, where I can b helpful. But, at first, men in Argentin were so surprised. They thought I wa going to be a failure. And I did a ver good job. They knew that I could take respite from my work, but I didn't. I wa always where I was needed. Any catas trophe, I was there. When we had th Malvinas war I was a volunteer for fou months in the military hospital here.



vent at six in the morning and came back t one P.M. Every boy I took care of I nought could maybe be my grandson."

As she talks about the subjects that interest her most, politics and business, Mrs. Fortabat reminds me of another formidable blonde who has combined power with glamour to great effect, Clare Boothe Luce.

"She's fantastic, eh? The top. I would ove to meet her."

She is less thrilled when I bring up Evita Perón, to whom she is compared by many Argentineans I meet. Does she mind the comparison?

"I don't feel badly about it. I think she had a strong personality. I never met her, eh? And when she was alive, I was very influenced by everyone around me, all of whom were very anti-Peronista. But little by little I started to find out that she had some qualities. Strength, courage. She could be a very tough enemy, of course, but I think she loved people on account of her background being very humble and difficult. I think the reason people compare us is very simple: she was supposed to have taken care of people in need. And I do. She did it out of our taxes, no? I do it out of myself. But she did it. The idea was there. You've heard people comparing us?"

I tell her I have, and also that people say she has political ambitions.

"I've been asked sometimes. Not directly. Never. I think that people who go into politics are heroes because they risk their reputation and they risk losing. I hate losing. I've never been a loser. Never. I've always been a winner. In every sense of the word."

She wouldn't like to stand in the Plaza de Mayo and hear the cheers of the crowd?

"No, no. It must be a fantastic feeling, if you haven't brought the people in with buses and forced them to come, which sometimes happens, eh? If it's spontaneous, it must be wonderful. But I feel extraordinarily much the love of people anywhere I go. I go to a football game and when I get out of my car everyone wants to kiss me and wish me luck—that's a bit like the Plaza de Mayo, no? But I have no political ambitions whatsoever. At one time I thought if I could be helpful to the country in any way . . . but I don't see at this time that my presence is at all necessary. I think the two parties have enough good people to do the job. I like the Radicals and I like the Peronistas. They each have things I like, but I have never been affiliated with a party. People think I have political ambitions. I don't. I like the power that lasts."



That evening Mrs. Fortabat and ex-colonel Premoli take me to a tango club called Michelangelo. We are seated in a special box above the rest of the audience. The patrons applaud and cheer as a spotlight aims her way and the M.C. announces Amalita's presence. After the show, we go backstage to congratulate the dancers, who are beside themselves with awe and glee, not unlike American socialites in the presence of English royalty. "Your problems are over," she tells them. "Tomorrow, you call Amalita, eh?"

Then, with the former colonel at the wheel of Mrs. Fortabat's Mercedes, and followed by two Ford Falcons full of



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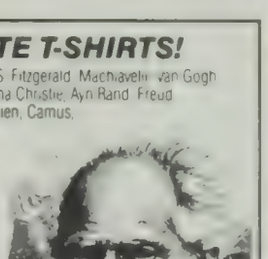
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Amalita

bodyguards, we head for Edelweiss, the Elaine's of Buenos Aires. Actors and writers line up at our table to greet Amalita, which is what everyone calls her whether they know her or not. Soon, *paparazzi* from *Gente, La Semana,* and several other Argentinean glossies are snapping away. "Amalita, is it true you're buying Channel 11?" one of them shouts. "Not at all," she says. "My God, people think I'm buying everything." I ask her if there is anyone in history with whom she identifies. "Catherine the Great," she answers without a moment's hesitation.

Two days later she sends one of her fleet of chauffeured cars to drive me to Lanús, a gritty industrial suburb. Children and old ladies crowd in front of a small cement structure with shattered windows and ragged edges: a church that had been bombed a few nights earlier, most likely by extreme-left-wing Peronists furious at the pastor for setting up a meeting there between Peronist union officials and Radical government ministers, part of the attempt at national unity that is supported by most of the Argentinean business establishment, including Mrs. Fortabat.

She arrives in a Ford, not the Mercedes, wearing a Chanel suit and no jewelry other than her wedding band and a watch. The children and old ladies greet her with cries of "Amalita! Amalita!" jostling with two TV crews and several reporters to get near her. She is accompanied by the vice-governor of Buenos Aires province and Tita Merello, Argentina's Edith Piaf. Amalita is here for two reasons: to inaugurate a *comedor,* one of a dozen church-affiliated eating halls where she provides three meals a day [illegible] more than two thousand poor childre[illegible] and for the baptism of the son of a Mal[illegible] nas-war veteran, one of 2,500 whom s[illegible] helps financially. Amalita is the go[illegible] mother. The former soldier, a boy fro[illegible] the interior named Victor Hugo Verdu[illegible] is in tears during the ceremony, ove[illegible] whelmed by his good fortune. His wife[illegible] more composed as Amalita hands her[illegible] gold cross and an envelope stuffed w[illegible] cash. Across the street a group of firem[illegible] stand by in case of another bombing[illegible] ask them what they think of Mrs. For[illegible] bat. "*Es una mujer excelente,*" sa[illegible] one. "*Una mujer humana,*" says ano[illegible] er.

A week later I see Mrs. Fortabat [illegible] Tavern on the Green in New York. S[illegible] has taken two tables, at $7,500 each, [illegible] the Center for Inter-American Relatio[illegible] benefit organized by Patty Cisneros, [illegible] wife of the influential Venezuelan bu[illegible] nessman. Her guests include Paloma [illegible] casso, Lord and Lady Plunkett, and M[illegible] Leland, the financial adviser for the Sa[illegible] C. Getty Trust. She is covered in d[illegible] monds, turquoises, and pearls, and [illegible] favorite dance partner seems to be Da[illegible] Rockefeller.

I tell her that I was very touched by [illegible] baptism in Lanús, and she says, "I[illegible] didn't do that, I couldn't enjoy this. Y[illegible] have seen a side of me that no one h[illegible] has seen, eh? And when you finish y[illegible] article, I'm going to tell you my secret."

"I know your secret."

"Which one?"

"I know you bought the Van Go[illegible] Two highly reliable art-world sour[illegible] told me so."

She lowers her eyes and murmu[illegible] "Maybe I did." Then, more loudly, [illegible] adds, "But some people say Niarc[illegible] bought it, eh?" □

The Red Queen

(Continued from page 66) with the other people there like? You must have caused a sensation."

"They'd never had a celebrity before. They told me later, the counselors, they didn't know what to do with me, whether they should treat me like an ordinary patient or whether they should give me some sort of special isolated treatment. They decided to lump me in with everyone else, which of course was the only way to do it, and it's the way they treat celebrities now. It doesn't matter who you are. We get [illegible] kinds down there: street junki[illegible], preachers, priests, doctors, psych[illegible] trists, and society ladies—y[illegible] name it."

"Was it hard for you to talk in fr[illegible] of those people?"

"In the beginning, yes. I felt lik[illegible] was giving interviews. I talked ab[illegible] my childhood and my past in a v[illegible] couched way, giving the versio[illegible] would give to the press and keeping [illegible] true version to myself. And then I br[illegible]

those barriers down and told the ıth. Like an onion, I was peeled down the absolute core."

"Did you have a roommate?" I ked.

"Yes," she replied, then thought out it for a moment and added with a ıile, "It was the first time in my life I ever shared a room with a woman."

Relaxed now, she sank deeper into the cushions and lit another cigatte. Her Pekingese, complete with vender bow, passed through the room. er Burmese cat walked across the top the sofa, down her arm, and settled mfortably in her lap. "Don't you love e way cats come in and insinuate emselves on you?" she said. "Who you think you are?" she said to the it. For a while we sat without talking.

"There's a nice feeling in this ouse," I said.

"I love this house," she replied.

"What's that room up there?" I ked, pointing across the patio to a second-story aerie surrounded by treetops.

"That's my bedroom, and no one ets in there without an engraved invitation."

"Hmmm."

"I suppose you want to see it?"

"Sure."

"I'll show it to you, but don't write bout it."

"Elizabeth," I said to her, "this is ally the first extended period in your fe when you are, uh, uh—"

"Single?" she asked, finishing the ntence for me.

"Yes."

"It is. I think maybe finally I'm rowing up, and about time. Being lone doesn't frighten me. And it's not ke I'm alone." Elsewhere in the house ne sounds of visiting grandchildren ould be heard, and she made a movement of her head in that direction and aid with a smile, "Because I'm not."

Her attention shifted back to the cat taring up at her, and she continued alking in measured sentences as she returned the stare. "I'm dating several nen, but I'm in no rush to get married. 've broken two engagements. I'm being very cautious. I'm sure I will remarry once more, but"—holding up her ndex finger and shaking it—"*only* nce more, and, boy, it's going to be ight. I'm taking no chances."

She has had seven marriages and six usbands, four of whom are dead: hotel heir Nicky Hilton, actor Michael Wilding, showman Mike Todd, and superstar Richard Burton. Her other husbands were singer Eddie Fisher and Senator John Warner of Virginia. She has four children and five grandchildren. By Michael Wilding she had two sons: Michael, an actor, who is married to Brooke Palance (daughter of Jack), with two children by his previous marriage; and Christopher, an artist, married to Aileen Getty, the daughter of Paul Getty Jr., by whom he has two children. Her daughter Liza, a sculptress, married to Hap Tivey, was born shortly before her father, Mike Todd, died in a plane crash. Her other daughter, German-born Maria, was adopted by Elizabeth and Richard Burton; she is married to agent Steve Carson and has one daughter.

An extremely handsome young child entered the room and interrupted our conversation.

"Elizabeth, can I go—"

"I'm busy now, love," she replied.

"But, Elizabeth," he insisted, "I want to—"

She gave him her full attention. "Can't you see I'm talking to Mr. Dunne? Say hello to Mr. Dunne. This is Balthazar Getty," she said to me.

Balthazar strode purposefully across the room and held out his hand. "How do you do?" he said in a manner to make a parent proud.

"Hello, Balthazar," I replied.

"Now, outside, until I finish," she said, smiling. "Stay by the pool, where I can see you."

"O.K., Elizabeth," said the child, opening and then pulling together the sliding doors to the patio. Balthazar, she explained, is the nephew of her daughter-in-law Aileen Getty Wilding. He is the son of Aileen's brother Paul Getty III, who gained international fame when his ear was cut off by kidnappers in Italy. He subsequently became physically incapacitated after he suffered a stroke. Aileen and Christopher and their two babies were staying with Elizabeth until their new house in Bel Air was ready.

For a moment it was almost possible to believe her claim that she is semi-retired from the film business, devoting herself to family life, horse racing, and good works. But anyone who knows anything about the film business knows that semi-retired means simply until the next good script comes along.

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The Red Queen

Elizabeth Taylor is the national chairman of AFAR, the American Foundation for AIDS Research. On October 2, Rock Hudson, her great friend and costar in *Giant,* died of AIDS. Two weeks earlier, on September 19, Elizabeth, dressed in black lace and emeralds, entered the main ballroom of the Bonaventure Hotel in downtown Los Angeles, and three thousand of her peers rose and cheered her with a wild ovation. By lending her name and considerable support to APLA, AIDS Project Los Angeles, for the benefit entitled "Commitment to Life," she had helped raise over a million dollars in a single evening, and the huge turnout of stars that night attracted international publicity for the plight of AIDS victims.

Amid the pandemonium, she remained socially graceful, finding the right thing to say to each person she greeted, from Whoopi Goldberg to Cyndi Lauper to Burt Reynolds to Shirley MacLaine to Gregory Peck, talking intimately and laughing as if a hundred flashbulbs were not exploding in her face and security men were not holding back the crush of people who wanted to get nearer to her. "I don't want to talk to her, I just want to *look* at her!" one beautifully dressed woman pleaded with a guard.

"I'm stunned," said a young female studio executive sitting next to me at Elizabeth's table. "I've never seen anything like this. I've been with Barbra and Jane in public, but it's nothing like this."

After four decades of making headlines with her marriages, her divorces, her tragedies, and her near-fatal illnesses, she has passed from superstardom into legend. "That comes with aging," she told me modestly. The public has seen her at the top, in the middle, and, supposedly, washed up. But Elizabeth Taylor will never be washed up. She is Ol' Man River. She just keeps on rollin' along. □

A Crystal Palace

(Continued from page 71) productions, which will render it perfectly unique."

The day Queen Victoria visited the newly built Palm House in 1848, a specimen was cut for the occasion: a "gigantic truss of fruit from which hangs a wonderful kind of velvety Victorian bell-pull, always removed before the fruit reaches the greengrocer." Sir William's explanation of this bunch of spectacular bananas was so long-winded that Thomas Meehan, the young gardener holding them, finally had to put his hat back on in order to grasp the bananas with both hands—an act of disrespect which put him forever in bad odor at Kew.

The Palm House was a technological breakthrough, made possible by the invention of rolled wrought iron and the repeal of the glass tax in 1845, and carried out by a construction engineer and ironmonger from Dublin, Richard Turner, who drew up the final designs for the lofty heights and the large unsupported expanses of curved glass. He worked out of the office of the architect, Decimus Burton, whose name was signed to the drawings of record.

The use of glass and iron signaled a new era in architecture, a marriage between engineering and architecture not fully realized until the modernist buildings of the International Style. One observes the close relationship between the I-shaped arch supports of the Palm House and the I-shaped beams in Mies van der Rohe's glass-and-steel buildings. In a sense, the Palm House was the first modern structure, though the Beaux-Arts tradition would carry over into the twentieth century. As architects caught up with the vision of engineers, the results became evident around the world. "Essentially," James Freed points out, "the technology of glasshouse architecture is no further advanced today than in the last century."

What is most memorable about the structure of the Palm House is its profile—one writer calls it a Victorian jelly mold. The central court rises to a height of 66 feet, and the length from north to south is 362 feet. Its hull-like elliptical walls are crested by clerestories five feet high along the ridges. Turner designed the support arches and the ten miles of glazing bars to such a thinness that where they radiate out from corners they themselves resemble the veins of large tropical leaves. Almost every

nponent, including the glass, has a ıctural purpose. The central roof is sup- ted by tubular cast-iron columns that ve as drains for rainwater; wrought-iron -rods, drawn taut through horizontal ɔught-iron tubes, or purlins, brace the ptical ribs. Only the occasional orna- ntal rosettes and scrolls of iron indicate Palm House's era. Decorative iron pal- ttes on the balusters around the central lery suggest the building's purpose. As- ıding through the green, up one of two en spiral staircases, one discovers that structural iron, painted white, disap- ırs as one looks to the sky. For all its ength, the building appears delicate and gile. "But the beauty of the building," s Kew's curator, John Simmons, "is t it has always functioned properly as a m house from the very beginning." And rein lies the crux of the controversy.

n preserving the Palm House, the ques- tion is not the usual one of adaptive re- : of an antiquated building, for the enhouse operation is thriving. But the :, moist environment, after almost 140 ırs, has been the structure's undoing. e building must be repaired simply for sons of safety (Kew has had to replace e hundred panes of glass a year) and the ntings made more manageable in light a 20 percent cut in maintenance.

The controversy has centered on two ıin issues: replacing the corroded ɔught-iron glazing bars with stainless el (wrought iron is no longer made in ficient quantity), and the introduction of p planting beds throughout in lieu of the ted palms and the propagating plant lves that lined the perimeter. The deep nting, according to the horticulturists, l make it easier to prune and to keep the ls moist; as a result the plants will be e to flower and fruit as well as reach ir full height. But the preservationists ɯrn the loss of the individual pots and s that made the potted palm the signa- e of an age, and point out that part of the asure and mystery of palm houses de- es from the sense of being lost along row paths among the towering trees of a ıtral palm court.

It is the internal changes that have used most opposition. The initial pro- sals were challenged by the Victorian ciety and other preservationists, and their ws have had an influence on aspects of final design. Potted palms and plant lves as ornamental showcases for exotic nts, for example, will be retained at the e ends. One controversial innovation strenuously opposed by the preservation- ists, a display tank of tropical marine plants planned as the centerpiece of the new Palm House, will now be submerged, in view only from the basement level.

The ironwork of the Palm House was originally painted ultramarine, and the glass tinted a pea green, but the entire structure has been reglazed at least three times. Toward the end of the nineteenth century the color of the ironwork was changed to a creamy white rather than the present bright titanium white. The arches and columns will be restored and strength- ened, for the intent "is only to replace those components which have reached the end of their useful life." Vents in both the clerestories and the masonry base will be made operable for effective airflow, and a glass vestibule will be added to the south- apse end to conserve energy in winter.

The question of whether the Palm House is a restoration or a replica remains alive. But as greenhouses in botanical gardens around the world shut down, as tropical rain forests are overwhelmed by encroach- ing civilization, the responsibilities of Kew become more crucial. The Palm House will remain in full use as a botanical laboratory. In the end, for preservation to make sense, the building had to be adapted to the goals of Kew. Fortunately, wherever in the world potted palms grace a single interior, the memory of the Victorian-style Palm House will linger.

As the natty and energetic curator John Simmons says, "people in England feel that they own Kew, that it's their garden," and the controversy, now at an end, has been a lively one. Charmian Lacey, the government architect overseeing the proj- ect, promises that "we will return the Palm House as frilly as we found it."

The process of dismantling and number- ing each piece has begun. Last year, in a slow procession, two thousand plants were removed in nine days, most of them to a temporary palm house, where the fronds are now pushing against its upper limits. Included was a two-and-a-half-ton rare cy- cad (*Encephalartos longifolius*) that has been at Kew since 1775.

Once the palms were removed, the atmosphere within was cool, and the eye moved along the soaring ribs to the clerestories, every detail etched distinct- ly against the sky. Without the contrast of the dense tropical green, the structur- al elements, white on white, will remain in memory like the finest lace unfurled to infinity—in a glass dome of the imagination. □

Feared. Adored. Despised. Idolized.

Finally, someone has gotten to the people who've been with Streisand throughout her career—*and they have talked.*



With photos. Delacorte Press DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.

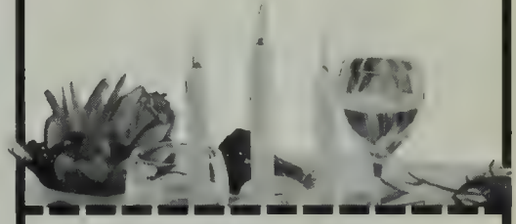
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Out to Lunch

with restaurateuse Elaine Kaufman,
who shovels the caviar with JON BRADSHAW

We had come to Petrossian, the elegant mirrored restaurant in the Alwyn Court building, because Elaine Kaufman prefers it to all the other eateries in town—excepting her own. Over heaped portions of pearl-gray beluga and golden-brown osetra caviar served with ice-cold Stolichnaya and Wyborowa vodka, followed by separate salads of foie gras and truffles served with a dry Piper-Heidsieck champagne, she recalled the first time she had eaten here.

"I walked in at three o'clock in the afternoon, sat down, and ordered caviar, lots of it," she said, "only to be told that the kitchen was closed. I almost screamed. 'Listen,' I said, 'you don't need a chef for caviar; all you need is a shovel.' Following a powwow, I was served, and I've been coming here ever since."

A native New Yorker, Elaine is a large lady of indeterminate age, both jovial and acerbic, with great bounce and pizzazz; a woman capable of trading ribald barbs with the best of them. Since I had brought her to one of the most fashionable—and expensive—restaurants in town, I told her I expected a couple of indiscretions, maybe three.

"I don't deal in indiscretions," she said as she peered at me through her large mauve-framed glasses. "And you don't look too good. You don't look like you're playing with a full deck. Where *were* you last night?"

"You wouldn't believe it. At a joint called Elaine's."

"I'd stay out of there if I were you," she said. "I hear it's lethal." She smiled. "And addictive."

Elaine opened her East Side Italian restaurant in April of 1963, and from the beginning it was the restaurant she had always wanted it to be. "It was meant to be just what it is," she told me, "a kind of uptown Village bistro, a meeting place for people I like, most of whom, as it turned out, happened to be talented in one way or another. And it's still that way: a place where very funny people—well, I think they're funny—do and say funny things at the table . . . or under it. What makes it work is a great cross section of people. If they were all the same it would be very boring. I mean, you need writers, you need wonderful, witty women, you need so-called respectable businessmen who like writers . . . oh, yes, and a tableful of black hookers passing themselves off as models. You need the mix, and the rest sort of takes care of itself."

Over the years Elaine has had her de-



JAMES HAMILTON

Elaine on Elaine's: "I'd stay out of there if I were you. I hear it's lethal . . . and addictive."

tractors, some of whom have never eaten a meal in the place: women who have claimed a sexual bias in favor of men; the ordinary, uncelebrated New Yorker who speaks angrily of ruderies and of cooling his heels and his appetite for too long a time at the bar. The food has been called overpriced Italianate fare (neither *pesce* nor *pollo*), and on one occasion a drunken English wag likened the wine to shark repellent. But Elaine has done her best to correct these social and culinary heresies. And, while the restaurant's critics come and go, it continues to attract a loyal corps of rabid devotees who are partial to Elaine's because they like Elaine and the camaraderie of their celebrated friends.

And that's the point. More than any other restaurateur, Elaine has long known how to oil and manipulate the convoluted cogs of celebrity. She probably knows more talent than is represented by the combined theatrical agencies of New York and Hollywood.

Because it is a magnet for alarums and diversions, a place to celebrate an opening or to mourn a bad (and always unjustified) review, there have been some memorable evenings at Elaine's. During lunch, we laughed about one of them.

Some years ago, an English artist named William Feilding, who had sold a large canvas that afternoon, set out for Elaine's to celebrate. He was accompanied by the model Penelope Tree and by Ajax, his twelve-week-old lion cub, a recent purchase from a Third Avenue pet shop. Inside Elaine's, Feilding chained the cat to a water pipe and ordered a bottle of wine. As one of the waiters passed, Ajax reached out and ripped his trousers from behind. The waiter shrieked, dropped his tray, and fled to the kitchen. Elaine came over and, standing in front of Ajax, her legs spread, her hands on her hips, she ordered Feilding to take the lion elsewhere. But Ajax refused to be pushed around, and promptly removed a portion of the front of Elaine's silk dress. Elaine didn't budge. "English," she said in stentorian tones, "get that goddamn cat out of my saloon or I'll kick it in the nuts." Cowed, the cat and his master hastily withdrew to the safer environs of Second Avenue.

But this rowdy tale was far removed from the hushed confines of Petrossian. And, having worked her way through two generous portions of caviar, a salade aux truffes, the meringue-laden île flottantes, and several glasses of high-proof vodka, Elaine seemed anxious to return to her own establishment—a place, she admitted, from which she rarely ventures. I asked her why she doesn't go out more often.

"Out? I've *been* out," she said, "I know all about it." □

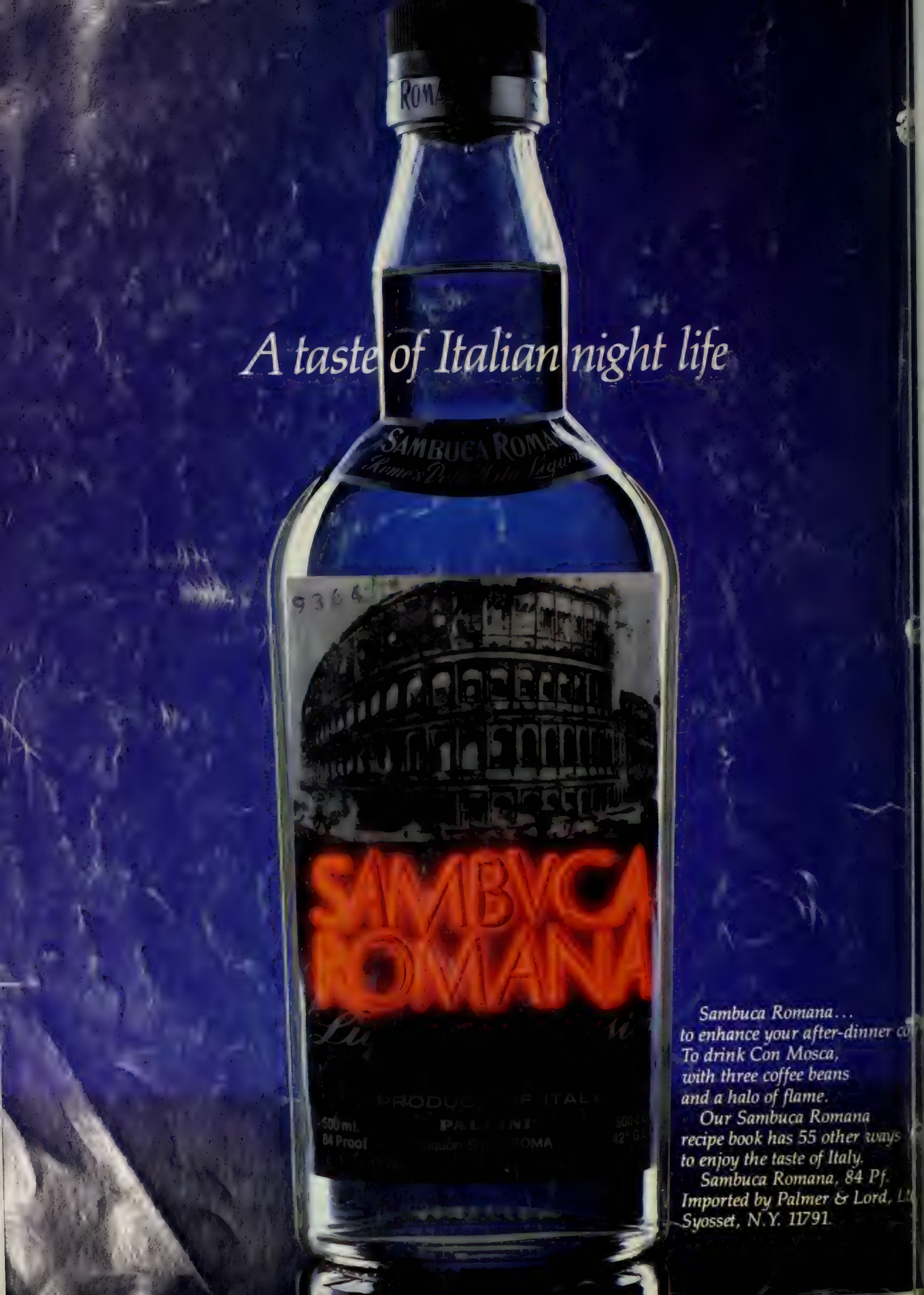


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